



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

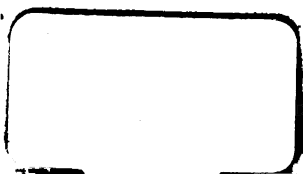
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08173842 3



•





H. MACLELL, A.R.A.

W. C. EDWARDS.

W. Harris on Ainsworth.

THE
Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,
AND
INSTRUCTION:
CONTAINING
ORIGINAL PAPERS;
HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; MANNERS AND CUSTOMS;
TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; SKETCHES AND TALES; ANECDOTES;
SELECT EXTRACTS
FROM
NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;
POETRY, ORIGINAL & SELECTED;
The Spirit of the Public Journals;
DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES,
ETC.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HUGH CUNNINGHAM, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

1842.

天
地
人
三
才
圖

P R E F A C E.

IN closing another volume of **THE MIRROR**, we gladly embrace this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the respective Contributors who have honoured us with the "labour of their leisure hours," also to the public and to the "press," for their continued support. This old favourite, and "**FATHER OF CHEAP LITERATURE**," though advanced in years, is not cast off as a thing lacking in interest—a dotard in its second childhood; but, on the contrary, is now looked upon as a hoary-headed sage, abounding in humour, in pleasing and useful instruction, and every way fitted to be the fireside companion of youth and of those of maturer years.

A few of our friends, seeing that **THE MIRROR** had changed its outward form—that it had appeared in new clothing—heaped upon us the epithet of "usurper," for assuming a name which belonged to the oldest cheap periodical of the day. It is true that some slight alteration has taken place in its external appearance; that the blue wrapper which graced the **Monthly Parts** has given way to one of a more lively hue; but it is still true that, though a new coat has been given to the outward form of our little periodical, the interior is still unchanged—that which is **MORAL**, **INSTRUCTIVE**, and **AMUSING**, are still its leading features. The truth is, our friends made a mistake in thinking that it was a new work.

By this time we trust they are undeceived. They, however, have our sincere thanks for supporting the rights of an old favourite.

Another slight change has taken place, respecting which a word of explanation may be deemed essential. Recently, many individuals purposed becoming subscribers; but, on not being able to procure the back numbers, gave up the idea, under the impression that the work would be incomplete. To obviate this, we have been induced to begin a new series, which, without interfering with the back volumes, will be complete in itself.

A new feature has been introduced into this volume, which, we are happy to state, has met the approbation of the public—that of a series of articles on the National Monuments in Westminster Abbey, and on the Pictures in the National Gallery. These sketches will be continued in our next volume.

Those who are readers of the daily papers are already aware, from repeated criticisms which have appeared on “The Rhine” of Victor Hugo, of the intrinsic value of this *chef-d’œuvre* of the bard of France, as a guide to that river—of its fund of knowledge to the historian—of its worth to the antiquary,—searching into the abysses of legendary lore, and conjuring up, as it were, the remembrance of the great of bygone ages. There is not an old castle, nor an old church, nor a tomb of note, near this famed river, which has passed unnoticed by the author; there is not an old house nor an inn which he has not described with the soul of a poet, an historian, and that of a philosopher; while his reflections, especially those at the Tomb of the Three Kings of the East, and at that of Charlemagne, are truly sublime. This is an idea of what the work is in French; critics have already judged of its value as a translation.

MEMOIR

OF

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

A RECENT review in a leading journal of France bears testimony to the great popularity which has been obtained in that romance-reading nation, by the writer of whom we are now to offer some account. The estimation in which he is held by his own countrymen is evinced by the large sale which each new production of his pen successively commands. In America his writings have been extensively read. They have all been translated into German, and some of them into Dutch. Dramas have been founded upon them; their more striking passages have become as familiar as household words; and their subjects, in some important instances, at least, are associated with the most memorable features of English history.

The biography of a writer who has secured so prominent a position may be supposed calculated to awaken a more than ordinary curiosity; not merely with respect to those early dawnings of intellect, and those traits of personal character to which a deep interest always attaches, but in relation to the family from which he has sprung. Happily, in the present instance, we are able to gratify the reader's curiosity.

William Harrison Ainsworth unites, in his own name, the names of two families, which, in the eminent success of various members of them, had obtained celebrity long prior to the present generation. Amongst his paternal ancestors are, Robert Ainsworth, the well-known scholar, and author of the Latin Dictionary, and Henry Ainsworth, the Brownist, who flourished at the commencement of the seventeenth century. The latter was one of the most profound Hebrew scholars of his time, and author of "Annotations upon the Old Testament," and of a translation of the Pentateuch. From these we come to the father of the living descendant from this learned stock, Thomas Ainsworth, of Manchester, a solicitor in very extensive practice.

This gentleman, though descended from a family residing at Plessington, in Lancashire, was born at Rosthorne, in Cheshire, a village which he always remembered with affection, and where, dying in June, 1824, he was interred. Manchester, however, the stage on which his active life was passed, benefited most largely by the ardour and zeal with which he devoted himself to the promotion of public improvements. He was one of the main instruments in causing the rebuilding and widening of one of the principal thoroughfares—Market-street, and though he did not live to see the work accomplished, his name must always be honourably connected with it. Of rather an irritable temperament, perhaps, he was known extensively for a singular liberality of character and generosity of disposition. He was a man of taste and vertu; uniting, with a fair degree of classical scholarship, considerable proficiency in

botany, and a general fondness for scientific pursuits; and thus the excellent library he possessed was, throughout life, a source of pleasure and recreation that lightened the graver duties he so faithfully discharged.

He married, in 1802, Ann, daughter of the Rev. Ralph Harrison, a Presbyterian divine, and Ann Touchet. This divine, himself the son of a minister, and great-grandson to the Rev. Cuthbert Harrison, who, as a famous non-conformist teacher, is noticed in Dr. Calamy's account of ejected ministers,* attained a high reputation in Manchester as a preacher, an author, and a scholar. In the academy there, he was appointed professor of the Greek and Latin languages, and of polite literature. He produced many able works of an educational character; and left behind him a volume of discourses that fully bear out his claim to the affectionate regard in which his character and ministration were held. Of these sermons, which, with a biographical memoir, were first printed in 1813, a new edition appeared in 1827. It may here be mentioned, as a somewhat rare occurrence in the life of a Presbyterian minister, that this reverend person, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, realized, by fortunate speculations in land and building, a large fortune, leaving behind him upwards of 60,000*l*.

Of this union two sons were born; the eldest named William Harrison, the youngest Thomas Gilbert, who, distinguishing himself at Cambridge, and taking a scholarship there, unfortunately fell into ill health from over-study,

* From another source, a manuscript, to which we have had access, we derive some particulars relative to this said Cuthbert, far too curious to omit. Cuthbert, the youngest son of Richard Harrison, who resided at Newton, was born about 1627, and was regularly ordained. In 1672, he obtained the king's licence to preach in *Elswick Lees*, according to the doctrines of "the persuasion called Congregational;" but this licence served him but for a short time, the Parliament declaring the meetings illegal; and he preached as before, in his own house at *Bankefield*, and also at others, "very privately in the night, to such as would venture to hear him." The following extract from a letter, written by one of his descendants, explains the rest, and fully develops at once his character and his persecutions:—"Mr. Richard Clegg, vicar of *Kirkham*, fell violently upon him, first, in the ecclesiastical court, for preaching, marrying one *James Benson*, and baptizing his child, and got both him and *Benson* excommunicated. [He was absolved from this censure in 1677.] He sometimes repaired to the parish church at *Kirkham*, particularly one Lord's day, whilst he was under the aforesaid censure, and took his place amongst the gentlemen in the chancel. Mr. Clegg, the vicar, who wrote his prayer before sermon, and all his sermons also, in characters, was got into the pulpit, and looking aside and seeing him come in and place himself, lost the end. He could not find it again, and was silent for some time; then ordered the churchwardens to put him out. They went to our father, and told him what Mr. Clegg had ordered, and desired he would go out. He refused; and said that except Mr. Clegg himself would put him out, he would not go. Mr. Clegg then desired Mr. Christopher Parker, who was justice of peace, and then in church, and sat within six foot of our father, to put him out; but Mr. Parker refused, and said he would not meddle. Then Mr. Clegg went to our father, and took him by the sleeve, and desired him to go out. He went along with Mr. Clegg, and opened the chancel door, and was no sooner out, but with a strong voice, said, 'It's time to go when the devil drives.' Thou canst scarce imagine a greater disorder than was reported to have been in the church at that time. Shortly after, the vicar sued our father at common law, upon the statute called *Qui tam*, for 20*l*. a month, for six months' absenting from the church, and the case was brought to a trial at the assizes at *Lancaster*; but I could never know the judge's name. Our father in his defence, proved that he was at church one Lord's day in one of the months, on his jorvall to *Chester*, being cited to appear and answer a libel of Mr. Clegg's, a Lord's day in another month, and under the church censure for the other time, and that he went to church and was put out as aforesaid. The judge was hearty, and after he had summed up the evidence, he told the jury 'There was fiddle and be hanged, and there was fiddle not and be hanged. The defendant was under church censure, which might prevent his going to church. Gentlemen, pray consider it.' The jury brought in for the defendant, and all costs were thrown on Mr. Clegg, with many affronting scoffs." There are other characteristic stories of this veteran nonconformist. The war was continued, even to the writing of his epitaph.

which so affected his nervous system, that he never took his degree, and his intention of going into the church was therefore abandoned.

William Harrison Ainsworth was born on the 4th of February, 1805, at the house of his father, in King Street, Manchester; but not long after, the family removed to a very commodious and pleasantly situated country house, called Beech-hill, about two miles from the town on the Chetham side. Here was a very extensive garden; and here, all the time that could be spared by its possessor from professional pursuits was devoted to the studies and recreations of which he was so passionately fond. The grounds were laid out under his own eye, and several of the trees were planted by the young brothers.

To the education of the elder of these it is now necessary to refer. The early part of it was undertaken by his uncle, the Rev. William Harrison; and then, while still very young, he was placed at the free grammar-school in Manchester, in one of the classes of the Rev. Robinson (now Dr.) Elsdale. In this school, which was founded early in the sixteenth century, many persons eminent for science and learning have been educated. The list extends as far back as the reign of Mary, opening with the well known name of John Bradford, who suffered martyrdom in 1555. Reginald Heber (the father of the bishop) was here—Cyril Jackson, and his brother the Bishop of Oxford—the first Lord Alvanley, Mr. Morritt of Rokeby, David Latouche, the celebrated banker, the present Mr. Justice Williams, and many others.

Here our youthful student so far distinguished himself as to have received very flattering testimonials from Dr. Smith (the then head master of the school) and his colleague, Dr. Elsdale. He wrote several translations from the Latin and Greek Poets, which obtained their approbation. At that period (the practice we believe has been since discontinued) there were held, once a year, "speaking-days"—the head-boys reciting passages from the poets and orators, in Greek and Latin; and upon one of these occasions he obtained great praise and credit by reciting Seneca's *Quis vere Rex?* with a translation by himself. In this school he remained, gathering honour and advantage, until he reached the first form, when his father, who designed his son to be his successor, placed him as a clerk with Mr. Alexander Kay, a then rising, and since risen, solicitor in the town.

The blossom of that literary fruit on which the public, in more than one nation, has since fed with such eagerness and relish, had begun to develop itself previously even to this youthful period—and not in one form only, but in many; not in translations merely, but in original compositions—in tales, sketches, dramatic scenes—even in tragedies.

But to begin with the beginning, it should be mentioned that these literary predilections had their precursors in other tastes. The first passion, if report speak truly, took a pyrotechnic direction; it shot upward like a rocket. Fire-work-making was, in short, the earliest predilection that manifested itself with any considerable potency; and the first throb of young ambition was to make a rocket in earnest. Roman candles, serpents, &c., were accomplished satisfactorily; but the "greatest was behind," the grand triumph was the rocket; and in the blaze and brilliancy of this, for it was at last achieved, the passion for pyrotechnic glory seems to have evaporated. Success sometimes involves terrible disappointment, and has the most unlooked-for consequences—swallowing up, in the moment of victory, all care and concern for the very objects of success.

We hear no more of this passion ; but of another which succeeded it, we may justly say, that while it lasts it burns with such ardour as to consume or draw to itself every other youthful feeling. This is the rage for private theatricals. The nature on which this had now taken hold was not one to surrender itself by halves, with reluctance, or with misgivings. The whole heart of the schoolboy, for as yet he was no more, was freely given to the new passion. He constructed a theatre in the cellar, (the majesty of buried Denmark speaking from the "cellarage!") put together the machinery, fixed the great essential, the curtain, painted the scenes, made the dresses, acted the characters—having first *written the plays!* It is to this circumstance, perhaps, that our libraries are indebted for many admirable romances ; as it is to such seemingly trivial accidents we may often trace the first workings of a genius which, in its full developed beauty, delights the world with animated pictures, drawn from the past or imagined of the future—dazzling the eye with glittering fictions, and filling the soul with sweet perfumes.

His literary career, ere he had yet left school, may now be said to have commenced ; since he contributed largely to a weekly literary journal then existing in Manchester, called "The Iris ;" and so profusely were his youthful feelings and opinions poured forth, that it may be doubted whether he ever wrote more even at the busiest season of his subsequent career. His reputation as a writer was thus so far advanced, that a printer was induced to bring out a small theatrical paper, written solely by him ; and subsequently a journal (on the plan and in the form of the "Indicator") entitled the "Bæotian." Of this work (the motto of which was *Bæotim crasso jurares ære natum*, in merry allusion to the town where it was produced) six numbers were published. Its young editor about the same time contributed regularly to the European Magazine.

It had been his father's wish, when the period of the youth's law-studies commenced, that he should devote himself chiefly to that branch of the profession which it was intended he should practise—conveyancing ; but no great progress was made in this study. Byron, Scott, and Shelley, had charms that title-deeds could never boast ; writing verses was far more attractive than making abstracts, and drawing drafts bore no comparison to sketching for Magazines. It was the old story—he was literally

"A youth foredoom'd his father's hopes to cross,
Who penn'd a stanza when he should engross."

The nameless editor of a Magazine was, in his enchanted view, greater by far than the greatest of the whole tribe of lawyers ; and the occupation of the editorial chair appeared in his fanciful dream an object worthier of a lofty ambition than a seat on the woollen sack. What his present feeling may be—now that he has accomplished his young desire to the full—we pause not to ask. It is enough to know, that coming events often cast before them shadows far gaudier than themselves. The glory fades in possession—"the beautiful has vanished, and returns not." And yet, for there is no end to contradictions, the early vision has been more than realized.

But if law failed to attract, other studies were not at this time neglected. His father's lavish care had provided masters of various kinds, and he continued to read the classics, on two days of the week, with Dr. Smith, the head-master of the school he had quitted. Literature only consumed the time

apportioned by parental anxiety to severer pursuits; but that the literary fruits of these stolen marches were not slight, a simple enumeration of his published pieces will shew. Having composed, prior to the appearance of Lord Byron's *Foscari*, a tragedy on the same subject, he sent some account of it to Constable's Edinburgh Magazine, in which miscellany the notice appeared a month previous to the publication of Byron's drama. A regular contributorship to that periodical ensued; but it did not absorb all his literary interest, for he wrote a tale for Taylor and Hessey's London Magazine, called the "Falls of Ohiopyle;" and through the medium of Mr. Arliss, the printer, published with Whittaker two poems, entitled the *Maid's Revenge*, and a *Summer Evening's Tale*. Some of the tales and essays thus scattered over various periodicals were afterwards collected into a little volume, under the title of "December Tales," and published by Whittaker.

Of what was unpublished we know nothing, but all these productions saw the light before their author was nineteen years of age. Thus early was he a prolific writer. It was at this period that his father's death occurred; from the shock naturally consequent upon which he awakened to a sense of the expediency of completing his term as a conveyancer, and qualifying himself for assuming the professional responsibility which this bereavement devolved upon him. With this view he repaired to London, to finish his term with Mr. Jacob Phillips, of the Inner Temple. Yet it does not appear that he devoted himself with the adequate diligence and zeal to professional study. The literary enthusiasm was still the stronger feeling, though less productive in its immediate results than before; for the metropolis was a novel scene, and some time was spent in acquainting himself with its amusements.

Not long before the completion of his appointed stay in town, he commenced an acquaintance with Mr. Ebers, at that time the manager of the Opera House. A constant attendance there was of course included among his London pleasures. Still literature asserted its claims; and with Mr. Ebers, a few months after the commencement of their intimacy, he published a romance entitled "*Sir John Chiverton*." Of this work, which we never happened to read, we cannot, of course, offer any critical opinion; yet we remember to have observed that Sir Walter Scott has referred to it not uncomplimentarily in his *Diary*.* We pass it to record a more important step in life—the marriage of Mr. Ainsworth to Fanny, the youngest daughter of Mr. Ebers. This event occurred in the autumn of 1826. Three daughters, still living, were the offspring of this union. They lost their mother in the spring of 1838.

The connexion thus formed with Mr. Ebers had a material influence in deciding the young law-student as to the course he should pursue. His repugnance to "conveyancing" being insuperable, and his tastes and inclinations being decidedly literary, he readily listened to the suggestions of Mr. Ebers to make an experiment as a publisher. The sacrifice, to be sure, was considerable. It involved the relinquishment of his share in his father's lucrative business, which had been carried on meanwhile by two partners, at the head of whom he would necessarily be placed; it was the exchanging a certainty for a chance. Yet, on the other hand, he was to secure the advan-

* "I read with interest, during our journey, *Sir John Chiverton* and *Brambletye House*—novels, in what I may surely claim as the style

'Which I was born to introduce,

Refined it first, and shew'd its use!"

These are both clever books."—*Scott's Diary*, Oct. 17, 1826.

tage of Mr. Ebers's extensive connexion, and of his practical knowledge of a business which as yet was a "book sealed" to him. There were other temptations, not unworthy of a high literary ambition, and a generous zeal for the interests of authors. The period, that of 1828-9, was the season of the (exclusively) "fashionable novels," when what was most ephemeral was most triumphant, and, when works of a more enduring though less winning character had fewer charms than usual in a publisher's eye. Let us here pause for a moment to consider what his aims were, and at the same time what were his qualifications for giving effect to them.

Mr. Ainsworth entered upon his speculation doubtless with literary feelings not very dissimilar to those with which he may be supposed to have recently originated his Magazine. His was not the speculation of an ordinary publisher; his aim was to promote the interests of literature, to advance his own reputation as a writer, and to surround himself with such authors as it was alike honourable to serve and to be associated with; he thought that he might bring forward sterling works, rejected perhaps as not "fashionable," and assist writers of a better class than those who aspired to a merely fleeting popularity; in any case, he should succeed in shewing that such an enterprise might be conducted on liberal and gentlemanlike principles. These, as we believe, were his objects; but he mistook the practicability of the scheme, and misconceived his own qualifications for conducting it. He had great liberality, a highly cultivated literary taste, ripe scholarship, and popular manners; he was borne up by the spirit of youth, and the love of books for their own sake, to make an experiment, and his entering upon it was the best proof of the sacrifices he could cheerfully incur, and that he thought of no selfish or mercenary bargain. But with these fine qualities he wanted some that are not always found in their company and in that of youth,—forethought, deliberation, patience under disappointment, submission to repugnant tasks, and indifference to the trifling circumstance of being always unthanked and generally misapprehended. What young man of one-and-twenty understands his own character sufficiently to justify such an attempt! His principles were but partially recognised by the writers with whom he was brought into connexion, and he was of too impatient a temperament to afford them time to understand him. His pride speedily revolted from the position he had voluntarily chosen, and at the expiration of about a year and a half he abandoned the experiment; the result was—neither good nor harm beyond loss of time.

During this period, and up to the year 1830, a few trifles had been written; a tragedy on the subject of Philip Van Artavelde was planned, and two acts composed; a melodrama or two, never acted, swelled the stock; but nothing was published. A change of scene was now resolved upon; in the summer of that year Mr. Ainsworth started on a tour in Switzerland and Italy.

It was in the following year, during a visit to Chesterfield, that he first thought of writing a three-volumed tale, and the idea of "Rookwood" arose. He has told us his object. "Wishing," he says, "to describe somewhat minutely the trim gardens, the picturesque domains, the rook-haunted groves, the gloomy chambers and gloomier galleries of an ancient hall with which I was acquainted, I resolved to attempt a story in the by-gone style of Mrs. Radclyffe; substituting an old English squire, an old manorial residence, and an old English highwayman, for the Italian marchese, the castle, and the brigand of that great mistress of romance."

"Rookwood" was commenced, but many and serious pauses occurred in the completion of the story; nor was it until May, 1834, that it was published; but the power with which the design was worked out, the success with which it was accomplished, was instantaneously recognised. The Edinburgh Review described the novel achievement:—"What Mr. Ainsworth has ventured to do, and successfully, was to revive the almost exploded interest afforded by the supernatural; and to preserve this, too, not in connexion with days long gone by, but side by side with the sober realities of 1737, with the convivialities of Yorkshire squires and country attorneys, with the humours of justices of the peace and the feats of Dick Turpin the highwayman." The same writer describes, also, the influences of all this upon the reader. "Strange as it may seem, the author has contrived to present the terrors of burial vaults and the blood-stained mysteries of family crime side by side with the most familiar scenes of the every-day life of the eighteenth century without exciting the slightest feeling of the ludicrous, nay more, with a character of earnestness and solemnity with which, *à priori*, we should have hardly thought such subjects could have been invested."

But the truth is, as the critic seems to have felt, that the reader is never allowed to pause for an instant to think at all. The famous picture of the Ride to York, now as well known as the name of Turpin himself, is but an image of the reader's course as he leaps the abrupt gaps and turns the picturesque corners of this singular tale. He goes through it, hurried yet noting everything, and with breathless interest; and it is not until after a pause at the close that he bethinks him of the songs and ballads whose lively or solemn chimes struck his ear as he passed rapidly; when he is sure to turn back to read them leisurely over one by one, enjoying the true spirit of the old minstrelsy with which they are embued, and wishing for a whole volume of such tuneful rarities.

The effect of this publication was to place Mr. Ainsworth in the first rank of writers of romantic fiction. The first edition was speedily sold off, a second followed. In 1836, Mr. Macrone issued a beautiful volume with designs by Cruikshank; in the following year, by an assignment of copyright, on the part of the author, it was included among the "Standard Novels" of Bentley. Yet though, by this publisher's own shewing, he had sold of this edition above 2200 copies up to the close of 1841, we suspect the author never received one farthing for the work—a fact which, for the sake of all modern authors, we hope is at least as marvellous, romantic, and unparalleled, as any incident of the tale itself. *Half-farthings* are now being coined, but "Rookwood" never produced its author that sum; we hear that he is to have 200*l.* when the sale of this edition (several having preceded it) shall reach 5000!

"Crichton" was the next work meditated; and as soon as projected, Mr. Macrone offered 350*l.* for the manuscript. It appeared in the spring of 1837, and a rapid sale betokened the now established reputation of the writer. This historical romance afforded, in some respects, indications of a higher aim and more elaborate finish than the happiest pictures of the preceding work. Extensive and curious reading—a minute acquaintance with the modes, usages, intrigue, and philosophy of the time—a capacity at once to analyze and combine—an eye for grand effects as well as the smallest details—were everywhere recognised. Many rare qualities united in the composition of this work.

Its pictures of the times and persons it treats of are "finished sketches," the effect of which, by a truly artist-like skill, is heightened instead of diminished by the small fine touches that denote a thorough familiarity with every incidental particular of the subject. Thus, not only are the king's jester and the king's cook as vividly set before us as Henri himself, but Henri's lineaments are not more accurately painted than is the quaint figure on a piece of embroidery, the fashion of a jewel, or the cut of a garment. In spite of a most hurried and effect-marring termination, this romance has in it the seeds of life, and contains some of its author's soundest and most brilliant writing. Here, again, we see a lyrical genius in full flow; some of the songs are of a most dainty fashion, and charm equally by their structure and their fancy.

The "Admirable Crichton" was yet winning admiration, when his untired historian commenced another romance, which he originally intended to call *Thames Durrell*, and under that name it was announced by its publisher. After considerable delays, the opening chapters of the work made their appearance in "Bentley's Miscellany," under the title of *Jack Sheppard*. This was in January, 1839. Two months afterwards, on the retirement of Mr. Dickens, the author of the new romance was installed as editor of the *Miscellany*—the terms agreed upon being 51*l.* per month.

As the story month by month developed itself, the circle of its success widened; not an audible objection to its hero or to its author—to his plot, scenery, or persons—their life, character, or behaviour—was raised, as far as we are aware, in the most fastidious coterie; but, on the contrary, many established critics of high character, fully cognizant of the significant fact that the hero of the tale was the veritable housebreaker, welcomed him with winged pens as he broke limb by limb out of the Magazine, and shook him heartily by the hand as a legitimate historical acquaintance. When he stood before them, whole, in the autumn of the same year, he met with astonishing success, and became the "rage" for months. The three volumes were produced in a dramatic form simultaneously at eight different theatres; and George Cruikshank's inimitable designs became set scenes east and west. At last, however, the prison-breaker's popularity became all at once an offence in people's eyes greater than any of which he was ever convicted. He was denounced as something worse than the monster in *Frankenstein*. Critics, who had always a passion for heroes in fetters before, now found out that housebreakers are disreputable characters. They were in raptures with the old established brigand still, and the freebooter of foreign extraction; they could hug *Robin Hood* as fondly as ever, and dwell with unhurt morals on the little peccadilloes of *Rob Roy*; nay, they had no objection to ride behind *Turpin* to York any day, and would never feel ashamed of their company; but they shook their heads at *Sheppard*, because low people began to run after him at the theatres. He was a housebreaker!

We are here recording facts, and have small space for opinions. It may be observed, however, that the outcry, to have served any moral end, should have been raised much sooner. Why did it not break out when the housebreaker first broke out in January amidst public plaudits? Why was it silent for a whole twelvemonth? But this is not the only question. Why was not that moral outcry raised long before this culprit ever made a literary appearance at all? He had some remarkably suspicious precursors—heroes selected only for their ruffianism—yet the storm falls on this offender, probably because he

comes late in the field. In answer to the charge of choosing a Newgate hero, the romancer is surely entitled to say, "I did not select him because he was a house-breaker, but because he was a *prison-breaker*." And if mischief arise from the delineation of the characters of such criminals—which is a separate question, and would lead us as far afield as the *Robbers* of Schiller led the young reprobate nobles who turned thieves in imitation, and might suggest a committee of inquiry concerning *Bardolph* and Company, amongst a crowd of others—but if mischief arise, which course has the directest tendency to produce it?—that which introduces the criminal into the story to play off his brutalities unrestricted, and, as it were, under cover of false dates and places—or that which avows the heroship on the title-page, and warns off those of timid tastes and trembling morals? People seem to object to no atrocity, no vulgarity, so that it be unexpected, and not concentrated in the hero. We take up the most innocent-looking Arcadian sort of books, and find ourselves in the heart of Newgate. Of this we may have some cause to complain; but we cannot complain of going to Tyburn, when the hero's very name tells us we shall be taken there in the end, wheresoever the story may previously wind.

Gay has been libelled for his *Beggar's Opera*, and Fielding has been abused for his *Jonathan Wild the Great*, (excellent company, wherein to sin or to suffer martyrdom!) but those exquisite satires, if liable to be misunderstood by the dull, are as innocent of evil as they are brave in purpose and profound in wit. They are what they profess to be, and do not cheat the reader with a promise of something different. It is so, in its degree, with the romance to which we have referred. It can have injured or imposed upon no family on earth, except the Fudge Family.*

We now approach the consideration of works on which their author has unquestionably employed his best powers, and in which at least he has not sinned in point of subject. With the new year, he commenced two new romances. *Guy Fawkes* appeared in the *Miscellany*, and was completed in eighteen monthly numbers, when it was reprinted in three volumes. The sum received during this period from the publisher exceeded 1500*l*. Of the several romances that have been founded partly or entirely upon the same subject, it is by far the most striking. The bold and simple painting of character, the felicitous description, the hair-breadth 'scapes which the reader follows with an interest tremblingly alive, the constant fertility of invention, while the stream of historical truth flows on in the midst of all, denote the abundance of the resources which this writer always brings to his task. The time and subject seem new in his hands, because his manner, and his materials (save the simple truth upon and around which he works them), are entirely his own.

The *Tower of London*—the twin-born romance, running chapter by chapter with the foregoing—is a work of yet more remarkable power, because it is more fully and consistently sustained to the close. It had been the author's wish—if we are not misinformed—from the hour when he first saw the old fortress, to write a romance on one of the thousand almost incredible truths with which the memory that sanctifies it is peopled. The companion-thought to this, was the hope to connect another historical legend with the Castle of

* It has innocently given rise to one example of immorality; its publisher having advertised its mischievous tendency in the public prints, while he was all the time selling the work, and meditating new and cheaper attractions for it.

Windsor—both so picturesque in themselves, and both so surpassingly rich in historical recollections. The one object is accomplished—the other is on the eve of commencement.

The project of the "Tower" brought together author and artist—Ainsworth and Cruikshank—in partnership, on equal terms, and on their own responsibility. Considerations, however, connected with publication, led to an arrangement with Bentley, who, taking to himself a third of the profits, and no risk, was appointed to publish the work in monthly parts. By this he realized some six or seven hundred pounds; but it is now out of his hands. It is still as popular as ever, as it must long remain. "Desirous," says Mr. Ainsworth, "of exhibiting the Tower in its triple light of a palace, a prison, and a fortress, the author has shaped his story with reference to that end; and he has also contrived such a series of incidents as should naturally introduce every relic of the old pile—its towers, chapels, halls, chambers, gateways, arches, and draw-bridges—so that no part of it should remain unillustrated." It is curious to observe how this purpose is worked out in entire consistency with an unbroken and uninterrupted narrative. With every necessity imposed upon the historian for going out of his way, in order to realize previously resolved upon effects, there is no appearance of his ever doing so; and indeed, the scene being circumscribed and the locality fixed, there is in this work fewer abrupt turns and changes than in the majority of its predecessors. The historical events chosen for illustration are happily suited for the design: they admit of every variety of agency, and embrace an enormous field in a small space;—they involve the throne and the block, the siege and the stake, the secret plot and the fiery storm of revolt;—"the mad battle and the ghastly grave." They comprise the cold insidious foreign bigot, wily as a serpent, and the hot-gospeller, frantic in his fanaticism; the haughty daring noble and the brutal gaoler; the courtly knight and the headsmen,—a goodly company with an infinite train of "dwarf-and-giant auxiliaries." The characters are extremely numerous; but they are not more skilfully grouped than they are artfully discriminated. Two of them seem to us of first-rate rank in that grand human gallery to which this author has now contributed several noble portraits; these are, Mary the queen, and the subtle Spaniard, Simon Renard. But the whole space allotted to this memoir would not be too wide a limit for a comprehensive review of the characteristics of this admirable romance.

One remark may be allowed. Mr. Ainsworth, in his introductory observations, says, "Opposite the matchless White Tower—William of Orange by the side of William the Conqueror—is that frightful architectural abomination, the grand Store-House. It may not be impossible to remove this ugly and incongruous structure." Not long after this was written, the abused building was burnt down. Should not cant or prejudice, when it traces robberies to novels, have traced the conflagration to this romance!

In the first week of 1841, *Old Saint Paul's* was commenced. The proprietors of the *Sunday Times* newspaper had proposed to Mr. Ainsworth to write a romance to be published in their journal weekly throughout the year, for which they very liberally offered 1000*l*. This was a new feature in newspaper management and romance-writing. The offer was accepted: the tale appeared in successive numbers, and at the close of the year (the copyright reverting to Mr. Ainsworth) it was re-issued in three handsome volumes, lavishly illustrated by Franklin. A large edition was disposed of.

This work, "a tale of the plague and the fire," abounds, as this explanation denotes, in the terrible and the sublime. The time extends from April, 1665, to September, in the following year, embracing the two most fearful and fatal calamities that ever London was visited with. With what grasping power Mr. Ainsworth has seized upon the prominent points arising out of these scenes of devastation and dismay, those best may judge who can most vividly recall past examples of his art in stirring men's blood and lifting the imagination to a point of horror; but they may not so readily surmise with what a gentle and reconciling humanity he has detained us amidst what was loathsome, to exhibit to us, as it were the lily in the charnel house; and carried us through the pestilence and the flame, to vindicate the severity of human trials, to inculcate salutary lessons of exertion and endurance, and track the course of faith, and courage, and happiness, through all. From the insupportable and unredeemed ghastliness of Defoe's astonishing narrative, we turn to this *peopled* story, and discover a vitality amidst the shadows of death, and hope stealing silently on through the desolation and the ruin.

Mr. Ainsworth's engagement, as editor of "Bentley's Miscellany," terminated with the year 1841, and, in February of the present year, appeared the first number of "*Ainsworth's Magazine*," a journal of romance, literature, and art. Its success, measured by the sale of the first volume, now completed, surpasses, it is said, by many degrees, that of any similar periodical that ever made its appearance. Its editor had surrounded himself by many able writers, but his reliance, perhaps, was upon a new tale from his own pen—*The Miser's Daughter*. Though scarcely half finished, public opinion seems to have set its seal upon this fine-toned and charmingly-coloured story, as "the favourite and the flower." Of this work, Cruikshank is the illustrator; but Mr. Ainsworth, it seems, purposes to keep the imagination of a second artist employed, for in July he opens, in his Magazine, a new tale, entitled "*Windsor Castle*," for which the celebrated Tony Johannot is to furnish steel engravings, and Alfred Delamotte, woodcuts.

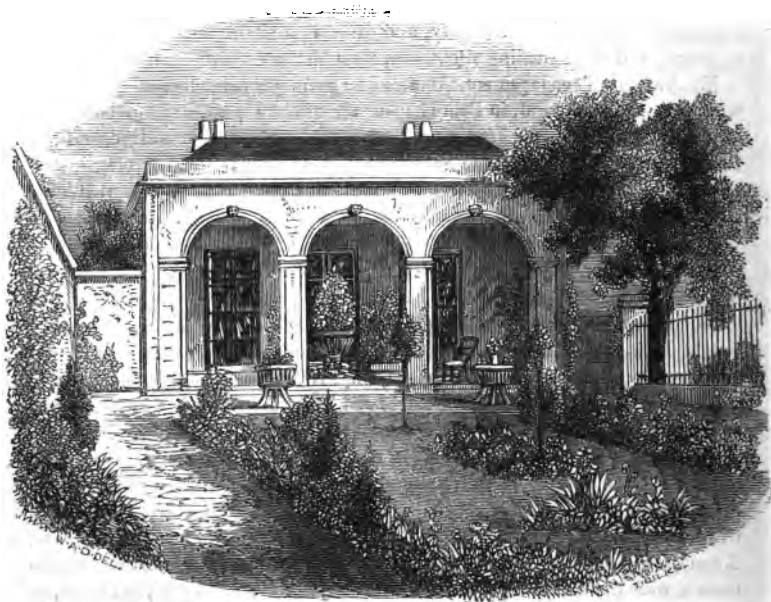
Here draw we to a close, with the observation, that should these new romances, now in a state of progress, share the good fortune of their predecessors, they will not only be extensively read, but dramas will be founded upon them in this country; the Paris press will give them a new shape; America will spread them over her surface; the German translator will ensure them a wide circulation in that land of the mysteries; and even the Dutch, as in the case of Rookwood and Crichton, will mark them for their own.

There is one event of a domestic nature that should be mentioned in a more saddened tone at the close. On the 15th of March, in the present year, it was Mr. Ainsworth's affliction to lose his surviving parent—the revered mother, who had taken pride in his rising fame, and had found joy in his constant affection. A beautiful monumental tribute to both parents has just been erected in the cemetery at Kensal Green.

What have we to add to what we have here ventured to record, which the engraving that accompanies this memoir will not more happily embody? Should that fail to do justice to his face—to its regularity and delicacy of feature, its manly glow of health, and the cordial nature that lightens it up, we must refer the dissatisfied beholder to Mr. Pickersgill's masterly full-length portrait, exhibited last year; in which the author of *The Miser's Daughter* may be seen, not as some pale, worn, pining scholar—some fagging, half-

exhausted, periodical romancer—but as an English gentleman, of goodly stature and well-set limb, with a fine head on his shoulders, and a heart to match.

If to this we add a word, it must be to observe, that though the temper of our popular author may be marked by impatience on some occasions, it has never been upon any occasion marked by a want of generosity; whether in conferring benefits, or atoning for errors. His friends regard him as a man with as few failings, blended with fine qualities, as most people; and his enemies know nothing at all about him. He is liberal towards his contemporaries, and quick to feel a kindness rendered to himself. He writes rapidly, and finds leisure, we are told, for a full portion of social enjoyment and relaxation; so that at Kensal manor-house hospitality is a virtue that is always at home.



KENSAL MANOR HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE AUTHOR OF "ROCKWOOD,"
"TOWER OF LONDON," ETC.

Amongst the possessions which Mr. Ainsworth has more recently inherited, is the charming residence at Beech-hill, where, as above stated, his early years were passed. To that house, with which all his younger and pleasanter recollections are connected, he meditates, we believe, a return in mature life. But the metropolis and its neighbourhood, the pursuit of fame, and the fields in which he has gathered up many golden sheaves, will long detain him thence—the delay only tending to enrich his memories, and double the sweetness of a late retirement. And when that late day shall come, and the home of his childhood shall again be his, may he find the end like the beginning—with its "vision splendid" turned to a reality.

The Mirror

OF

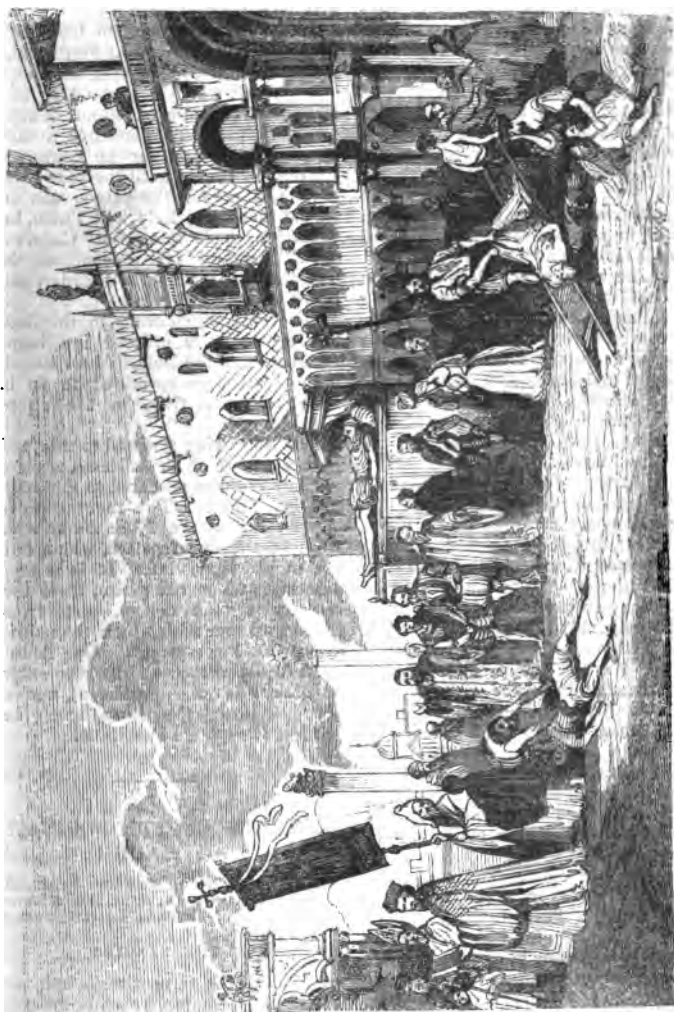
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 1.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.



FUNERAL PROCESSION OF TITIAN, BY M. A. HESSE.

Original Communications.

TITIAN.

THIS distinguished painter, the founder of the true principles of colouring, was born at the castle of Cadore, in the year 1477. At an early age he displayed great taste for painting, and was sent, on his reaching his tenth year, to Venice, and placed under the protection of his uncle. At eighteen he painted a portrait of Barbarigo, which excited universal admiration. He was soon afterwards engaged, in conjunction with Giorgione, to paint the Fondaco de Tedeschi; and the portion which he had painted being preferred to that of his competitor, it served to establish the popularity which he had gained by his previous production. He became acquainted with the celebrated poet Ariosto, at the court of Alfonso, and painted his portrait, for which the bard, in honour of his talent, introduced him into his far-famed "Orlando Furioso."

In 1523, he was employed to ornament the Sala del Gran Consiglio, where, among other celebrated works, he painted the Battle of Cadore, which took place between the Venetians and Imperialists. Soon afterwards, he painted his celebrated picture of St. Pietro Martire, considered his *chef d'œuvre* in historic painting, and which is now one of the principal attractions in the gallery of the Louvre.

At last he attracted the notice of Charles V., and was engaged to paint the portrait of the Emperor. One day as Titian was at work, he, by accident, dropped his pencil. Charles immediately stooped to pick it up, and said, on handing him it—"You deserve to be waited upon by an emperor."

In the year 1550, Titian received a pressing invitation from this great monarch to visit the court of Spain, and, judging from the manner in which Charles had previously treated him, he did not think it proper to refuse. During a residence of three years in Spain, he painted many beautiful pictures, for which his protector appointed him rents in Naples and Milan, of two hundred ducats annually each, besides compensating him for every picture he painted.

The Catalogue of the Escorial, and of the palace at Madrid, gives but a very imperfect idea of the works of Titian in Spain. Many of his finest productions have been withdrawn from public view by the scruples of bigotry; among others, that of the "Sleeping Venus," which was made a present by Philip IV. to King Charles I. on his visiting Spain, and which, after the death of that unhappy monarch, was purchased by the Spanish ambassador, then resident in Eng-

land. This splendid picture was one which escaped the conflagration of the palace of the Pardo; and it is said, that when the accident was reported to the king, he inquired if Titian's Venus had escaped the flames; and on being assured that it was safe, he replied—"Then every other loss may be supported."

In 1553, Titian went to Inspruc, where he painted the portraits of Ferdinand, King of the Romans, his Queen, and family, in one picture, which is allowed by all to be amongst his finest productions. The talents of this artist were permitted a career of unusual longevity, for he continued the exercise of his art until the year 1576.

At this period, the plague was making fearful ravages in Italy, and Titian, to avoid contagion, took refuge at Cadore; but, notwithstanding his precautions, he fell a victim to that dreadful disorder, and died in his ninety-ninth year.

His remains, contrary to the decree of the senate, who ordered the immediate destruction of the bodies of all who died of the plague, were permitted to be buried, with religious rites, in the church of Frazi.

The engraving prefixed to this article is from a picture of M. A. Hesse, representing the last homage rendered to the celebrated painter, Titian. The funeral procession is standing at the *Place Saint Marc*, in front of the ducal palace, which is to the left of the engraving. It is a very fine painting, and merits praise, from the correctness of the design, and from the artistic manner with which the painter has grouped his personages. One fault, however, is observable—Titian, the subject of the picture, is not so prominent, nor enough detached from the *ensemble*, as, in our opinion, it ought to have been.

SKETCHES OF THE POPULATION OF MADRID.

[From a forthcoming work on Spain and Portugal, in 1838—1840, by an Italian traveller of distinction, M. le Baron Charles Dembouski.]

THE MANOLOS.

AT Madrid, the term *manolos* and *manolas* is used to designate the class of the common people, men and women. *Manolo* and *manola* are respectively a corruption of *Emanuel* and *Emmanuela*; and as these Christian names are very common, they

are applied to the great mass of the population.

There are few sights more curious and picturesque than a group of *manolos*, enveloped in the drapery of their long mantle, and smoking the *cigaretta* in the clear sunshine. You have ample leisure to observe them attentively before they quit for a moment their attitude of grave immobility or greet you with a passing look. On what subject is their mind employed in such profound and soul-engrossing meditation? In all probability, they are meditating on themselves; for no being on earth has a prouder or more exaggerated opinion of himself than has the Castilian. Throw a mantle over the shoulders of the statue of Silence, place a *cigaretta* in his mouth, and you will have something like an emblem of Spanish gravity. You approach the *manolo*; he glances at you with mistrust; you address a question to him; he scarcely deigns to favour you with a gesture by way of reply; rarely, he condescends so far as to utter a monosyllable. One thing alone will induce him to scrape acquaintance with you; and that is, if by chance his *cigaretta* should happen to go out: were you even a grandee of Spain, decked in all the insignia of your class and order, he would accost you without ceremony, and request you to lend him your lighted cigar, in order that from it he might re-light his own. This is a long-received custom: all classes are levelled and confounded at the ignited end of the *cigaretta*. Beware of disputing with him the right hand of the way, should it happen to fall to him. The Count S. M., the Sardinian Minister, being one day at court, was obliged, through the negligence or mistake of his coachman, to return to his residence on foot. On his road he met a *manolo*: for a few seconds, they both of them stood still and exchanged looks with each other. At last, the Count motioned the man of low birth to give way and yield him the *pas*. No ways dazzled by the gay trappings of the minister, the *manolo* replied—"The right-hand side of the way belongs to me; and, even were it not so, I am every whit as noble as yourself." It is scarcely necessary to add, that the Count was forced to yield the point in dispute. The *manolos*, proud and haughty as may be their demeanour towards the superior classes, yet pique themselves on the observance of the most polished courtesy amongst themselves; they never fail to salute each other with a *buenos dias, caballero*; *buenos noches, caballero*; *vaya usted con Dios, caballero*!

Until the war of independence, the *manolo* still adhered to his three-cornered hat, and wore his hair confined in a long *resilla*, or net-work bag, that dangled down his back. At the present day, his costume consists of

an Andalusian hat, a kind of turban garished with velvet, a round waistcoat which he never buttons, a red or yellow scarf, and lastly, very thin pumps, or cloth slippers. G. M.

A FAMILIAR DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND ITS CONTENTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

(Continued from p. 390, vol. xxxviii.)

HAVING already described in the MIRROR the several objects deposited in the courtyard, in the hall, and on the staircase landings, I shall now request my readers to accompany me into

THE FIRST ROOM.

This is one of the smallest apartments in the Museum; yet there is much to admire in its decorations. It has a painted ceiling, the picture upon it representing the Fall of Phaeton.* It is the work of Charles de la Fosse, whose paintings on the ceiling of the great staircase attracted our notice as we ascended it.

Against the walls are placed several glass cases, containing fishing implements, weapons of the war and chase, domestic utensils, dresses, ornaments, &c.; all obtained from uncivilized nations. The labels of some of the articles are crumpled up like curl-papers, so that it is impossible to read them. This neglect to keep the labels in proper order is really too bad. All the labels, without exception, should consist of card, or something else that will not be liable to curl up. I have strained my eyes in vain to read some of these labels, they are written so small and placed so far back in the cases; some of the articles have none at all, and hence it is difficult, and sometimes impossible, to find out the things specified in the Catalogue. This, however, is pleasant; for what can be more agreeable to the mind seeking for knowledge, than being left to find it out. The inquiring lad at the penny peep-show, which exhibited the opposed armies on the field of Waterloo, begged to know which was Wellington and which was Napoleon, and the reply was such an one as Mr. Edward Hawkins would have given, "Whichever you please."

The whole of the articles in Case I. were brought to England in 1822, by Captain Sir Edward Parry, on his return from his arctic voyage. They comprise Esquimaux dresses, made of warm skins from Winter

* The Catalogue of the Museum says, "the ceiling represents the fall of Phaeton." As Sir Henry Ellis is the responsible editor of the Catalogue, I call his attention to this and other queer sentences in it, in the hope of seeing them amended in the next edition.

Island; an instrument for sucking up water from a pond, and only, I suppose, when the pond is frozen over; a net made of whalebone, and used by the Esquimaux to lay under their beds on the snow, and supposed to be also used in fishing; a wooden bowl; a cup and spoon made entirely of the horns of the musk-ox, the material appearing to have been brought into the requisite shape by the application of artificial heat; a bone ornament from Savage Island; some Esquimaux weapons; a small basket; a bow-string; a culinary vessel and lamp, cut out of stone; and a pair of eye-shades formed of bone, and called *snow-eyes* by the Esquimaux. These instruments are worn by the Esquimaux to protect their eyes from the too intense light which is reflected from the snow. They consist of two small pieces of bone or wood, with a narrow slit in the middle, and are fixed near the eyes by strips of skin passing round the head, so that no light can fall upon the eyes except through the aperture just mentioned. The sledge over this case was also brought to England by our adventurous voyager.

CASE II.—Here are some Esquimaux dresses, of the most fashionable Arctic cut, from Point Hope; men's boots, made of rein-deer skin, from Kotzebue Sound; a pair of woman's boots, from Cape Thomson; a steersman's cap, from West Georgia; an Esquimaux landing-net, made of whalebone, from Kotzebue Sound; a band, worn as a *maro*, from Egmont Island; an instrument for throwing darts or spears, and brought from Point Barrow; and an elaborately carved paddle, from Otaheite. All the articles in this case were collected during Captain Beechey's voyage of discovery, A.D. 1825—1828.

CASE III.—This contains various specimens of cloth, from the Sandwich Islands: they are formed of the paper mulberry, (*morus papiifera*), and some of them have stamped patterns; a harpoon-line, formed of the skin of the walrus, (*trichacus rosmarus*), and a sail, formed of the intestines of the same species of mammal, brought from Kotzebue Sound; two of its large teeth, from Behring's Straits; a stone club, used for bruising nuts, and three fine mats, from Egmont Island; a cap, ornamented with tufts of feather and hair; many bows and arrows, from California; some of the arrows are tipped with obsidian and bone; and a small harpoon, with a movable tip, for spearing fish, from Point Barrow. All these articles were also collected during Captain Beechey's voyage, A.D. 1825—1828. Over this case and Case II. are several spears, arrows, and harpoons, from the Pacific Ocean.

CASE IV.—Here we find a seal-skin dress; a dog's harness for a sledge, and the handle of an instrument for throwing bird-darts,

brought from the coast of Labrador; a pair of boots, ornamented with differently-coloured pieces of leather, and having separate compartments for the toes, like the finger-tops of gloves, and probably contrived for the purpose of holding anything between the toes. Even for English boots and shoes anatomists would approve of a pattern consulting, as this does, the shape of the foot, and permitting of that natural action of the toes at each step which gives additional firmness and security to the walk. Here are also a leathern whip and some arrows from the interior of Peru; and some vessels, &c., of which the Catalogue says nought.

CASE V.—The articles in this case are from Maranon, Chili, &c. We perceive a straw hat, shaped like a barber's basin; a *poucho*, or cloak, leggings, shoes, stirrups, and a formidable pair of spurs, all of them from Chili, and forming the usual costume of a Gaucho, or Spanish-American cavalier. There is a hammock from Africa, and here a pair of sandals from Ashantee. We shudder while we gaze on that quiver, formed of palm-leaves, and which contains small poisoned arrows: on the banks of the great river Maranon, the South American aborigines, generally but absurdly called South American *Indians*, are known to use these arrows, whose points have been dipped in the wourari poison, which, according to the accounts of all the best authorities, proves almost instantly fatal to those who happen to receive it into their system, causing death without a pang or struggle. The late intelligent Dr. Hancock, who lived for some years in Guiana and other parts of South America, informs us that the wourari poison is obtained from a cucurbitaceous or gourd-like plant, called *mavacuri*, bearing a fruit of the size and shape of a large orange, and having a hard pericarp, or shell, used sometimes to hold the poison when prepared. Different statements have been made respecting its composition, but it is most probable that the only essential ingredient is the juice of the inner bark of the *mavacuri* root, extracted by bruising or pressing it, pouring water over the pulp, and then filtering; in this diluted state it must be slowly boiled in an earthen pot, to bring it down to a proper consistence. Small arrows infected with this poison are much employed by the aborigines to kill monkeys, birds, and other eatable animals. You have seen boys blow peas through a tin tube, called a *pea-shooter*, and if you have ever had one of those vegetable missiles strike your face when so ejected, you know it comes pretty hard: our skilful friends, the aborigines, can blow a poisoned arrow much more effectively and with immense force through a sort of hollow reed or cane, or the stalk of a small species of palm. Not many months ago, I saw three South American aborigines, who

were brought to London by the famous traveller Schomburgk, exhibit a variety of their customs, feats, and sports; and certainly few things were more extraordinary than the readiness and precision with which they could hit any mark at even a great distance by blowing an arrow through a tube, one arrow following the other much faster than any soldier could load, fire, and re-load, a musket. Thus one of these people could send a *quietus* to a snug party of Europeans before they could help themselves or return the compliment. Sugar and salt—not “brandy and salt”—are said to be the best antidotes to this poisonous juice. It is said that the aborigines on the Rio Negro shoot birds and monkeys with their poisoned arrows, and having restored their stupified little victims by means of the above, or some other antidote, they take them to Para, and sell them to the Portuguese.

The present case contains also a bag of netted twine, with bombax, and some more poisoned arrows from our adroit brethren on the banks of the Marañon; various wampun belts, and a pair of eye-shades, made of wood.

CASE VI.—All the articles in this case are from Africa, and many of them will prove highly interesting to visitors who may be concerned in the manufacture of cloth and similar materials. Here is a piece of cloth, sixteen feet long, and seven and a quarter broad, decorated with borders and various star-shaped patterns, which have been produced by discharging, from the parts they occupy, the deep colour of the indigo which previously covered the cloth, or possibly by protecting those parts from the indigo when the cloth was dyed. The whole material is woven in narrow strips, each three inches wide. On another piece of cloth, formed of similar strips, we observe that a check-pattern has been produced in the weaving. We see, also, a third piece of cloth, which is very narrow, being of the original width before it is made up for use. These three specimens were presented to our national Museum by the celebrated travellers, Denham and Clapperton.

The loom of the poor uncivilized negro is probably adapted for weaving only ribbon-like pieces of cloth; for here we find a Foulah cloak formed of very narrow strips of it. Presently we shall see the loom itself. The following articles were presented by the famous Bowditch, from Ashantee, and are described in his *Travels*, p. 307, &c. They comprise several pieces of cloth formed of narrow strips on a white ground; a white cloth with black patterns printed on it; two others made of different coloured strips; one with a single stripe formed of three different colours; a child's sun-shade, or parasol, covered with variously-

coloured and printed cottons, and strips of woollen cloth, and having a carved wooden top representing a bird pruning its feathers; a leathern pouch surrounded by strips of leather, and worked with leather and cloth in different patterns; a pair of worked sandals; a piece of very fine matting; an iron padlock and keys; four differently-shaped earthenware bowls of tobacco-pipes; a small earthenware pan with a deeply-notched edge; a string of spangle-like beads formed from shells; a musical instrument; a short dagger and a wooden handle and sheath, ornamented with brass; a tuft of human hair, worn as a fly-flapper by the natives of the Island of Zanna, one of the Hebrides; two arrows with steel heads; a large leathern cushion; a carved stool of singular shape, and made of Zesso wood; and a shuttle and reel of thread belonging to the cloth-weaver's loom, and on the top of the case is one of the looms for weaving the narrow cloth. This case contains, also, a cap and a musical instrument from the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, presented by Mr. J. Whitfield, and another cap, made of fine mat, from the Cape of Good Hope, and presented by Captain Duncan, in 1780.

CASE VII.—This contains articles from South America—namely, a couple of baskets made of a species of rush (*juncus*); a couple of water-baskets made of the bark of a birch-tree; the rope of a canoe; a shell necklace; a bladder, enclosing a pigment used by the natives; a quiver, some arrows, and a bow; and an axe, the iron of which was most likely obtained from an English ship, or from one belonging to the American settlers.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

LE LION AMOUREUX; OR, THE PHYSIOLOGY OF A GENERAL LOVER.

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

THE name of "*lion*," applied to numerous individuals in France, has now become so common that it would be useless for us to enter into a long explanation to convince our readers that we do not mean the terrible king of the forest, or the obedient slave of Van Amburgh. This *race* at one time bore several epithets, those of "*muguet*," "*homme de bonne fortune*," "*dandy*," "*fashionable*," but at the present period the most familiar one is that of "*lion*."

May we ask—why called *lions*? Is it because they are the kings of that portion of society termed the *beau monde*? Is it because, like the lion in the fable, they

claim the four quarters of the prey which others have seized? I cannot tell; but I will endeavour to sketch the physiology of one, and then I will leave you to guess for yourselves.

The *lion* is in general a sprightly fellow who has passed from the state of infancy to that of manhood. The desire to be thought young has for some years been abandoned by men between forty and fifty, for among us youth is as much despised as old age; in fact, the *lion* has never been a young man, for there is nothing he despises more than the actions which characterize the love-sick youth of eighteen. He is a lover of the fair sex, of wine, and gaming; but remember, that *liking* for woman is not to be called *love*, for this passion admits of no other, while the lion adds to the three mentioned—that is to say, when it is in his power—a strong passion for horses. They, unlike the lover, who is happy in the esteem of her he loves, must attract the attention of all, and have their mistresses for the same end as they have their carriages—to make a display in the eyes of the world. The windows of the Café de Paris are always crowded with them, because this establishment is situated in the most public part of the capital. They have no great pretensions to be drunkards, still they have always the appearance of having emptied a number of bottles, which makes a material difference to *le maître*.

The *lions* are, for the most part, ignorant of love, although they claim the privilege of speaking in the most familiar terms with all the pretty girls they meet,—from the ballet-dancer of the opera to the *grisette*, who toils by day to render herself attractive by night. They have a foot in the higher circles of society, and a hand in the lower; are desperate enemies of the worthy mechanic who, loving, cannot declare his passion, but sits in inward bliss, gazing on the object of his affection. The lion, on the contrary, without feeling the pains and pleasures of the soft, yet bitter passion, is not backward in declaring his love, and practises to his own account the language of the eyes, which, *he* says, speaks the true feelings of the heart.

But it is too much to bother us in this way with discussions. Tell us your story, inventor of news—out with it!—let the drama begin, and let the scenes pass before our eyes. You are fit for nothing else. If you do not amuse us, we will rail against you to-day; if you please us, the critics will be at you to-morrow. Alas! since it must be so, let us begin, in the name of all that is good; but I assure you I have lost both my courage and my confidence. So much watching, so much fatigue, and so many hours of study; so much of our heart, and so much of our health, in order to reach a

mean corner in the temple of fame; and all this in misery, bearing the buffets of some, and the slanderous tongues of others. No one ever tells us to stop—that our labour has been great. No, no; the poor minstrel has not sung his last lay; he must string his instrument, and begin again.

A few days ago, about the hour of twelve, a *lion* of fashionable mien descended from his carriage, and entered the Café de Paris. His appearance, for two great reasons, excited much astonishment: the first, because he was superbly dressed; the second, because he asked for his breakfast like a man who was in a hurry, and who had some business of importance to transact. One of his companions looked searchingly at him—he did not, however, make use of his eye-glass—and said,

“Where the deuce are you going, Stern?”

“To a wedding,” the young man replied.

“What fool’s going to get married?” the interrogator demanded.

At this question a half dozen of heads were lifted up, looks were exchanged, eyes were raised to the ceiling, and each person asked himself the question—What fool is going to get married?

Stern, on seeing this pantomime, speedily replied, with an indifferent air,

“Nobody, gentlemen—nobody; it is a private affair.”

“And when shall you be disengaged?”

“I cannot tell you,” Stern replied;

“but I will make my escape as soon as the church ceremony is over, after which I shall no longer be required.”

“Must you then go?”

“Yes; I am *temoin du futur*.”

“*Temoin du futur!*” was repeated on all sides.

“Yes,” Stern replied, seeing the astonishment that was depicted on all countenances; “yes, I am to be the *temoin* of a godson of my father. The old fellow has sent me a letter, stating that I must do him this pleasure, as the good young man who is about to be married will be pleased, and consider it a very great honour. I have told you all, now,” Stern added, in rising, “finish your breakfasts in peace. I shall be with you in the evening.”

As he was going out, one of his comrades cried—

“Where is your marriage to be held?”

“My faith!” Stern replied, “you know as much as I do. I was to be at the bride’s, Rue St. Martin, at twelve o’clock; it is now a quarter past. *Adieu*.”

He left, and although this affair was of little or no importance, it was the subject of a somewhat long conversation.

“The old Marquis of Stern,” said the son of a wealthy footman, who had a great respect for hereditary titles, “the old Mar-

quis of Sterný still retains the habits of the ancient nobility, and the office that our friend has to perform is rather of a pleasing nature; but, in spite of his great name, he will not be able to appreciate it, and, instead of being good and affable to those poor people, and rendering them happy and comfortable, he will appear before them with a haughty and derisive air; nevertheless—

"Nevertheless," said an *ex-beau* of eighty years,—whose right to the title of lion had been often contested, who was elegantly dressed, very tall, and exceedingly ugly—a kind of wealthy *pedicure*, who called every woman he met his *petite* :—"nevertheless, it may be very amusing; pretty women are to be found in the lower as well as in the higher ranks of life."

"Pretty!" cried a veritable lion, who was a strong supporter of the fine arts; "yes, but they are tradespeople."

"Ah! gentlemen," replied the son of the valet, "the ancient nobility used to hold the working classes in great esteem."

"Parbleu!" replied the lion *artiste*, "the working classes in former times! Ah, that is easily conceived; young girls, who knew nothing; women, who knew little more, engrossed in the pious duties of the family, for whom the pleasures of the world, the arts, and literature, were far beyond their reach; who looked upon a young man of the court as a serpent of the book of Genesis: to penetrate into this life, to throw into disorder, to play with the ignorant, to astonish them, as we do children, when we relate to them tales of fairies, might have been very amusing,—and I can easily account for the passion of the *Maréchal de Richelieu* for *Madame Micherlin*. But how different the working people of to-day! the most part of them gifted with a sort of education which they make use of with incredible impertinence, determined not to be astonished at anything; virtuosi and prodigies, who play the sonatas of *Steibelt*, and who decide between *Rossini* and *Meyerbeer*, in favour of the *Postillon de Lonjumeau*; blue stockings, who read *Madame Sand* as a study, but who devour *Paul de Kock* with delight; artists, who get their portraits taken by *M. Dubuffe*; women, in fact, who give their opinions upon the regulation of taxes, and of the immortality of the soul. It is truly heart-sickening, and I can easily comprehend the *ennui* of Sterný; the women will be looking at him as they would at a wild beast, and God knows whether they will not measure him with the yardstick of some short-legged counter-skipper, who has composed twelve verses in honour of the marriage—who will carve at table—who will sing during the dessert—who will dance all the night—and who will be pro-

claimed the most amiable man of the company."

Therewith the lion lighted his cigar, sat down upon a chair, drew another near him, placed it betwixt his legs, and began to look down on the people who were passing. The other lions betook themselves to occupations of a similar nature, and the conversation ceased about *Léonce Sterný*.

Young Sterný arrived at la Rue St. Martin. He had no appointment that day, no hunting excursion, no woods to explore, and therefore thought nothing about what pleasure he might have had, but entered the house of *M. Laloine*, featherman, thinking only of performing the commission of his father. They were waiting for him when he arrived. He was introduced to the bridegroom and bride, who had not the courage to look at a *marquis*, then to the parents, and he saw that the young people were all embarrassed when he spoke to or saluted them. He looked round the room, endeavouring to find some one with whom he could enter into conversation, but seeing none to his desire, he retired to a corner of the room. Whilst they were busy preparing for their departure, a young girl entered, crying—

"I told you I would have my gown changed, before your great *Marquis* arrived."

"Lise!" *M. Laloine* said, reproachfully, whilst the rest of the company remained stupefied. The glance that *M. Laloine* directed towards Sterný shewed his young daughter the indiscretion of her conduct, and she coloured up to the eyes; such a blush our lion had never before witnessed.

"Pardon, father!" she said; "I was not aware that he was come."

M. Laloine then approached Sterný, and said, in a parental tone—

"You must excuse her, Sir; she is only a child of sixteen, who does not yet know how to behave herself."

Sterný gazed upon that child, for she was beautiful as an angel, and muttered in astonishment—

"Is she, also, your daughter?"

"Yes, *Monsieur le Marquis*."

"Ah, well," Sterný said, "have the kindness to introduce me to her, and make my excuse for being so late."

"Ah, it is not worth the trouble," *M. Laloine* replied; "you must not heed that young slut."

But Sterný was not of that opinion;—he had never seen any one so lovely.

At last they set out for the mayor's; Sterný went into the coach with the bride, her mother, and a male relative. Fortunately, the distance was not great, for these four found themselves very much embarrassed.

The relative, to begin the conversation, said,

"What do you think, Sir, of the sugar question?"

Sterny had never given it a thought, he replied coldly,

"Sir, I am in favour of the planters."

"I understand," his interrogator said bitterly—"the progress of national industry frightens you; but the French government will ruin everything."

So this worthy continued speaking till they reached the mayor's, without giving any other person an opportunity of putting in a word. Sterny thought no longer of the beautiful Lise, and was beginning to find his task a disagreeable one. As he was alighting from his carriage, he perceived the young girl springing from the coach which she had come in, her face glowing with delight. An incident here took place which, perhaps, gave rise to this little history: Lise took the arm of a tall, raw-boned young man, who had the honour of being bridesman, and on being called from behind to go and arrange a flower in a young girl's head-dress, which had come in contact with the top of the carriage, she left the *gros garçon*, who, waiting her return, remained motionless, holding his arm like a hoop, ready to receive the beautiful *bras* of the young Lise: no sooner had she performed her office, than some one came at the head of the *cortège* called upon *le garçon d'honneur*. Sterny was then left by the side of Lise, who, on giving a finishing touch to the *coiffure* of her friend, took hold of the first arm she met, which was that of the Marquis, saying—

"Come, let us make haste."

(To be continued.)

BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A.

THE annexed Engraving is from the well-known painting of CHRIST HEALING THE SICK IN THE TEMPLE, by West. It was presented by the Governors of the British Institution, to the National Gallery, where it is daily admired by hundreds. This picture was originally intended for America: the Quakers of Philadelphia requested West, who was a member of their community, to aid them in erecting a hospital for the sick in his native town: he told them that his circumstances scarcely admitted of his being generous, but he would aid them after his own way, and paint them a picture, if they would provide a place to receive it in their new building. Before sending it, however, to its intended destination, it was exhibited in London; the crush to see it was very great—the praise it obtained was high—and the British In-

stitution offered him three thousand guineas for the work. West accepted the offer, for he was far from being rich, but on condition that he should be allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for his native place. He did so; and when the copy went to America, the profits arising from its exhibition enabled the committee of the hospital to enlarge the building and receive more patients.

Of this artist, one of his biographers says:—

"In all his works the human form was exhibited in conformity to academic precepts—his figures were arranged with skill, the colouring was varied and harmonious—the eye rested pleased on the performance, and the artist seemed, to the ordinary spectator, to have done his task like one of the highest of the sons of genius. They were supposed by himself, and for a time by others, to be in the true spirit of the great masters, but beneath all their splendour and harmony of colouring, there was little of the true vitality; there was a monotony, too, of human character, the groupings were unlike the happy and careless combinations of nature, and the figures seemed distributed over the canvas by line and measure, like trees in a plantation. He wanted fire and imagination to be the true restorer of that grand style which bewildered Barry and was talked of by Reynolds. Most of his works—cold, formal, bloodless, and passionless—may remind the spectator of the sublime vision of the valley of dry bones, when the flesh and skin had come upon the skeletons, and before the breath of God had endowed them with life and feeling."

Nevertheless, West effected a great change in the character of British art: hitherto historical painting had appeared in a masquing habit; the actions of Englishmen seemed all to have been performed, if costume were to be believed, by Greeks or by Romans. Our artist at once dismissed this pedantry, and restored nature and propriety in his noble work of "The Death of Wolfe," which is now considered one of the best historical paintings of the British school. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had been a strenuous advocate for employing the costume of antiquity in great subjects, said truly of this picture, after examining it with deep and minute attention, that it would not only become one of the most popular, but it would also occasion a great revolution in art.

Benjamin West, was born in Pennsylvania, in 1738. After studying the great masters in Italy for more than two years, he arrived in London in 1763, where he remained till his death, which took place on the 11th of March, 1820.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK IN THE TEMPLE.



New Books.

Italy; Classical, Historical, and Picturesque.

Illustrated and described by William Brockedon, Esq., F.R.S. London: Duncan and Malcolm, Paternoster-row. Glasgow and Edinburgh: Blackie & Co.

"For ever and for ever shalt thou be
Unto the lover and the poet dear,
Thou land of sunlit skies and fountain clear,
Of temples, and gray columns, and waving woods,
And mountains, from whose rifts the bursting
floods

Rush in bright tumult to the Adrian sea ;

Oh, thou romantic land of Italy !
Mother of painting and sweet sounds !"

BARRY CORNWALL.

THIS long expected work, by Mr. Brockedon, has at length appeared : we have now a specimen before us, and it will be found to exceed everything that has gone before it in the shape of pictorial scenes of that classical and sunlit land. We have seen many attempts to depict with a painter's hand the various scenes of this romantic and love-stirring country, and most of them have been done from hurried sketches made by amateurs, who make a point of travelling *en route à la courier* ; but in these plates before us we trace a correctness in drawing for which Mr. Brockedon has been so long celebrated ; and when we see such names as the following first-rate-artists going hand in hand, as Stanfield, Roberts, Hardinge, Prout, Eastlake, and Uwins, who will make the principal drawings for the work,—and amongst the engravers we find Wilmore, J. Cousen, Allen, Brandard, Wallis, and others,—we are quite sure that if this work continue in the same style both in drawing and engraving as it has begun, it will be one of the most splendid specimens of the arts that has appeared in the nineteenth century. The first plate on the left is St. Peter's, at Rome, taken from the Janiculum Hill, from a drawing by David Roberts ; it is a new point of view to what we have been accustomed to see. The foreground is embellished by a terrace, on which we have a truly classical group of vases and cyprus trees, interspersed with the vine growing in all its luxurious foliage ; immediately below we look down into the magnificent square of St. Peter's, with the splendid dome rising in awful grandeur in the distance. This plate is most beautifully engraved by Higham—every touch tells ; and there is no harshness ; but a silvery light prevails throughout the whole plate. This on the whole is one of the most classical views we have seen for many a day. The second plate is a view of Vintimiglia, which for beauty and clearness of engraving has not been equalled ; it is engraved by Wilmore, from a drawing by Barnard. We have a bold and broken foreground of rocks and vines, with some dark and um-

brageous trees ; and on the right is the ancient monastery, overhanging the rushing river. The effect of this plate is extremely bold and extremely beautiful, both in the drawing and engraving. No country assuredly is more fertile in subjects, whether for pen or pencil ; the grandest records of the past are connected with her history. The noblest efforts of literature and the most masterly productions of art blend with her annals, and linger in pleasing reminiscence amidst her unchanged landscapes and eloquent ruins. Nor is it in her classic history and character alone that Italy excites our imagination or commands our sympathies ; her more recent history teems with high association : Genoa, Venice, Florence, Milan, Rome, are names which at once recal all the splendour of the middle ages in arts, commerce, and literature ; the Medici, the Faleri, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and others, crowd upon the memory, and invest the land of Italy with a romance which is, perhaps, even more captivating to the fancy than her classic glories. From such sources the editor has been enabled to select many fine scenes, not hitherto engraved, though associated with some of the most interesting and important historical events, and to present from new and striking points those which have already engaged the pencil and the burin. It will be published in imperial quarto, monthly ; each part containing three plates, with letter-press description.

Old Saint Paul's ; a tale of the Plague and the Fire. By William Harrison Ainsworth. (Cunningham.)

THE present tale is one of most exciting interest, and likely to become a favourite with the public. The graphic description of varied character here given is to be met with in no other production of the day. Mr. Ainsworth has selected a theme rich in remarkable incidents, and which his fruitful fancy has wrought into a picture highly and faithfully illustrative of moral society in the time of the second Charles. The libertine and licentious character of the court at that period is exposed in a manner well calculated to convince the present generation how much princely manners and princely morals will be aped by the attendants of a court, and spread themselves throughout the less elevated ranks of society. We have always thought that the works of Mr. Ainsworth, from being addressed so pointedly and directly to the feelings, and not so exclusively to the simple fantasia and imaginative of the mind as some other popular writers of the present time, that they were therefore so much better calculated to convey lasting impressions to the reader, and carry with them a power of moral sentiment in depict-

ing vice, and deploring its dreadful consequences, which can never attend anything which is a mere display of ideality. Public men, in whatever capacity they may appear, can only gain power over the minds of society from acting on the feelings as well as on the intellectual and poetical fancies of individuals. The great secret, we believe, of political and literary success, not of course including scientific investigations, consists in having the talent and powers to enlist the feelings and sympathies of society. How frequently does it happen that men of the most cultivated minds can make no impression and create no sensation by their public addresses; and that authors of elevated and refined taste often remain unknown to any but a small portion of the reading community. Mr. Ainsworth has been gifted with the happy endowment of addressing his ideas through the feelings, affections, and sympathies of individuals, and thus not only does he instruct the intellect and delight the fancy, but also cultivate and gratify the feelings.

In the present work the author has given powerful evidence of this particular kind of talent. Few subjects would afford a more diversified field for the ingenuity of a writer, and Mr. Ainsworth here shines conspicuously, in all the distinguishing ornaments which have hitherto adorned his productions. From the glowing and animated description of the grocer of Wood-street, and his family, to the pictures of the monarch and his associates, there is a highly interesting portraiture of character, and in many places where other authors would have made nothing of the subject, or perhaps left it altogether untouched, such as in the scenes connected with the pesthouse, and the other miseries of the plague, he has, by introducing them, developed some of the most touching appeals to the feelings to be anywhere met with. A less skilful master, conscious of his pusillanimous efforts, might have been unable to introduce such topics without harassing the feelings, and would have left them untouched; but Mr. Ainsworth has given to them an importance and tragic truth which render them essential to the character of the tale.

The account of the grocer's family of Wood-street is interestingly drawn. His daughter and apprentice are the heroine and hero of the tale. The Earl of Rochester makes love to Amabel, the grocer's daughter, under the disguised name of Maurice Wyvil, and who having made an appointment to meet Amabel, the apprentice Leonard Holt gets to the knowledge of it, and an interesting colloquy is the result, between him and Blaize, a servant of the grocer. Want of space prevents our extracting this interesting passage.

The following paragraph lays the foundation to the fabric of the whole story, and as it is an interestingly drawn picture of a class of men now almost unknown, we do not hesitate to give it at length, and will, in our next number, complete our notice by entering into what we conceive to be the higher merits of the tale. Wyvil and Lydyard are in search of an astrologer who lived in Friday-street, and are thus introduced to him:—

"Drawing aside the drapery, their conductress ushered them into the presence of three individuals, who were seated at a table strewn with papers, most of which were covered with diagrams and astrological calculations.

"One of these persons immediately arose on their appearance, and gravely but courteously saluted them. He was a tall man, somewhat advanced in life, being then about sixty three, with an aquiline nose, dark eyes, not yet robbed of their lustre, gray hair waving over his shoulders, and a pointed beard and moustache. The general expression of his countenance was shrewd and penetrating, and yet there were certain indications of credulity about it, shewing that he was as likely to be imposed upon himself as to delude others. It is scarcely necessary to say that this was Lilly.

"The person on his right, whose name was John Booker, and who, like himself, was a proficient in astrology, was so buried in calculation that he did not raise his eyes from the paper on the approach of the strangers. He was a stout man, with homely but thoughtful features, and though not more than a year older than Lilly, looked considerably his senior. With the exception of a few silver curls hanging down the back of his neck, he was completely bald; but his massive and towering brow seemed to indicate the possession of no ordinary intellectual qualities. He was a native of Manchester, and was born in 1601, of a good family. 'His excellent verses upon the twelve months,' says Lilly, in his autobiography, 'framed according to the configurations of each month, being blessed with success according to his predictions, procured him much reputation all over England. He was a very honest man,' continues the same authority, 'abhorred any deceit in the art he studied; had a curious fancy in judging of thefts; and was successful in resolving love-questions. He was no mean proficient in astronomy; understood much in physic; was a great admirer of the antimonial cup; and not unlearned in chemistry, which he loved well, but did not practise.' At the period of this history he was clerk to Sir Hugh Hammersley, alderman.

"The third person,—a minor canon of Saint Paul's, named Thomas Quatremain,—

was a grave, sallow-complexioned man, with a morose and repulsive physiognomy. He was habited in the cassock of a churchman of the period, and his black velvet cap lay beside him on the table. Like Booker, he was buried in calculations, and though he looked up for a moment as the others entered the room, he instantly resumed his task without regard to their presence.

"After looking earnestly at his visitors for a few moments, and appearing to study their features, Lilly motioned them to be seated. But they declined the offer.

"I am not come to take up your time, Mr. Lilly," said Wyvil, "but simply to ask your judgment in a matter in which I am much interested."

"First, permit me to return you your purse, Sir, since it is from you, I presume, that I received it," replied the astrologer. "No information that I can give deserves so large a reward as this."

"Wyvil would have remonstrated. But seeing the other resolute, he was fain to concede the point.

"What question do you desire to have resolved, Sir?" pursued Lilly.

"Shall I be fortunate in my hopes?" rejoined Wyvil.

"You must be a little more precise," returned the astrologer. "To what do your hopes relate?—to wealth, dignity, or love?"

"To the latter," replied Wyvil.

"So I inferred from your appearance, Sir," rejoined Lilly, smiling. "Venus was strong in your nativity, though well dignified; and I should therefore say you were not unfrequently entangled in love affairs. Your innamorata, I presume, is young, perhaps fair,—blue-eyed, brown-haired, tall, slender, and yet perfectly proportioned."

"She is all you describe," replied Wyvil.

"Is she of your own rank?" asked Lilly.

"Scarcely so," replied Wyvil, hesitating before he answered the question.

"I will instantly erect a scheme," replied the astrologer, rapidly tracing a figure on a sheet of paper. "The question refers to the seventh House. I shall take Venus as the natural significatrix of the lady. The moon is in trine with the lord of the ascendant,—so far, good: but there is a cross aspect from Mars, who darts forth malicious rays upon them. Your suit will probably be thwarted. But what Mars bindeth, Venus dissolveth. It is not wholly hopeless. I should recommend you to persevere."

"Juggler!" exclaimed Wyvil, between his teeth.

"I am no juggler!" replied Lilly, angrily; "and to prove I am not, I will tell you

who you are who thus insult me, though you have not announced yourself, and are desirous of preserving your *incognito*. You are the Earl of Rochester, and your companion is Sir George Etherege."

"Fore Heaven! we are discovered," cried the Earl; "but whether by art magic, or from previous acquaintanceship with our features, I pretend not to determine."

"In either case, my lord,—for it is useless, since you have avowed yourself, to address you longer as Wyvil," replied Etherege,—"you owe Mr. Lilly an apology for the insult you have offered him. It was as undeserved as uncalled for; for he described your position with Amabel exactly."

"I am sorry for what I said," replied the Earl, with great frankness, "and entreat Mr. Lilly to overlook it, and impute it to its real cause—disappointment at his judgment."

"I wish I could give you better hopes, my lord," replied Lilly; "but I readily accept your apology. Have you any further questions to ask me?"

"Not to-night," replied the Earl; "except that I would gladly learn whether it is your opinion that the plague will extend its ravages?"

"It will extend them so far, my lord, that there shall neither be buriers for the dead, nor sound to look after the sick," replied Lilly. "You may have seen a little tract of mine, published in 1651,—some fourteen years ago, called '*Monarchy or No Monarchy in England*,' in which, by an hieroglyphic, I foretold this terrible calamity."

"I heard his Majesty speak of the book no later than yesterday," replied Rochester. "He has the highest opinion of your skill, Mr. Lilly, as he cannot blind himself to the fact that you foretold his father's death. But this is not the only visitation with which you threaten our devoted city."

"It is threatened by Heaven, not by me, my lord," replied Lilly. "London will be devoured by plague, and consumed by fire."

"In our time?" asked Etherege.

"Before two years have passed over our heads," returned the astrologer. "The pestilence originated in the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in Sagittarius, on the 10th of last October, and the conjunction of Saturn and Mars, in the same sign, on the twelfth of November. It was harbingered also by the terrible comet of January, which appeared in a cadent and obscure house, denoting sickness and death; and another and yet more terrible comet, which will be found in the fiery triplicity of Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, will be seen before the conflagration."

"My calculations are that the plague will be at its worst in August and September,

and will not cease entirely till the beginning of December,' observed Booker, laying aside his pen.

"And I doubt not you are right, Sir," said Lilly; 'for your calculations are ever most exact.'

"My labour is not thrown away, Mr. Lilly," cried Quatremain, who had finished his task at the same time. 'I have discovered what I have long suspected, that treasure is hidden in Saint Paul's cathedral. Mercury is posited in the north angle of the fourth house; the Dragon's tail is likewise within it; and as Sol is the signifier, it must be gold.'

"True," replied Lilly.

"Furthermore," proceeded Quatremain, 'as the sign is earthy, the treasure must be buried in the vaults.'

"Undoubtedly," replied Booker.

"I am all impatience to search for it," said Quatremain. 'Let us go there at once, and make trial of the mosaical rods.'

"With all my heart," replied Lilly. 'My lord,' he added to Rochester, 'I must pray you to excuse me. You have heard what claims my attention.'

"I have," returned the Earl, 'and should like to accompany you in the quest, if you will permit me.'

"You must address yourself to Mr. Quatremain," rejoined Lilly. 'If he consents, I can make no objection.'

"The minor canon, on being appealed to, signified his acquiescence, and after some slight preparation, Lilly produced two hazel rods, and the party set out.

"A few minutes' walking brought them to the northern entrance of the cathedral, where they speedily aroused the poor verger, who began to fancy he was to have no rest that night. On learning their purpose, however, he displayed the utmost alacrity, and by Quatremain's directions went in search of his brother verger, and a mason, who, being employed at the time in making repairs in the chantries, lodged within the cathedral.

"This occasioned a delay of a few minutes, during which Rochester and Etherage had an opportunity, like that enjoyed a short time before by Leonard Holt, of beholding the magnificent effect of the columned aisles by moonlight. By this time, the other verger, who was a young and active man, and the mason, arrived, and mattocks, spades, and an iron bar, being procured, and a couple of torches lighted, they descended to Saint Faith's.

"Nothing more picturesque can be conceived than the effect of the torchlight on the massive pillars and low-browed roof of the subterranean church. Nor were the figures inappropriate to the scene. Lilly, with the mosaical rods in his hand, which

he held at a short distance from the floor, moving first to one point, then to another; now lingering within the gloomy nave, now within the gloomier aisles; the grave minor canon, who kept close beside him, and watched his movements with the most intense anxiety; Booker, with his venerable head uncovered, and his bald brow reflecting the gleam of the torches; the two court gallants in their rich attire; and the vergers and their comrade, armed with the implements for digging;—all constituted a striking picture. And as Rochester stepped aside to gaze at it, he thought he had never beheld a more singular scene.

"Hitherto, no success had attended the searches. The mosaical rods continued motionless. At length, however, Lilly reached a part of the wall where a door appeared to have been stopped up, and playing the rods near it, they turned one over the other.

"The treasure is here!" he exclaimed. 'It is hidden beneath this flag.'

"Instantly, all were in action. Quatremain called to his assistants to bring their mattocks and the iron bar. Rochester ran up, and tendered his aid; Etherage did the same; and in a few moments the flag was forced from its position.

"On examination, it seemed as if the ground beneath it had been recently disturbed, though it was carefully trodden down. But without stopping to investigate the matter, the mason and the younger verger commenced digging. When they were tired, Lilly and Quatremain took their places, and in less than an hour, they had got to a depth of upwards of four feet. Still nothing had been found, and Lilly was just about to relinquish his spade to the mason, when, plunging it more deeply into the ground, it struck against some hard substance.

"It is here—we have it!" he cried, renewing his exertions.

"Seconded by Quatremain, they soon cleared off the soil, and came to what appeared to be a coffin, or a large chest. Both then got out of the pit to consider how they should remove the chest; and the whole party were discussing the matter, when a tremendous crash, succeeded by a terrific yell, was heard at the other end of the church, and a ghastly and half-naked figure, looking like a corpse broken from the tomb, rushed forward with lightning swiftness, and shrieking—'My treasure!—my treasure!—you shall not have it!' thrust aside the group, and plunged into the excavation.

"When the bystanders recovered sufficient courage to drag the unfortunate sexton out of the pit, they found him quite dead."

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

THE MYSTERY OF MESMERISM EXPLAINED.

ANIMAL magnetism has for some years amused and bewilder ed the lovers of the marvellous. Ridiculed as a mere illusion or delusion, it has, nevertheless, perplexed the scientific; its effects are too palpable to be denied, but any rational solution of the cause or causes in which they have originated has hitherto eluded detection. The honour of unveiling this mystery was reserved for Mr. James Braid, an eminent surgeon in Manchester, who, having witnessed the recent experiments of Monsieur Lafontaine, in the Athenæum of that town, determined, if possible, to bring the system to the test of physiological and anatomical principles. This gentleman, having satisfied his own mind that he could produce the phenomena *without personal contact*, and even induce sleep, when in a different room from the person to be thrown into a state of somnolency, announced a public lecture on the subject, which he delivered at the Manchester Athenæum, before seven hundred persons.

Mr. Braid first placed on a table a common black wine-bottle, in the mouth of which was a cork having a plated top. The individual on whom the experiment was to be performed was seated on a chair, and directed to gaze intently at the cork without winking or averting the eyes. The cork was about two feet from the person operated upon, whose head was inclined backwards, forming with the object an angle of about forty-five degrees. In this position he remained for about five minutes, when profound sleep was produced.

The second experiment was completed in the same time. In the third case, a bandage was placed round the head, for the purpose of retaining, in an immovable position, a common bottle-cork, a little above the root of the nose, as the object to be gazed at, and, in about four minutes, a complete state of somnolency ensued. In this case was proved the inability of the patient to open the eyelids, although consciousness was in no respect suspended, as he was able to reply distinctly to any question. The fourth experiment failed, either through the noise that prevailed, or owing to the person not fixing his gaze continuously on the object. The fifth was successful, and although the party made a desperate effort to open his eyes, so much as to agitate his whole frame, they remained as though hermetically sealed; when Mr. Braid took from his pocket a wooden ruler, and drew the end of it gently over the upper eyelids of both eyes, when the spell was

broken, and the sense of sight restored with perfect ease. These experiments fully demonstrated that the phenomena were perfectly independent of animal magnetism, as in no one instance was there the least approach to personal contact or any manipulation.

Having thus convinced the audience that sleep could be produced without pressure of the thumbs or waving of the hands, as employed by Monsieur Lafontaine, Mr. Braid proceeded to explain the *rationale* of his discovery.

The artificial mode of producing sleep is to fatigue the rectus and levator muscle of the eye, which is effected by a continuously strained and intent gaze at an object viewed under an acute angle. Under such circumstances, the irritability of those muscles becomes exhausted, as well as the irritability of the optic nerve; giddiness ensues, a mist rises up before the eye, and sleep ensues. Congestion is induced in the eyes, and carried from them to the optic and muscular nerves of the eye, and owing to their proximity to the origin of the nerves of respiration and circulation, affect them through sympathy, and enfeeble the action of the heart and lungs. The heart, thus acting feebly, is unable to propel the blood with sufficient force to the extremities, and hence their coldness. The blood, consequently, is accumulated in the region of the heart, and it is thus stimulated; and in order to remove the inordinate load, it is compelled to increase the frequency of its contractions, in order to compensate for the feebleness of its efforts. The brain, head, and face, now become congested in consequence, and varied phenomena, resulting from irregularity in the circulation of that important organ, the brain, follow. The inability to raise the upper eyelid Mr. Braid accounts for on the principle of temporary paralysis of the levator muscles, owing to excessive and long-continued exertion at the commencement of the operation.

THE ARTS IN PARIS.

If the same spirit which now seems to pervade all classes of the population there, should continue to prevail, Paris will speedily become the most elegant city in the whole world. New *quartiers* are being built, old houses razed to the ground, fresh streets opened; her ancient glories protected and restored; the modern public monuments long in progress completed with magnificence, quite regardless of expense. No person who visits Paris with his eyes and ears open can fail to observe how much more general are a knowledge and love of art there than in England,—how much more interest all matters connected with it

appear to excite; how much more competent to judge in it the majority of persons are, and consequently how much reason there is that its professors should become numerous and eminent. The result of the free admission of the people to national monuments and works of fine art, and of the liberal encouragement afforded by the government to the arts of design, is becoming more evident every day, and is seen to be in most respects good. Depend upon it, if it were not for this, France, with her myriad population, fermenting, unemployed, would be in a much worse state than she now is. Love of the fine arts amongst the people generally is one of the anchors by which the stability of a state may be ensured. Hardly a house is now erected, even in the back streets of inferior localities, without highly enriched dressings for the doors and windows, balconies of which the soffits are sculptured, cornices richly decorated. The pediments over windows are filled with foliage; every moulding is enriched; and figures and heads (in most cases effectively, and, in many instances, beautifully sculptured) ornament the piers, or the spandrells of arches. Ironwork of elaborate design fills the lower part of the window openings, from the top of the building to the bottom; and this, being partially gilded, aids materially the general effect. — *Godwin's Architectural Note from Paris.*

The Gatherer.

Mistletoe.—Towards the end of December, mistletoe is in great request to decorate the rooms and give licence to romps and galantry. The singularity of the growth and form of the mistletoe brought it into repute amongst the Druids, for the purpose of mystical superstition, and its use has thence been continued through nineteen centuries, so difficult is it to eradicate anything of this sort from the minds of the people when once it is fairly rooted. It was long thought to be impossible to propagate this plant. In the maternal state, the seeds are said to be dropped by the mistle-thrush, which feeds on the berries; lately, however, it has been successfully propagated by causing the bruised berries, which are very viscid, to adhere to the bark of such fruit trees as have been most congenial to their growth. Upon the bark of these the seeds rapidly germinate and take root.

A Glass Coffin.—A man named James Fryer, one of the workmen employed at the new glass-house, Mexborough, near Doncaster, has manufactured a glass coffin, which he has bequeathed to his cousin, who holds a situation in Guy's Hospital, London, for his own body to be inclosed in when he dies,

so that his cousin will see if he rots any faster than if he was confined in lead. The coffin is made of clear glass, quarter of an inch thick, six feet two inches long, twenty-one inches across the bosom, and fifteen inches deep. He has ornamented it with blue glass death's head and cross bones on the sides, and his name is inscribed on the lid. — *Doncaster Gazette.*

The town of Sydney was for the first time lighted up with gas on the 25th of May last, it being the first city in Australia, or, in fact, in the Asiatic world, to which this important invention of modern times has been applied.

An Oxford Student joined, without invitation, a party dining at an inn. After dining, he boasted so much of his abilities, that one of the party said, "You have told us enough of what you can do, tell us something that you cannot do." "Faith," said he, "I cannot pay my share of the reckoning!"

Jersey Coinage.—The new Jersey coinage, now in circulation in the island, consists of penny and half-penny pieces, and is to the amount of 1000*l.* The obverse side of each bears a beautifully executed likeness of her Majesty, surrounded by the inscription of "Victoria D. G. Britanniar. Regina, F. D., 1841." The reverse consists of a shield bearing three leopards—*passant et gardant*—surrounded by the words "States of Jersey, 1-13 (or 1-26 of a Shilling)." The coins are very creditable specimens of art, and are, in that respect, much superior to those of Guernsey.

Calvin's Personal Appearance.—A letter preserved in the archæological collections of Grenus, gives us a graphic picture of Calvin's personal appearance—"He resembles an old hermit of the Thebaid, emaciated by vigils and fasting, his cheeks as colourless as that of a corpse; but his brilliant eyes glow with an unearthly fire; his figure is slightly bowed; the bones seem bursting through his skin; but his step is ready, and is tread firm."

An Indian Execution.—While we remained here, the chief caused a wretched prisoner or two, whom his people had caught, to be blown from the mouths of cannons, a mode of death, perhaps, the quickest and least cruel of any—one of the unfortunates (the only one I saw executed) being blown to shivers in a second; his legs and head, both severed from the trunk, being the only portions we could recognise afterwards as having belonged to the human form. This wretch was tied, standing on the ground, with his back to the mouth of the cannon, and met his end with the same philosophy that most natives evince on those occasions. — *Captain Fane's Five Years in India.*

The Mirror

OF

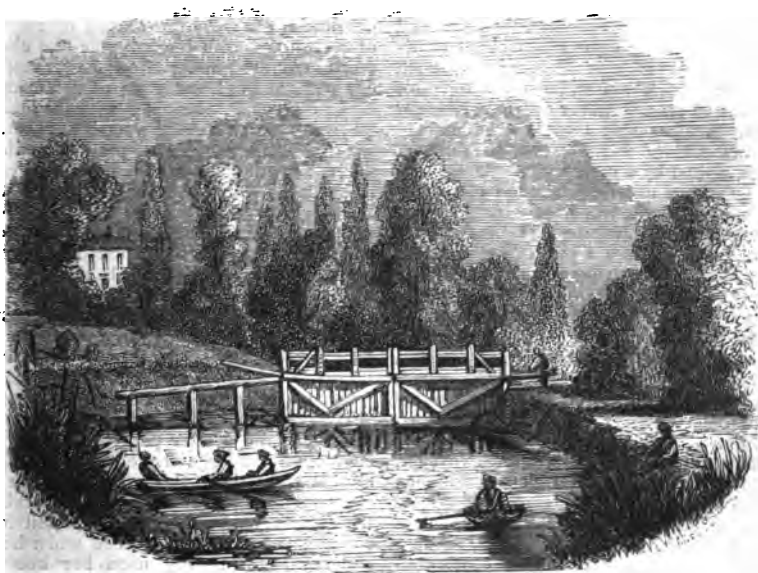
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 2.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1842

[Vol. I. 1842.]



IFFLEY LOCK, OXFORD.

THE lock at Iffley has been always used as the starting spot for the racing boats in the summer time—feats of strength, which always excite much interest, not only amongst the youthful competitors, but likewise among the members of the colleges, who have a boat on the river. To advance this healthy amusement, and to secure a good number of rowers, not only for the more immediate races in the University, but for those which may be formed with other parties skilled in rowing—as, for instance, the young men of Cambridge, members of the Leander Club, &c.—two years ago a boat-club was established; and there are few feats which excite more interest in the sporting world than those which call

VOL. XXXIX.

B

forth the strength of the rowers. When a race is to come off among the undergraduates of Oxford, great interest is excited; both banks of the Isis are amply crowded with well-dressed persons of both sexes; the river is filled with boats of every description, from the swift eight-oar to the light wherry. From the first moment the competitors have started till the end of their arduous but short journey, (nearly two miles,) they are cheered on to put out their greatest strength by the vigorous shouts of their friends and admirers, who thus hope that their flag, which floats so fairly in the breeze, will be raised a grade over that of their opponents. — *From Dawes' Oxford Guide.*

[No. 1093.]

Original Communications.

A POPULAR DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, AND ITS CONTENTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

(Continued from p. 5.)

CASE VIII.—Here are more South American articles, all from the coast of Patagonia. This thick leather coat, capable of being wrapped round the whole body, is formed of no less than seven horse hides placed over one another, and is worn by the Araucarian tribe on the west coast of South America. It was taken from the body of one of those who had joined his countrymen in an attack on the Spanish settlements, and who was shot by a party of Chilian aborigines in the service of the Spaniards. Such a great coat would withstand a tolerable shower of rain, however pervious it might prove to those ugly intruders, bullets and arrows. Here are, likewise, a couple of balls, united by a cord, which the Spanish settlers throw at wild cattle and other animals of the chase, which are stopped in their career by these missiles winding round their legs. Next, we see a pair of spurs and a pair of rattles. All the articles in this and in the preceding case, and the spears over both, were collected by Captain P. P. King, who presented them to the Museum. There are, however, two fishing spears from Terra del Fuego, and a spear from the west coast of Australasia; a fish-gig from the South Sea Islands; and a canoe, with its paddles, from Behring's Straits, which were presented by that celebrated voyager, Captain Beechey. The fishing-boat is such a one as Crantz, in his *History of Greenland*, describes as the kajak, in which a single Greenlander goes to sea, a skin covering being attached to the boat's gunwale, with a circular hole in the centre of its leather deck, through which he puts his legs and the lower part of his body, and then, sitting down, ties the skin covering tight round his waist, so that no water can get inside his boat, which floats like an inflated bladder upon the surface, exempt from ordinary accidents; for should this buoyant skiff capsize, the Greenlander soon rights it with a dexterous stroke of his paddle, and proceeds on his voyage with no more concern than a duck that has just had a dive under water. One longs to see a rowing match with such safety-boats upon our own Thames.

CASE IX. contains Peruvian and Mexican articles. On the first and second shelves we see hollow vessels of various forms, some exhibiting exceedingly ludicrous figures. They were obtained from the tombs of the ancient or aboriginal Peruvians, who were

the subjects of the incas or princes who governed Peru previous to its conquest by the Spaniards. It is probable that they contained the ashes of the dead, or else offerings to their disembodied spirits; in short, that they were used for similar purposes as the Roman funereal urns and lachrymatories, which we not only read of in the ancient poets, but often meet with when Roman tombs are opened in Britain and other civilized parts of the world. On the third, fourth, and fifth shelves are various objects, chiefly from Mexico, and collected by Bullock. They consist of small statues rudely cut out of various stones; a stone mask; an adze; two statues and five fragments of terra cotta, found on the mountains of Tezeossingo, the pyramids of St. Zaun de Zoetintican; a heart-shaped ornament of serpentine, with hieroglyphic-like characters engraved on it; two alabaster vases, one with the head and arms of a monkey sculptured on it, the other with the head, tail, and wings of a cock; a small terra cotta statue of a figure in a sitting posture, similar to an Egyptian sphynx; a boy's head cut in basalt; a small vase-shaped statue; an Azteek mirror, made of a large plate of obsidian, polished on both sides; two bottles of black earthenware, and joined together, one of them has a dog's head, the other a bird's head; a small earthen vessel, shaped like a dog; an owl-shaped incense burner; a lady's bust sculptured in lava, with a turretted head-dress, having some resemblance to the Egyptian Isis; the bust of a priest with a mitre-shaped cap, decorated with jewels and a feather, and with long ear-rings; the greater part of his body is enveloped by a large snake, whose head is on his right side: this priest's eyes are supposed to have been formed of jewels; the statue of an Azteek princess in a sitting posture, her feet being turned under her, and her hands resting upon her knees; several Azteek knives, formed of obsidian, and two of the larger pieces of obsidian, from which they have been split. To the split pieces of this stone the Azteeks contrived to give an edge sharp enough for many purposes, and necessity being the mother of invention, similar rude instruments of the kind have been common among other people, ancient and modern, not living in a highly advanced state of art and commerce. The ancient Britons are supposed to have used as adzes the sharp flints which are found on opening what are termed the *barrows* on Wiltshire Downs, and elsewhere; for these sharp flints have holes perforated in them, by which they might have been formerly fastened to handles. When New Zealand was discovered, the natives were observed to be provided with hatchets made of hard jade stone; and such hatchets have also been

noticed in many of the South Sea Islands. The natives of countries that have been frequently visited by our navigators, and especially of the Sandwich Islands, have perceived the superior sharpness and durability of steel knives, hatchets, &c., of European manufacture; and contriving to procure these by bartering other articles, they have almost abandoned the use of the inferior tools of their own making. Perhaps the day may come when each country shall contain a Sheffield of its own, to supply their demands for steel cutlery; and then the perhaps refined native of New Zealand or Owhyhee will be ready to give a large sum for the flint knife or the jade hatchet of his untutored ancestors, that he may add it to his own private collection of antiquities.

We will return to the glass case before us to note another interesting relic, namely, a small figure of a serpent, supposed to be one of the household deities of the Azteeks. It is well known that the Romans, Greeks, and some of the eastern nations, used to worship serpents, which were considered typical or emblematical of the Lares and Penates, or sacred gods, that were supposed to guard the domestic hearth. The Azteeks seem to have been emigrants from some country now unknown, or at least not traced out, and to have made their appearance on the plain of Anahuac, or New Spain, about the seventh century of the Christian era, and being more civilized than the other inhabitants, they became the predominant people, and to them we may attribute the relics of art and science found in Mexico. They appear to have been quite ignorant of alphabetical characters, and, like the Egyptians, to have used hieroglyphics—and their sculpture strongly resembles the curious ancient sculpture of that people;—but instead of their origin being ascribed to them, it is thought more probable that they came from Asia, and arrived on the western coast of America. The sacred sculpture of the Hindoos is very similar to that of the ancient Egyptians and other oriental nations; and if the Azteeks emigrated from India to the plains of Mexico, we need not wonder that the busts and statues found here strikingly resemble those found on the banks of the Nile. In a splendidly illustrated work, executed at an expense of more than 30,000*l.* under Lord Kingsborough's patronage,—and entitled "*Antiquities of Mexico*," comprising fac-similes of ancient Mexican paintings and hieroglyphics, preserved in the Royal Libraries of Paris, Berlin, Dresden, in the Imperial Library of Vienna, in the Vatican Library, in the Borgian Museum at Rome, in the Library of the Institute at Bologna, and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; together with the Monuments of New Spain, &c., &c. By Augustine Aglio; (London, 1829,)"—an attempt is made, in a dissertation

on this subject, to prove that Egypt was the cradle of Mexican art and learning, and that the Azteeks were Alexandrian Jews, and consequently emigrants from Egypt. Humboldt, who ascribes the strange grotesque style of delineation which is observable in all the ancient Mexican specimens of the fine arts, partly to the habitual and exclusive use of hieroglyphics, says of their paintings, "The figures are generally dwarfish, like those of the Etruscan reliefs; but in correctness of drawing they are far inferior to the most imperfect paintings of the Hindoos, Chinese, Japanese, or even the Thibetans. In the Mexican paintings we see heads of enormous size, bodies extremely short, and feet with toes so very long that they appear more like the claws of birds. All this denotes the infancy of the art; but we must recollect that the people who express their ideas by this combination of painting and hieroglyphical writing, will naturally attach as little importance to correct drawing as the literary men of Europe do to a fine handwriting." * * * A warlike nation dwelling on mountains, robust, but extremely ill-favoured, (according to European principles of beauty,) degraded by despotism, accustomed to the ceremonies of a sanguinary worship, is but little disposed to improve itself by the cultivation of the fine arts; the habit of painting facts instead of writing them, the daily view of so many hideous and disproportioned figures, the obligation of preserving the same forms without alteration,—these various circumstances must have tended to perpetuate a bad taste and style among the Mexicans."

Some other Mexican sculptures, too ponderous to be exhibited here, are deposited at present in the ante-room next the Elgin Marbles.

Passing on to CASE X. we find on the first shelf some cloth which enveloped the dead bodies of ancient Peruvians; some cups, a basket, Indian corn, a harpoon, sling, fishing line, and fishes' eyes, all of which articles were obtained from the tombs of children of the ancient Peruvians. The globular vessels, with Indian corn, were placed under the breasts of the dead. On the third and fourth shelves we find five earthen images from tombs in Vera Cruz; three mortars, silver images, and vessels from the tombs of the ancient Peruvians, in the island of Ziticaca. On the second shelf is a vase, from Ziaquanuco, and seven vessels from tombs of ancient Peruvians of maritime provinces on the Pacific coast. The fifth shelf supports a vessel in human shape; a stone basin, ornamented with serpents; a smaller basin, ornamented on the exterior angles by four animals; and a small vessel in the form of a Llama, from the Temple of the Sun at Cusco.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuillet of French Literature.

LE LION AMOREUX; OR, THE PHYSIOLOGY OF A GENERAL LOVER.

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

(Continued from page 8.)

ON seeing the countenance of Sterný, Lise gave a faint scream, and tried to withdraw her arm, but he prevented her, and said, smilingly,

"Since chance has given me your arm, I hope you will allow me to retain it."

"Excuse me, Sir," Lise replied, "I am bridesmaid—I cannot; M. Tirlot would be angry."

"What! is that M. Tirlot?"

"Yes," Lise replied; "he is the *garçon d'honneur*, and therefore claims the privilege—"

"It is a privilege which I intend disputing by sword or pistol," the young lion said, in a significant manner.

Lise looked at him in astonishment, and replied in agitation,

"If it must be so, Sir—come; I will tell him that I wished it."

From the manner in which Lise pronounced these words, Sterný perceived that she had taken what he had said in earnest, and that she was persuaded that the Marquis would kill the bridesman if he dared make any objection. Sterný and Lise were the last in the procession; and as soon as they entered the magisterial hall, the young girl said,

"M. Tirlot left me upon the road, and if it had not been for M. le Marquis, to whom I am much obliged for his politeness, I should have been forced to come by myself."

As the mayor had not yet arrived, Sterný sat down by the side of Lise. He scarcely knew what to say, and his presence evidently much embarrassed her.

"Such a day as this," Sterný said, "causes the hearts of young people to beat."

Lise remained silent.

"It is a remarkable day this."

Still the same silence.

"And such a day will soon happen to yourself, Lise."

"Ah!" she said, "it is very tiresome that the mayor should cause us to wait so long."

Sterný saw that his advances met with very little success. He sat for some minutes admiring with pleasure the marvellous regularity of her features, the gracefulness of her white neck, which was neither long he has been and then he felt, for the first a situation in it, a pleasure sweeter far than his own body to be freed from the society of the

dames of fortune. He, however, was not discouraged, and profiting by the words of Lise, said in a caressing manner,

"You speak very lightly of so worthy a magistrate! you must know that it is he who in reality is to marry your sister. The ceremony at the church is only a form."

At these words Lise raised her eyes and fixed them upon him in astonishment, drew back a little, then looked downwards, and said,

"I know, Sir, that there are men who think so; but I will never be the wife of any one who will not engage himself to me in the presence of his Maker."

"Ah!" Sterný thought to himself, "the petite is pious; but she is handsome, therefore I must have another trial."

"But this oath," he said, "will not be of much service to you, for your husband is sure not to do all that you require of him."

"I expect he will," Lise said, drily.

"Ah!" Sterný said, smiling, "you are truly despotic."

"O, quite so," she replied, with her former carelessness.

"But are you aware that it is very wrong?" Sterný said.

"What is that you say?" she replied, laughing in his face; "you are, at all events, not the person that will have to suffer."

"That will not prevent me from pitying the man that you will some day tyrannise over," Sterný said, laughingly.

"But I am sure he will not complain; that will satisfy me."

"Has he told you so?" Sterný inquired.

"No; but I am sure of it," Lise said.

"He loves you, then?"

"Who?" Lise inquired, in astonishment.

"Why," Sterný replied, "your future husband—the slave who will be so happy in his chains."

"Do I know him?"

"You said that you were sure—"

"Ah!" Lise said, "I am sure that I shall love him; I am sure that he will be an honest man; and as I shall be a virtuous woman, I hope he will be happy."

This was said with so much sincerity and truth, that Sterný believed in the faith of the young girl, and said, with conviction,

"You are right; he will be so."

"Ah," Lise said, in rising, "there is the magistrate."

The mayor entered, and the ceremony began; oaths were taken on both sides, and all went into the private office to sign their names. When it was Sterný's turn, he did exactly as the others; but on handing the pen to the next person, he was surprised to see Lise toss her head with an air of displeasure. Was it because he had signed the "Marquis of Sterný?" But the omission of his title would not have been very agreeable to

Prosper Gobillon, who was desirous of having such a distinguished witness. Had he signed before his turn, or taken more space than was necessary? Sterny, who prided himself on *etiquette*, was at a loss to ascertain what had given rise to the discontent of the young girl, and wished to know in what respect he had offended her. He remained standing for some time in the office, his eyes fixed on Lise, then on the persons that signed after him, who seemed to do exactly as he had done, without giving offence. It was then her turn; and on the clerk handing her a pen, she said, in a tone of mockery,

"Stop, if you please, till I take off my glove."

And when it was off, she signed, with a hand, perhaps the whitest and smallest that Sterny had ever seen. He then perceived his error, and said to himself,

"The little thing has her points of delicacy. What does a glove more or a glove less signify to the sanctity of an oath, or to the signing of a contract? Nothing, surely; yet it seems that the naked hand uplifted to heaven evinces greater sincerity of heart."

Sterny was lost in reflection, until they were preparing to leave. M. Tirlot, bridesman, and consequently master of the ceremonies, went to tell the coachman to draw up, while Sterny offered his arm to Lise, which she immediately took, without observing that she had forgotten to put on her glove. The young Marquis walked by her side, his head inclined, and his eyes fixed upon the little white hand which was resting so softly upon his arm. He had never seen such a hand, it was so beautifully made, and so exquisitely tapered were her fingers. His eyes at length fell upon a medallion, upon which was a small gold plate, with an inscription that he in vain endeavoured to decipher.

While so occupied, Lise, seemingly content with her own thoughts, began to agitate her admired fingers, and ultimately finished by beating a gallop upon the arm of her companion. At this moment Sterny looked at Lise, who, on perceiving his intention, gazed at him, her countenance full of mockery.

"It appears that Mademoiselle is a musician," Sterny said.

"Why, Sir?"

"Because," Sterny replied, "you have been playing a most beautiful gallop upon my arm."

Lise blushed, was confused, and withdrew her arm, saying, in a half-audible voice—

"O pardon, Sir! I have forgotten to put on my glove."

"Just as I forgot to take it off," Sterny replied; "you see that everyone is liable to mistakes."

Lise did not reply. The steps of a carriage were lowered before her; she mounted them so hurriedly, that Sterny got a glimpse of her foot, so straight, so little, and attached to an ankle the most delicately formed imaginable! He was about to place himself beside her, but seeing the mother, he turned round and said to the coachman,

"Shut the door, and follow the other carriages."

No sooner was Sterny seated in the carriage with Madame Laloiné, than she said,

"What have you done with Lise?"

"I saw her into a carriage," Sterny replied.

"With whom?" demanded the prudent mother.

"By herself," Madame.

"How! alone!" Madame Laloiné exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, Madame, she unthinkingly made a mistake, and went into my carriage."

"Ah," Madame Laloiné said, "I don't know what's the matter with her; ever since the morning she has been as giddy-headed as any one could be."

"It is my cabriolet," the young Marquis added modestly, "and there are only two seats. I dared not—"

Madame Laloiné thanked Sterny for his kindness, and after a few moments' silence, said,

"I think she will be wearied by this time."

Sterny thought within himself that she would not be so lonely as her mother imagined.

In fact, Lise was at first astonished to find herself alone, but was not sorry, as the words and looks of Sterny had embarrassed her. She thought of all that had happened—her naked arm—of the observations he had made—of her imprudence in going into the carriage of a marquis; and, as if in answer, she tossed her pretty head, saying—

"Bah! and what is it to me?"

Having said so, she began to examine the rich silk that ornamented the carriage; sat on one side, then on the other, to feel the soft flexibility of the cushions; lifted up one of the windows, to find out the thickness of the glass, and began to smile at the idea of her own ease and comfort. Then she imagined that the carriages of the great ladies that she had seen in the Champs Elysées were similarly made, and without thinking, as many young people would have done, that she might some day have one of her own, she began to imitate the *nonchalance* with which those dames seat themselves in the corner of their equipages, regarding with an air of superiority the individuals who were passing, and pressing with her white shoulders and fresh cheek the soft silk,

which seemed, from its elasticity, to caress her. Then, as if perceiving some of her friends, she bit her under-lip in the midst of a smile, moved her hand slightly to one, and graciously saluted another. She thought that if the *beau lion* were on horseback by her side, how graceful would be her salutation! The foolish girl then inclining her head, smiled, and in so doing opened a pair of ruddy lips, which disclosed a set of teeth that could not be rivalled in whiteness or regularity; but you may guess her surprise, when in reality she perceived Sterný, whose countenance evinced no particular expression, standing at the door of the carriage, offering her his hand to help her to alight. She started, and blushed at the idea of being caught in such a ridiculous position. On descending, Sterný demanded,

"Who were you saluting with so pleasant a look and with so sweet a smile?"

She hid her face in shame, and appeared agitated; so when she entered the church, Sterný saw that she paid little attention to the ceremony that was taking place. Lise neither gave a side glance at the countenance of the husband nor at the peculiarly embarrassed deportment of the fair spouse; she did not watch with curiosity to see if the ring passed the second joint, which indicates submission. She was praying; her young heart was struck with remorse, and she was fervently asking God to pardon her the fault which she had committed. Heaven heard the prayer of the poor girl; for at last she rose with a face evincing both fortitude and happiness. Sterný looked at her in surprise, as she approached him, saying, in a changed tone from that in which she had previously spoken to him,

"This wedding must be very tiresome to you, Sir."

"Tiresome!" Sterný replied; "why should it be so?"

"Because it is neither in accordance with your habits nor your pleasures; but it is now nearly over."

Till then, Sterný, in spite of the solicitations of Prosper Gobillon and M. Laloine, had determined on leaving as soon as he had signed his name at the church, but what Lise said had in it the same purport as bidding him farewell: having no relish to take *congé* in that manner, he replied,

"I assure you, Mademoiselle, that it is not at all tiresome to me; but if my presence is so to you, you must scold your brother-in-law. It was for him that I came."

Lise did not reply, but hid herself among her young companions, and Sterný went forward to sign his name.

"Look, look!" said a young girl, touching Lise on the shoulder; "he has taken off his glove."

Sterný, who heard the exclamation, lifted his head, and his eyes met those of Lise. She felt, as by instinct, that there was something betwixt her and this young man which ought not to be; and so much did this thought afflict her, that, when it was her turn to sign, her eyes were full of tears, and her hand trembled. On her mother, who was by her side, asking what was the matter, she replied,

"Oh, nothing! it was just an idea that crossed my mind"—then, profiting by her mother's alarm, she took hold of her arm, saying, with the greatest simplicity,

"I must go home, mother, in the same carriage with you."

"Yes, you shall, my poor Lise," the good lady said, in embracing her.

Léon, at this moment, was struck with the beautiful expression of the young girl's countenance; he said to himself,

"Ah! I shall go to the dinner, and nothing shall prevent me from dancing with that beautiful creature in the evening."

(To be continued.)

New Books.

The Westminster Review. No. LXXII.—January, 1842. Hooper, London.

IN the present Number of this periodical there is an excellent article on the "Regeneration of the Drama," from which we make a few selections.

The Unacted Drama.

"We are referred to the published and unpublished dramas of very many writers as a proof that there are abundance of good plays if the managers would act them. This is worthy attention. Serjeant Talfour has bestowed unqualified approbation on this unacted drama. Others have been equally enthusiastic. How then lies the matter? Why, that the very evidence they bring forward is suicidal! We have read and reviewed some considerable number of published dramas, but in no case do we think a manager would have been justified in bringing out one of them. Mr. Horne is a man of the most unquestionable genius—has poetry and passion in a high degree; but are his plays actable? We think not.

"That there is something 'rotten in the state,'" says Mr. Tomlins, in his eloquent and timely work on the drama, 'would be alone sufficiently proved by the fact, that the author of *Cosmo de Medici*, and the *Death of Marlowe*, is not one of the foremost writers for the stage as he is for the study.' We agree with this entirely, but not for the reason implied. The rottenness is in the state of authorship, not of managership. Mr. Horne has hitherto

written only for the study; his plays are not actable. His best friends would agree in this. When he has produced a play constructed with reference to the necessities of the stage, which shall be admitted as rightly constructed, (and he is capable of doing it—of fulfilling every demand if he chooses,) then we shall be at liberty to accuse the other side, but not till then. No man practically acquainted with the stage would wonder, therefore, at the 'vile state of the theatre, which, so far from coveting, shuns such productions.' How can you expect a manager to spend sums of money on a romantic scheme of 'elevating the drama'? His business is not a romantic one, but a commercial one. He must satisfy the public as well as himself or friends. But still further to narrow this question, we will quote from Mr. Tomlins a list of dramas which he takes as illustrations. In his eloquent and forcible lecture on the 'Relative Value of the Acted and Unacted Drama,' he has throughout assumed that the unacted are immeasurably grand—the fit companions to Shakspeare and the old dramatists. On this assumption rests the whole of his, together with all the unacted arguments; we will give this list, therefore, and let the reader judge. 'If I am called upon to name some of these dramas, I name the *Cenci*, *Alarcos*, *Bride's Tragedy*, *Cosmo de Medici*, *Gertrude and Beatrice*, *Roman Brother*, *Gregory VII.*, *Lords of Ellingham*, *Ethelstan*.'

"The including the *Cenci* among these is unfair; the horrible nature of the subject alone unfits it for the stage; but of the *rest* (with all their high merits of poetry and passion, which none will deny them) we could not desire better illustrations of our argument. They are *unactable*; and when a critic, competent to judge beyond the poetry, and not be dazzled by it, shall have pronounced them *actable*, (except, indeed, it be the deceptive but friendly praise of a *letter*,) then we will allow the argument to have force: but it is not so."

What the Drama is.

"It is always overlooked that the drama is not alone poetry, but an applied form of poetry. This is admitted as an axiom, but disregarded as a practical guide. The drama is as much an art of itself, distinct from poetry, as painting is, the *fundus* of which is also poetry. A play is not alone language, passion, character, incident, not even story, but a peculiar combination and construction of these elements,—an art of long and arduous study!"

The Conditions which a successful Play demand.

"Plays written by actors or managers are almost always successful. Does not

this fact indicate something? Such plays are mostly worthless as compositions; not always English; contain no new idea; no original glimpse of character; because their writers are not authors. Yet they succeed. The audiences are pleased, the house fills, the piece has its run, and is then never heard of again; that is, it succeeds and fails. It succeeds in that which commands success—its stage conditions; it fails from its own weakness and want of truth. The audiences are pleased with the bustle, action, non-flagging progression of the story. This suffices them for one night, but as it contains little more than this, it will not bear a second seeing, and so falls of itself. But it has realized the first demand of a play—its *stage-condition*! Had the actor been a poet, he would have satisfied both the demands of the stage and of the audience, and his play would have become a perpetual heir-loom.* A drama must fulfil the conditions demanded by the stage for one season's success; if it aspire to more it must touch some chord of human nature, it must contain portions of the universal Life and aspects of universal Truth; it must 'hold the mirror up to nature,' and all men will claim it as their own. These are the two requisites, and they are inseparable. We cannot too often repeat that it is on the primary stage-conditions (on the *dramaticness of the drama*) that all great poetry and passion must rest. No enduring palace is built with gorgeous marble alone; if the hand of the architect be not there, it will be no palace, but a heap of stones; and we may add, if the architect knows only beauty and proportion, but knows nothing of turning his materials to use, convenience, and comfort—if he be not also a builder, the palace, for all its beauty, will be uninhabitable. So with the drama. Poetry and passion, character and story, must be *built*. They must be applied to an express purpose. We must object also to this building—this art of stage-construction being looked upon as the mechanical part. It is only ignorance or conceit that will look upon it thus."

* A better illustration is not at hand than the comedy of *London Assurance*, which was not inaptly termed *Theatrical Assurance*. It is the production of an actor, Mr. Bourdicaunt having formerly played low Irishmen at provincial and minor theatres;—more than the production of an actor it is not. As a comedy, it is sorry stuff indeed, and he seems to think as much in his preface. Nevertheless, though most of the unacted would have blushed to have written it, it is another evidence of the demand for its real merits—theatricality.

The Well-bred Scholar.—One saw a man and his wife fighting: the people asked him why he did not part them. He answered, that he had "been better bred, than to part man and wife."—*The Archaeologist*.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

THIS distinguished artist was born at Audely in Normandy, in 1594. He was descended from a noble family, whose fortunes had been ruined by the civil wars, in the time of Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third. At an early age he evinced a talent for drawing; and after forming an acquaintance with Quintin Varin, an artist of some eminence, he induced his father to permit him to adopt painting as a profession.

After having studied for some time at Paris, in the greatest misery, he determined on visiting Rome; but his money failing him, he was forced to return to the French capital. The poor fellow at this period was so reduced, that, having met a recruiting party, he determined on enlisting, in order to save himself from starvation; but the serjeant seeing his thin and haggard appearance, would not accept of his services, deeming him too weak for the hardships of a military life. Thus it is to his apparent weakness, caused most probably by want and discouragement, that we owe the greatest artist that France ever produced. If it had not been for this, what might have been his lot! Poussin, being a man of enterprise, might have become a general, perhaps a marshal of France; for in his time such changes occurred; but it was ordained otherwise; he became a great artist, a profound thinker, a genius, whose works will be appreciated, and whose fame will be acknowledged, in all civilized countries.

Some of his first essays in painting were the pictures in the Capuchins at Blois, and some bacchanalian subjects for the Chateau of Chiverny.

The famed Italian poet, Chevalier Marini, being then at Paris, was so struck with the paintings of Poussin, that he sent for him; and finding that he was not only talented with respect to his art, but that he was a man of superior intellect, with a richly endowed mind, he invited him to accompany him to Rome.

Nothing could have been so agreeable to Poussin's inclination as such a proposal, for he had long felt an ardent desire to see the metropolis of art; and it would have been gratifying to him to have visited it in company with one so congenial with his own taste; but he was at that time engaged on his picture of the "Death of the Virgin," for the church of Notre Dame, and was therefore under the necessity of declining the invitation, promising, however, that he would follow him to Italy as soon as circumstances would permit him.

In 1624, he found himself at liberty to indulge in his ardent inclination; and on his arrival at Rome, was kindly received by the

poet, who introduced him to Cardinal Barberini, nephew of the Pope. This, however, was of no immediate advantage to him, as the Cardinal soon after left Rome, on his legation to France and Spain. About the same time his friend the Chevalier Marini died, thus leaving the painter in a foreign land, without friends and without money, a stranger, and unfriended, in a large city, where his growing abilities were not known: it was with difficulty that he could maintain himself by the produce of his works, which he was obliged to dispose of at a price scarcely defraying the expense of colour and canvas. Reduced to a state of indigence and obscurity, which would have turned the love of a less courageous admirer of the art into disgust and despondency, he comforted himself with the reflection that he could subsist on little—that he was still at Rome, where he could indulge himself in the study of Raphael and of the antique.

At this period he formed an intimacy with the eminent sculptor, Frances du Quesnoy, whose finances were not in a more flourishing state than his own: he lived in the same house, studied with him, and modelled after the most celebrated statues and bas reliefs.

The Cardinal Barbarino, immediately after his embassy, engaged Poussin to execute some works for him; and if the patronage of that prelate did not load him with riches, it at least rescued him from poverty. He painted his celebrated picture of "The Death of Germanicus," and "The Taking of Jerusalem by the Emperor Titus," so much to the satisfaction of his employer, that he procured for him the commission to paint for St. Peter's "The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus," now in the pontifical palace of Mount Cavallo: thus the reputation of Poussin spread over Flanders, Spain, Italy, and France, and orders were sent to him from all those countries. The Cardinal of Richelieu having purchased his famed picture of "The Pest," wished to have others, and resolved on inducing him to come to Paris. He received this commission with regret, for he was wedded to the great objects by which he was surrounded, and it was not till he had a letter written by the king, Louis XIII., assuring him of his favour and protection, that he acceded to the request.

On his arrival he was commissioned to paint an altar-piece for the chapel of St. Germain en Laye, when he produced his admirable work of "The Last Supper." He was afterwards engaged to decorate the Gallery of the Louvre, but had no sooner prepared the designs, representing the "Labours of Hercules," than he was attacked by the machinations of Fouet and his adherents; and even Foquiers, the landscape painter, presumed to criticize his works and



DEATH OF NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

to detract from their merits. Disgusted with these cabals, he turned a longing eye to the quiet felicity he had abandoned at Rome, and in the year 1642 he returned to the emporium of art, under the pretext that he was going there to settle his domestic affairs. From that time he confined himself chiefly to pictures of an easel size, for which he had a continued demand; and although constantly employed he never charged high for them; if more, which was often the case, was sent than the moderate sum which he had marked on the back of the picture, he always returned it. This great painter, like genius in general, preferred a state of tranquil mediocrity to ostentation; and it is reported by Felibien, "That the Cardinal Mancini, who frequently visited him, having stayed later than usual, Poussin lighted him to his carriage with a lamp in his hand.

"I pity you, Poussin," said the Cardinal, 'that you have not one domestic for such an office.'

"And I," Poussin replied, 'pity your excellency much more for being obliged to keep so many.'

During a period of twenty-three years after his return to Rome from Paris, he continued to enrich the cabinets of Europe with his pictures, which will be regarded as their principal ornaments. In retirement and study this celebrated artist and humane man reached his seventy-first year, when he died from an attack of paralysis.

The principal painters of Rome attended at his funeral, also a great number of the inhabitants, thus paying the last tribute of respect to the shade of departed genius. He was buried, according to his desire, in the church of St. Laurent, in Lucina.

Miscellaneous.

RUINS OF PERU.

THE following communication was lately read before the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, by J. B. Quinby, corresponding member:—

"It was reported in Chili that the jewels of the Temple of the Sun, which, at the time of the conquest of Peru, the natives had concealed from the Spaniards, have lately been recovered near the Cerrio de Pasco, in Peru. The value of them has been calculated at 180,000,000 dollars."

The palace of the Inca and the Temple of the Sun, here referred to, we presume to be Huanuco Viejo, which is situated on the east side of the Andes, twenty leagues north of the Cerrio de Pasco, and on the right bank of the river Chucabamba, one of the head branches of the Amazons (Maranon), at an elevation of about 14,000 feet above

the level of the ocean, in latitude 108 south, and longitude 74 degrees west, nearly. It is known that when Pizarro, now more than three centuries ago, took the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, which is some twelve degrees south of that at Huanuco Viejo, and despoiled the Inca of his immense treasures of gold, and, finally, when threats could extort no more, put him treacherously to death, the Inca of Huanuco Viejo, advised of what had taken place at Cuzco, secreted the jewels of the temple and the gold of his palace in the fastnesses of the Andes and the neighbouring rivers and lakes. Avarice and ambition have made these hidden treasures objects of continued search from the days of Pizarro to the present time. But as yet no clue has been found to this *El Dorado*, unless the above announcement is well founded, which we are inclined to doubt.

The writer has been five different times at these magnificent ruins, and always found persons employed in their vicinity searching for the hidden treasure of the Incas. The whole of the river Chucabamba, for a number of leagues above and below the Temple of the Sun, is auriferous, and the inhabitants of the province of Huamelies, through which it passes, obtain, by washing the sand and by means of sheep-skins, 200,000 or 300,000 dollars annually. The wool on the skin is cut until it is about half an inch in length. The skins are then anchored down, with the wool side up, by means of loose stones placed on them in and below the various falls and rapids, in which position they are suffered to remain from six to twenty-four hours. They are then carefully raised out of the water, turned wool side downwards into a batea (tub) of water, and thoroughly washed, the gold falling from the wool of the skin, and it is finally collected from the bottom of the batea. Sheep were unknown to the Incas, and as they had obtained an immense amount of gold from this Pactolean stream, it is presumed that they used the skins of the lama (*Camelus Lacina* of Linnæus), and those of the vicuña, (*Camelus Peruanus*, or *Vicugna* of Linnæus.)

When we reflect on the fact that the Indians and Spaniards have obtained by their rude washings on this river, during two or three centuries, 100,000 dollars, 200,000 dollars, and 300,000 dollars of gold annually, and that they have not probably secured the one-hundredth part of the amount that has passed down the current of the stream, we may form an imperfect idea of the exhaustless source of this perennial supply. The stupendous Andes are alone capable of furnishing such countless riches.

We shall not attempt a description of the magnificent Temple of the Sun at Huanuco Viejo, its powerful fortress, and the ruins

of the great city which they overlook. When and by whom they were built neither history nor tradition informs us. The Incas had no written language, and we are left to conjecture. But their great magnitude and massive walls, composed of huge blocks of square, oblong, and elegantly wrought marble greenstone, and greenstone porphyry, weighing many tons, bear mute but eloquent testimony to the untiring industry of the Incas, and their advances in the arts of civilization. The ravages and earthquakes of centuries have left these monuments almost as perfect as they were when Pizarro conquered Peru. Even the great earthquake which destroyed the city of Callao, built by the Spaniards, with its 30,000 inhabitants, did not throw down the massive walls of the Temple of the Sun; and the writer can testify that they withstood, with slight injury, the great earthquake of March 30, 1828. The seraglio and its various compartments, with the exception of the roof, and the voluptuous baths for a numerous train of wives, cut out of massive rocks, are almost as entire as they were on the landing of Pizarro.

If there is any location on the whole range of the Andes more sublime than all others, it is at the base of the peak of Raura, in sight of this temple. The writer has crossed the Andes from side to side twenty-four times, at seven or eight different passes, twice from Naranjal, on the gulf of Guayaquil, $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees south of the equator, to the city of Cuenca, the capital of the province of Azuay, a little south of Chimborazo; and having spent more than two weeks at the foot of the peak of the Raura, at least 1000 feet above the line of perpetual snow, he has no hesitation in saying that it is incomparably the most sublime spot he ever visited on the Andean range.

Besides the peak of Raura, which we believe to be at least as high as Chimborazo, there are numerous smaller ones, rising on the range of the Cordilleras, to the north and south, having their bases resting in the perpetual snow, and throwing up their snow-clad apexes thousands of feet into the pure and attenuated air; almost out of the reach of the eye, and above the untiring wing of the immense condor, or South American eagle. The largest and nearest of these peaks is that of Nueva Potosi, the base of which approaches within a league of that of Raura, and is but little inferior, in height and magnitude, to Raura itself. The intervening space between these two peaks is occupied by the lake of Nueva Potosi, the surface of which is almost 500 feet above the lower limit of perpetual snow, and this line, within the tropics, is known to be about 15,500 feet above the level of the ocean. The surface of this lake is embossed by a ridge of the Andes,

on the west, another on the east, the base of Raura on the north, and that of Nueva Potosi on the south. Its copious waters find a subterranean channel through a high western limestone ridge, and break out at the western side of the Andes, at a point where the mountain is very nearly vertical, and form a magnificent cascade of many hundred feet in height, falling into a lake of several leagues in circumference. A short distance to the north-west of this cascade, there is a large *cerro* (hill) of *yesso* (gypsum, or sulphate of lime.) The lake of Nueva Potosi is the head source of the river Huara, which makes its way down the sides of the Andes, in very nearly a westerly direction, and falls into the Pacific Ocean at Huacho, the famous Salinas of the western coast, which supplies the greater portion of the southern hemisphere with salt.

On the north-east of the base of the peak of Raura is the lake of the same name, one league north of the lake just described, and from which it is separated by a high trap dike and amygdaloid. This lake, which is about 150 miles from the Pacific, is a little higher than that of Nueva Potosi, and has an open outlet to the east, down a craggy precipice of several hundred feet in height. It forms the head of the river Chucabamba, one of the principal branches of the Amazons, and, probably, it is the highest and most distant source of that great river. The waters of this lake traverse the continent of South America, from west to east, at its widest expanse, almost from the margin of the Pacific to the Atlantic, a distance of nearly 5000 miles. Both of these lakes are the receptacles of avalanches from the peaks of the respective names. No less than two were precipitated into the lake of Raura whilst I was encamped on the snow in its vicinity. The first occurred at midnight, and which, from the great noise and trembling of the earth, I for a moment mistook for an earthquake; the second took place at ten o'clock in the morning.

MONUMENTS TO THE DEPARTED.

AFTER all, the noblest and most beautiful monument to the memory of a man must ever be, a likeness of him. This gives a more perfect idea of what he was than anything else can; it is the best text to few notes, or to many; only it ought to be taken in his best years, and this is commonly neglected. Nobody thinks of seizing the living forms; and even when this is done, it is done imperfectly and inadequately. As soon as a man dies, there is the greatest eagerness to take a cast of him; this mask is set upon a block, and the work is called a

bust. How rarely is it in the power of the artist to reanimate it!

The likeness of a man is wholly independent; wherever it may be placed it speaks for itself. We do not require that it should indicate the place where his body rests. But shall I confess to you a strange feeling of mine? Even to portraits I have a sort of aversion; they always appear to me to breathe silent reproaches; they betoken something distant, departed, and remind me how difficult it is to estimate the present as it deserves. Let us but reflect how many men we have seen and known, and acknowledge how little they have been to us—how little we to them, and what must be our feelings? We meet the man of talent without conversing with him; the scholar, without learning from him; the traveller, without seeking to gain information from him; the kind-hearted man, without making one effort to please him. And, alas! this is not the case in transient intercourse alone. Thus it is that societies and families treat their most valuable members—towns their worthiest citizens—subjects their best princes—nations their most eminent men. I have heard it asked why we speak of the dead with unqualified praise; of the living always with certain reservations. It may be answered, because we have nothing to fear from the former, while the latter may stand in our way: so impure is our boasted solicitude for the memory of the dead. If it were the sacred and earnest feeling we pretend, it would strengthen and animate our intercourse with the living.—*Goethe.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE first day of the new year, though held by different nations at different seasons of the year, is commemorated by all either as a day of fasting or of festival. There does not appear to be any general reason for fixing on one particular day to be held as the first day of the year; but it is natural to suppose that different nations should celebrate some great national event or national blessing, by causing the day on which that event occurred to be called "the first day of the new year," by which means the event might be held in commemoration by generations yet unborn. Thus the historian Stowe observes, that our "historic year" has always commenced on the 1st day of January, because William the Conqueror was crowned on that day. It most assuredly is the fact that our historians always have commenced the year with the 1st of January, though in all civil affairs they retained the ancient manner of reckoning from the 25th of March, which mode of reckoning was retained in England until the year 1752, when,

by the statute 24th of King George II., c. 23, it was enacted that from and after the last day of December, 1751, the new year should commence on the 1st day of January.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to be made acquainted with the different dates at which some nations commence their new year, which we have compiled from the best authorities on the subject. The Persians commence their new year in June. The Mexicans reckon from the 23rd of February; the Abyssinians from the 26th of August; the Greeks from the 1st of September; the Chinese from the first moon in March; the ecclesiastical year of the Jews began in spring, but in civil affairs they dated from the autumnal equinox, as did also the Egyptians and Chaldeans; the ancient Swedish year commenced at the winter solstice, and was solemnized on the 20th day after; some of the Grecian states computed from the vernal, others from the autumnal equinox, and others from the summer tropic. The year of Romulus commenced in March, and that of Numa in January. The Turks and Arabs date the year from the 16th July; the American Indians reckon from the first appearance of the new moon of the vernal equinox; and the church of Rome has fixed New Year's-day on the Sunday that corresponds with the full moon of the vernal equinox. Of the British year we have before spoken.

THE CELEBRATION OF NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

This day has been held in great veneration by all nations. The Romans consecrated the first and last day of the year to Janus, who, some old writers assert, was for that reason represented with two faces, as looking into the past and the future. Some statues, however, represent him with four heads, and some of the temples erected for him were dedicated to "Janus quadrifrons," whilst others were to "Janus bifrons." The day amongst the Romans was spent in visiting and complimenting each other, the offering up of sacrifices to the gods, and the presentation of gifts denominated *strenæ*, of which more hereafter. The Russians at the new year annually hold a feast denominated the "Feast of the Dead," or, in their own language, "Raditzli Sahol," on which occasion the people visit the graves of their deceased relatives and place victuals upon them; the priests likewise attend and celebrate mass, for which services they get the victuals which had been deposited on the graves. In Scotland, the last and first day of the year are celebrated with great rejoicings, and a general cessation from all kinds of business generally takes place. The last night of the year is called Hogmenaye night, and it is celebrated by universal feasting and merriment; large parties are held,

the jovial bowl goes round, and the merry guests remain to drink "the old year out and the new year in." On the morning of the new year, the people are again on the alert, each strives to be his friend's "first-foot," as he is denominated who is the first to call at the house and wish "a happy new year, and many o' them." At every house the wine and the whiskey and the cake are on the table, and every well-wisher needs must prove his sincerity by tasting with his friends. In England it is also a day of universal happiness, and in the north the mode of celebration is very similar to that adopted in Scotland; the more hearty part of the population devote the last and first days to joyous merriment; whilst the Methodists, Baptists, and some other sects of Dissenters, instead of drinking, "pray the old year out and the new year in."

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

The presentation of gifts on New Year's-day is a custom of very ancient origin, and may be traced further back than the days of Augustus Cæsar; it is said to have originated with Tatius or Titus, the King of the Cures, a tribe of the Sabines, who afterwards reigned at Rome, in conjunction with Romulus, B.C. 735, of whom it is related, that, having received a present of some sprigs of vervain on that day, which had been gathered in a wood consecrated to Strenia, the goddess of strength, he considered it as a good omen, authorized the custom afterward, and gave to the presents the name of *strenæ*. The custom appears to have been continued from that time, and mention is occasionally made of the practice by the old chroniclers. Gifts are spoken of as being presented to Augustus Cæsar; and in our own country more particular mention has been made of the presents received by Queen Elizabeth; they consisted principally of money, jewels, trinkets, embroidered dresses, rich petticoats, girdles, vests, doublets, &c.; the nobility and officers of state were the chief donors, though presents were accepted from others holding mere menial offices in "the household." The Archbishop of Canterbury is said to have given 40*l.*, but the general sum for the nobles to give was 20*l.* Her majesty, in return, used also to make presents to her officers, &c.; but, remarks an old historian, she always took care that the value of the presents she received far exceeded the value of those she gave away. It is a time-honoured custom which has continued to the present day, and, in looking over the relics of our childhood, to how many of us may it not bring back a happy recollection of friends now passed away, whose wont it was periodically, at the commencement of another year, to bring to our little hands "a new year's gift?"

THE SIMILARITY OF SUPERSTITIOUS OBSERVANCES BETWEEN THE ANCIENT ISRAELITES AND THE SAVAGES OF AUSTRALIA.

(From a Review of Capt. Grey's *Travels in North West and Western Australia, in the Times.*)

BUT we must now turn to the real sons of the desert, the Australian brethren of the Red Men of North America and the Tartars of Asia. It was long the fashion among superficial but conceited scholars to designate Herodotus a credulous narrator of lies, whereas every fresh research in the countries described or mentioned by the venerable father of history confirms his truthfulness, and sets the thoughtful student wondering at his amazing accuracy amidst circumstances which must have rendered the attainment of truth so difficult. So also sceptical physiologists and hasty or half-educated travellers scoffed in their petty pride at those who, founding their belief on the Bible narrative, maintained that all mankind have sprung from a single pair of human beings. No doubt it must be startling to those who withhold credence from nearly every fact but such as they themselves can prove, by the test of the eye or hand, to be told that the Samoide and Hindoo, the Calmuc and the Otahaitan, the Lapland and the Bedouin, the inhabitant of Peking and of Paris, beings so wide apart in their dwelling-places, and so diversified in their physical forms, habits, belief, and language, have all descended from the loins of one common parent; but the accession which each year brings to our stores of historical, antiquarian, and geographical knowledge, diminishes scepticism and strengthens faith in the simple but stupendous narrative of God. When a few short years ago those spots in the great Southern Pacific, which had been severed from civilized mankind for so many ages, were discovered by an adventurous mariner of England, would not the scientific Banks himself have paused in believing that in Asia were the parents of those simple islanders to be traced? No Pentateuch was found among them; whence, then, did they learn Mosaic rites, and customs which obtained in the camp of the wilderness? No book at all was ever discovered in Australia; whence, then, did the savage inhabitants of that insular region learn observances of which we have evidence in remote Asiatic antiquity, except by tradition from their fathers who were driven by war, and tide, and tempest, the agents of a Divine Disposer, from their far-off Asiatic home? We will note a few parallels:—The native Australian women cut themselves and scratch their faces, in mourning for the dead; they also literally make a baldness between their eyes, this being always one of

the places where they tear their skin with the finger nails. In Deuteronomy, chapter xiv. 1, it is enjoined upon the Israelites—"Ye are the children of the Lord your God, ye shall not cut yourselves, nor *make any baldness between your eyes for the dead.*" In the exercise of many of their superstitious rites the Australians lacerate their bodies. None of our readers can forget Elijah's sacrifice, recorded with such picturesque vigour, 1st of Kings, chapter xviii. 28, where the frantic priests of Baal "cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them." Throughout all the known portions of Australia, a custom for mourners to *remain among the graves* is prevalent. A similar practice is reprehended in Isaiah, xlv., verses 4 and 5. "A people that provoke me to anger continually to my face, that sacrificeth in gardens, and burneth incense upon altars of brick, which *remain among the graves*, and lodge in the mountains." A similar practice obtains among the Tatars. When the natives of South-western Australia swear amity to one another, or pledge themselves to any solemn undertaking, such as revenging the death of a kinsman, Captain Grey describes them as observing the following forms:—

"One native remains seated on the ground with his heels tucked under him, in the Eastern manner; the one who is about to narrate a death to him, approaches slowly, and with averted face, and seats himself cross-legged upon the thighs of the other; they are thus placed thigh to thigh, and squeezing their bodies together, they place breast to breast; both then avert their faces, their eyes frequently fill with tears; no single word is spoken; and the one who is seated uppermost *places his hands under the thighs of his friend*; having remained thus seated for a minute or two, he rises up and withdraws to a little distance without speaking; but an inviolable pledge to avenge the death has, by this ceremony, passed between the two."

We could multiply instances of the like kind, but we trust we have done enough to stimulate to further inquiry. One or two coincidences of customs between the Australians and North American Indians we will now mention. Each family in Australia adopts as its crest, or sign, (*kobong* the natives call it,) some animal or vegetable, and so great is the reverence for this, they will not kill, if they can avoid it, the animal, nor eat the vegetable, except with certain restrictions, respectively represented by their family *kobong*. In the *Archæologia Americana* the same custom of taking some animal as a tribe or family symbol is stated to prevail. "Each tribe

has the name of some animal. Among the Hurons, the first tribe is that of the bear; the two others of the wolf and turtle." The Tatars have the same rude heraldry. Among the Australians, Captain Grey ascertained that the children of either sex always take the family name of their mother, and that a man cannot marry a woman of his own family name. On referring to the *Archæologia Americana*, vol. ii. p. 109, these institutions will be found to be completely coincident with similar ones inviolably maintained among the North American Indians. From Abraham's reply to Abimelech (Genesis, xx., 19) we may infer a similar law of consanguinity:—"And yet she is indeed my sister; she is the daughter of my father, but not the daughter of my mother; and she became my wife." It was confidently asserted, not long ago, by men too proud to doubt or too indolent to inquire, that the Australian language was quite different and distinct from all known tongues. But upon more careful investigation, it has been found that its roots are actually Tatar, and some of them Hebrew and Carib, both allied to Tatar. Has chance given birth to all these coincidences between the scattered families of Asia, America, and Australia? The man who can so believe will not disbelieve the formation of this fair world and all its wonders by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms.

In conclusion, it may be agreeable to classical readers who recollect Canidia's savage song in Horace, and the plaintive, yet passionate, strains of the love-lorn enchantress in Theocritus, to see a specimen of an Australian witch's invocation to revenge:—"The next translation," says Captain Grey, "is that of a chant sung by an old woman, to incite the men to avenge the death of a young man who died from a natural cause, but whose death she attributed to witchcraft or sorcery. The natives, who listened to her attentively, called her chanting '*goranween*,' or '*abusing*.' She stood with her legs wide apart, waving her *wanna*, or long digging-stick, in the air, and rocking her body to and fro, whilst her kangaroo-skin cloak floated behind her in the wind. She was thus the *beau-ideal* of a witch."

"The following is the sense of the words she used, at least as nearly as it is possible to express their force and meaning in English:—

"The blear-eyed sorcerers of the north,
Their vile enchantments sung and wove,
And in the night they issued forth,
A direful people-eating drove.
Feasting on our loved one,
With gore-dripping teeth and tongue,
The wretches sat, and gnawed, and ate,
Whilst their victim soundly slept.
Yho yang, yho yang, yang yho.

Ay, unconsciously he rested
 In a slumber too profound;
 The vile boy!—yas sat and feasted
 On the victim they had bound
 In restless lethargy.
 Mooli-go, our dear young brother,
 Where is another like to thee?
 Tenderly loved by thy mother,
 We again shall never see
 Mooli-go, our dear young brother.
 Yho, yang yho, ho, ho!

Men who ever bold have been,
 Are your long spears sharpened well?
 Is the keen quarts fixed anew?
 Let each shaft upon them tell.
 Poise your *meer-ros* long and true,
 Let the *kileys* whizz and whirl
 In strange contortions through the air—
 Heavy *dow-aks* at them hurl—
 Shout the yell they dread to hear.
 Let the young men leap on high,
 To avoid the quivering spear;
 Light of limb and quick of eye,
 Who sees well has nought to fear.
 Let them shift and let them leap
 When the quick spear whistling flies:
 Woe to him that cannot leap!
 Woe to him who has bad eyes!"

The Gatherer.

Laughter.—No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter—the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others, lies a cold glitter of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards, or at best produce some whiffing husky cachinnation as if they were laughing through wool; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.—*Carlyle.*

Industry.—There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; it is the north-west passage, that brings the merchant's ship as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.—*Clarendon.*

Napoleon's Eye and Calculation.—By long experience, joined to great natural quickness and precision of eye, he had acquired the power of judgment with extraordinary accuracy both of the amount of the enemy's force opposed to him in the field, and of the probable result of movements, even the most complicated, going forward in the opposite armies. The roar of artillery, the

smoke and rattle of musketry, even the falling balls around him, were alike unable to divert his steady gaze or disturb his accurate judgment. Never was he known to be mistaken in the estimate which he formed of the distance or approach of the fire of the enemy. Even on the farthest extremity of the horizon, if his telescope could reach the hostile columns, he observed every movement, anticipated every necessity, and from the slightest indications drew correct conclusions as to the designs which were in contemplation. No sooner had he ascended a height from whence a whole field of battle could be surveyed, than he looked round him for a few minutes with his telescope, and immediately formed a clear conception of the position, forces, and intentions of the whole hostile army. In this way he could, with surprising accuracy, calculate in a few minutes, according to what he could see of their formation, and the extent of ground which they occupied, the numerical force of armies of sixty or eighty thousand men; and if their troops were at all scattered, he knew at once how long it would require for them to concentrate, and how many hours must elapse before they could make their attack. On one occasion, in the autumn of 1813, some of Napoleon's generals expressed an opinion that he might expect an attack on the side of Bohemia. "From what I can see," said he, calmly closing his telescope, "the enemy have there two corps of sixty thousand men; they will require more than one day to concentrate, and be ready to attack: we may pursue our march."—*Alison's History of Europe.*

First use of Coal as Fuel.—It is understood by coal miners that no distinct period can be ascertained when coal was first used for fuel in any part of England. By the proclamation of Edward the First, and again in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we find coal was prohibited in London during the sitting of Parliament, lest the healths of the knights of the shire should suffer during their residence in the metropolis; it appears, however, from a charter of Edward II., dated 1315, that the coal of Derbyshire was in use, and that the Lord of Alfreton, Thomas de Chaworth, granted to the monks of Beauchief Abbey, near Sheffield, permission to supply themselves from his domains of Norton and Alfreton, in Derbyshire.

Premature Ingenuity.—A young fellow, having been very extravagant, writ to his father for more money, and used all means; but nothing would prevail. At length he very ingeniously writ his father word he was dead, and desired him to send up money to pay for his burial.—*The Archaeologist.*

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 3.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



THE ROMAN-CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS.

Original Communications.

ST. GEORGE'S, LONDON.

THIS Roman-catholic church is now erecting in St. George's Fields, nearly opposite Bedlam; it is to be built by subscription; the tower or spire, however, will not be commenced till the subscription is completed. The width of the nave is 28 feet, the aisles 18 feet; and the length, exclusive of chancel and tower, 160 feet; the chancel will be 43 feet in depth, with stalls on either side, and the side chapel 20 feet. The great chancel window will be filled with the genealogy of our Lord on the roof of Jesse, in rich stained glass, the gift of the Earl of Shrewsbury; and every detail of the building will be carried out in the style of the time of Edward III. A great part of the church will be left open, without seats, and three thousand persons may be easily accommodated on the floor. No galleries of any description will be introduced, but all the internal arrangements will be strictly a revival of those which were anciently to be found in the large parochial churches of England. The priest will be the Rev. Mr. Doyle, of Temple House, St. George's Fields.

A FAMILIAR DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, AND ITS CONTENTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "*A Natural History of Quadrupeds*," &c.

(Continued from page 19.)

THE Cases which now remain to be noticed contain various articles from the west coast of North America and the South Seas; and the greater number are presents from Sir Joseph Banks; the celebrated Captain James Cook; and Mr. Archibald Menzies. Figures of many of them may be seen in Cook's *Voyages*.

CASE XI.—The articles in this case are from the north-west coast of America. They consist of fishing-tackle from Nootka Sound and Oonalashka, as harpoons, lines made of sinews, and some of a species of sea-weed; (*Fucus*;) and waterproof fishing-jackets, made of the whale's intestines; models of fishing-boats, &c. Here are also, from Nootka and Oonalashka, several wooden caps, bearing representations of the heads of beasts; among them we recognise the figure of the polar bear's head; here is also a bird's head made of wood, ornamented with feathers, &c.; a wooden coat of armour; figures of birds, made of wood, hollow, and containing stones, used as rattles.

CASE XII.—Here are knives, spoons, and various other domestic utensils from the same part of the coast of America. The table-service only wants to be laid, and one

might begin one's repast. Plenty of bowls and dishes are before us; one of them is the very image of a Yorkshire-pudding dish, and makes one's mouth water to look at it. There is bread ready for you,—bread made of the root of the cassava plant, (*Jatropha*), called also the edible-rooted physic-nut, and by the Brazilians, mandioc. In an entertaining little volume entitled, *Vegetable Substances used for Food*, (London, 1832,) you will find an account of this plant, of which there are nine species, but two only are cultivated for human sustenance—viz., the bitter cassava (*Jatropha manihot*) and the sweet cassava (*J. janipha*).

The native region of both species is supposed to be South America, although the plants are met with in North America. Their roots are made into bread, which we are told "is palatable and wholesome; and although its taste may be thought somewhat harsh by persons accustomed to soft fermented bread made from wheaten flour, cassava bread has its admirers, and is in such high repute by those who have been accustomed to its use, as to be frequently procured at some expense and trouble by Creole families who have transferred their residence to Europe. The tubers of the root are spindle-shaped, much like parsnips in appearance; they are generally about fourteen or fifteen inches long, and four or five inches thick at the middle. When first dug up they are washed clean; the rind, which is of a dark colour, is then peeled off, and the root is ground or grated. In Brazil, where the preparation of mandioc is carried on to a larger extent than in any other place, many persons are employed together in peeling the roots, which are then applied to and pressed against the face of a wheel, which is revolved with great rapidity, and in this manner they are ground, a trough being placed beneath the wheel to receive the pulp. The next process is that of expressing the poisonous juice, which is effected by placing the pulp in bags, and subjecting it to the action of a press. All that is then necessary is the baking, which is done on a hot iron hearth. The pulp being placed on this, forms itself into a very thin cake, similar in form to a pancake, and fifteen inches or more in diameter. During the period occupied in this baking, the cake is kept constantly in motion to prevent its being partially burnt; and as soon as it is crisp, it is removed from the fire. When the cake is sufficiently cool it is quite fit for use; and if kept in a dry situation, it will remain good for a very long period. * * * Stedman tells us that the aborigines of Guiana, among whom the root of the bitter cassava (which species in its natural state is highly poisonous) furnishes the principal supply of bread, first grind the root on a rough stone, and then, for the purpose of separating the poisonous juice,

prepare a curious kind of press, out of reeds; which being disposed in the form of a long tube, and secured at bottom, the ground pulp is introduced, and the press being suspended to a tree, a heavy stone or log of wood is fixed to the bottom, the weight of which draws the tube gradually together, by which means the juice is squeezed through the interstices. Occasionally the juice is collected into a receptacle, and is then used for the poisoning of arrows. The baking process of these inhabitants of the woods is similar to that already described, with this only difference, that, having no iron plates, their cooking is performed upon heated stones. The roots of the sweet cassava, which species is not at all poisonous, are eaten by the aborigines, after roasting them in hot ashes, and without submitting them to the previous processes of grinding and of expressing the juice.

In the case before us there is also an unprepared piece of the cassava root. We also observe some warlike implements, and various tools, clubs, adzes, &c., patoo-patoos of wood and bone, &c., a screen made of an eagle's feathers. From Nootka and Oonalashka we have a fine assortment of combs and variously-shaped and coloured caps, some of the latter with representations of the whale fishery.

CASE XIII. contains some baskets, mats, &c., made in various parts of the west coast of North America. Here is some of the inner bark of the white cedar or white cypress (*Cupressus thyoides*) in its different stages of preparation, for making mats, dresses, &c. Before us is a garment made of this bark by the natives of Banks's Island.

CASE XIV.—In this case we see specimens of sculpture, imitations of the human figure, masks, &c. Some of them are the most ugly patterns of the human face we have seen; others represent very droll actions and are irresistibly laughable, especially one which hangs against the wall. Two of the figures represent mothers nursing their babies (rather lanky samples), and feeling whether their "toothy pegs" are cutting their "dear little gums," as a nurse would express it. Another parent has her baby in a cradle on her lap, while a neighbouring mother carries her baby on her back.

CASES XV. & XVI.—Here are some winter and summer Otaheite dresses, made of the bark of the paper mulberry (*Broussonetia papyrifera*) and variously dyed; a mourning dress; an elegant breast-plate, made of feathers, shells, &c., used in war.

CASE XVII.—The specimens in this case are from Otaheite. They comprise basket-work, cordage, coarse mats for sails, &c., ornamental mats, made of a kind of flag, and an apron to dance in, &c.

CASE XVIII. contains more articles

from Otaheite, among which we see fishing implements; various utensils made of a basaltic stone; rasps, made of shagreen; adzes, formed of a kind of jade called axe-stone; a planting spade, made of the fragment of a shield; various hatchets, hooks, wooden bludgeons, wooden pillows; a cloth-beater; calabash for water; plaited hair; tatooing instruments (very pleasant to contemplate), nose flutes, binding for flutes, and the cream-nut fibre of which it is made, and a dried bread-fruit. What the cassava bread tastes like I only know by report, but the bread fruit I have several times eaten in England, and can testify to its pleasant flavour. In 1688, Captain Dampier gave the civilized world the first account of the valuable tree that furnishes bread to many thousands abroad. "The bread fruit," he tells us, "grows on a large tree, as big and high as our largest apple-trees; it hath a spreading head, full of branches and dark leaves. The fruit grows on the boughs like apples; it is as big as a penny loaf when wheat is at five shillings the bushel; it is of a round shape, and hath a thick, tough rind. When the fruit is ripe it is yellow and soft, and the taste is sweet and pleasant. The natives of Guam use it for bread. They gather it when full-grown, while it is green and hard; then they bake it in an oven, which scorcheth the rind, and maketh it black; but they scrape off the outside black crust, and there remains a tender thin crust; and the inside is soft, tender, and white, like the crumb of a penny loaf. There is neither seed nor stone in the inside, but all of a pure substance, like bread. It must be eaten new; for if it be kept above twenty-four hours, it grows harsh and choky, but it is very pleasant before it is too stale. This fruit lasts in season eight months in the year, during which the natives eat no other sort of bread. I did never see this fruit anywhere but here. The natives told us that there is plenty of this fruit growing on the rest of the Ladrone Islands; and I did never hear of it anywhere else."

In the island of Otaheite, and in other places, where the bread fruit is the chief support of the natives, there are, as is the case with cultivated fruits in all countries, many varieties; only two, however, are very different from each other—viz., that which contains seeds in the fruit, and that which contains none. The seedless sort, noticed by Dampier, has probably been produced by cultivation, and is the one grown in the South Sea Islands. It was originally found only there; and the tree was not in much repute till these islands were discovered. The variety with seeds is much inferior to the seedless variety, being more fibrous, containing less farina, and is not so pleasant to the taste; it is, therefore, not cultivated, though in time of need it is roasted

and eaten. Byron, in one of his poems, speaks of—

“The bread tree, which, without the plough-share, yields
The unreap'd harvest of unfurrow'd fields,
And bakes its unadulterated loaves
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,
A priceless market for the gathering guest.”

CASES XIX. and XX. contain various specimens from the Sandwich Islands, among which may be particularized a sword-like spear, beset with sharks' teeth, and presented by that much-beloved man, the Duke of Sussex; some large cloaks, aprons, helmets, hats, and distorted human figures, &c., made of feathers. Some of these figures would make good scare-crows and Guy Fawkes.

CASE XXI.—The specimens in this case are from the same parts as those in the preceding. They are, mats and cloths, cordage, slings, cloth-beaters, hair for ornamental head-dresses, fishing-hooks made of bones and shells, curious saws made of sharks teeth, and gorgets made of red seeds.

CASE XXII.—Here are more specimens from the Sandwich Islands—namely, bracelets made of boars' tusks, and of tortoise-shell; articles of ornament made of shells and seeds, &c.; necklaces; coverings for the legs, composed of shells, teeth, and seeds, and worn by dancers; circular plates of a black slaty stone, which, when wetted, are used as mirrors, quoits, weights, &c. The remaining specimens in this case are chiefly from the Marquesas, and consist of wooden bowls, supported by carvings of grotesque figures; one specimen is a double bowl, the two cavities being united by a stooping figure; fans, small cloaks, a head-dress, and other ornaments made of red feathers, and a specimen of the little bird, a species of tree-creeper, (*Certhia vestitaria*), from which the feathers are obtained.

CASES XXIII. and XXIV. are devoted to articles from the Friendly Islands. We have here specimens of cloth, matting, and cordage, plain and ornamented basket-work, various pouches, and a dancing-dress made of the fibres of the bark of cocoa-nuts; fishing implements, hooks, and various nets; models of canoes; tattooing apparatus; rasps; necklaces made of shells, seeds, &c.; combs, bracelets, kernels of a nut, which, when burnt, yield a strong light; aprons, and other articles of attire, made of the thigh bones of small birds; a shuttle, fly-flaps, and flutes to be played with the breath from the nostrils, hence termed nasal flutes; some earthen vessels, and some curiously carved wooden Cava bowls.

CASE XXV.—Here are various specimens of matting and cordage, mostly made of the New Zealand flax, (*Phormium tenax*.) An account of this plant, its uses, and the mode of dressing it, illustrated by woodcuts, may be found in a small volume called *The*

New Zealanders, (London, 1830,) one of the most interesting and instructive books of the kind that I have ever read. We have also in the case before us various woven articles, fishing nets, belts, hooks, &c., from New Zealand.

CASE XXVI.—The same country has furnished us with the collection in this case, comprising necklaces and other articles of ornament, combs, warlike weapons, clubs, conchs used in war; saws, made of sharks' teeth, for cutting up the bodies of slain enemies; musical pipes and other wind instruments; boat-scoops, and various wooden boxes, ornamented with carvings; but for pleasing specimens of carving in wood, pray let me introduce you to these three naked figures. One is a gentleman, and the other two are ladies. These figures create many a twitter among the visitors; they have such a comical appearance. There are also in this case some carvings in bone, some boat-scoops, and a variety of tools. The most conspicuous object, however, is a woman's bonnet, composed of thin slices of tortoise-shell, all sewed together by cords passing through holes that have been bored in the hard substance; the back of the article is decorated with portions of printed cotton. It is very large in the hold, and its shape is certainly not according to the present fashion. This patent invulnerable waterproof bonnet was not built by a Parisian, but by a native of Navigator's Islands, and who wisely thought it best to make it substantial; and there can be no doubt that it will last in the British Museum a much longer period than any lady ever kept a straw one. For this interesting specimen we have to thank our present Queen, who confided it to the care of Sir Henry Ellis, A.D. 1841. Her Majesty's pleasantries have been often recorded, but it is not generally known that when she put this bonnet on her head she gave her courtiers this double riddle: “Why is this bonnet poetical? and why am I now more clever than any schoolmaster?” No one could guess why; so her Majesty explained it thus—“Because it is *Shelley*, and I have taught-a-shell.” The Prince laughed, and said he had half a mind to bonnet her for such a riddle.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

LE LION AMOUREUX; OR, THE PHYSIOLOGY OF A GENERAL LOVER.

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF “SKETCHES IN FRANCE,” ETC.

(Continued from page 22.)

LISE looked at the beau Marquis with attention, and her bosom heaved as he got

into his carriage, which soon afterwards rolled rapidly away from her.

Seated in the coach beside her mother, she, for the first time since the morning, found herself at ease, and began to speak of the beautiful *toilette* that she had prepared for the ball. In the midst of the conversation, on putting her hand to her neck, she cried,

"O mamma! I have lost my medal. O dear! O dear! yes, I had it, I am sure."

"Perhaps," her mother said, "you dropped it at the mayor's, perhaps in the church, perhaps in the carriage."

"Ah!" Lise exclaimed, "I hope it was not in that of the Marquis."

"Why?" the mother said; "he will find it and bring it to us."

"Is he coming again?"

"He promised he would," the mother replied.

Lise ceased speaking, and became pensive; she thought no longer of her handsome gown, her pretty shoes, and her kid gloves; nor did she think of her beauty, nor of the effect that her appearance would produce in the ball-room; but she was of that age and of that character when sad thoughts are of short duration, for she had scarcely reached home before she threw aside her vague fears, crying,

"Ah! *mais non*! I intend being happy to-day."

And without further reflection she determined on amusing herself at the expense of the *beau* Marquis, for he was only a young man, like those who were around her."

As for Sterný, as soon as he was alone, his resolution of returning began to shake. Notwithstanding the good opinion that he had of himself, he thought that there was very little chance of making a conquest of the charming Lise, for to-day could not, for him, bring a to-morrow. What excuse could he find, after the nuptials, to secure a reception at the feather-merchant's; and if he were shewn to the door, what a strange predicament would he be placed in. Decidedly this enterprise was truly ridiculous, and it would be much better for him to write a note, begging to be excused, and to dine at the Café de Paris, instead of going to the Cadran Bleu, where the nuptial feast was to be held.

While Sterný reasoned thus, the image of Lise was ever before his eyes; and it was so beautiful, so graceful, so full of charms. Who could describe the sweet thoughts that flushed across the mind of the *lion*, as he reflected on that rare beauty!—To excite her love for him, to take her from her family, to fight with one of her brothers, to be subjected to a lawsuit, to be publicly spoken of in the newspapers, to be condemned for seduction by the courts and

pardoned by the people, to whom the marvellous beauty of the girl would plead a sufficient excuse for the committal of the crime, to gain in this conquest a renown which would vex and shame his companions—this appeared to him very tempting; but as soon as he had measured the obstacles and counted the difficulties, he banished the idea, not for its immorality, but because he deemed it impossible to realize it. At length he had come to the resolution of remaining at home, and of abandoning the project, when he perceived, upon the opposite cushion, a gold medal, attached to a chain of plaited hair. He took it up, recognised it as the one that Lise had worn round her neck, and read the following inscription:—

"*Ce qu'on veut on le peut.*"

"*Pardieu*," the lion said to himself, "if this motto be true, I must succeed."

In a state of indecision he reached his own house, where he found five of his friends warmly discussing the unfairness of allowing government horses to compete in the races of the Champ-de-Mars.

The arrival of Sterný put an end to the discussion. On his appearing, the tall dandy, Lingart, of whom we have previously spoken, cried, in burying his chin in his cravat,

"Ah! ah! M. Aymar."

"Eh bien!" Aymar de Rabut, the *lion* *artiste* said, "I have lost."

"How, in the devil's name!" cried Marinette, the son of the footman, "do you make wagers with that tall job-stocker?—You are well aware of his instinct for making profitable bargains and wagers, and that if he is concerned in what appears a bad speculation, he is sure to come off the winner."

"Yes, it is true I am somewhat lucky," Lingart said, screwing his mustachios in seeming contentment.

"What is all this about?" Sterný demanded.

"Only," Lingart said, "that we dine at the Rocher de Cancale, and that the dinner is to be at the expense of Aymar de Rabut."

"You have laid a wager then?" Sterný said, pricking up his ears like a war-horse on hearing the sound of a trumpet.

"Yes," Aymar de Rabut replied; "I do not know how it was, but for more than an hour I maintained that the marriage would be tiresome to you, that you would be disgusted with men, women, and children; and it turned out that it was I who wagered that you would allow yourself to be entangled by them, and that you would remain both to the dinner and ball. Lingart wagered that you would not stop, and that we should have you with us to-night."

"But I tell you," Marinette cried, "that if you were going to sue Lingart for 100 louis, and he did not wish to pay them, he would prove to you, as clearly as two and two make four, that you owe him ten thousand francs."

"Ah, bah!" Lingart exclaimed, "do you think it is so very clear that two and two make four?"

At this remark they all looked at each other, as if Lingart had been guilty of a piece of foolishness; but he added, with an arrogance that surprised all parties,

"Well, have the kindness to prove to me that two and two do make four."

"This savours of buffoonery," Marinette replied.

"Well," Lingart said, "if it be buffoonery, I will wager twenty-five louis that none of you can prove to me that two and two make four."

"*Pardieu*," said Aymar de Rabut, "it does not require proving; that is, because—"

He stopped, and Lingart replied, with a triumphant air,

"Well! why is it?"

He waited for an answer, and on not receiving one, said haughtily,

"Go and order our dinner, and—"

"And," Sterny said, interrupting him, "let it be a splendid one; for it is Lingart who pays."

"How do you make that out?" said the speculator.

"Because Aymar has won. I return to dinner, and I intend stopping to the ball."

"You do so to make me lose," Lingart said.

At these words Sterny reflected, and replied,

"I annul the wager."

"Why so?" demanded Lingart.

"Because when I entered," Sterny replied, "I had not decided, nor do I know whether I should yet have done so, if you had not spoken of the wager."

"And what has made you decide so suddenly?"

"Nothing," Sterny replied, "only I cannot do otherwise."

"Why so?" Lingart demanded.

"Ah!" Sterny replied, laughingly, "this is as difficult to explain, as it is to prove that two and two make four."

"Nevertheless, you at first doubted it."

"You are becoming tiresome, Lingart," Sterny said, "with your discussions."

"He is practising for the chamber of deputies," Marinette said, with a smile.

Lingart, who had given 30,000 francs for three votes in the last election, bit his lips, shrugged his shoulders, and allowed the conversation to turn upon something else. At last a *débütante* of the opera became the object of conversation. Aymar spoke of the

beautiful form of her foot, the graceful form of her shoulders, while Marinette applauded the beautiful expression of her face, and the brightness of her eye. Sterny had seen her the previous evening, had admired her as much for her beauty as for her performance; but now that he drew a comparison between her and Lise, he saw nothing pretty in the former, while the latter filled him with delight. What would his companions say on seeing this paragon of perfection? what would be their exclamations on seeing one so perfect in form, so naturally graceful? The feather-merchant's daughter became every instant more beautiful in the eyes of Sterny, and by a strange freak of his mind, he began to repent of the idea he had formed of seducing her. Six o'clock struck; Sterny rose, bade his companions good night, and hurried to the *Cadran Bleu*.

Love is a strange passion—sudden—irresistible—which strikes the heart at the sight of an unknown being—a strong passion, which penetrates the soul with imperceptible progression—a feeling which absorbs all others, which changes the dim eye to a bright one, the uncouth voice to the softest notes of music, which, in fact, blinds the enamoured party, for he can see no imperfections.

When he entered, no one had arrived but the *nouveau marié* and M. Laloine, who were superintending the arrangements for the festival. Prosper wished M. Laloine to remain with the Marquis, but Sterny desired them not to stand on ceremony, but to pursue their affairs as if he were not present. Perhaps you may ask, is it actually Léonce Sterny, a lion who knows well the advantages of arriving late, that comes before his hour, and sits down to table like a shopkeeper or a literary man, when invited to the houses of the rich? Indeed it is really Léonce Sterny, one of the most furious of his band. But do you know what he did in the host's absence? He went to the table, read the tickets, in order to ascertain where his seat was to be, and seeing that it was placed between that of Madame Laloine and another lady, unknown to him, he changed his for M. Tirlot's, who had been destined to sit by the side of Lise. Picture to yourself the *beau Marquis*, trembling with fear, like a child when putting its finger in the pot of cream to taste if it be good, lest he should be discovered; look at him turning suddenly towards the wall, as the waiter enters, and admiring an old engraving of *Aeneas* carrying his father *Anchises*; then, as soon as the *garçon* disappears, finishing his expert *manceuvre*. He succeeded, however, and for some time was very uneasy about the trick which he had played. M. Laloine entered, and went to see if the seats and tickets were properly arranged; but as

soon as Sterný perceived his intention, he went up to him, spoke about ostrich feathers, contrasted them with those of peacocks and other birds, and Laloine, taking for granted that all was right, was delighted with the Marquis, who laughed and chatted, who asked for snuff, found it excellent, and who complimented him upon his good arrangements and better taste. A carriage arrives. The Marquis sends M. Laloine to give his hand to the ladies. Laloine runs to the door; finds that it is a lady and gentleman, who ask for a *cabinet particulier*; returns, and Sterný makes a long rigmarole speech upon the morality of *cabinets particuliers*. What is the matter with him? what does he wish? I told you before that love and reason were at variance; for behold our *lion* giving himself a great deal of trouble—for what, you may ask? Why, to be seated near a little girl.

Success gained by stratagem, in the eyes of many, atones for the worst of actions: then Sterný should be excused, for he succeeded. The company arrived. Sterný stood at the door which opened upon the dining-room, assured that Lise would not pass without speaking. At last she entered with her mother and sister, when the former said kindly,

"What, Monsieur le Marquis, so soon?"

Sterný replied, looking meaningly in Lise's face,

"One fault in a day is quite enough."

The countenance of Lise crimsoned; she felt the reproach, and retired, displeased, into a corner of the room, determined to have as little to say to the Marquis as possible.

A scene somewhat amusing took place as the seats were being taken round the table. Sterný, who knew his, went to instal himself behind his chair, while Lise was searching for hers on the other side.

"Yonder," Prosper cried, pointing to the side where Sterný was; but on observing the Marquis, he appeared much surprised.

Prosper then exchanged looks with M. Laloine, who bit his lips in a manner which seemed to say—

"My son-in-law is certainly a fool."

On the other hand, Madame Laloine, who had calculated upon being by the side of the Marquis, looked at M. Tirlot with an air of astonishment, whilst he, proud of the honour which had been conferred upon him, sat down in seeming delight. Lise advanced timidly, scarcely knowing what to do, for she had perceived all the dialogue of looks which had taken place. As for Sterný, his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, he saw nothing, and appeared totally ignorant of what was going on. His embarrassment, however, terminated, for he heard M. Laloine say to his daughter,

'Come, Lise, go and sit down.'

The manner in which these words were pronounced, announced a forced resignation to the *maladresse* of Gobillon. Whilst Sterný moved his chair to make room for Lise, she saluted him so drily, that he guessed she was aware that it was not her brother-in-law who had made the mistake. From the first sentence that he pronounced, he foresaw that Lise had determined to answer him only in monosyllables; but he had two hours before him, and that was more than was necessary to make her change her resolution. At first he left her to herself, and directed his attention to the fat Monsieur who was seated on the other side of her, he being no other than the honourable silk-mercier who had entertained him in the morning with his long speech on the sugar question. Sterný renewed the discussion, when each of the opponents was obliged to speak either by inclining before or behind Lise, who at last became so *ennuyée*, that she could not prevent herself, by repeated movements, from shewing her impatience; but Sterný had no pity: he excited his opponent to such a degree, that M. Laloine, perceiving them so warmly engaged, exclaimed,

"What are you speaking about, gentlemen?"

"Of sugar-cane and beet-root," Lise replied, with a sullen air.

"Ah!" M. Laloine exclaimed, delighted that the question was of so innocent a nature.

Sterný, imagining that it was the moment for attack, addressed his companion,

"Indeed, Sir, I am afraid that our conversation has been tiresome to Mademoiselle; we will resume our discussion some other time."

"Willingly," replied the mercier; who perceived that he had allowed the first service to be nearly over without touching anything, and who appeared willing to make up for the time which he had lost.

Lise, however, made no reply; and the *gros mercier* said,

"Is your mother not right, Mademoiselle Lise, in saying that men have lost all their gallantry. You see us two gentlemen by the side of a pretty young girl, and we can find nothing better to speak of than politics. But for me, there is an excuse; I am a father, and have forgotten all. Monsieur, however, who is a young man, ought to have many fine things to say."

"Find, then, some fine things, animal!" thought Sterný, who, seeing the turned-up lip of Lise, scarcely knew what to say. He at last offered her a glass of wine, which she accepted with thanks. A silence then ensued.

"*Allons*," the *lion* said to himself, "I am becoming as stupid as a negro. It is high time to begin the attack."

(To be continued.)

RAPHAEL'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

BY L'ETUDIANT.

"—No; thou dost not yet know,
That sentiment of delight and melancholy,
Which the declining sun of Italy inspires."

THESE lines occurred to my mind, and I repeated them to a friend, while wandering by the side of the Tiber, at the moment when the last rays of the setting sun were disappearing through the cypress trees which crown Mount Mario. M. C—, who had but that day arrived at Rome, did not appear to comprehend this sudden exclamation, and not attempting to make him share the ecstasy of my soul, I said—

"Patience! you, too, will soon experience it."

We then directed our steps to the town; and this promenade, although rendered sacred by being one of Poussin's favourites, was little to the taste of my Parisian friend.

A few minutes afterwards we entered Rome, amidst the pealings of the bells, which were announcing the *Ave Maria*. Each repaired to his dwelling, some crossing themselves, some with uncovered heads—in fact, all Rome seemed under the influence of a mysterious emotion. Silence succeeded the noise of the crowd and of the carriages which a moment before had filled the Corso. M. C—, who did not understand what all this meant, demanded if the bells announced some sad calamity, or the death of a wealthy personage.

"No, my friend," I replied, "these bells, indeed, knell a departure, but it is that of day; they announce the setting of the sun, and the approach of night. At Paris, where the days have neither beginning nor end, this solemn hour is unknown; but here it is different; and if they do not put their time to better account than the inhabitants of other countries, they at least mark it with the most scrupulous exactness. The sun regulates the hours of labour, and the moment he disappears, the signal for prayer is given."

My friend found these remarks somewhat strange, and said to me, on leaving—

"What a sad country! If I were not going to see the *fresques* of Raphael tomorrow, I think I would leave this evening for Naples."

The next day I abdicated my functions of *cicerone*, and left him to the guidance of a distinguished painter, who had promised to conduct him to the Vatican. In the evening I met him in the French saloon of the Academy, and I had the good fortune of witnessing the happy effect that the *chefs d'œuvres* of the age of Louis X. had upon him. The following day he visited the Forum, and I saw that he was no longer in haste to go to Naples. Shortly after we set out on an excursion to Tivoli, where we

arrived a few minutes before the hour of prayer. We left our *caretella* at the tomb of Plautia, and ascended, accompanied by two others, the umbrageous banks which overshadow the ancient Tiber, when an imposing spectacle presented itself. We had before us a forest of olive trees, with knotty trunks and silvery foliage; the *campagne* of Rome lay at our feet, wild, desert-like, and lonely; on the horizon the dome of St. Peter's—that giant temple of the eternal city. All this admirable *tableau* was coloured by the rays of a summer's sun, which imparted to the distant dome the colours of the amethyst, and to the ruins of the plain blue shadows, which were flitting on a fiery soil. Nothing disturbed the majesty of this sublime scene—not a movement, not a sound, save the ticking of a clock, which told us that a town was at hand, buried in the verdure.

We were seized with admiration, and remained gazing for some minutes in silence, which M. C— broke, by calling out, involuntarily,

"*Mon Dieu!* what a beautiful scene this is!"

Without speaking, I seized his hand, and from that moment it seemed to me that our friendship was linked by closer ties. Oh! you who visit the Tiber of Horace, forget not the hour of sunset; for it is then that you will experience the sweet emotions which such a scene excites.

The following autumn I was with M. C—, near the crater of Mount Vesuvius, at the moment of sunset, when the glorious orb sunk below the horizon, as in a sea of molten gold.

The next winter we returned to Rome; and, according to the custom of the country, began our promenades a short time before sunset. Our places of resort were, generally, those the least frequented. One day, a short time before my friend's departure, we directed our steps to the village of Borghese, where there was a large concourse of people,

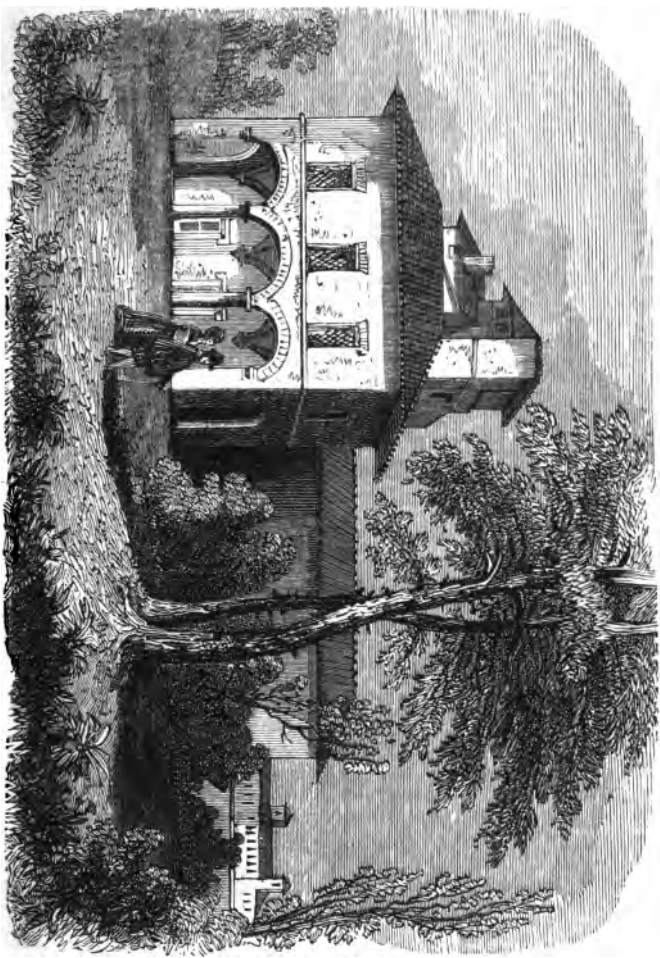
"O!" said my friend, "this noisy assembly is not to my taste. Since I must soon quit Rome, let our last walks be of a retired nature."

"Nothing is easier," I replied; "come in this direction; it will not be long before we shall be alone."

After making a few turns we approached a shady alley, which conducted us to a clump of trees, in the midst of which we perceived a small country house, the gates and windows of which were closed.

"Whose habitation is this?" my friend demanded; "and why have you brought me here?"

"This is," I replied, "the house of Raphael; it is here where he came to repose after his labours at the Vatican; it was, perhaps, in this house where he con-



• RAPHAEL'S COUNTRY HOUSE, NEAR THE VILLAGE OF BRACCIANO, AT ROME.

ceived many of his *chefs d'œuvre*. Who knows if it was not he who, with his own hands, planted those laurel-trees which surround his house; and if it was not here that the laurels were gathered which a pope placed on his tomb?"

This seeming neglect is of itself a touching mark of respect. The arts are in no country so much respected as here. No one dare inhabit this hallowed retreat, where the spirit of the great genius still appears to wander."

M. C.—listened to me in silence and abstraction, his eyes at one time fixed upon the house, then upon the trees which surrounded it.

"What!" he exclaimed, with an expression of reproach; "you knew of this place, and never thought of bringing me to it: if I were going to remain in Rome I would come here every day!"

A few moments afterwards he added—

"I shall never forget my arrival at Tivoli, nor our visit to Vesuvius; but believe me, my dear friend, I never, till I came to this country, experienced the benign influences that the beautiful scenes of nature have upon the mind."

At this moment, as at our first excursion to the Promenade du Poussin, the sun was setting behind the hills which border the Tiber, and the ringing of the bells reached us, mellowed in the distance; a tear started from the eye of my friend, who was lost in admiration.

Eight days after, I returned alone, and painted a design of the spot, which the engraving prefixed to this article represents.

As to the house itself, it offers nothing very extraordinary. It is of small extent, with rather a picturesque structure. Some fragments of painting, attributed to Jules Roman, with the *arabesques des voûtes*, are the only traces of decoration which time has spared. The arches of the portico, supported by columns of granite, are formed from the ruins of some ancient monument. Its principal charm at present is its solitude. Seen from the villa of Medici, it produces a charming effect. It is surrounded by beautiful verdure; above are seen the tall pines of the village of Borghese, which are themselves crowned by the snowy crests of the Apennines.—*From the French.*

BARONIAL CASTLES OF THE EIGHTH AND NINTH CENTURIES.

To such of our readers who may have cultivated a taste for historical research, it may be interesting to contrast the mode of life adopted by the ancient nobility of Europe with the modern style of living; and to trace the modifications which the progress of successive ages of civilization and discovery has, in the lapse of nearly ten centu-

ries, effected in the internal arrangement of the dwellings of the gentry, and in the appreciation of domestic comfort. At the early period to which we have alluded, the habits and manners of the higher classes of the people of all Europe, as is, indeed, the case at the present day, bore so striking a general resemblance, that to describe one portion is, with some trifling allowance for local circumstances, to depict all the others. The description, therefore, of a seigniorial dwelling, or castle, such as formed the residence of most of the nobles, some few only being on a somewhat more magnificent scale, may convey a tolerably correct idea of the manner of living of the magnates of Europe generally, about the eighth or ninth centuries. In all the main particulars of this description, the majority of the old chroniclers, as likewise the later historians of the middle ages, Müller, Tschudi, &c., perfectly agree.

The "castle," or lordly residence, consisted, generally, of a square tower of rough-hewn stone, built on a steep rock,* and

* In many parts of Germany, France, and Switzerland, the ruins of some of these strongholds remain to this day. They usually commanded the high-roads or lines of traffic between the chief towns of Europe. The appearance of a company of travelling merchants was the signal for a descent by the petty lord of the district, at the head of his armed retainers or vassals, from his robber's-den, or "rauber-schloss," as their lordly receptacles for plunder, or rather their ruins, are still denominated throughout Germany. Up to the present day, the word "*barone*" (baron) is, in the Italian language, synonymous with "robber," "scoundrel," &c. Plundering on the high road was indeed at that period, and for some centuries afterwards, considered as the legitimate and well-established privilege of the nobility. The privilege extended to murder and rape; as we find that, in 847, under the immediate descendants of Charlemagne, an imperial rescript was issued, forbidding murder and the *crimen rapti*, "*which*," as the edict recites, "*have hitherto been deemed the peculiar privilege of the great.*"

A curious anecdote, illustrative of the manners of the period, is recorded in the Helvetian annals, of one of these baronial castles. The lord having a marriageable daughter, the suitor for the hand of the young lady waited upon the father, and in the course of the interview, made inquiry as to the nature and amount of the marriage-portion, or dowry, to be given with the bride. Whereupon the baron, inviting him to ascend the narrow staircase leading to the summit of the chief tower which commanded a view of four cross-roads, very complacently exclaimed—"Yonder is my daughter's dower!" In this respect, matters seem not greatly to have improved, for some centuries afterwards, we find a very similar anecdote related of an archbishop of Cologne, who had erected one of these robber-fortresses. The person to whom he had entrusted the command inquired, very naturally, into the amount of his salary, upon which the prelate led him to a window, and pointed significantly to four roads, which were within sight of the castle, meaning thereby to indicate, that whatever passed was a fair object of plunder. For a considerable period afterwards, "The barons' castles," as we learn from the old annalists, "continued still to be the *receptacles of plunder*;" though, to disguise the crime, they changed its name—a practice not uncommon in modern times: what would have been called theft,

surrounded by a deep trench. There was no entrance from without to the ground-floor, which contained a dungeon for criminals, a well, and cellars amply stored with provisions, but scantily supplied with wine—a luxury comparatively rare in most parts of Europe till a much later period. The entrance to the castle was into the first story, at the height of fifteen feet from the ground, by wooden steps, which could be drawn up in time of war. This contained the kitchen, through which it was necessary to pass to the other apartments; the female servants had beds enclosed in closets round its sides. A spiral staircase from this led to the second story, which was the apartment of the family; and near the entrance was a large stove of hewn stone, with steps round it, that served as seats. On the other side of the entrance was the state bed of the lord and his lady, richly decorated with carved armorial bearings and needlework; surrounded by a massy railing of carved wood, it was considerably raised from the floor, and a truckle bed for the younger children stood under its feet. In the opposite corners of this hall, two beds, each large enough to contain several persons,* were screened off by curtains, in one of which slept the sons, in the other the daughters, of the family; round the sides of the room, the wainscoting of polished wood enclosed cupboards, where their clothes and other effects were kept, together with the household linen spun by the ladies and their maid-servants; a strong iron chest, let into the thickness of the wall, guarded the money, the jewels, and writings of value and importance; the great thickness of the walls partially excluded the light of the windows; and within the recesses formed by them the ladies of the family assembled with their embroidery and other paraphernalia of female occupation or amusement. In the centre stood a large table, which served the family meals, when there were no guests present. Two arm-chairs of gilt leather and some high stools were gene-

or highway-robbery, in a person of low degree, was termed *rettery* (i. e., business of a horseman, or a knight) in a baron; and to *live from the saddle*, was a genteel expression for a noble robber. "In general," say the historians, "the profession of a baron was at best but a precarious profession; indeed, it was no uncommon idea, that the possession of a 'castle' gave the proprietor a claim to all the land around which he could subdue by the force of arms." In process of time, however, the merchants formed associations among themselves for their mutual protection; and the iron cage in which the citizens of Quidlinberg immured a potent baron who infested their neighbourhood, was long preserved as a mark of seasonable severity, and shewn to travellers as such.

* The celebrated "Great Bed of Ware," of which occasional mention is made in ballads and songs, even up to the middle of the last century, was, probably, the latest remnant amongst ourselves of this ancient custom.

rally the only portable seats. A few shelves contained the library of the castle, usually consisting of a legend of the saints, some books of chivalry, and a translation of Plutarch's Lives. The winding staircase led from this to the third story, constituting the hall of the baron, warmed by a chimney large enough to roast an ox entire. This hall, where the baron entertained his friends, was ornamented with trophies of arms, and with the branching antlers of the stags killed in the chase by himself or his forefathers; from these were suspended the lamps that lighted the hall, when the carousal was prolonged to a late hour. On these occasions, the head of a wild boar, with its ears gilded, and an orange between its teeth, and a peacock dressed, with its wings expanded, were considered elegant dishes. The numerous high and narrow windows of this apartment were enriched with painted glass, containing armorial bearings, or representing some event from history, the scripture, or the "Lives of the Saints." The corners were partitioned off, and contained beds for the accommodation of the guests. In the story above this, was lodged the warder of the castle, who, from this elevated position, surveyed the surrounding country, and gave notice by his horn of the approach of visitors or of enemies.

The castle yard was surrounded by a very strong wall, within which stood a chapel, storehouses, and the habitations of the male servants. The ground immediately adjoining was planted with vegetables and fruit trees, for the use of the castle; and beyond, were the fields cultivated for the baron by his immediate dependants.

The gradual substitution of the great round tower, with its pinnacle, or pointed conical roof, for the ancient square "donjon," or "keep," would appear to have constituted the main alteration introduced with succeeding ages into the external appearance and arrangement of these strongholds of baronial power, and by no means unfrequently, of lordly depredation and violence.

G. M.

Miscellaneous.

DECORATION OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT WITH PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

AN inquiry has been lately instituted by the House of Commons, of great moment to artists, and interesting to all who wish well to the arts of their country. It is intended to decorate the new Houses of Parliament with painting and sculpture, and for this purpose a committee has been appointed to take evidence as to the manner in which the picture ought to be executed, and to

inquire into the different capabilities of fresco and oil for that purpose. Another subject of inquiry is, how the talent of the country is to be called forth, whether by public competition or by the individual artists being chosen by competent judges appointed for that purpose. A variety of witnesses were called; amongst others, the architect of the buildings and some amateurs; but the principal witnesses that bear more immediately upon the question are, the President of the Royal Academy, Mr. Eastlake, and Mr. Dyce. With regard to the President, he not being acquainted with the frescoes in Italy, could give no evidence on that point, so that the whole may be said to be confined to Mr. Eastlake and Mr. Dyce; the first of whom seems never to have practised fresco painting, while the second executed a head in that manner, which was sent to, but unfortunately rejected at, the late exhibition of the Royal Academy, so that we know nothing of his talents in that respect.

It was highly proper in the committee to call in the assistance of the President on this and all public discussions on the fine arts, but he never having been in Italy, it is astonishing that the committee should have overlooked calling upon the Secretary of the Royal Academy, a gentleman who, from his constant practice in the highest style of art, and having spent many years in Italy in the study of the great frescoes, besides being professor of painting in the Academy, we should have thought would have been a most competent witness on the occasion; and had he been called upon, we have no doubt he would have cleared away a great deal of uncertainty still clinging to the inquiry. This oversight gives an appearance of one-sidedness which is unpleasant: however excellent the evidence of Mr. Eastlake and Mr. Dyce, we feel that the committee are scarcely warranted in declaring so decided an opinion in their report as they have given:—"Your committee having carefully considered the evidence, are disposed to recommend that this style (fresco) or mode of painting should be adopted." As to the evidence in regard to the artists being chosen by competition, a result at which the committee seem anxious to arrive, the opinion of Sir Martin Shee is given in an open, straightforward, and uncompromising manner. Looking to what has lately happened in this country upon that point, it is rather curious to see the various attempts of the committee to dislodge him from his position, but all in vain. To the often repeated question on this subject he only replies with redoubled decision. The committee, in their report to the House on the evidence given, entirely overlook this part of it; for what reason they know best.

The difference in the evidence of the President and that of Mr. Eastlake, on the subject of competition, is curious. In page 20, Sir Martin says, in answer to the question, "We know, by experience, that when any particular project is set on foot in the arts, either of painting or sculpture, all sorts of intrigues are resorted to, and all kinds of engines set in motion, to place the job in the hands of particular individuals; there is no instrument of influence that is not employed for that purpose; and therefore whoever may be appointed for so important a duty, ought to be provided, as far as possible, with the means of counteracting that influence by the opinions of those who are most competent to render him assistance." Mr. Eastlake says (page 48), in answer to the same question, "I have not considered the question of competition generally. I think there are objections to it; but it seems to me that it might be desirable. I have heard of objections, and I have never considered the question much. I know that there is a prejudice generally against competition; but I confess, provided you have competent judges, it appears to me to be the fairest mode of deciding." It appears to me that in this great national edifice, to be erected for the two houses of Parliament, everything connected with it in the way of decoration ought to be strictly national, to descend with the building to future ages, shewing the state of the arts of the country in every department at the time of its erection; and this ought to be strictly adhered to, let the talent of the country be what it may. If this be granted, the first things to be considered are the particular qualities for which the British school is celebrated, in contradistinction to the other schools of Europe. Colour and chiaro-scuro may be said to form distinguishing features of it; whilst in portrait painting, familiar life, and landscape, the departments in which they have been encouraged, they excel all the schools of Europe. In the highest style of art, other states have given employment to their native artists, the English government never. As that style of art can only be advanced by government patronage, it is hard indeed that the artists should be obliged to bear the taunts of ignorant amateurs, which ought to be directed against a government which has never allowed its artists to shew their talent in this higher department, but has treated any attempts made with the most cold and chilling indifference. The national feeling ought also to be attended to. The British public have no real feeling for the higher departments of art; and the amateur, in his love for colour, touch, and finish, will give thousands for a landscape with a few pollards, or a subject of sheep and cows,

whilst pictures by the first Italian masters will often not bring as many hundreds. This statement applies to all ranks of amateurs, even to sovereignty itself, for the great collection of pictures formed by George IV. was almost entirely Flemish and Dutch. If this be as stated, it becomes evident that pictures painted in oil would be more consonant both with the feelings and peculiar talent of the British artist, and with the taste of the British public.

I do not mean to say that fresco ought to be entirely kept out of the building. There are many situations on pilasters and curved parts of the ceiling where it may be used with advantage, combining with the architecture. It might also be made use of in many situations where the light is deficient for oil pictures.

In an inquiry of this sort, it is of great consequence, in the first place, to know what number of pictures may be demanded for the different spaces of the building. The architect has been called upon to give the number of square feet of wall that may be covered; but this gives no real assistance to the inquiry. Half or more of this number of feet may be unfit for pictures, from want of light, from being cut up with windows, and other causes. The better plan would be to have elevations of all the walls to a scale, marking the windows, pilasters, &c., upon the spaces, and shewing how the rooms are lighted: the spaces could then be laid out for pictures of various dimensions.

During the inquiry, in regard to the vehicle to be employed in painting the Houses of Parliament, the German school is noticed as the only one in modern times which has made use of fresco in the decoration of apartments. This is all well enough, however crude and forbidding their efforts may be; but the committee seems to hold them up as a school for the imitation of English artists, and Mr. Eastlake has written an account of their feelings and ideas upon art, which is inserted in the appendix of the report. This bringing forward the practice of any school for imitation at the commencement of a great national work, which ought to depend entirely upon its own resources for character and originality, cannot be too much reprobated.

The German school has always been local in its ideas, and unconnected in feeling with any of the schools of Europe. It has always been held the lowest amongst the great schools, and must always remain so as long as a servile imitation is the basis of it.

In this country we have an admiration for the great schools generally, however different in their aims, whether Roman, Florentine, Venetian, Spanish, Flemish, or

Dutch; but with the German school no country seems to have any sympathy. It is local, and adapted to the feelings of Germans, and Germans only. In writing on the German school, Mr. Eastlake seems to think that their artists look upon painting as adapted only to the representation of religious subjects; and to keep it pure, as they term it, they imitate (for the whole school is imitation) the works that were produced before classical learning and the antique statues were introduced to the attention of Europe; and so decided are they on this point, that one of their first artists, in the madness of bigotry, declares that the antique statues are only to be looked upon as idols, and that any art produced by pagans is to be held in abhorrence. In another place Mr. Eastlake says, "The indications of a classic taste were sufficient to condemn the finest works, and hence the later productions of Raffaele were not considered fit models for study!!!" This is too bad; but suppose the Germans are right, what has all this to do with the painting of the Houses of Parliament, which will require no picture on religious subjects, but subjects relating to the great events in English history?

We do not mean to say that Mr. Eastlake is entirely a convert to this German doctrine, but he certainly has a leaning that way. He appears to us in the light of a man throwing poisoned cakes on a table of wholesome food, and upon his being questioned on the effect produced by the cakes upon the guests, says, "I never intended they should eat them." Then why throw them down on the table? We had thought, in our ignorance, that the English school could date its existence but a few years back, but to our amazement we are told by Mr. Eastlake that it flourished 600 years ago, not inferior in native talent to the schools of Sienna and Florence. Mr. Eastlake very properly, in an announcement so novel, tells us that the names of the great artists of the time are preserved.

That Henry III. was most profuse in his expenditure in edifices and the necessary decorations wanted therein, there can be no doubt; and that he was very fond of foreigners, like many of our modern amateurs, is also not to be doubted; but that he fostered the native talent of the country, and produced a school of English art, has been nowhere found out by English antiquaries till Mr. Eastlake enlightened us on the subject. Amongst the documents still existing of the time is mentioned Edwardus Odo Aurifaber; and Odo Filius was master of the works at Westminster. Various precepts are directed to Willielmo Pictori, called in one Pictori Florentino, evidently the principal painter. One precept is directed to Waltero Pictori

Nostro. Of him nothing more is known. The shrine of Edward the Confessor was executed by Petrus Cavalini Civis Romanus, a sculptor. This is, I believe, the whole list of artists known at that time; it now remains for Mr. Eastlake to add his list of English artists whose names are preserved. But allowing Mr. Eastlake his assumption of an English school existing equal to any in Italy during the reign of Henry III., what does he propose?—It is, if it means anything, that the present English school should dismiss, like the Germans, the knowledge they have acquired during a lapse of centuries, discard their classical learning and feelings, forget ever having seen the Cartoons of Raffaele, and begin to imitate “the very important relics which still exist on the walls of the edifices at Westminster,” to use his own words.

Englishmen may not have the blind enthusiasm of the Germans, but they have the good sense which has always characterized their school; and Mr. Eastlake may depend upon it that they never will fall back on a school they never heard of; but dating the commencement of the English school of painting from the real founder, Sir Joshua Reynolds, (glory to the name!) they will advance in art generally independent of any school whatever, and, if treated fairly, will execute any works they may be intrusted with to their own honour and that of their country. But if treated otherwise, the noblemen and gentlemen intrusted with the present commission, may depend upon it that whatever is commenced with disgust can only end in disappointment.—*Morning Chronicle.*

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

A NEW series of fifteen of these interesting optical illusions has been added to the other attractions at the Adelaide Gallery. The subjects are principally landscapes and views, which are executed with much neatness of touch, brilliancy, and transparency of colour. Among them are views of the Tower of London under three different aspects; the first a daylight view, the second with a moonlight effect, which changes to a representation of the edifice as it appeared during the awful conflagration. There are also exhibited some subjects of a more difficult style of execution—viz., figures and groups. The first of these, a portrait of Mr. Faraday, on a gigantic scale, is well executed; the blending of the tints (a difficult matter in painting on glass) is very happily effected. The exhibition is closed with an allegorical piece, representing Britannia, supported by Scotia and Hibernia, and attended by the arts and sciences. This

is by far the most effective painting of the whole, and possesses merits of no mean order as a work of art. The design is well conceived, the figures ably drawn and grouped, and it presents a degree of harmony and colour not often witnessed in representations of this nature. Each subject is accompanied by some appropriate air, played by a band of music placed behind the screen, and occasionally a song is introduced with very happy effect. During the representation of the view of Ponla Phonea, for instance, Moore's beautiful song of the “Meeting of the waters” is sung with much grace and feeling by a female vocalist. In every respect these dissolving views form a most pleasing and instructive exhibition.

In an early number we shall return to this interesting subject, and devote more space to its consideration; and the letter-press will be accompanied by an engraving of the most picturesque of the views.

THE VETERAN AND THE ARTIST.

SHORTLY after the accession of Charles the Tenth to the throne of France, the strictest orders were issued, by authority of his majesty, to suppress every visible sign of the Napoleon government.

It so happened that a veteran of the *vielle garde*, who had served in every campaign under the *petit caporal*, (as the Emperor was familiarly termed by his soldiers,) opened a small *estaminet* with the arrears and savings of his pay, and some trifling addition of patrimony. Here his old companions in arms were wont to congregate after their noon-day repast, to con over the papers, discuss the politics of the day, play at piquet or dominos, drink their *petit verre* of Cognac, or a bottle of frothy beer.

The ex-grenadier was sorely puzzled for an appropriate sign indicative of his new calling; but remembering a celebrated oil painter, who had befriended him on more than one occasion, he applied to the benevolent artist, who kindly undertook to furnish him with a suitable *enseigne*.

In a few days was exhibited a well-executed representation of a tomb, with characteristic scenery, descriptive of the spot covering the remains of the old soldier's idol in the island of St. Helena: two veterans, in the uniform of Napoleon's old guards, were placed in the foreground, in a mournful attitude, leaning on their reversed firelocks, and gazing in silent sorrow on the hallowed spot. Over this really good picture were these words, “*Au Tombeau du Brave.*”

Our hero had been permitted to remain in uninterrupted possession of his tenement for some months, and the alluring emblem of his former vocation allowed to dangle in

triumph over his door, when, on an evil day, an *agent de police* presented himself, to the astonishment and dismay of the veteran, and hinted, in no measured terms, at the expediency of changing the character of the sign, and substituting another, less offensive to the existing government.

With no little regret and reluctance did the *vielle moustache* remove the prohibited painting. He flew to the artist, to whom he bitterly lamented the necessity of suppressing this emblem of his skill, which had so materially contributed to attract customers to his *café*.

The kind-hearted painter, with a significant "*Eh bien, nous verrons*," begged of the disconsolate *militaire* not to despair of a remedy, and desired him to call on the following morning, by which time he thought an expedient might be hit upon, that would perhaps enable the *cabaretier* to reproduce his favourite sign, without any material alteration. The next day the still doubting soldier, true to his appointment, was at the door of the artist's *atelier*, and on entering it, observed, to his astonishment, the *tombeau du brave* in the same objectionable state as (he conceived) he had left it on the preceding day.

The painter, perceiving strong indications of disappointment in the countenance of his old friend, desired him to look at the superscription. The former one had been expunged, and in its stead appeared the following:—"*A la bière de Mars*."

To those conversant with the French language, the point of this *jeu de mot* will be obvious. The delighted veteran embraced his friend, the artist, *à la mode Française*, and returned exultingly to his *café*, where the sign, with the amended superscription, was immediately displayed, and may be seen to this day, in a small street leading from the Boulevard du Temple; and should the reader, when next he visits the French capital, wish a confirmation of the above anecdote, he has only to call at the *Bière de Mars* for a glass of *liqueur*, when the aged proprietor will repeat, with feelings of gratitude to his benefactor, the fact I have here recorded.—*The Sportsman in France*.

The Gatherer.

The Niger Expedition.—Intelligence has been received that the Niger expedition has become dispirited, and that the whole of the steamers would rendezvous at Ascension, on the 1st of January. The Wilberforce, which was intended to remain in the Niger until the next season, had already arrived at Ascension. The expedition was reported to have left colonies up the Niger, but

what will be their fate without any establishment to communicate with outside, it is, perhaps, not difficult to foretell.—*The Shipping Gazette*.

Lawsuit with a Dog.—My uncle had a Newfoundland dog, which was celebrated for catching salmon. He knew the Monday mornings as well as the fishermen themselves, and used to go to the cauld or mill-dam, at Fireburn mill, on those mornings. He there took his station at the cauld slap, or opening in the dam, to allow the salmon to pass, and has been known to kill from 12 to 20 salmon in the morning. The fish he took to the side. The then Lord Tankerville instituted a process against the dog. I had a copy of the proceedings, but I regret to say it was lost when the old library was altered. This case was brought before the Court of Session, and the process was entitled "*The Earl of Tankerville, v. a Dog, the property of the Earl of Home*." Judgment was given in favour of the dog.—*Yarrell's History of British Fishes*.

The use of the Solar System.—One saying in company how glorious and useful a body the sun was, another says, "The sun, to be sure, is a very fine body, but in mine opinion the moon is much more useful; for the moon affords us light in the night-time, when we really want it; whereas we have the sun with us only in the day-time, when we have no occasion for it."—*The Archaeologist*.

Emigration from Great Britain.—According to the abstract of the late population returns preparing to be laid before parliament, which was read before the meeting of the Statistical Society on Monday evening, it appears that while the population of England and Wales in 1821 was 11,978,875, there had emigrated in the next ten years 124,888. In 1831 the population was 13,897,187, and the emigration from that period to the present year was 394,105. The population of Scotland in 1821 was 2,093,456, and in the first decennial period there were 20,969 emigrants; and in 1831 it was 2,365,114, and the emigrants in the same period 66,173. These details were taken from the Custom-house reports, which, however, only include those who have left in emigrant ships, while a large portion of passengers embark for the colonies and foreign lands in trading vessels, of whom no account is preserved.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, says Jeremy Taylor, if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENNOR.)

No. 4.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.



Original Communications.

POPE'S HOUSE AT BINFIELD.

THE above is an engraving of the house of Pope's father, where the poet passed his youth and early manhood, and where he wrote those works* which at once laid the foundation, and established his fame as one of the greatest poets in the English language. It is situated at Binfield, adjoining Windsor Forest, through whose delightful glades the young poet often wandered,

culling those bright images which he has embalmed in immortal verse. Tradition still points out a beech-tree as one of his favourite haunts, (a representation of which the reader will find at page 57,) on which the celebrated Lord Litchton carved these words—

“HERE POPE SUNG.”

From this spot a wide and extensive view is obtained of a rich and beautifully variegated country, skirted in the distance by the hills near Clifton on the Thames.

To ascertain the precise merit of Pope as a poet much discussion has arisen, but the most qualified of his critics have uniformly subscribed to the truth of that famous parallel between him and Dryden, by Dr. Johnson.

* These were, his *Pastorals*, which he wrote at the age of sixteen; *Essay on Criticism*; *The Messiah*; *The Rape of the Lock*; *The Temple of Fame*; *Elision to Abolard*; *Windsor Forest*; and his translation of *Homer's Iliad*, of which Johnson says—“It is the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen.” The remainder of his works were composed at Twickenham, at which place the subscription to the *Iliad* enabled him to purchase a house in the year 1715, and thither he removed with his father and mother, and there passed the rest of his life.

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

A WANDERER'S LEGEND.

He stood in her ancestral hall
 A moment, and no more ;
 She heard his latest footstep fall
 Upon the marble floor ;
 Her hand was lock'd in his thrilling grasp,
 Yet his lips were white and wan,
 For he breathed on the form he might not clasp
 His parting benison.
 The clanking ring of the warrior's heel
 Long linger'd on her ear,
 As she turn'd to her home, yet but to feel
 'Twas desolate and drear ;
 Yet the song, and the dance, and the taper's light,
 Were there as they had been ;
 And the laugh of many whose eyes were bright
 Rang cheerily within ;
 There healths were pledged in the deep red wine,
 As they were heretofore ;
 And the cups held by those of that lady's line
 With merriment brimm'd o'er ;
 Yet they little thought in their mirthful mood,
 When the careless jest went round,
 That the throng to her was solitude,
 Whose heart was " haunted ground ;"
 For she heard in the dance and the festive hall,
 Though many a year sped on,
 An unforgotten footstep's fall,
 And a parting benison.
 And he—far away, in the rolls of fame,
 His deeds were register'd,
 And the lady look'd long on his blazon'd name,
 Though 'twas but an empty word.
 Yet a word, like electricity,
 The inmost heart may shake,
 And though reason is throned right royally,
 Her citadel may quake.
 'Twas not that wandering far and long
 That lonely one had died,
 But that tidings came at the evensong,
Another was his bride !
 Oh, blame her not ! in the chapel fair,
 Where she was wont to kneel,
 It seem'd as though in the chanted prayer
 Came the ring of a warrior's heel.
 "*Ave Maria* !" still she heard,
 When the Litanies were done,
 Through the Latin hymns one English word,
 And a parting benison.
 'Tis in a proud cathedral aisle
 That *he* at length is laid,
 With hands upraised the weary while,
 As though he ever pray'd.
 Breastplate, and greave, and boot of steel,
 Are sculptured fair and meet ;
 The gilded spur is on his heel,
 A lion at his feet.
 In wimple, hood, and massive chain
 Of stone, carved cunningly,
 And ruffled arm that long hath lain
 On open breviary ;
 A lady lies in crimson pall,
 The one who was his bride,
 And sons and daughters fair and tall,
 Kneel dutiful by their side.
 And old achievements, many a one,
 Are wrought and blazon'd there,
 Where looks the dim discerned sun
 Through windows rich and rare ;
 Three times each day glad worshippers
 That stately tomb pass by,
 Three times each day white choristers
 Chant the full Liturgy.
 She died that might not love again ;
 In loneliness I ween,
 Within an old deserted fane
 Her effigy is seen.
 Her crestless lozenge scutcheon old
 Is carved in high relief,
 Where yet is traced, 'mid gathered mould,
 The triple arrow-sheaf.

She died—but *how* ?—and one by one,
 Her race have pass'd away ;
 And superstitious peasants shun
 That chapel's dark decay.
 And much they marvel there should be,
 That lady all alone,
 Sleeping in cold tranquillity
 Upon her bed of stone.
 Strange tales are whisper'd year by year,
 Around the winter's fire,
 Of many a sight and sound of fear,
 In that old chapel choir ;
 And like a snowball rolling o'er,
 That gathers as it goes,
 Each gossip adds a little more ;
 And thus tradition grows.

'Tis said, that white and chisell'd tomb,
 With shrouded effigy,
 Dim seen amid the hovering gloom
 Of old solemnity,
 But mocks the empty grave, for there,
 In place of coffin'd bones,
 Of every fleshly relic bare,
 Is but a chest of stones !
 They buried it on Saint Agnes' night,
 Three hundred years ago,
 And mourners walk'd in sable dight,
 When the ground was white with snow,
 The moated house had a vaulted room
 Up a darksome turret stair,
 And there in the moonless midnight gloom
 A maniac tore her hair.
 She sprang to a loop-hole deep and high,
 Despite the chain and gyve,
 And she saw her funeral train pass by
 While yet she was alive !
 They fled down the leafless avenue ;
 The torches strangely flared ;
 And the stony lions two and two,
 As in defiance stared.
 She heard the muffled chapel chime
 Come slowly up the dell,
 And she felt that she had done with time ;
 For 'twas her funeral knell.
 The turret stair and the vaulted room
 Were known but to one alone,
 Who stood by that semblance of a tomb,
 With a heart, like it, of stone.
 And weak by week, at the dead of night,
 With a slow and stealthy tread,
 That stern old man, in sable dight,
 Set down her dole of bread,
 And a cruse of water by its side,
 Upon her prison floor—
 Oh, how she wished that she had died !—
 At last he came no more !
 She gnaw'd her flesh for agony,
 As she hearken'd day by day,
 Until from that vault of misery
 Her spirit pass'd away.
 And yearly on Saint Agnes' night,
 When knee deep drives the snow,
 Within the choir a ghastly light
 Is wavering to and fro.
 The chapel bells, unhung and crazed,
 No mortal hand may sound,
 Yet starting ears have heard amazed,
 A spectral knell ring round.
 And then a shadowy train must tread
 From out the moulder'd door
 Of the moated house, untenanted.
 A hundred years and more :
 All through the leafless avenue—
 All through the ancient park—
 O'er the snowdrifts of dazzling hue,
 Pass on the mourners dark.
 The iron gate of the chapel ground,
 Though chain'd, is open flang ;
 The while, with a terror-shaking sound,
 The knell is backward rung.
 They stand by the lady in her rest,
 Where the stern old man is bow'd,
 And a sigh, as though of a troubled breast,
 Upheaves her marble shroud ;

Yet the mourner scarce his form has bent,
 Ere the fearful bells are clash'd,
 And by the ruin'd monument,
 The torches down are dash'd.
 And o'er the spot where they seem'd to be,
 Where unhallow'd deeds were done,
 The cold night wind wails dimly,
 While the minster clock tolls one.

RHINELM.

THE GHOST.

(From the German of Georges Schirges.)

It was ten o'clock, and I was just opening my chamber door to go to bed, when Victor ran up stairs, shook hands, and promised to spend the night with me.

I led down the late but welcome guest into the parlour, ordered wine, and we drew our chairs towards the fire, the embers of which soon rekindled into a cheerful blaze.

My friend was unusually talkative; ten times he lighted his pipe, and as often let it go out again, as he grew more animated.

"What do you think of that?" asked my companion, who had been relating some anecdotes of second sight.

"Nothing," answered I, laconically.

"Listen, then," continued he, assuming a more serious air—"You know the house in which the poor poet was permitted to occupy a room; you know also my little chamber, and the adjoining school-room for the use of my pupils. I am the only person that sleeps up stairs, and besides three women, who lodge below, and are as shy as field-mice, (for till now I have only seen one gray-headed maiden of the female triumvirate,) not a soul dwells in the house.

"On the evening after my arrival, the father of my pupils introduced me into this Gothic residence; he shewed me an awkward looking little room, containing an old tester bed of the time of Louis XIV., and with a furtive smile wished me a good night's rest. 'Do not be alarmed, my friend,' added he, glancing round the room, 'if you should hear a noise about midnight; the rats and mice are rather frolicsome at that hour; but you are a strong man and sleep soundly; and I presume you are not likely to give credit to any idle tales about ghosts and goblins that may have reached your ears.' He then left me; and I heard the first, second, and third doors shut with a creaking noise; then the heavy gate of the court-yard rattled, and all was still as before. I took a light, surveyed the walls, put a table before the entrance to the school-room, undressed myself, extinguished the candle, and being tired with my journey, soon fell asleep. I knew not whether it was the sighing of the wind, the communication I had received, or the fatigue I had undergone; but I soon awoke again, and was unsuccessful in courting a renewal of the favours of the drowsy god.

"Presently I heard the door of the school-room open, and light but distinct footsteps approached. I started up; every object was involved in the deepest darkness; the bunch of keys in my travelling trunk jingled; my letters and papers on the table were evidently in motion, and a voice very near me uttered three deep groans.

"Before I could consider what it would be prudent to do under such circumstances, the noise ceased, and the next moment was heard again on the floor overhead. The following night, I provided myself with fire-arms, placed a phosphorus box on the table, and awaited in bed—half asleep, half awake—the approach of midnight.

"I had not lain long, before the noises of the preceding night were renewed; I sprang out of bed, the cock of my pistol snapped, but without effect; the flint had been removed, and the powder did not ignite. 'The devil!' cried I, 'what unbidden guest comes thus into my room, to disturb my rest? I would have you know that there are neither treasures nor curiosities here. If you are in search of unprinted manuscripts, wait till I have got a light, and then you may read them all at your leisure.'

"Whilst I was speaking, I made several unsuccessful attempts to procure a light, but the brimstone went out; and just as I succeeded, a groan was audible, the door closed gently, and there stood I, *sans culotte*, gazing at it, like a child at a broken toy.

"This has occurred every night since, and I have ceased to concern myself about finding the cause of what appears inexplicable: I sleep soundly, and leave the ghosts to amuse themselves as they please. And now, pray, what do you think of all this? I know you hold all mysticists and Platonists of the new school in contempt; but do you deny the existence of supernatural things? Will you affirm that in the spiritual world nothing but God can become the subject of our senses?"

"There may, indeed, exist supernatural beings, Victor," I observed, "but the idea of what is supernatural becoming natural involves a contradiction, and what is contradictory is nonsensical. In a catholic and a poet, this credulity does not surprise me; but depend upon it, the flights of a too ardent imagination, not the pranks of supernatural beings, have furnished you with the materials of your ghost-story."

"Do you take me then for a fool, who has been talked out of his wits by the priests? Look you, I neither go to mass nor to confession; I have thrown away my rosary; and as to their absolution, I laugh at it. Only give me proofs instead of words—prove to me that there exists nothing besides God and nature."

"Let us quit the subject," said I, "tomorrow I will call upon you, and shew you how to lay spirits."

"Be it so," said he; and having finished our bottle, we shook hands, and parted for the night.

The next evening I visited the chamber of my friend; I found him sitting at a table, with his arms crossed, and his back leaning against the wall.

"Say what you will," remarked he, as the conversation turned again on the subject of spirits; "talk as much as you like of the force of imagination, you will alter your opinion before the night is past."

It was eleven o'clock; I went down stairs, and stepped gently up again in order not to excite the suspicion of the fellow-lodgers. "Now follow my advice," said I to Victor, "take your dagger, seat yourself on the other side of the door, as I do on this, put out the light, speak little, and softly, and wait till the door opens." He did as I said. We had scarcely sat an hour, when we heard footsteps approaching; the stairs creaked, and presently afterwards a key was put into the door at which we were stationed; it was unlocked and gently opened. I rose from my seat, and retreated a pace; and, holding my breath, listened intently, though the utter darkness of the room prevented me from distinguishing a single object. Scarcely had the door closed, when I began to feel about for the intruder with my right hand, while I kept my left hand raised, and in readiness to deal a heavy blow, should occasion require it.

"Now, Victor!" cried I; and my friend did not suffer himself to be called twice, but sprang forward instantly to the attack. A loud laugh escaped us both as we seized the ghost, which, powerless and almost fainting, did not make an effort to escape.

"Light your candle," cried I, "and leave me the hobgoblin, who shall die in my arms if he manifests any desire to move or make a noise." Victor ran into the next room, and brought a light.

"Oh! pray, gentlemen, have compassion on a poor girl!" muttered the spectre, which, as I had already begun to suspect, was a maiden in disguise. Victor entered with a candle in his hand. "A girl!" exclaimed he, holding the light in the face of the trembling ghost, who in soft accents implored our pity, as we stood gazing at each other in astonishment. The maiden was clad in white, her long light hair fell in disorder on her shoulders, and she kept her face buried in her hands. I had suffered the little creature to sink down on the sofa, and was indeed not a little amazed. I had expected to witness the shedding of blood, instead of which, my own mounted into my cheeks, as the little rest-destroyer

regarded us with her tearful blue eyes, and besought our pity.

"My stepmother," said the fair girl, "wishes to purchase this house, and has forced me for more than a year to wander about here every night, in order to make people think it is haunted, so that she may have it a bargain."

Victor recovered himself sooner than I did. "Very well," said he, "give us each a kiss, and we will let you go. As for me, you may continue your visits unmolested, if you promise to pay the tribute punctually every time." So saying, he embraced the frightened girl, and kissed her on the cheek.

"Receive my wages at the same time, Victor!" cried I, and taking up my hat and stick, I bent my way homeward.

B. R.

THE SCULPTOR PRADIER, AND THE "JOAN OF ARC."

THE merit both of original design and execution of the exquisite little statue—the "Jeanne d'Arc," is generally attributed to the young Princess Marie, of Orleans, Duchess of Wirtemberg, a daughter of Louis Philippe, an accomplished princess, who, to her other qualities, added a refined and practical taste for the fine arts, (more especially of sculpture,) unusual, not to say unprecedented, in her exalted rank; and some of whose undoubted productions had already afforded the promise of future excellence; but as regards the work of art at present the subject of our notice, we are compelled, in the interest of truth, and however ungracious may appear the task, to negative the claim generally, as we have before stated, made on her behalf, to the original design and conception of the Joan of Arc, which, as we shall now proceed to shew, are, of right, due to the celebrated sculptor Pradier, to whom the execution of the intended statue of Marshal Soult has just been confided. The circumstances attending the origin of the "Jeanne d'Arc" are somewhat curious, and to explain them it may be necessary to give a slight preparatory sketch of the life and previous works of the last-named sculptor.

J. (James) Pradier is a native of Geneva; and, like his great countryman, J. J. Rousseau, on whose statue his talent has been so successfully employed, his boyish amusements, even from early childhood, gave unequivocal token of the master-mind which in after life was to ensure for its possessor a foremost rank amongst the brightest spirits of his age. Apprenticed originally to an engraver, young Pradier's natural predilection for modelling soon convinced his parents and his master—a man of observation and of liberal mind—that

there was something more than an engraver in the person of his young pupil. By his advice, therefore, Pradier was placed at the modelling-school, where his progress was so rapid, and his early essays evinced so much of gracefulness and originality of conception, that he was sent to Paris, and placed under the care of M. Le Mot.

Pradier would seem to have been peculiarly happy in the selection made of his masters. Aware of his young pupil's pecuniary deficiencies, Le Mot, then employed on the façade of the Louvre, solicited for young Pradier a pension from the minister of the interior. It was instantly granted; and this grant is one of the last that was signed by Napoleon before the catastrophe of 1814. Proud of this distinction, Pradier quickly surpassed all his fellow-students, his superiors in age. In 1815, his "*Philoctetes* restrained from piercing *Ulysses*," now in the Rath Museum at Geneva, obtained the first prize; and he started for Italy.

The first work of Pradier, which, after the Restoration, attracted the attention of the court, was the bust of Louis the Eighteenth, now in the Museum of the Louvre, it having escaped the devastation of the three days of July.*

"There is no sculptor of modern, and we imagine we may also add, of ancient times, who has executed so many public works of art as Pradier; for there are two statues by him in the Chamber of Deputies, three in the Luxembourg, four at Versailles, seven in the Madeleine, four at the Triumphal Arch of l'Etoile, two on the Place Louis the Fifteenth, several in the royal apartments, and two in the gardens of the Tuileries—namely, the "*Phidias*," and the "*Prometheus*." In the latter of these celebrated productions, finished in 1827, Prometheus is represented—contrary to the usually received and traditionally followed conception of the subject by all preceding artists, who have invariably made Prometheus bound to the rock—as having himself, and by his own efforts, broken his chains and recovered his liberty; for the aid afforded by Hercules is no otherwise indicated than by the arrow that has pierced the vulture;

* The 29th of July, 1830, during the sack of the Louvre, the people were breaking to pieces, with their sabres, and the butt-ends of their muskets, every statue or bust of the Bourbon family that fell in their way. An exasperated group had stopped facing Pradier's bust of Louis XVIII., and its fate had been determined, when M. De Cailleux, Director of the Museums, respecting this bust more than any of the others, hit upon an expedient to endeavour to save it. "How, my friends!" he exclaimed, "is it thus you treat Louis XVIII., the author of the Charter? Why, surely, you don't consider what you are about to do!" "True," cried some of the leaders, "*vive l'auteur de la Charte!*" and the bust was preserved uninjured.—*Vide Constitutionnel*, August 5th, 1830.

an innovation on the established legend, which at the time failed not to excite the animadversions or conjectures of a host of critics, otherwise unanimous in their admiration of the general excellence of the production. The key to the enigma is, that Pradier, in 1827, had a true presentiment of the political events which in 1830 burst forth unexpectedly—as regards the many, at least—on mankind; and with a sculptor's feeling he resolved to embody this presentiment in his work.

Facing the "*Prometheus*" stands the "*Phidias*," the commission for which was given him by Louis Philippe in 1835; and it is to this commission that is attached the episcodical adventure, characteristic of courtly commissions, which leads us back to the subject at the head of our present article—namely, the origin of the "*Jeanne d'Arc*," of (by courtesy) the Princess Marie d'Orleans.

The original commission to Pradier, for a statue to occupy the spot facing the "*Prometheus*," came accompanied by an intimation of the Royal wish that the subject chosen should be selected from the heroic personages of early French history. Pradier accordingly made choice of Jeanne d'Arc, otherwise the "*Pucelle*, or *Maid of Orleans*," and by way of model, executed a small statue of that heroine. She was represented in a long flowing robe, with her hands crossed upon her breast, and embracing a crucifix with the ardour of perfect devotion; the sword and gauntlets placed on a "*prie-dieu*," or kneeling-stool, by her side, were introduced; but merely as accessories to the figure; the dominant expression throughout was that of gratitude to the Supreme Being for the superhuman strength and courage she had displayed. This little production was forwarded to the Tuileries, but never afterwards found its way back to the artist.

Seeing that time ran on, Pradier made inquiry as to what decision had been come to respecting the "*Jeanne d'Arc*." After some delay, he was informed that the king had altered his mind, and now wished that the new pedestal in the gardens should be occupied by some personage of antiquity. Pradier proposed "*Phidias*;" and the suggestion was instantly accepted. He thought no more of his "*Jeanne d'Arc*," when, some time afterwards, intelligence spread abroad that the young Princess Marie was completing a statue of that heroine. Pradier easily divined the cause of the alteration in the royal mind; but not a syllable ever escaped his lips on the subject, despite the variety of silly rumours, and on *dits*, and conjectures, with which the papers teemed from time to time.

One day Pradier was at Versailles,

shortly before the opening to the public of the "Historical Museum," he joined a numerous group collected before the "Jeanne d'Aro," and discussing its merits. Pradier has not as yet seen it. He was struck by the alterations which had been made; the dress had been shortened; the hands, instead of pressing the cross, held the sword; the heroine seemed to be offering up her thanks to the secondary instrument, instead of elevating her thoughts towards the great First Cause of her daring and success. Pradier was otherwise delighted with the details of its execution. He listened patiently to the animadversions of the critics. "Why, the woman," said one, "seems to be thinking of nothing at all!" "The plaits of her robe," chimed in another, "are as stiff and formal as though it were made of willow-rod," &c. "And so you imagine, gentlemen," exclaimed a third, "that the work before you is by the Princess Marie. Bah! she may, perhaps, have conceived the original idea; but as regards the execution, I could name the very artists who have performed the work, and to whom the whole merit of the production is of right due." "You could not name a single one," said Pradier, quietly; "and now allow me to give my opinion of this 'Jeanne d'Aro.' There is not, gentlemen, in all Paris, an artist who might not well be proud, and very proud, too, of having produced this work of art. If you understood anything of sculpture, you would perceive that this head is beautifully placed, and is bent with all the ease and grace imaginable; that the forms of the drapery, far from being stiff and formal, have a softness and truth that might deceive, at the same time that they charm, the eye; that all the accessory details are in perfect keeping, and are exquisitely finished; and as to the reproach you are pleased to throw out against the Princess Marie, of having called in the aid of more experienced advisers, you have probably yet to learn, gentlemen, that all artists are in the habit of profiting by the enlightened suggestions of their friends; and that they never put the last finishing touch to a work without having previously shewn it to true connoisseurs. Why, therefore, should you find fault with the Princess for having profited by a few judicious hints? I repeat it—far from harshly criticising this statue, Paris ought to be proud of possessing one great artist more." As he concluded these words, Pradier felt a hand pressing on his shoulder; he turned round, and was much surprised to find himself face to face with M. de Cailleux, who, addressing several persons of the court, who had gathered round Pradier during the discussion, said aloud, "Sir, I beg to introduce to you M.

Pradier, whose very disinterested opinion you have just heard pronounced. It is only to be regretted that the Princess herself should not have been present."

The foregoing anecdote, which we give on the authority of a fellow-countryman, an ardent admirer and living biographer of Pradier—M. J. Gaberel, of Geneva, may serve to shew that, in addition to his merit as a sculptor, the original designer of the "Joan of Aro" is by no means deficient in the minor qualities of an accomplished courtier, to say nothing of his gallantry.

In conclusion, we may remark that a new light has of late been thrown on the genealogical descent of the famed Joan of Aro, or "Pucelle d'Orleans,"—with whose character our great Shakspeare, in compliance, no doubt, with the ignorance and prejudices of his day, has taken such strange liberties,—an Italian writer, Signor G. Marzamo, having some time since announced in the "Gazetta" of Venice, an important discovery he had made in searching the private archives of the town of Bologna. He therein professes to be able to prove that La Pucelle belonged to a noble family, being lineally descended from the family of the Marquis Ghislieri, and that she was the daughter of Ferrante Ghislieri, who was obliged to fly from Bologna in the year 1401, when Giovanni Bentevogli usurped the sovereign power in the Republic. G. M.

THE ANGEL AND CHILD.

(From the French of the *Boulangier de Nîmes*.)

BY A. D.

AN angel with a radiant face,
Bending o'er a cradle's side,
Seem'd there his heavenly form to trace,
As in a streamlet's lucid tide.

Fair child, that mayest with me compare;
Beauteous being, come with me;
Happiness with me thou'lt share;
Come! this world's unworthy thee.

No perfect bliss is here on earth;
The heart its pleasures pays with pain;
Sadness mocks the shout of mirth,
Anguish, joy resists in vain.

No, no! the azure space thou'lt wing,
Ethereal fields of heaven, with me;
Thy life ends in its budding spring,
The winter's storm is spared to thee.

And in thy dwelling, none for thee
Should deck themselves in sad array;
But welcome should thy death-hour be,
As was to them thy natal day.

Sorrow there should cloud no brow,
Nought the hollow tomb reveal;
With those that are as pure as thou,
The last day brightest is of all.

His snowy pinions then he shook,
Nor said he more, but upwards fled;
For realms of bliss the world forsook;
Poor mother, lo! thy son is dead!

A FAMILIAR DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND ITS CONTENTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELLS,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.,
(Continued from p. 54.)

CASE XXXIII.—This contains various objects from the South Sea Islands, presented by our young Queen, A.D. 1841: they consist of specimens of cloth, some of them being the girdles which are used to encircle the waists of the ladies, who in those islands think themselves dressed for the day with no other clothing but one of these spare, or rather unsparable, garments. As a summer dress, nothing can be cooler than one of these girdles; they are of a maroon colour, or else cream-white, with a rudely delineated pattern representing crosses, stars, and other devices: some of the ladies, however, instead of a girdle of this sort, wear a shaggy white mat, such as the one before us, which is made of fibre. From New Caledonia and Navigator's Island we have here some mats, on which the natives sleep: they are made of rushes plaited to various degrees of fineness. At the top of the case we see a variety of spears from New Caledonia, the Isle of Pines, &c.

CASE XXXIV.—The objects in this case are also from the South Sea Islands, and were presented by the same illustrious lady: they comprise two clubs with heads shaped like hawks' bills, from the Isle of Pines. At the side of the case are two more clubs, and one of them is decorated round the handle with fringe of native manufacture and of a red colour. In the centre are bows and reed-arrows, from Euramengo, or Erromango, and Navigator's Islands; plumes of feathers and combs, from the same places; a leaf-shaped comb, from New Hebrides; a bamboo-comb, for the hair at the back of the head, from New Caledonia; here is a genuine specimen of a chief's hair, from Navigator's Islands, which shews the mode in which it is worn by the natives; two fly-flaps, or fans, from the same place; a hatchet, with a celt-shaped blade, made from a piece of green jade, or nephrite, with a wooden tobacco-pipe, from New Caledonia. On turning our attention to the lower division of the case, we find some angling tackle—namely, two fishing-lines and hooks, with *artificial baits*, from Navigator's Islands. Here is, too, a fishing-net, with broken shells instead of leaden pellets to sink it, and some floats made of small bundles of the bark of a tree, from New Caledonia. All these shew that the natives are, like charming Betty Brill, "very fond of fish." Here is a red earthenware jar, or vase, from Fidjee, or Feeje, Island, and a wooden god of some chief's household, from Navigator's Islands.

Looking back again, we may notice several

objects that are outside the cases. Over the Cases XI., XII., XIII., and XIV., are various calabashes, some inclosed in wicker-work; harpoons, javelins; spears, and a wooden shield, from the west coast of North America and the Islands of the South Sea. Over Cases XVIII., XIX., and XX., are bows, arrows, quivers, drums, &c. Over Case XXI. are some wooden pillows and a large Gava bowl. On the ground near Case XXII. are many idols; some of them are by no means handsome or over-pious looking gentlemen; however, let us not forget that the savage, as we harshly call him, has good (or conscientiously thinks he has) in his worship of these dumb and breathless things, and then we shall not venture to ridicule his reverence for these ill-fashioned idols because we deem it ill-placed and absurd. Over Case XXIII. we see a canoe formed of several pieces of wood sewed together, from Queen Charlotte's Island, and various kinds of paddles, &c. Over Cases XXV. and XXVI. rest a wooden box, and a large wooden drum, with a lateral opening, made of the trunk of a tree.

In the centre of the room is one of the originals of King John's Magna Charta, enclosed in a glass case. This interesting specimen, which belonged to the Cottonian Library, was unfortunately damaged by fire at Ashburnham House, in 1781: the seal is partly melted from that cause. As the specimen is very illegible from age and damage, a fac-simile engraving of it is placed by its side.

By the window, near the door at which we entered this room, are several weapons, and a *pacana*, or tube, for blowing the small poisoned arrows which we noticed in the fifth case.

We will now leave this room, the objects in which deserved the detailed account I have given of them, because every object is valuable and interesting that serves to shew the different social customs, religious notions, warlike feelings, modes of costume, and the manufacturing ingenuity, observable in the several offshoots of the one great family of man.

THE SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH ROOMS contain dried specimens of plants, fruits, &c., which originally belonged to the botanical collections of Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Hans Sloane, and other naturalists. These rooms are kept shut, but any person particularly desirous of inspecting their contents will get admission by applying to Mr. J. E. Gray, one of the official naturalists at the Museum: we will not trouble him now, but pass on with the tide of visitors. **THE FIFTH ROOM** we shall skip by, for that is at present occupied as a natural history workshop, in which the process of stuffing the lions with straw is

performed. **THE SIXTH ROOM**, which is also closed, contains a vast and splendid collection of insects and crustaceans; additions to this collection of the innumerable tribe of insects are continually arriving, and the arrangement of them is confided to Mr. Adam White, an acute and persevering young entomologist. **THE SEVENTH ROOM**, which is also shut, is another scientific workshop: however, we shall get free admittance into

THE EIGHTH ROOM.

In **CASES I. and II.**, and in two table-cases, repose a collection of impressions from ancient seals, which impressions were made for and presented to the Museum, by Mr. John Doubleday, in 1830. **CASE III.** contains a great variety of bronze and flint celts, spear-heads, and arrow-heads. The majority of the flint arrow-heads and celts were found in Ireland. **CASE IV.** contains a collection of Hindoo bronzes, and several ancient chessmen, which were found upon the coast of one of the Western Islands of Scotland. **CASE V.** contains various South Sea articles, not yet arranged. In **CASE VI.** we find numerous ancient statues, and fragments of statues, many of which we need not particularize here. A few of them, however, demand special attention—for instance, the figure of Apollo, in division B of the case, is regarded as the most admirable specimen of Grecian art to be met with in any collection at the present time. This figure, which is in the act of bending a bow, was found in the year 1792, near Janina, in Epirus. Here, in division D, are three jackasses' heads, which were ornaments for beds and for seats; two figures of boars, one decorated for sacrifice, (not such as our cooks prescribe,) and the other bearing a mutilated figure of a lady. In division G we find two cocks and a bird called hoopoe (*Upupa*), which was sacred to Horus and Harpocrates. In division H the love-sick visitor will be greatly interested with the sight of no less than twenty little Cupids. This is, indeed, a case of cupidity. In division I, we notice representations of a doe worried by a leopard, of the head of a greyhound, of the end of a spout in the shape of a mastiff's head, and the figure of an eagle which was formerly attached to a Roman standard. An historian or a contemplative poet might feed his muse with many of the hard but excellent relics of other days and by-gone deeds, that are here collected. In **CASE VII.** the first object that meets our attention is the visor of a helmet which was found on the face of a skeleton reposing in a tomb: "He lay like a warrior taking his rest," in a helmet by way of a nightcap. His ghost walks this room at night-time, if report speaks true. In division B we have a figure of the single-horned symbolical goat

of the Persians, and representations of two frogs. In division D we find two ornaments decorated with the heads of leopards; three figures of lizards, the casts being taken from living specimens. Two of the latter figures are in silver; the third is in bronze. On the edge of one of the helmets in division F, some Greek characters are inscribed. In division I, we find a bust of an Egyptian mendicant priest, a poppy-seed vessel, and various little statuettes. In division K are some articles from a tomb in Campania, and which are supposed to have been used in the sacred mysteries of Master Bacchus and Miss Ceres. **CASE VIII.** presents us with many curious relics, as, for instance, the silver statue, in division B, representing Saturn devouring an infant, (a strong proof of his fondness for children,) a young Satyr taking a ride on a ram, and Ulysses clinging to the body of a ram to make his escape from the cave of Polyphemus; but one of the most interesting things here, is an ancient ticket of admission to a theatre, with a Greek inscription upon it. In division C we have four thuribula, or incense vessels, in shape like human heads, which now-a-days contain more nonsense than incense. Division K contains a chain of nineteen rings, and which is supposed to have been the ear-ring of some colossal statue. Division D presents us with nine figures or busts of Mistress Venus, who seems to have an eccentric antipathy to clothing. Proceeding to **CASE IX.** we find more antiquities. In division B we particularly notice a sacrificial shovel, which is elegantly ornamented with a figure of Mercury, seated upon a ram's head, and with other decorations. In division F we find a figure of an emaciated Chinese devotee; a Chinese bronze leaf-shaped cup; and a knife with an agate handle, ornamented with gold. In division G are four fragments of ornaments that belonged to a votive chariot, of ancient Etruscan workmanship. These fragments consist of very thin plates of silver, decorated with gold, and when found in 1812 between Perugia and Cortona, the whole article was nearly complete, but was speedily cut in pieces, and the greater part melted. Here is also a silver cup, exquisitely embossed and chased in the finest style by some Italian workman in the sixteenth century. Fill it with good wine of the same period, and it will be still more interesting.

On the second shelf between the windows, we notice several figures, amongst which is that of Kamala, or Lakshmi, the consort of Vishnu, holding the lotus flower in her hand. Here is also a round plate, over which, supported by four lions, is a platform, from which rises a highly decorated arch, on one side of which is Krishna playing upon a pipe, in the presence of four



female attendants and six bulls; and on the other side is seated Devi, holding two lotus flowers in the company of four attendants and two elephants, the trunks of which animals form a canopy over her head. Here are two glass cases, one of which contains a model of the middle part of Blackfriars Bridge, and the frame-work used in its construction, presented in 1770, by the bridge committee of London; and the other contains models of the ships Victory and Mercury, which were bequeathed to the Museum in 1778, by Mr. Philip Denoyer.

From this room we shall now proceed to the zoological collection, where we shall find an immense number of animals to excite our attention and curiosity, and to offer much scope for instructive discourse.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

LE LION AMOUREUX; OR, THE PHYSIOLOGY OF A GENERAL LOVER.

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

(Continued from page 39.)

"It is very strange, Mademoiselle," Sternay said, "it is truly unfortunate, that, having had only the honour of seeing you twice, I should have unwittingly displeased you three or four times."

"Me, Sir!" Lise replied, in astonishment.

"Yes, you. First of all, this morning, for being after my time; then, at the mayor's, for not taking off my glove; and here, perhaps," he added whisperingly, "for arriving too soon, and—"

"And—" Lise said, looking him in the face.

"And," Sternay added, with a winning smile, "for stealing M. Tirlot's seat."

Lise blushed, and smiled; she was pleased; for flattery has momentary gratifications even to the most sensible. The Marquis had played a trick, in a school-boy fashion, to be near her, and that afforded her pleasure. Lise thought not of the purpose of the Marquis, nor of the end he had in view, for she was too innocent to entertain an idea of seduction. Shortly after, however, the smile which graced her countenance gave way to sudden embarrassment, and she said to herself—

"He intends to amuse himself with me."

"I see very plainly," Sternay said, "that I have displeased you, in taking this seat."

"Ah! Monsieur," Lise exclaimed, tossing her head, "it matters little to me who took it."

Sternay laughed; then said, rather imperpetually,

"I don't believe it—I am sure you would prefer M. Tirlot by your side."

Lise remained silent.

"Is M. Tirlot a relation of yours?" Sternay demanded.

"No, Sir."

"Is he a friend?"

"No, Sir," she again replied, coldly.

"He is, then, one of Prosper's?"

"Yes, Sir."

"So much the better," Sternay said, "for M. Tirlot, knowing that I am Prosper's friend, will more readily forgive the fault which I have committed."

"Oh!" Lise said, "you are not Prosper's friend."

"Why not? he is a young person I like very much, and would willingly render him any service that is in my power."

"I don't doubt it," Lise replied; "but that's not what I mean."

"I am also sure," Sternay said, "that he respects me very much."

"I am sure of it; but still you know that you are not friends."

"Why?" Sternay demanded.

"Because," Lise replied, "you are M. le Marquis de Sternay, and he is Prosper Gobillon, feather-merchant."

"It is very wrong of you to say so," Sternay said.

"Why?" Lise demanded.

"Is it not as much as to say that the title which I bear makes me proud, haughty, and impertinent?"

"Ah! Sir."

"Is it not saying," Sternay added, "that I do not render justice to the honour and worth of these individuals who have not a similar title? It is almost enough to make me regret having been brought up in what is called the higher circles, for you seem to assert we no longer live in an age when worth is due to merit."

Ah, ah! *lion*, what have you made of your crest of nobility? What! what! speaking freely the sentiments of *Le Constitutionnel*, and that with a serious air? Where now are your friends to laugh at you, as you would have done at them, if they had uttered such a sentiment?

Lise, from the serious manner in which Sternay had spoken, said, in an affected tone,

"I thank you, Sir, on Prosper's account, for what you have said; I am sure it will make him happy when I tell him."

"Oh!" Sternay replied, "Prosper has known me for a very long time. We knew each other in childhood, and he is not like you—he does not take me for a dandy or a *lion*."

"A *lion*! what is that?" Lise said, laughingly.

"Oh!" Sternay replied, "*lions* are beings of this world, who imagine themselves wise and witty, because they laugh at all others,

despise everything that is not suited to their taste, and have no other occupation save that of doing nothing."

"Ah!" Lise said, "I know what you mean; but I pray you to understand that I have not quite so bad an opinion of you."

"Not quite so bad," Sternry said; "but not very favourable."

"I cannot tell you—I do not know," Lise said, hesitatingly.

"Ah, you must give me an answer; do give me your opinion of me."

Lise hesitated; then, looking Sternry in the face with an expression of infantine malice, said,

"Well, I will do so, if you will tell me the reason why you took M. Tirlot's seat."

Sternry was somewhat embarrassed at this demand; he hesitated, then replied,

"Indeed, I cannot tell you."

At these words Lise burst into a fit of laughter, which drew the eyes of all the company upon her.

"What is the matter with you, Lise?" M. Laloiné shouted out.

"It is," Lise said, still laughing, "because M. le Marquis—"

"Oh!" Sternry whispered, full of fear lest Lise should relate the trick he had played, "for Heaven's sake do not betray me!"

"What is the matter?" was again shouted out.

"O, nothing at all—~~an idea~~," she replied, in calming herself.

"Come, come, Lise!" the mother exclaimed, frowning on her daughter for her indiscretion.

"Let her laugh," M. Laloiné said, "it becomes her age—she will soon be serious enough."

Lise had already become so, and was reflecting on her conduct, when Sternry said to her, in a low voice,

"I thank you for having kept my secret."

"O, it is nothing."

"Still it gave me a great deal of trouble," then he related, in an amusing manner, his fears of detection when the *garçon* entered, and how he had diverted the attention of her father. Lise listened, half laughing, half vexed, and finished by saying,

"And you did all this without being able to give a reason."

"I could do so, but I dare not give it to you," Sternry replied, with emotion.

"What! to me?"

"Yes—to you."

"You are making sport of me."

"Do you wish me to tell you?"

"I don't know; it is according to what you have got to say. Ah, no!" she added, "I don't wish to know."

She guessed all; but that was not enough for our lion; he wished to speak, for he

found pleasure in engaging the attention of Lise.

"This morning, when—"

"Stop, stop," Lise exclaimed, interrupting him, "M. Tirlot is going to sing."

"He is a ridiculous fellow, that M. Tirlot," Sternry said, displeased at being interrupted when about to begin his declaration.

"Ridiculous!" Lise said—"why so, Monsieur?"

"Because I don't like him," Sternry replied.

"For what reason?"

Sternry smiled and said, "First, because he is the bridesman, and has the privilege of walking with you this morning."

"It seems to me," Lise said, in laughing, "that he did not profit much by it."

"And then, because his seat was placed beside yours."

"And he has taken good care to keep it."

"And lastly," Sternry added, "because he is going to dance with you first."

"He has forgotten to engage me," Lise replied.

"In that case I must have that pleasure. I should like to deprive him of everything."

"How! deprive him of everything?" Lise inquired.

"Yes," Sternry said, gaily; "I delight in robbing him; and if I were by his side, I would eat from his plate, and drink the wine which he had poured out for himself."

"Ah! poor M. Tirlot!" Lise said, pleased with the attentions of the Marquis.

"We are going to dance the first quadrille together—is it not so, Mademoiselle?"

"I suppose I must!" Lise said, with a smile.

"As for this M. Tirlot," Sternry added, transported with success, "I should like even to rob him of his song."

"That would be difficult," Lise said.

"Look, he is going to begin."

"It matters not," Sternry whispered, "I will dispute the palm."

"Indeed?" Lise said, in astonishment.

"You shall see!"

M. Tirlot began. He sang four verses, which were tolerably good, both as to measure and rhyme, and which introduced Madame Laloiné, M. Laloiné, and the new-married couple, M. and Madame Gibelin.

M. Tirlot triumphed, for he received the loud acclamations of all present.

Lise was highly delighted; and while applauding, she repented of having deprived him of his *contredanse*.

Sternry, however, was in a vein of good humour; he gently touched the elbow of Lise, saying,

"Announce that I am going to sing."

Lise rose, held forth her pretty hand, and each was silent; but when she stated that Monsieur le Marquis was about to sing, all were astonished, and expressed their delight at his condescension.

"Pardon, ladies and gentlemen," Sterný said, on rising; "it is not a song; it is only a verse, to complete the spirited *chanson* of M. Tirlot."

M. Tirlot leant forward, and "*Voyons! voyons!*" was heard on all sides.

Sterný, amidst the most profound silence, and looking at M. and Madame Laloiné, sang—

"Le droit sacré de faire des heureux
Est si beau que Dieu nous l'envie."

Then at Prosper Gobillon and his wife—

"Et comme vous, quand on en a fait deux,
C'est bien assez, votre tâche est remplie."

To M. and Madame Laloiné—

"Et cependant, ce droit que l'on bénit,
N'est pas pour vous épuisé sur la terre."

Then turning towards Lise—

"Car, en voyant Lise, chacun se dit:
Il leur reste en bonheur à faire."

O Marquis! what a disgrace! a verse improvised at table, and at the nuptials of a feather-merchant's daughter. O how! where now is your haughty look, your head raised in pride, and your lip bearing the expression of scorn. Sterný had no time to think, for scarcely had he finished his verse than the room resounded with *braves* and expressions of delight. Lise, who did not expect such a conclusion, blushed, and hid her face by bending her head; and Madame Laloiné, in going to kiss her daughter, said,

"Is it true, M. Tirlot, you forget my Lise?"

M. Laloiné stretched his hand to Sterný, saying with warmth of heart—

"Thank you, M. Le Marquis; thank you!"

The mother expressed her gratitude to Sterný, and congratulations were heard on all sides. At last the company rose, and M. Gobillon cried out—

"To the ball!—the ball is about to begin."

Sterný offered his arm to Lise; she took it, and he felt that her hand trembled. She was confused and embarrassed; but still she seemed cheerful and pleased.

"You are not angry with me, Lise?" Sterný said, "on account of the verse which I sang?"

"O no," she said softly, "it made my father and mother so happy."

"And how did you like it?"

"O, very much; it was very pretty," Lise replied, casting her eyes downwards.

She then begged to be excused for a moment, as she wished to speak to a few of her friends who had come to the ball, and who had just been told the cause of the plaudits which had shook the walls of the *Cadran Bleu*. On Lise approaching, she demanded—

"Is it true that the handsome Marquis composed a verse upon you?"

If the question had been asked in ridicule, most probably Lise would have denied it; but the handsome Marquis was pronounced with so much envy, that she replied with affectation,

"Yes, it is true!"

"It seems you have made a conquest of him," said one of nature's less favoured children.

"Why not?"

"And, without doubt, he has made one of you," another demanded.

"Who knows?" Lise said, imagining her friends were very impertinent.

"And," said another, "in order to refuse dancing with him, I will go and engage myself for the whole evening."

"O don't give yourself the trouble; these *gants jaunes* never dance."

Sometimes, Mesdemoiselles," Sterný said, who had stealthily approached them. He held out his hand to Lise, saying, with a respectful air,

"Mademoiselle has not forgotten her promise of dancing the first quadrille with me."

"No, Sir, no," Lise muttered, on holding out her hand. It was trembling, and Sterný pressed it.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

THE LATE WALTER HENRY WATTS.

DIED on Tuesday last, at his lodgings in Earl's-court-terrace, Old Brompton, after many months of severe illness and painful suffering, which he endured with the most manly resignation, Walter Henry Watts, Esq., at the age of 64. He was the son of Captain Watts, of the Royal Navy, and we have heard him say that he was born in the Bay of Bengal; and at a time when colonels were under the discipline of nursery maids, the same abusive system extended to the navy, and Mr. Watts was entered a midshipman, and received pay, from the time of his birth.

Mr. Watts was educated in Chester, and began life as an artist. He travelled through Scotland and its islands, towards the latter end of the last century, with Dr. Garnet, and contributed the drawings to the tour published by that gentleman, in quarto. He pursued his profession some time in Glasgow, and repaired to the metropolis about forty years ago. Professional distinction is slowly acquired here, and without any idea of devoting himself permanently to literature, Mr. Watts was induced to accept of an engagement as a

parliamentary reporter on the *Morning Post*, at a time when the House of Commons could boast of a Pitt, a Fox, a Sheridan, a Wyndham, and a Tierney. As a reporter, his qualifications were of the very first class, and the value of his services was acknowledged by conditions more than usually advantageous, which enabled him to devote much of the time of the session, and all the recess, to professional pursuits.

As a miniature painter, he attained considerable excellence, and was a regular exhibitor at Somerset-house for many years. At one time he occupied very expensive apartments in Bond-street, and wished to devote himself exclusively to art; but the experiment did not succeed, and he was obliged to continue his connexion with the newspaper press, which only terminated within a few years of his death. With the exception of a brief period, during which he was one of the editors of the *Courier*, Mr. Watts was, from 1817, a parliamentary reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*. He was the author and editor of the *Annual Obituary*, and of the *Political Memento*, and contributed, for above twenty years, criticisms on the fine arts to the *Literary Gazette*.

Mr. Watts possessed qualities rarely found together in the same man. The wealth of worlds would not have induced him to do or say what he could not reconcile with the strictest principle; and he was, at the same time, indulgent in the extreme to the weaknesses of others. A man of a kinder disposition never lived, and his purse and services were always at the command of the distressed. Of a chivalrous disposition, he held everything mean or little in peculiar abhorrence; and though driven about for forty years in a metropolis, the atmosphere of which is supposed not to be peculiarly favourable to exalted principles, it may be said with confidence of Mr. Watts, that he remained to the last a model of all that was pure, honourable, and disinterested. No one who knew him could ever conceive of Mr. Watts, that, under any circumstances, he would not prove himself an example of the most unbending integrity.

In his private circle he was beloved, and we need hardly say that his virtues obtained for him the highest consideration with all who were connected with the daily press. He possessed an influence with them which no man ever before possessed, and, in all probability, no man ever will again.

We close our short tribute to the memory of this excellent man with the following extract from a notice in the *Literary Gazette*, by his friend Mr. Jerdan:—

"He was an artist and an author, and in both pursuits his career was honourable

and honoured. In truth, his manly integrity and unflinching firmness in every circumstance of life shed a lustre over it so bright, that the greatest of men belonging to history might be proud to have it like a halo round their name and memory for ever. There could be no station in society which it would not illuminate and adorn; and there are hundreds of living witnesses to what we now write in London, who will bear testimony to the fact, that we could employ no language too expressive or forcible, when speaking of the excellence of the individual who has been taken from amongst us. It was not his general attainments, though they were of no common order; it was not his judgment, though penetrating and sound; it was not his artistical skill, though of acknowledged talents; it was not his authorship, though of the purest English style and the highest British principles;—it was not these gifts and qualities, separately or combined, which endeared him to all who had the happiness of his intimacy; but it was the possession of a fine and superior nature, which shone through all he said or did; and made even slight acquaintance look up to him as a model of uncompromising worth and human virtue. Mr. Watts was very many years a reporter of the debates in parliament for the press: at one period for the *Morning Post*, and at a later period for the *Morning Chronicle*. In the discharge of the duties thus imposed upon him he has not been surpassed, and seldom equalled. On all difficult occasions, he was resorted to as the referee and oracle of the parties with whom this employment connected him; and it may be recollected, that when the Duke of Cambridge presided at the festival on behalf of the infant formation of the institution for the benefit of newspaper-writers, at the Thatched House Tavern, about three years ago, Mr. Watts was chosen by that body to be their spokesman, and delivered on the occasion an address of singular appropriateness and brilliant effect, for which his Royal Highness complimented him in the warmest terms. He was, indeed, one of the most zealous founders of this most laudable association, and always took an earnest interest in its prosperous establishment."

MEMOIR OF DANNEKER, THE SCULPTOR.

Praxitelean shapes, whose marble smiles
Fill the hush'd air with everlasting love.

This hand of Danneker, the sculptor, which, during the greater part of the last half-century, has produced so many admirable pieces of art, is now cold and motionless. He died on the 8th of last month, and

leaves another blank among the sculptors of the age.

John Heinrich Danneker was a native of Stutgard, where he was born on the 15th of October, 1758, of humble parents. At a very early age the bent of his genius was manifested by his scratching with a nail flowers and figures on a smooth stone; and he shortly after, contrary to the wishes of his parents, obtained admission into the public academy. He was here taken under the protection of the Duke Charles of Wirtemberg, predecessor of the late king.

His father had been for some time employed in the king's studio, and through the interest which he possessed, succeeded in getting young Danneker admitted to the Military Artistical Academy at the "Solitude," a royal castle near Stutgard, where, free of expense, young students were instructed in a course of fine art.

But in 1774, his own natural genius worked its own triumphs. His model of Milo of Cortona carried off the prize, and the caryatides and other statues which he then executed, when he was only in his seventeenth or eighteenth year, adorn at the present moment the royal palace at Stutgard.

One of the greatest delights of Danneker's after-life was the close friendship which subsisted between the great Schiller and himself, who was also a native of Stutgard, and with whom, on the same form at school, at the Royal Academy of the "Solitude," and over the same books, he studied for a considerable period. The sublimities which characterize the poems of "William Tell," "Die Schuld," and "Die Ahnfrau," were shared in another shape, but still in the same inspired manner, by the sculptor of "Ariadne" and the "Venus."

He now travelled abroad, and in 1781 visited Paris, having obtained this permission from the court. Here he met with the sculptor Scheffauer, the pupil of Pajou. While at Paris, instead of studying the antique models to be met with in the Louvre and other public edifices, he rather studied nature, and sculptured from the living form, whence the beautiful flexibility of his marble was in great measure derived.

In 1785, Danneker quitted Paris with Scheffauer, in company with whom he travelled to Rome. In this city he met with Canova; with Goethe, and with Herder, who had all been attracted to the Roman metropolis to examine its relics and beauties; and while here, enjoyed so greatly the instruction and advice of Canova, that we need not wonder at his own productions teeming in a variety of instances with all the sweetness and majesty of his master. The corn-crowned Ceres, and omnipotent Bacchus, which brought him into such high

repute, were executed by him while in Italy, and the academies of Milan and Bologna were not slack in acknowledging his pre-eminence by electing him a member of their bodies.

On his return he was employed by the Duke Charles in modelling a variety of subjects; but it was in 1796, when leaving the lower branches of his profession, he commenced to work again in marble. Danneker preserved but few of his works, for they were rapidly sought after by others. His celebrated Sappho, the original of which is now at Monrepos, was soon required from his hands to adorn a more noble apartment, but one darling work he constantly kept—the colossal bust of his friend and schoolfellow, Schiller.

In speaking of his own productions, Danneker was alike remarkable for his modesty and frank simplicity. His works were widely scattered throughout Germany, and several are to be met with in Russia, but few have as yet made their way to England. The very loveliest of his works, undoubtedly the perfection of marble beauty, is his Ariadne, in Mr. Bateman's collection at Frankfurt—Ariadne, as the Bride of Bacchus, borne upon a panther. Another beautiful piece of design, the exquisite allegory of which is borrowed from Apuleius, is his Eros, represented at the particular moment when Psyche is pouring on his snow-white shoulders the drops of burning oil.

But the grandest work of art from the chisel of Danneker is his statue of Christ—a work which for eight years he laboured and studied at, and finally completed in 1824. This statue was, on its completion, sent to the Empress Maria Feodorovna, of Russia, who afterwards presented it to the Emperor Alexander.

Danneker was very generally known by the title of the "German Canova;" and in the lightness of his forms, the exquisitely winning sweetness infused into their features, and the elegant and attractive pose of his figures, he fully confirmed the fact of their close and reciprocal resemblance.

Danneker died in his 84th year. Wagner, at Rome, whose name has been long among the distinguished, was his pupil. His great accumulation of years caused him to cease in his latter days from all active employment, and he had indeed fallen into the state of "second childhood."

Accounts of his funeral have not yet arrived, but the ceremony is expected to be both imposing and splendid, befitting the memory of a man who has eminently adorned his city, and whose works entitle him to add his own fair and honourable name, in an especial manner, to the number of illustrious countrymen that have preceded him.

The Gatherer.

Galvanic Plant Protector.—We saw yesterday, at Mr. Cuthbert's, Clayton-square, a curious invention, in which the galvanic principle is applied to the purpose of preserving plants from the attacks of worms, slugs, &c. This ingenious invention, which perfectly secures dahlias and other delicate plants from the attacks of those voracious pests of the flower-garden, the mollusca, must be highly acceptable to all engaged in their culture. After a trial of twelve months by the original inventor, not a plant was injured that had the protection of these galvanic circles, although during the same period plants on all sides suffered severely that were not so protected. The protector consists of a conical ring of zinc about four inches in height, the top end flanked off about a quarter-of-an-inch, and cut into numerous vandyked points; immediately under is a ring of copper neatly fitted. It is thus used:—The bottom of the zinc ring is pressed into the soil until the lower edge of the copper ring is about one inch and a half above the surface; care being taken to inclose within the ring the rods of such plants as may require them, otherwise the mollusca find a road to the plant by the rods. The mollusca may crawl into the zinc with impunity, but, on coming in contact with the copper, will receive a galvanic shock, and immediately turn away or fall to the ground. If the largest of this tribe attempt to stretch across and above the copper belt, avoiding contact, they would be incapable of holding by the points. The protector acts in wet or dry weather, and is always in action. Its appearance in use is like a flower-pot; and its cheapness, utility, and durability, must ensure its general adoption. For the protection of fruit trees, the same principle is applicable. Strips of zinc and copper are prepared, which, being judiciously placed along the wall and round the stems of each tree, effectually preserve them.—*Liverpool Standard.*

Eating.—Every animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat; and, not content with eating all day long, "twice it slays the slain," and eats its dinner o'er again. A whale swallows 10,000,000 of living shrimps at a draught, a nursing canary bird eats its own bulk in a day, and a caterpillar eats 500 times its own weight before it lies down to rise a butterfly. The mite and the maggot eat the very world in which they live. They nestle and build in their roast beef; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and the whale is not subject to sciatica. Nor does

Captain Lyon inform us that an Esquimaux is troubled with the toothache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal, and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his meal lasts as long as his.

Embellishment of London.—We have heard it stated, and we believe on good grounds, that a great and striking improvement is about to be made in the appearance of Piccadilly, consequent upon the removal of the ranger's house in the Green Park, which will be demolished early in the spring. This tasteful suggestion, we have heard, was made by the Premier, and is to consist of a noble terrace and public walk from the gate into the palace-gardens at Hyde Park-corner to the junction of the houses at the lower end of the basin. The form of the ground on this line is particularly favourable to picturesque effect in laying out and planting, and to architectural beauty of design in the esplanade. Fountains and statues, too, are likely to be introduced, to add to the grandeur of the plan, give encouragement to the arts, and combine the whole with the palatial residence of the Sovereign, by carrying it, perhaps, further on hereafter along the line opposite to Grosvenor-place. The magnificent equestrian statue of Wellington, now casting by Wyatt, will surmount the arch facing Apsley-house; and we see no reason why it should not be balanced at the other termination by a statue of Sir Robert Peel, together with his name to the work, the idea of which, as we have mentioned, is understood to have emanated from him. At all events it will be a splendid embellishment of this principal street in entering the capital from the west.—*Literary Gazette*, No. 1303.

Instinct of Plants.—A rather remarkable instance of the instinct of plants in searching out food and support for themselves, is just now to be seen in the woods of Comrie. An oak tree, high perched upon the point of a comparatively bare rock, in the face of Dunmore Hill, finding its home supplies of soil and hold rather stinted; and observing (one is almost inclined to think) a more fertile spot below, has sent off a foraging party in the shape of a large "root trunk," for several yards distinctly down the precipice on which it stands. This root branch, after reaching a projecting point of the rock, bends horizontally downwards, cleaving firmly to the rock in all its course, till it reaches another face, down which it again descends, until it eventually seizes, in its many-fingered grasp, the object it travelled so far in search of.—*Stirling Advertiser.*

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. & Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

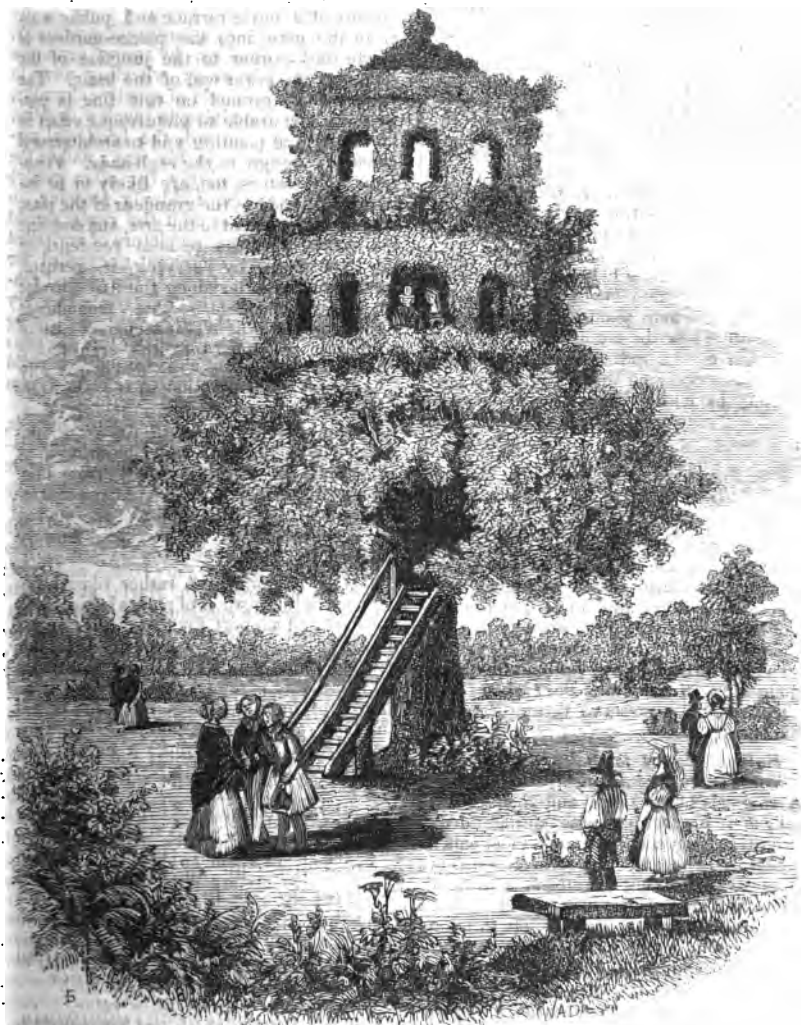
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 5.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



MAPLE-TREE AT MATISO.

Original Communications.

MAPLE-TREE AT MATIBO.

THE beautiful maple-tree, which our engraving represents, is one of the most curious ornaments of a charming estate, called Matibo, situated in the neighbourhood of Savigliano, in Piedmont. It was planted upwards of sixty years ago, but it is not more than twenty-five or thirty years since the idea was started of giving to it the form of a temple, which, after much time and perseverance, was completely realized.

This elegant little edifice consists of two stories, each of which has eight windows, and is capable of containing twenty persons. The floors are formed of branches twined together with great skill; and by nature are furnished with leafy carpets. All round, the verdure has formed thick walls, where innumerable birds have taken up their sojourn. The proprietor of Matibo has never disturbed those joyous little songsters, but has rather encouraged them; and at all hours of the day they may be heard fearlessly sporting and warbling by the delighted visitors, who, looking from the windows, admire the prospect which opens to their view.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON TRISTRAM SHANDY.

(Continued from p. 231, vol. xxxviii.)

THE first two volumes were published on the 10th of January, 1760, and a few days before, Mr. Sterne wrote the following modest and delicate letter to Mr. Pitt:—

“SIR,—Though I have no suspicion that the enclosed dedication can offend you, yet I thought it my duty to take some method of letting you see it, before I presume to beg the honour of presenting it to you next week, with the *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
LAURENCE STERNE.”

M. Suard, in the *Memoires Historiques, sur le xviii. Siècle*, tom. 11, after saying that Voltaire, “a nommé Sterne la second Rabelais de l’Angleterre, qui en avait déjà un dans Swift.—Voilà trois Rabelais, deux en Angleterre, un en France,”—observes, that Sterne “dessine si nettement les objets, et les personnes qu’il rencontre, il les peint de couleurs si vives, que vous oubliez tout dans l’enchantement des portraits, et des tableaux variés qu’il trace. Il a les tons et la touche de toutes les grandes écoles, et de tous les grands maîtres; les crayons et les pinceaux Flamands, Romains, Français, se succèdent dans le style d’un Anglais, trop original pour être d’aucune école, et trop rempli de toutes les impressions physiques

et morales de la nature, pour ne pas les rendre tour à tour avec les touches les plus vraies de toutes les écoles.”

The generous biographer of Mr. Sterne, in the “*Dublin University Magazine*,” thus delineates his peculiar style in writing *Tristram Shandy*:—“Developing by singularly conceived scenes and conversations, his odd and humorous group; passing from the burlesque or the sarcastic, to the most pathetic touches of nature, or the most intensely vivid sketchings and colourings from life, with wonderful facility and grace seizing on all; seizing on the stray leaves of wisdom’s book, and twisting them lightly into his own foolscap; burlesquing pedantry, flagellating humbug, by more dexterous humbug of his own; wheeling away in many a random circle of sportive absurdity, yet skilfully contriving to touch with satire, feeling, or playful wit, the incidental suggestions that come in his way; and in the midst of the seemingly (or often really) driftless overflow, suddenly stopping, to astonish, elevate, or melt the reader’s mind with some consummate picture of unrivalled power, or some sentiment unexcelled for moral sublimity. Such is the general character of the style of *Tristram*; in every page manifesting the writer’s strong leaning to every virtue, yet exposing at the same time the weakness and vanity that could not resist the temptation to offend decorum by licentious wit.”

What Mons. de Voltaire says of Quinault, will apply to many pages of *Tristram*:—“Artless and inimitable strokes of nature frequently appear with most interesting charms.”

No other writer could have drawn with such attractive traits the several interviews between Mr. Shandy, my Uncle, and Trim; and his meeting with Maria, at Moulins, has conferred a continued celebrity on that town; and Le Fevre has so many delicate touches of the human heart, that Mr. Sterne’s name will ever be respected, and his many errors generously forgot. Sir Walter Scott observes, that his “Toby and the Corporal have impressed upon his readers such a lively picture of kindness and benevolence, that their hearts must be warmed whenever it is recalled to memory.” He further observes, “that though Sterne selects the materials of his mosaic work with so much art, and polishes them so highly, yet that in most cases we are disposed to pardon the want of originality, in consideration of the exquisite talent with which the borrowed materials are wrought up into the new form: he, indeed, might boldly plead in his own behalf, that the passages which he borrowed from others were of little value, in comparison to those which are exclusively original; and that the former might have been written by many persons, while, in his

own proper line, he stands alone and inimitable." Some one observed, that though he imitated other writers, yet, it must be confessed, his imitations were inimitable.

If one might suggest to an artist capable of seizing the brilliant fancies, the lively sallies of wit, or the deep pathos of Sterne, one must indulge a hope or wish that his pencil might happily seize some of the under-mentioned acute and masterly points:—

Vol. ii. chap. 5. Trim's countenance, which has not yet been drawn by any artist, and my Uncle, "quite overcome with rapture." Chap. 12, when my Uncle "looked up into my Father's face," and when "it penetrated my Father to his heart." Or that inimitable point to paint from, when "Corporal Trim and my Uncle exchanged looks with each other," during the reading of the sermon.

Vol. iv. chap. 4. When "my Father could not help smiling"—with Toby, when he throws down his crutch; and this will introduce, which no artist has yet done, (except some most vulgar attempts,) the countenance of Trim, and the smile in Mr. Shandy's, which would make his face different from Hogarth's incomparable one. It would be injustice to the memory of Mr. Stothard not to mention with respect the happy fidelity with which he has drawn my Uncle, at p. 348 of the 1st vol. of an edition of Sterne, in 4 vols., 1807; and his figure of Sterne, at p. 372 of the 4th volume, is a very good one.

Vol. v. chap. 3. The countenance of Mr. Shandy, when the fine sayings of philosophy "all at once rushed into my Father's head," with the wondering look of Toby; or from this same chapter, for the attitudes of both my Father and his Brother, with the fiery look of the latter, when "my Father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man;" or from chap. 24, when "Yorick drew his chair a little on one side for safety." What a portrait would Mr. Leslie give of Yorick, if we are to guess from that when his lost manuscripts are found! Or from chap. 30, at that happy, contented fire-side, when "my Father stirred up the fire," and coughed twice; or the looks of Yorick, my Father, Uncle, and even of Trim, at Slop, when the latter points to the Corporal. Mr. Bunbury drew Slop; but, happily as he sketched *La Fleur*, mounting his bidet at Montreuil, one cannot look a second time at his Slop, after viewing Hogarth's conception of him. In No. V: of Mr. Thorp's justly entitled "*Bibliotheca Selectissima*," he thus observes on a tract there preserved:—"This personal narrative of Dr. John Burton, the author of the '*Monasticon Eboracense*,' is excessively rare, and gave rise to the quarrel between him and Sterne, for which the latter immortalized Burton, as Dr. Slop, in his *Tristram Shandy*." Sir

Walter Scott observes, that he thus consigned him "to painful immortality."

Vol. vi. One laments that the high reputation of Mr. Leslie should not have produced, from the pages of Sterne, more than the admired ones of Toby and the widow Wadman, and the print engraved by Rogers, called "*The Lost and Found*," each of whom may be justly said to have richly caught the whim and humour of Sterne himself! One could have wished that he would with equal felicity have sketched from chap. 6, at the words, "My Uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork," or when he repeatedly calls for Trim; or from chap. 7, when he looked at Trim, and called him "a good-natured fellow;" or at the masterly conclusion of chap. 8, when the Recording Angel is alluded to; or from chap. 10, when *Le Fevre* "looked up wishfully in my Uncle's face;" or from the end of chap. 12, when he slipped sixty guineas into his hand; or from chap. 13, when Toby took "hold of both my Father's hands."

Vol. viii. chap. 19, at the "look of kindness" which was exchanged between the Corporal and his master; or from that animated page, when "the Corporal could sit no longer;" or at the words, "Gallant mortal! cried my uncle Toby, caught up with enthusiasm."

Vol. ix. chap. 24, has the interview with Maria. Guido drew the portrait of Beatrice, and what we are told of it reminds one of the broken-hearted pilgrim of Moulins: "There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features; she seems sad and stricken down in spirit; yet the despair thus expressed is heightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape, and fall about her neck; the moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; her eyes, once remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping, and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity, which, united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic." Chap. 31 has the animated interview with Trim, when ordered to bring in "a full sheet."

If an artist should attempt to paint the countenance of Trim, let him peruse the 25th chapter of vol. vi., which will shew him his real character; and the character of Toby will be finely seen in the 10th chapter of vol. vi., as well as in the 12th chapter of vol. ii. Mr. Shandy is thus spoken of in chap. 19, vol. i.:—"He was certainly irresistible, both in his orations and disputation. He was born an orator; persuasion hung upon his lips, and the elements of logic and rhetoric were so blended up in him, and withal he had so shrewd

guess at the weaknesses and passions of his respondent, that nature might have stood up, and said, *This man is eloquent.*" If an artist attempts to portray him with the happy fidelity with which Mr. Hogarth has drawn him, he should also peruse his character in vol. ii. chap. 4 and chap. 12; or from vol. iii. chap. 41 and chap. 42.

Mr. Sterne, speaking of the Monk, says, "I have his figure this moment before my eye"—and "from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them," he immediately painted him, equal to what Guido himself could have done. Might we not indulge a hope, that from the eyes of Mr. Shandy, my Uncle, and the Corporal, and that sort of fire which must be in them, at some of the striking points in the above referred-to pages, that some of those fine points might engage the matchless powers of Mr. Leslie, and the fine pencils of other gifted artists?

Sir M. A. Shee, in his generous and glowing tribute to our great painter, his "Commemoration of Reynolds," after alluding to many of those eminent men whose resemblances his great skill has faithfully preferred for us, thus introduces Mr. Sterne:—

"And shall the Muse review those shades of Fame,
Yet pass, regardless, Yorick, of thy claim?
Neglect to pour one grateful strain to him,
The soul alike of sympathy and whim,
Who struck the heart's full chord with skillful hand,
And smiles and tears held equal at command?
No—while the fires of Wit and Humour warm,
While simple Nature's tenderest touches charm;
While poor Maria's sorrows swell the breast,
And Trim and Toby shall his powers attest;
Work'd as he wills—while we each picture trace—
The Monk's pale aspect, or the Peasant's grace;
Behold the Captive, his sad record keep—
Laugh with La Fleur—or with Le Fevre weep;
Our hearts must own his influence, and discern
The fire of Genius in the flash of Sterne."

Let me conclude, by quoting the whole page with which Sir W. Scott closes his article to the memory of Sterne:—"The style employed by Sterne is fancifully ornamented, but at the same time vigorous and masculine, and full of that animation and force which can only be derived by an intimate acquaintance with the early English prose writers. In the power of approaching and touching the finer feelings of the heart, he has never been excelled, if indeed he has ever been equalled; and may be at once recorded as one of the most affected and one of the most simple writers—as one of the greatest plagiarists and one of the most original geniuses whom England has produced." Dr. Ferriar, who seemed born to trace and detect the various mazes through which Sterne carried on his depredations upon ancient and dusty authors, apologizes for the rigour of his inquest by doing justice to those merits which were peculiarly our author's own. We cannot better close this article than with the sonnet in which

his ingenious inquisitor makes the *amende honorable* to the shade of Yorick:—

"Sterne, for whose sake I plod through miry ways
Of antique wit, and quibbling mazes drear,
Let not thy shade malignant censure fear;
Though ought of borrow'd mirth my search betrays,
Long slept that mirth in dust of ancient days,
(Erewhile to Guise, or wanton Valois, dear,) 'Till waked by thee in Skelton's joyous pile,
She flung on Tristram her capricious rays;
But the quick tear that checks our wondering smile
In sudden pause, or unexpected story,
Owens thy true mastery—and Le Fevre's woes;
Maria's wanderings, and the prisoner's throes,
Fix thee conspicuous on the throne of glory."
F.

THE BURIAL OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL AT WINDSOR,

FEBRUARY 9, 1648.

"A pikeaxe and a spade, a spade—
Eke and a shrowding sheet—
A pitte of claye farr to bee mayde
Forr suche a guesste unmeete."
PERCY'S RELIQUES.

'Twas a drear winter's time,
Far from Saint George's tower,
O'er that dark land of regicidal crime,
Shrouded in gloom, and rigid all with rime,
Swung the deep bells their monitory chime
For the dead midnight hour.

Many a bitter tear
Fell in that regal hall,
Where, by their murder'd master's bloodstained
bier,
Stood those few followers, prelate, page, and peer,
Holding that pious vigil; far and near
Arm'd sentries' footsteps fall.

All through that weary night,
Mattock and shovel rang;
Where yawn'd a grave dug deep by torches' light,
Yet scanty granted, where for holy rite,
(Hush'd by fanatic zeal and rebel might,)
Echo'd unholy clang.

Sacrilege there had been;
Symbol and effigy,
Altar, and font, and old elaborate screen,
Tablet, and burial stone, and rubric e'en
Trod under foot of men! a mournful scene
Was in that sanctuary.

Dreadfully dawn'd the day—
Nor minute-gun, nor knell,
Told of his obsequies; unhonour'd lay
There that "discrowned head" too soon grown
gray
Through grief and care; untimely pass'd away
Where he, a king, should dwell.

Fast fell the drifting snow,
Gather'd as ruffled shroud
Round the dark silent train, that sad and slow
Through the quadrangle pass'd,—where few might
know,
Save the stern sentries pacing to and fro,—
On to the chapel proud.

Faltering fell the tread,
Up that dismantled nave,
Of those lone mourners for the royal dead,
Where might nor prayer be pray'd nor rite be
read,
Nor more than sigh be sigh'd, and tear be shed,
Over the martyr's grave.

* "This gray discrowned head."—Lines by King
Charles I.

Through glass all crimson stain'd,
 Sudden a slanting ray
 Stream'd where the glittering snow-stars yet remain'd,
 Blent with the frozen tears, like showers down
 rain'd,
 Spangling the velvet folds, unheeding train'd
 O'er the cold burial clay.
 Yet not in mockery
 Of that dismember'd crown,
 Shone those pale gems that evanescently
 Beam'd with prismatic rays o'er monarchy
 Laid in the dust awhile, where majesty
 To that lorn grave went down.
 Cerecloth for purple pall!
 Sawdust for miniver!*
 For rite and requiem echo's lonely fall,
 Where the harsh grating portal closed o'er all
 Writ in the solemn pages, dark and tall,
 Of yon old chronicler.†

REINELM.

* Ermine.

† Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion.

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

INSECTS probably far exceed in the number of their different species every other class of animals; and it is therefore surprising, that so few species belonging to this class, are turned to any useful account in the arts, manufactures, and domestic economy. It would be very wrong, however, to conclude from this, that the thousands of species that are never usefully employed by man are therefore destitute of any properties that might be advantageous to him. When the manufacturing and commercial portion of the people shall have acquired a more extensive knowledge of the various properties and secretions of insects which entomologists have already noticed and published, then, perhaps, the catalogue will be somewhat increased. Linnæus observes, that "The man who shall take delight in studying insects, may have his labour rewarded by the discovery of a more grateful sweet than honey, a stronger thread than that of common silk, a more glowing crimson than that of cochineal; but he will require patience, perseverance, and repeated observation."*

Although the number of insects that are rendered useful is comparatively small, yet I doubt not that I shall be able to shew that it much exceeds what the mass of readers would compute it at. To render the subject more clear and intelligible than it would otherwise prove, I shall arrange my examples according to the classification of the species to be cited, and not according to the nature of their application.

Coleoptera.—In this order, consisting entirely of beetles, we find many that contribute to the necessities, and some to

the vanities of man. The larvæ or grubs of various species, are eaten in different parts of the world; and those who eat them assure us, that they equal in excellence the best dishes that are recommended in the works of Ude, Kitchener, or Glasse. The grubs of all the African beetles that feed upon decayed wood, Smeathman affirms to be rich and delicate eating; and every traveller might, therefore, get plenty of this wholesome nourishment, did he but know where to seek it. In the cavity formed in the stem of the cabbage-palm, owing to the removal of its cabbage-like produce, the palm-weevil (*Calandra*, or *Cordylia palmarum*,) deposits her eggs, and the grubs which are hatched from these are eaten as great delicacies. These grubs are also found, in some places, devouring the terminal buds of cocoa-trees. Each of these grubs has a black head, and when fully grown, is about as large as the thumb, that is to say, from two to three inches in length, and three quarters of an inch in diameter. Ælian mentions an Indian king, who set before his Grecian guests some roasted worms taken from a plant! but there can be no doubt that the historian alludes to the grubs of this beetle, for he adds, that the Indians esteemed them very delicious, and that so, likewise, did those Grecians who were prevailed on to taste them.* In both the East and West Indies, these grubs are in great repute at the present day. Madame Merian, in her famous but very faulty work on the insects of Surinam, tells us that the natives of that country roast these grubs, and then eat them with great enjoyment.† Stedman relates that a negro brought him a feast of gru-gru, by which name these cabbage-palm grubs are known throughout the West Indies. "However disgusting they may be in appearance, these extremely fat grubs are," he assures us, "a delicious treat to many people, and they are regularly sold at Paramaribo. The manner of dressing them is by frying them in a very little butter and salt, or by spitting them on wooden skewers. In taste they savour of all the Indian spices, as mace, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, &c. Several species of these grubs are produced in all the palm-trees, when beginning to rot, but some are larger than others; they have all, however, pale yellow bodies, with black heads."‡ The late Rev. Lansdown Guilding says, the cabbage-palm grubs are eaten by a few persons in Surinam, that they are fried

* Ælian, Hist., lib. xiv. c. 13.

† Merian's Insects of Surinam, p. 48. Her figure of the gru-gru, resembles nothing in nature but a lump of fat. For descriptions and coloured plates, fully illustrative of this insect and its transformations, see an article by the late Rev. L. Guilding, in the *Transactions of the Society of Arts*, vol. xlv.; or, an abstract of the same, with woodcuts, in the *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. v. p. 466-469.

‡ Stedman's Surinam, vol. ii. p. 23.

* Linnæus's Oration on Insects, published in the *Amenitates Academicæ*, vol. ii. p. 356.

in butter, and that the greedy epicure, holding the hard horny head of the insect between his fingers, sucks out the fat entrails.* Kirby and Spence were informed by a person who had long resided in the West Indies, that Sir John La Forey, who was somewhat of an epicure, was extremely fond of these grubs when properly cooked.† Mr. H. Marshall, deputy-inspector of army-hospitals, says that in British Guiana, where these grubs are called ducuma, or grugan, they are reckoned a great delicacy by the epicures and woodcutters, and they are generally cooked in a fryingpan. Some, however, prefer them raw, and in that state they seize them by the black head, dip them in lime-juice, and then swallow them.‡ A traveller, whose name I have not preserved, nor that of the country which he explored, states that the palm-tree grubs are "esteemed great delicacies, and are monopolized by the royal family and mandarins of the first distinction. A present," says he, "of about a dozen of these grubs was sent to us by the viceroy as a mark of great respect. It is hardly necessary to say, we declined eating this delicacy, but we gave them privately to Pasqual's wife, who was highly delighted with the tit-bits that our fastidious taste rejected." The grubs of the longicorn beetles are often eaten by the natives of some of those countries in which they are found. This is particularly the case with the grubs of the *Macrodonia cervicornis*, a large and remarkable looking species, known throughout Brazil and Cayenne by the name of mouche scieur de long. The Rev. F. W. Hope says, that some of the native tribes of India in the vicinity of Travancore, and in the island of Ceylon, feed on the grubs of *Lamiada*, as is the case in Africa with *Lamia gigas*, now denominated *Omacantha*, by M. Serville.§ In Surinam, in America, and in the West Indies, not only the black but the white inhabitants, wash and roast the grubs of the *Cerambyx damicornis*, (each as thick as a man's finger,) and then eat them, and assert that they are delicious.|| Mr. Hall told Kirby and Spence, that this grub is called macauro, in Jamaica, where it is in request at the first tables. A similar grub is dressed and eaten, under the name of moutac, both by whites and blacks, at Mauritius.¶ According to Linnaeus, the grubs of *Cerambyx cervicornis* are held in equal estimation. Those of *Lamia Tribulus*, when roasted, are eaten in Africa.**

Kirby and Spence observe, that it is probable that all the grubs of the several species of *Cerambycidae* might be safely eaten, as well as those of many other beetles; and although they do not feel disposed to recommend, with Reaumer, that the grubs of the rhinoceros-beetle (*Oryctes nasicornis*) should be sought for in the hot-beds or dungheaps,* yet they think, with Dr. Darwin,† that those of the cockchafer, (*Melolontha ruficornis*), which feed on the roots of grass, or the cockchafers themselves, are, (if we may judge from the eagerness of cats, dogs, turkeys, &c., in devouring them) no despicable *bonne bouche*, and might be added to our side dishes. The adoption of this hint would soon have the good effect of lessening the numbers of these destructive insects. In 1688, immense numbers of cockchafers appeared in the county of Galway, in Ireland, where the grubs of these insects are called Connaught worms, and were eagerly devoured by swine and poultry, to which creatures they proved a nutritious and fattening food. This fact having been observed by the people, they adopted a mode of dressing these insects, and then ate them themselves.‡ Pliny's *Cossus* (which he tells us lived commonly in the oak, and used to be fattened with flour by the Roman epicures,) was, most probably, the grub of a beetle of the family *Cerambycidae*.§ If it was not of this kind it may have been the grub of another beetle (*Prionus coriarius*), or one of its congeners, which is sometimes found in the oak.|| Amoreux has collected various opinions of entomologists on the question respecting Pliny's *Cossus*, which is supposed to have been the grub of the palm-weevil (*Calandra palmarum*) by Geoffroy; of the stag-beetle, (*Lucanus cervus*), by Scopoli; and of *Prionus damicornis* by Drury. Neither *Calandra palmarum* nor *Prionus damicornis* are natives of Italy, and therefore they must be left out of this inquiry; but *Prionus coriarius* and the stag-beetle (*Lucanus cervus*) are both found there in the oak and in other trees; and either or both of these insects may have been eaten under the name of *Cossus*, and their difference would not be discernible to naturalists nor cooks.¶ Curtis says, that the women of Turkey cook and eat a certain beetle (*Blaps sulcata*) in butter, to fatten themselves.** Perhaps, all this time, some of my readers have been turning up their noses in disgust at the grub-eating epicures, who, it will have been perceived, are by no means few in number, nor peculiar to one locality. For my part, although I have never eaten

* *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vii. (1834), p. 370.

† *Introduction to Entomology*, p. 298.

‡ *Field Naturalist's Magazine*, vol. i. (1833), p. 129.

§ *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. ii. (new series), p. 232.

|| Merian's *Insects of Surinam*, p. 24.

¶ St. Pierre's *Voyage*, p. 72.

** *Smeethman's Travels*, p. 32.

* Reaumer, vol. ii. p. 344.

† *Phytologia*, p. 364.

‡ *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xix. p. 471.

§ Pliny's *Hist. Nat.*, lib. xvii. c. 84.

|| Kirby and Spence's *Introduction to Entomology*, vol. i. p. 298.

¶ Amoreux, p. 154.

** Curtis's *British Entomology*, vol. iv. p. 148.

grubs, except accidentally, or owing to the carelessness of cooks in washing one's vegetables, I am at a loss to perceive why grubs, when cleaned and nicely dressed, should not be as proper for an Englishman's table as the poultry, which are so fond of them. It is related, that when a traveller expressed his wonder and disgust at some Arabs eating insects, the men replied, that it was poor affectation in a person who could swallow raw oysters to be startled at others who eat insects.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuilletton of French Literature.

LE LION AMOUREUX; OR, THE PHYSIOLOGY OF A GENERAL LOVER.

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

(Continued from page 61.)

STERNY, hurried, as it were, from one step to another, by the charms of Lise, and perhaps delighted with his own success, had not time to reflect on all that he had done; for had he had but a moment of leisure, he would have been astonished and frightened on considering how much he had deviated from his accustomed habits.

The orchestra gave the signal for the dance, and Sterny, with Lise by his side, took his place. She was lovely; yes, beautiful as the angels that we see in our dreams, possessing the serenity of innocence and the repose of happiness. Sterny, dazzled with her beauty, contemplated her with the same pleasure as one would a noble piece of sculpture, which, so to speak, glorifies the human form, in shewing how truly lovely and how graceful it may be. At that time, Lise, who was trembling by his side, appeared to him to have more charms, to be lovelier, than he had imagined. On her countenance there was an indescribable expression of happiness, of fear, and of astonishment. Something had struck the heart of the young girl; something to which she was unaccustomed, and which delighted her, at the same time causing her fear. Her heart beat, and it seemed that there was in her a new existence that had not before lived, and which was now struggling for life. To woman, God has given, at two distinct periods, this ineffable emotion. The one is produced by first love; the other, when she discovers that she is a mother. But no pen is able to describe that ecstasy and agitation which lighted up Lise's countenance. Sterny, who was looking at her in admiration, could not account for the pleasure which he then experienced. He wished to speak, but his voice faltered; she tried to reply, but her

voice faltered, like that of Sterny. They went through the dance in this way; and it was not till he was conducting Lise to her seat that it struck him that he was about to be separated from her. He whispered,

"Does Mademoiselle Lise waltz?"

"Ah, no! Sir; no!" Lise replied, shaking her head, as if waltzing was a pleasure beyond the hopes of a young girl.

"Then," Sterny replied, "you must dance another quadrille with me."

"Yes," Lise said, with evident pleasure; "but will you not dance with some other of the young ladies?"

"With you only, Lise," Sterny replied, with emotion.

"At least with my sister—I pray you to do so," Lise said, in a supplicating tone.

"With the bride?—You are right; and I thank you for having reminded me of my duty."

"And I thank you for consenting," Lise said, with a smile of complacency.

Sterny left her beside her mother, and went into another room. In spite of himself he was happy. Happy! and for what? For having disturbed the mind of a young girl! Poor triumph for a man, whose eye had caused dames the most wealthy and the most artful to tremble under its glances. Do not ask Sterny why he was happy; he would not be able to answer you, for that strange emotion was as new to him as it was to Lise; and he never thought of examining nor of struggling against it. He tried to remain away from the room in which Lise was, but, *malgré lui*, he went to the door, and cast a furtive glance round the room. She was dancing; but her heart was not in the dance; her head was slightly inclined, and from time to time she darted a look around. Whom was she seeking? Sterny was afraid that he was not the object; but when she saw that he was present, she no longer looked about. He felt happy at seeing this, a happiness so great, that it caused him fear. He asked himself the reason, and he blushed on endeavouring to find an answer.

"Ah," he said to himself, "how childish I am becoming! how ridiculous! The devil take me, if I am not tipsy. It is not possible."

And to assure himself that he was not a man that would allow a passion for a child to govern him, he again bent his looks at Lise. She was dancing with a fine young man, as handsome as our *lion*, and who was speaking to her with an air of ease and politeness. At this sight a revolution took place in the bosom of Sterny, and he felt assured that nothing could give him an advantage over his rival. This *chagrin* was increased when he perceived an expression of happiness and tranquillity beam-

ing on the countenance of Lise. The poor girl, on finding that the look of Sterný was fixed upon her, felt happy and proud—an ecstacy which she no longer dreaded, for he was no longer by her side; the contact of his hand, the sound of his voice, no longer made her tremble. A strange doubt pierced the heart of Sterný. He said to himself,

"Is it possible that this girl can be of the *arrière boutique*. Ah, truly, this is too ambitious, my fair one! You are handsome, but your pretensions are somewhat too extravagant."

As Sterný thus thought, his countenance took an expression of haughtiness and disdain; and the young girl having glanced at him, was so frightened that she became pale, and her eyes, which were fixed upon him, seemed to say,

"O, what is the matter? What have I done to you?"

She no longer heard the fine sayings of her *danseur*; she made three successive mistakes in the dance.

Sterný saw all, and wished to know if it was not a trick. He had no inclination to become the dupe of a tradesman's daughter; therefore, as soon as the dance was finished, he assumed a confidential and indifferent air, and approached Lise and her mother.

"I have many pardons," Sterný said to Madame Laloine, without looking at Lise; "I have many pardons to ask you for my thoughtlessness, Madame. In going home, I found this chain with the medallion. It must belong to some of your guests; and I had entirely forgotten to give it to you."

At the words, "one of your guests," Lise gave Sterný a look which seemed to say,

"Did you not know that it was mine?"

Madame Laloine thanked Sterný, then said to Lise,

"You see that I was right, in stating that Monsieur le Marquis would bring it to you."

"Ah! it belongs to Mademoiselle," Sterný said, coldly, in presenting it with a haughty air.

"Yes," Lise said, in stretching forth her hand, and looking at Sterný, as if to say, "Am I then a child?"

"Give it to me, Lise," the mother said; "I will put it round your neck."

"By-and-by," Lise said, impatiently; and while rolling it up in her handkerchief, she became pale, and her lips trembled, and Sterný, satisfied with his manœuvre, said, with affected politeness,

"Mademoiselle has not forgotten that she is to dance a *galop* with me?"

"I do not know," Lise replied, with a melancholy air; but if mamma wishes—"

"With M. le Marquis?—certainly, certainly," Madame Laloine said.

The musicians began, and Lise gave her hand to Sterný.

"Why," Sterný said, as they were walking, "why did you not put your chain round your neck—I suppose it is a *souvenir*?"

"Ah, yes," she replied, casting her eyes up to heaven,—"it serves to make me mindful."

"And," Sterný demanded, "do you believe in the inscription—*Ce qu'on veut on le peut*."

"Yes, Monsieur; up to the present I have had reason for so doing; and," she added, with emotion, "I trust I shall always believe in it. But we are not dancing, Sir."

Sterný threw one arm round the *belle enfant*, and took hold of the hand in which she held her talisman. They danced thus—he devouring her with his looks; she, with eyes cast downwards, and her countenance bearing a melancholy expression. Suddenly a tear dropped from the eyelashes of Lise on to her cheek. Sterný, on observing this, evinced much uneasiness, and leading her into a corner of the room, said,

"I have offended you, Mademoiselle?"

"No, Sir; no."

"But why are you weeping?" Sterný anxiously inquired.

"I am not weeping, Monsieur."

"Listen," Mademoiselle," Sterný said, with an air of frankness; "I do not know anything that I have done or said that could offend you, but if I should have done so inadvertently, I sincerely request your pardon; for, I assure you, such a design never received the sanction of my heart."

"O Sir, pay no attention to what I say or to what I do. You must know that, from childhood, being always weak and suffering, I have been much indulged; and amongst other weaknesses that I have, is that of a foolish, a ridiculous susceptibility."

"But how have I wounded that susceptibility?"

"O, do not ask me, Sir," Lise said; then she added, in apparent trouble, "Let us continue the dance, I pray you."

The galop terminated, and Sterný conducted Lise, as formerly, to the side of her mother. At that moment M. Tirlot came, to claim his privilege of dancing with the bridesmaid, but she said,

"Not yet, M. Tirlot; I am very ill—I suffer much—I am cold."

Sterný looked at Lise; she was pale, and her lips trembled convulsively. Her mother, on seeing her, was much alarmed, and said,

"Come with me, my child." The poor girl left the room leaning upon her mother's arm.

"What is the matter with her?" Sterný demanded, addressing himself to M. Tirlot.

"*Ah! mon Dieu!*" Tirlot said, with a pitiful look. "Always the same thing—those frightful palpitations of the heart. The least fatigue hurts her, and a little excitement is enough to kill her."

"To kill her!" Sterný said to himself; "and what have I done? When I looked at her with disdain—when I told her mother of the medallion that I knew belonged to her, and which, although she knew I had it, she never asked for!—perhaps I wounded her sensitive heart, and turned her joy into wretchedness. Ah, poor girl! poor child! Oh, if I had thought so!—How foolish I have been! how unmanly my conduct!"

To play with the vanity of a little *prude* of the needle might be very amusing; but to hurt without a cause the sensibility of a child so lovely, and one whose every action attested her goodness of disposition, her pure and infantine simplicity, was truly odious. Sterný found himself guilty, foolish, and brutal, and he heaped curses upon his own head. Thus it was with the purest motives of friendship that he remained at the door of the chamber where Lise had taken refuge with her mother. She soon after left the room; was still pale, but appeared calm and resigned; and when she saw the alarmed looks of Sterný, she raised her hand gently to her bosom, shewing him the *plague d'or*, which had just been suspended round her neck; the gesture signified—"*Ce qu'on veut on le peut.*"

The smile which accompanied this movement was so sweet, so resigned, that it touched the heart of Sterný. Lise was then suffering, and had suffered much; and all for him—all on his account. He wished to ask her pardon; but, as she would no longer dance, he had no opportunity of doing so, and therefore shewed his contrition by appearing before her with a sad and thoughtful countenance. He at last became restless; the people who surrounded him were tiresome—not as he might have considered, the next day, on account of their ridiculous appearance; but because they looked at him as if they penetrated the secrets of his heart. This idea at length so influenced him, that he was upon the point of leaving; but he could not think of going away without first obtaining the pardon of that weak and gentle creature, whom he had caused to suffer so much. He went up to Madame Laloiné, and said, with a grave air,

"If I had been but an ordinary guest at this nuptial feast, Madame, I should have considered myself at liberty to retire without presenting my *devoirs*; but I was Prosper's witness, and I pray you to accept my thanks for having admitted into your family an honest man, who, it may be almost said, belonged to mine."

"I thank you, Sir," Madame Laloiné said, with emotion, whilst Lise looked at him with tenderness—"I thank you, Sir; for it is only your friendship for Prosper that could have induced you to make use of such flattering words to people so humble as we are."

"I assure you, Madame, that from the kindness I have experienced, you and your family shall ever have a claim upon my esteem and gratitude."

In saying this, he turned towards Lise, and bowed, without casting his eyes upon her. He did not then see the radiant smile that illumed her countenance; but he saw that she made an involuntary movement with her hand, as if to take his, and to thank him.

He left, and it was not till he had reached the other end of the room that he looked back. Lise had her hand resting upon her bosom, and was looking after him; he fixed his eyes upon her, and she did not withdraw hers from him. They thus looked at each other for some time, both forgetting where they were—both trying to read each other's heart. Madame Laloiné spoke to her daughter, who seemed to be awaking from a dream; but before answering, a slight movement of the head had, as it were, said to Sterný,

"Farewell! and thank you!"

The lion left; he was half mad, confused, and stupid. He tried to rally, but could not, for the image of Lise was before him, saying in all her candour and purity—*Malheureux!* why such behaviour? why insult one whom you know to be good and holy, because she smiled at her own happiness? Sterný became restless in his carriage: he looked round to see if there was yet a trace left of the innocent Lise; but no; he had once the medallion, but without being asked,—to be impertinent,—he had returned it to the mother.

In a state of fury, cursing himself for his own stupidity, he arrived at the club of the lions. He hesitated; then went up stairs, saying to himself,

"If that booby Lingard make but one foolish remark about me, I will strike him!" He then sat down at the gaming-table, lost 500 louis, offended all present by his ill-temper, entered his own house at the break of day, and thought as little of the money he had lost as of his last mistress.

"I shall see Lise again," he said; "I must see her—but how?"

However, when a few hours of repose had calmed his mind, he reflected more seriously; perhaps, than he had ever done before:—he was in love—he felt it; he was not ashamed of his passion, but he was afraid of it. To seduce Lise would be base and ungenerous; "for," he said to himself, "she would love me if I wished; she would

love, me I am sure of it; and her love would be so ardent, that were I to do otherwise than marry her, I might break her heart. That must not be! Well," he added, "I remember that when a child, and very ill, my mother took me to the church, and placing me upon my knees before the Virgin Mary, made me repeat after her—'Holy Virgin! who witnessed the death of thy Son, save me for the sake of my mother!' That image which I supplicated has been engraven on my heart as something sacred and ineffaceable, and of which I have never spoken lest I might be insulted. Lise will be to me a like *souvenir*—a celestial image, of which I had a glimpse, and whose form I will keep in the sanctuary of my soul. Ah! if Lise was not what she is, if she were a queen, I would risk my life to win her—I would dare everything in thinking on the words that she carries near her heart '*Ce qu'on veut on le peut.*' But she is a feather-merchant's daughter, and I cannot stoop so low. No, I must think no more of her—no! no!"

To accomplish this end, Sterný went to the opera, and with that success which always attended his efforts, made a conquest of the *danseuse* who had excited the admiration of his companions. One evening, when seated in one of the boxes of the Théâtre Français, he recognised two females who were looking steadfastly at him: the one was the wife of Prosper—the other, Lise.

"How those girls are staring from the opposite box," the *danseuse* said; "do you know them?"

"No," Sterný said, blushing, while telling the lie.

"Why, then, do you withdraw to the back of the box?—you make me believe that you are afraid."

"Away with your jealousies," Sterný said; and on looking out of his box, he perceived Lise, who was evidently speaking about him. Suddenly she lifted her head, and on meeting the gaze of Sterný, she withdrew her eyes, being apparently much agitated. Sterný, in order to escape the insults of his mistress, did not salute the young girl;—he rose to leave.

"If you quit my box, I will create a disturbance," the *danseuse* said, in anger.

He was hesitating whether to go to Lise or not, when his mistress added,

"If you go into the box where that woman is, I will smack her face before your eyes."

Sterný was transported with rage, and could have stabbed his mistress; but he succeeded in governing his temper. However, when he had conducted her home, he broke all that he could lay his hands on; for as he would not beat her, he was determined to do her all the evil he

could, by destroying all that belonged to her.

Sterný entered his own house in a state of fury. The next day he went to pay a visit to M. Laloin, and was told that there was no one at home—that the family had gone to the country. "In fact," Sterný said to himself, on receiving this information, "I am indeed a fool! If I saw her, I should have again a palpitating heart; and the *belle* would go next day to amuse herself, whilst I— in fact, I am getting mad!"

Fifteen days passed away, and our *lion*, by dint of indulging in the most extravagant excesses, had all but succeeded in forgetting Lise. Nevertheless, at times, her mild and pensive countenance seemed to appear before him, but it was pale, death-like, and distracted. She seemed staring at him with a look of despair, as if reproaching him for bringing upon himself his own ruin and hers. That image appeared before him, even in his sleep, and in his dreams he has seen it watching over him like a guardian angel.

One morning, the servant knocked at his door, and announced that a person of the name of Gobillon desired to speak to him. Sterný's thoughts had been on Lise all night; he started up, and said,

"Shew him up, immediately!"

"Why, what is the matter?" Sterný said, on seeing the sorrowful appearance of Prosper. "You seem very sad for a new married man."

"Ah! it is on account of the grief that there is at home. You remember poor Lise?"

"Well! Lise!" Sterný exclaimed.

Prosper shewed him the crape that was round his hat.

"Dead!" the Marquis uttered.

"Dead! and is now a saint in heaven."

"*Oh mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" Sterný exclaimed, in a fit of despair, which frightened Prosper—"Dead without having seen her again! Dead!"

"Alas, it is so!" Prosper said; "I have been to her funeral, and have come to perform her dying wish."

"Her dying wish?" Sterný repeated.

"Listen, Monsieur le Marquis—you must not think ill of the poor child; for although her mind was too exalted, she had a good heart. The night that she died, I watched at her bedside with my wife. Lise expressed a wish to speak to me in private, and when we were alone, she asked me to unfasten the chain of hair that she wore round her neck. I did so;—then she made signs for me to approach nearer.

"'Prosper,' she said, 'you will give this to the Marquis of Sterný; tell him not to be fickle and cruel to others, as he has been to me. I send him this present, for he

will one day be a good and distinguished man—I am sure of it.’

“She then put this medallion into my hand, and an hour afterwards she died, murmuring, ‘*Ce qu’on veut on le peut . . . excepté être aimé . . . aimé—aimé.*’ Then all was over with Lise.”

Sterny fell upon his knees, and received this token of pure, of innocent love. For some time, the tears flowed abundantly from his eyes, and it was not till he had become calm that Prosper left him.

Sterny remained all that day at home, nor could he be seen by any of his friends. All were surprised, and their astonishment was increased when they heard that he was about to leave France for a considerable time; and most probably they would have imagined that he was deranged had they seen him, the morning before his departure, kneeling at the tomb of Lise, offering up a sincere, a fervent prayer to his Maker.

Miscellaneous.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN A PAUPER LUNATIC ASYLUM.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

HAVING received, and most cheerfully accepted, an invitation to accompany a friend to an evening entertainment, given, on the last day of the old year, to the pauper women in the County Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, we started from town on Friday evening, just as the dull fog had thickened over Hyde Park for the night, and after a nine miles drive in the dark drew up at the lighted gates of the Middlesex Madhouse, gave in our names, and walked into a bright, cheerful hall, leading by white stone passages to various parts of the house. Following one of these to the apartments of the resident physician, we found that the party had already met in a room below. We accordingly retraced our steps; and after threading several other passages, came to a door which opened into the gallery where the lunatics were assembled.

The momentary impression made by the sudden change from the coolness and quiet of the empty stone passage to the heat and hum and bustle of a long narrow gallery, dressed out with fresh evergreens, lighted with numberless candles, and lined from end to end with three hundred and fifty restless mad women, was simply shocking; but this first impression speedily wore away, and was followed by the conviction (which every other guest must have felt before he left the room) that the generous humanity which had prompted the system, of which this entertainment was only the result, had placed every one of these harmless lunatics in the possession of as much

happiness as her mind was capable of enjoying.

In the middle of the long vista of frilled muslin caps, evergreens, white walls, and mad faces, down which I looked on entering, was a piano, and a crowd of dancers figuring away at country-dances as mirthfully and with as good a heart as if they had been sane. We walked slowly down the room to where the dancing was going on, watched by many eyes that you saw were mad the instant you caught them. A small proportion only of the women danced; the rest sat at the sides of the gallery on benches, laughing or talking to themselves, whispering to their neighbours, lost in sad reveries, or watching earnestly and distrustfully the scene before them; and here and there a face expressive of intense melancholy, as if the poor creature were pondering on some mental misery too heavy for her to bear, called you away from the listless expression of childish imbecility which characterized the bulk of the party. A few keepers were interspersed with the dancers, who helped to give spirit to the dancing; but it was really difficult at first to say who was keeper and who was not. Every one of them seemed to enter into the enjoyment of the dance with so much good will, with so plain an intention of being amused, and so much light-heartedness, that at a little distance, and with the exception of a slovenly method of moving their feet, you might have fancied they were so many country people dancing at a village wake or fair. There was no uniform or work-house dress, to mark them as the inmates of an asylum, but nearly as much variety in their dress as in that of an equal number of villagers.

The crowd altogether reminded me very much of a crowd of children. Wilful, natural, saying what they thought; careless or unconscious of other people's opinions; earnest in trifles, sincere, without concealment; inquisitive, eager observers of every passing thing, and in continual fidgetty motion, you might have imagined yourself in a school of foolish overgrown girls. There were exceptions, of course, where excessive pride or inordinate vanity was the insane indication. The Queen of the Netherlands, for instance, proud as Lucifer, looked down upon you as if you were only dirt; and her equal in purse-pride, who carried a bag of gold,—foreign money, she said, but the Bank would know her pebbles were good foreign money, and would pass in the country she came from,—was as conscious of her wealth as the sanest money-holder on the Stock Exchange. She stalked about in her poor straw bonnet and short sorry gown, with a lofty stage stride, as if she had been the original goddess of plenty. Contrasted with her

pride was the silly vanity of a feeble and somewhat delicate young person, who slipped in and out between the bystanders, and walked backwards and forwards incessantly, in a stealthy, self-conscious way, wishing to attract attention, yet affecting to disregard it. She had been pretty once, was better dressed than the majority about her, and, instead of the common frilled cap, she wore her hair in bands, and had less of the kitchen-maid about her than the crowd that lined the walls. She was the wife of a professional man, gone mad, one would think, with excessive vanity. Whenever you looked at her, she caught your eye, looked away suddenly with a complacent smile at having attracted notice, and walked on in her vain way, as if the eyes of all were waiting upon her. I thought I detected an expression of uneasiness at her being seen among so many common people. Many of them were very loquacious, and pleased at an opportunity of talking to strangers. A placid, middle-aged woman, of the Mrs. Nickleby genus, with a weak flow of soft religious words, and a still weaker stream of namby-pamby, told me innocently that she had a sweet heavenly host of pretty little seraphs three inches long, pretty little creatures, that she fed and nourished: they were up-stairs now, she said, but she had been burrowing in the ground after them in the morning, which was the reason why she was not quite so well as usual. Her earnestness and minute description of particulars shewed how completely she was living in a world of her own, where she saw the seraphs she described. She was fully impressed with the notion that she was sane, and that the rest of the people were mad.

The music or songs played in the course of the evening were very well received by the patients; on some of whom it produced sadness, and on others unnatural gaiety. In the middle of one of the songs, to which all were listening very quietly, an earnest, voluble woman standing behind me, to whom all things seemed possible, whispered in my ear, with an air of familiar truth, which was almost startling—"You know, I've been in heaven, and the songs they sing there are better than that, I can tell you." It was taking her too literally, perhaps, to follow up such an assertion by any further inquiry; but her answer to the question, what sort of music they had there, was a rather singular one. She considered a moment, and then said, as if she had been merely recalling past impressions, "Why common sense to be sure." When the song was over she walked away towards the end of the gallery, where a few patients sat who appeared slightly more irritable than the rest; and among these was a silent, feeble girl, having a look of dejected imbecility on

her sharp, coarse face, which seemed as if her spirits had been broken down by want. She was one of the numerous class of patients who had been confined in that cruel bondage of restraint-chairs, sleeves, straight waistcoats, muffs, or leg-locks, (how rare it is to call things by their right names!)-from which the judicious humanity of the physician and the magistrates had at length released her. Her wrists were deformed by the hard leather cases in which they had been confined; and so habituated had she been to wear them at night, that for some time after they were removed, she held up her hands to be bound whenever she went to bed. Now she was permitted to wander about as she pleased, and although, under the old system, she had been tied up to an iron bar, or a bench, or a heavy restraint-chair, as a dangerous maniac, she conducted herself this evening with propriety, listened to the piano with much apparent pleasure, or sat near some friend, to whom she seemed attached, watching, with a various expression of shyness, or sadness, or apathy, every stranger's face that she saw in the room. She was not the only instance of the happy effects of removing restraint. There were forty-seven persons present, all of whom had been previously confined in some way or another, who now behaved with as much decency as the harmless patients who were always at large.

Before the dancing had ended, Dr. Conolly (whose illness had prevented him from seeing his patients for some time previously, and who for the same reason was unable to join the party earlier) made his appearance in the gallery, and went through it, noticing nearly every person as he passed with some appropriate kindness. I have never witnessed before so affecting a tribute to unassuming genius and worth as was paid by these pauper lunatics to their resident physician. With few exceptions, the women rose as soon as they saw him, and eagerly stepped out from their seats to shake hands with him and ask him how he was, hoping that he was better, and wishing him a happy new year. Wherever he went there was some proof of their respectful affection for him, if not in words, at least in manner, or by voice or look, or by the cheerfulness caused by his merely coming among them; the sympathizing courtesy with which they were received seemed to rejoice them no less than hearing he was better. "What a treat it is," I heard a hearty old woman whisper to her neighbour, when he was out of hearing, "to see the doctor about again;" and the same feeling was expressed in the faces of nearly all. It may well be conceived that so many marks of sincere regard in these helpless lunatics, joined with the ready tact and quiet forbearance, which Dr.

Conolly shewed with uncertain tempers, his cheerful familiarity with those who required encouragement, his courteous deference to mad vagaries, sympathy with whimsical complaints, gentleness and firmness where they were needed, and his friendly sincerity with all, were not seen without emotion; while at the same time it afforded the plainest proof of the wisdom and humanity of the present system of treatment at Hanwell, when carried out by such an instrument.

At nine o'clock the evening hymn was sung by all who chose to join, and the party broke up, with no other interruption than the loud sobs of one poor soul, who left the room crying, like a great baby, for "her doll." When the signal was given to go to bed, the women left the room as obediently as children, shaking hands and wishing good night with much simplicity. Among the last to go was a poor Irish girl, who interested me exceedingly. She was a fine hearty creature, well made, buxom, and high spirited, with a full round Irish face, a brogue, and soft mild eyes, which, while she smiled to herself, seemed full of wilful gaiety, and then on a sudden became very sorrowful, as if her mind were filled with some painful recollection far removed from the place or circumstances about her. She was an uncertain patient, it seemed, and occasionally became refractory; but to-night she was only in unnaturally high spirits, dashed with these sudden fits of sadness. When we were going away, she called out loudly, "Edward, Edward," as if she expected him to come. She was supposed to have been the bride of a soldier, who had married and then deserted her. She said, with inexpressible pathos, while a song was singing near her, "I had rather hear Edward play the guitar than sit under a canopy of gold and have ten thousand a year."

I find a difficulty in expressing what I felt on leaving this singular scene. Here were three hundred and fifty mad women, of whom perhaps no less than three hundred were incurably mad, having temper and dispositions requiring the most constant and rigid self-restraint to treat with proper forbearance, in some cases impatient of all restraint, listless spendthrifts of their time, or lazy and indifferent to the common every-day necessities of life, without the means or disposition of earning a subsistence, and either without friends, or lost to them, or alienated from them by a malady worse than death, who were treated with a kindness and concern which they would not have met with, and perhaps could scarcely have expected, from their own kinsmen or friends. Instead of harshness they find a charity which "suffers long, and is kind;" where imprisonment and violence

were once thought necessary, liberty with firmness, or with merely occasional seclusion, is all that is required; and, apart from the melancholy incidents which must necessarily follow a pauper lunatic into an asylum, you find these forsaken people in the comfortable enjoyment of as large a measure of happiness as will ever be found consistent with their demented state. It must indeed have been a gratifying reflection to the men who have planned and are carrying out the scheme of benevolence which has already been followed by such results, that to their courageous perseverance and enlightened charity are these benefits to be attributed. Their services are not confined to Middlesex and Hanwell; they are trying a great experiment for the nation, in devotion to which a life would not be mis-spent; and the issue of that experiment will be, that at no very distant day a law will be passed, making all restraints in every madhouse in the kingdom as illegal as they have been already proved to be mischievous and unjust. H. B.

FAMILIES OF LITERARY MEN.

(From the *Quarterly Review*.)

WE are not going to speculate about the causes of the fact—but a fact it is—that men distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power of any sort very rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of *genius* have scarcely ever done so. Men of *imaginative genius*, we might say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot at this moment point out a representative in the male line even so far down as in the third generation of any English poet, and we believe the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down even in the female line. With the exceptions of Surrey and Spenser, we are not aware of any great English author of at all remote date from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and we believe no great author of any sort—except Clarendon and Shaftesbury—of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless. Shakspeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny—nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The grand-daughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Newton, Locke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Gray, Walpole, Cavendish—and we might greatly extend the list—never married. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood. M. Re-

noard's last argument against a perpetuity in literary property is, that it would be founding another noblesse. Neither jealous aristocracy nor envious Jacobinism need be under much alarm. When a human race has produced its "bright consummate flower" in this kind, it seems commonly to be near its end.

Poor Goldsmith might have been mentioned in the above list. The theory is illustrated in our own day. The two greatest names in science and in literature, of our time, were Davy and Sir Walter Scott. The first died childless. Sir Walter left four children, of whom three are dead, only one of them (Mrs. Lockhart) leaving issue, and the fourth (his eldest son), though living, and long married, has no issue. These are curious facts.

AMOY.

AMOY Fort, now in possession of the British, lies at the back of the town of the same name, about four hundred yards from the shore, upon an eminence of small size. The front of the village is composed of a cluster of small houses, behind which the principal fort rises. The position of the fort is badly chosen, as several hills acclive in the back-ground, much resembling, in height and conformation, that of Primrose Hill, from which the Viceroy of the provinces of Chekeang and Fokien beheld the cannonading, and the landing of our troops. A long battery runs all along the shore, forming a frontage to the line of houses, and much resembles, at this point, the appearance of Algiers from the sea. Immediately opposite the town of Amoy is a harbour, and the channel itself is about three-quarters of a mile in width, separating Amoy from the island of Koolangsee, which has also its battery. The channel is about twelve fathoms in depth, and affords very excellent anchorage on the north part of the town, immediately facing the battery. Amoy, which is variously called Emouy, or Hiamen, is situated near the south-east coast of China, annexing the province of Fokien. In circuit it has a compass of about fifteen miles; and the great fort which British prowess has just taken was resorted to by Europeans, but abandoned when foreign commerce was restricted to Canton. There are to be met with in its interior and on the coast several very large temples, particularly one, of great celebrity, dedicated to the god Fo, whose statue, of colossal size, towers to a great height, and is much frequented by throngs of worshippers. The images of numerous other divinities are also seen, together with a host of strange allegorical paintings; and incense is burned perpetually on the altars. Amoy is the residence of numerous mer-

chants, who are the owners of more than 300 large junks, and who carry on an extensive commerce, not only to all the ports of China, but to many also in the Archipelago, and to Japan. It is considered as the grand emporium of the Fukkeen province. Notwithstanding the heavy duties levied on exports and imports, these merchants maintain their trade, and baffle the efforts of the mandarins. They have long looked forward with desire to an opportunity of opening a trade with Europeans, and it is considered that they would greatly improve upon that of Canton. Most of the Formosa trade, which is extensive, is carried on by the junks appertaining to Amoy; they go to all the western ports of the island, and either return loaded with rice, or go up to the north of China loaded with sugar. The trade of Amoy has always been regarded with a jealous eye by the emperor and authorities of China. The revenue of the emperor chiefly arising out of the payment of transit dues, the possession of any ports or points on the sea-coast, which should at all interfere with the inland trade of the country, has been always most jealously guarded against. Amoy lies in long. 118° 22' E., lat. 24° 30' N.

MAGNETIC DISTURBANCE.

(From the "Literary Gazette.")

Simultaneous observations at Greenwich, at Toronto in Canada, at Trevandrum in the East Indies, at St. Helena, and at the Cape of Good Hope, during the remarkable magnetic disturbance on the 25th and 26th of Sept. 1841.

MILITARY organization and military habits made available by the British Association in scientific researches are beginning to develop their advantages; and the very recent and prompt publication by that body, affords proof that the constitution of the association, and the system of magnetic observatories proposed and being carried out by them, are working well. Look at the date of the "disturbance," and see how soon the account of it is brought together from the four quarters of the globe, and published! It is satisfactory, also, to find that the disturbance has not escaped the vigilance of any one of the observatories from which accounts have yet been received. With observers thus trained, and a system thus organized, it would be difficult to predict the results.

Colonel Sabine, in the introductory remarks, refers to the interest which Mr. Airy's circular letter, on the subject of the magnetical disturbance observed at Greenwich on the 25th September last, has excited: to the approval of the Master-General of the Ordnance for the immediate publication of the observations conducted by the officers of the Royal Artillery at the magnetical

observatories; and to the employment, for that purpose, by the Committee of the British Association (of which the gallant colonel is a prominent and eminent member), appointed to conduct the co-operation of that body in the system of simultaneous magnetical and meteorological observations, of a portion of the grant placed at their disposal.

The disturbances appear to have commenced at Toronto, nearly at the same absolute time as at Greenwich, and to have been generally simultaneous at both stations. The disturbance at Toronto was at its height from 11, A.M. to 4, P.M., Gottingen mean time. Its general effect seems to have been that of causing a decrease of easterly variation and of total intensity. The agreement in direction of the changes of horizontal and vertical force deserves remark: the minimum and maximum of each occurred simultaneously, or as nearly so as can be learned from the observations—the minimum of both being observed at the second reading after noon, and the maximum of both at precisely the same interval after the following midnight. The observations of the second disturbance shew a striking connexion between the chances of declination and intensity—an increase of force corresponding to an increase of easterly declination, and *vice versa*.

An aurora was visible at Greenwich both in the morning and evening of the 25th. At Toronto, the morning was heavily clouded with rain, consequently no aurora could be seen; in the evening the aurora was visible at intervals from seven to ten, P.M., Toronto time, or one to five, A.M., Gott. time, the period of the second great disturbance; the remainder of the night was heavily clouded. A gale of wind occurred on the following day (26th), and in the evening another (?) aurora was seen. The *extreme* changes of the declination, horizontal and vertical force, during the two disturbances, were as follow:—of the declination, 1 deg. '05 min.; of the horizontal force, '02438 of its whole value; and of the vertical force, '01288 of its whole value. Similar observations were made at Toronto in 1840; and the recurrence of so great a disturbance on the same day in the following year is remarkable.

At Trevandrum, in lat. 8 deg. 30 min. 35.2 sec. N., and long. 5 hours 7 min. 59 sec. E., an unusual magnetic disturbance took place simultaneously with those observed in England and America; although, in consequence of the easterly position of Trevandrum, the commencement only of the disturbance was observed there. The disturbance was indicated principally by the horizontal-force magnetometer, because the inclination at Trevandrum being only 2 deg. 50 min., the hori-

zontal intensity at that station comprises nearly the whole magnetic intensity, the vertical component being extremely small. During the whole day of the 25th, the horizontal intensity was weaker than the average of the preceding twenty-four days of the month; and at the Gott. hours of noon, two, four, and six, P.M., when great disturbances were taking place at Greenwich and Toronto, the observations at Trevandrum shew a decrease of intensity much exceeding the usual fluctuations. The effect of the disturbance on the declination-magnetometer appears to have been comparatively small, the north end of the magnet being, however, during the whole day, to the eastward of its average position at the same hours in the preceding part of the month.

The element principally effected at St. Helena was also the horizontal force, which underwent frequent fluctuations of unusual amount, and sustained, on the whole, a considerable diminution of intensity. The magnetic inclination there being 21 deg., the horizontal force forms by much the larger component of the total magnetic force. The diminution took place at 10, A.M. (the 25th); the intensity continued to weaken until 7 hours, 42 min. 30 sec., P. M., and the loss amounted to '0118 of the whole force; and this, it will be remarked, was coincident with the period when the disturbances at Greenwich and Toronto occurred. The fluctuations of the declination at St. Helena, as at Trevandrum, were far less striking than those of the horizontal intensity, or than those of the declination, at Toronto and Greenwich. The magnetic disturbances at the tropical stations have not, however, always this character.

The September returns from the magnetic observatory at the Cape of Good Hope (according to postscript, dated December 29) have just arrived, and their reduction would occasion "an inexpedient delay in this publication." It is satisfactory, however, to find, that the remarkable disturbance under consideration manifested itself in that southern latitude. All the magnetometers were greatly affected. The greatest disturbance of the horizontal force commenced about 10, A.M. (the epochs here spoken of are Gott. mean time), on the 25th, and attained its extreme limit at 7h. 45 min., P.M., on the same day. The vertical-force magnetometer was deflected out of the field of view at 6h. 30m., P.M., on the 24th, and remained so; the instrument being adjusted afresh to the needle, the latter was again deflected out of the field at 2h. 27m. 30s., P.M., on the 25th.

For the tabular details of the observations at Toronto, at Trevandrum, and at St. Helena—for the projected curves of the former—and for valuable hints to magnetic

observers, we refer our readers to the publication itself; to which, it is said, the reduced observations at the Cape may form a supplement, accompanied by observations, probably, of the same disturbance at Simla, in the Himalaya. The September returns from the Van Diemen's Land observatory may be expected in February, about which time accounts may be hoped for, of the same date, from Captain Ross, R.N., who intended to pass the last fortnight of September at Chatham Islands, where he would establish his magnetometers on shore.

The Gatherer.

Water Shoes.—A Lieutenant Hookenberg, of Denmark, has invented an apparatus, by means of which persons may traverse the water. It is described (not very clearly) as "resembling two very narrow boats, pointed at both ends, and united by a square piece of wood, about thirty inches long." The following account of a recent exhibition of it, before the royal family of Denmark, is given in the *United Service Journal*:—"The arm of the sea which runs into the Thier Garter, was the spot selected for the evolutions. The water runners went through a variety of movements, among which were their loading and discharging their muskets while upon the water, running along on its surface at full speed," &c. The shoes, it is added, are so easy, that any person of moderate dexterity and quickness may be taught to manage them.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

Napoleon and the Fish.—The fishermen on the coast of Normandy and Bretagne have long entertained a strange superstition—viz., that ever since the fall of Napoleon, their occupation, formerly so lucrative, has fallen off, the fish having ceased to visit the coasts of France in shoals as heretofore; in other words, that they quitted the country to follow the exiled emperor. Within the last twelve months, however, they have returned in their usual abundance; and at Treport and some other fisheries, the trade has lately resumed its former prosperity. This fact one would imagine would have sufficed to wean the fishermen from their faith in the absurd tradition alluded to. On the contrary, such is the power of infatuation with the ignorant, that it has only served to confirm them in their former belief, and to give rise to a new superstition, namely, that the fish have returned back to France with the emperor's mortal remains.

Quiet at last.—A country fellow seeing a notorious mountebank dead in his coffin, exclaimed, "Ah! poor fellow, thou art now still for once in thy lifetime."—*The Archaeologist*.

The Mining Company of Ireland last year realized a profit on their operations of £13,708.

The King of Prussia's Present to the Prince of Wales.—The King of Prussia's present to his godson, the Prince of Wales, according to the *on dits* in the first circles at Berlin, will be a splendid royal mantle, lined with ermine, decorated with the star of the Order of the Black Eagle, formed of brilliants and other jewels of the first water.

How many young ladies will it take to reach from London to Brighton? Fifty-two; because a *miss* is as good as a mile.

Lord Brougham, who has been visiting the heads of the different colleges at Cambridge, declares that, having sounded them on different subjects, he found that they beat the heads of the Cockney college—*hollow*.—*Punch*.

MAXIMS.

The frequent use of the name of God, or the devil; allusions to passages of Scripture; mocking at anything serious and devout; oaths, vulgar by-words, cant phrases, affected hard words, when familiar terms will do as well; scraps of Latin, Greek, or French; quotations from plays spoke in a theatrical manner—all these much used in conversation render a person contemptible to all sensible men.

It is a base temper in mankind that they will not take the smallest slight at the hand of those who have done them the greatest kindness.

Never over-praise any absent person, especially ladies, in company of ladies. It is the way to bring envy and hatred upon those whom you wish well to.

It is better, in conversation with positive men, to turn off the subject in dispute with some merry conceit, than to keep up the contention to the disturbance of the company.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"L. M. T.," "A. O.," "To a Young Lady with a Book," "Faith," "Glennville," "Poets and Poetry," "Character and Genius of Chatterton," "Love of Animals," declined, with thanks. "Lines to THE MIRROR" are too complimentary for insertion.

"Greatlittle" received. "Queen Victoria to the British Standard, on her Coronation," a spirited Poem, but much too long for our pages.

"An Antiquarian," his suggestion will be attended to.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

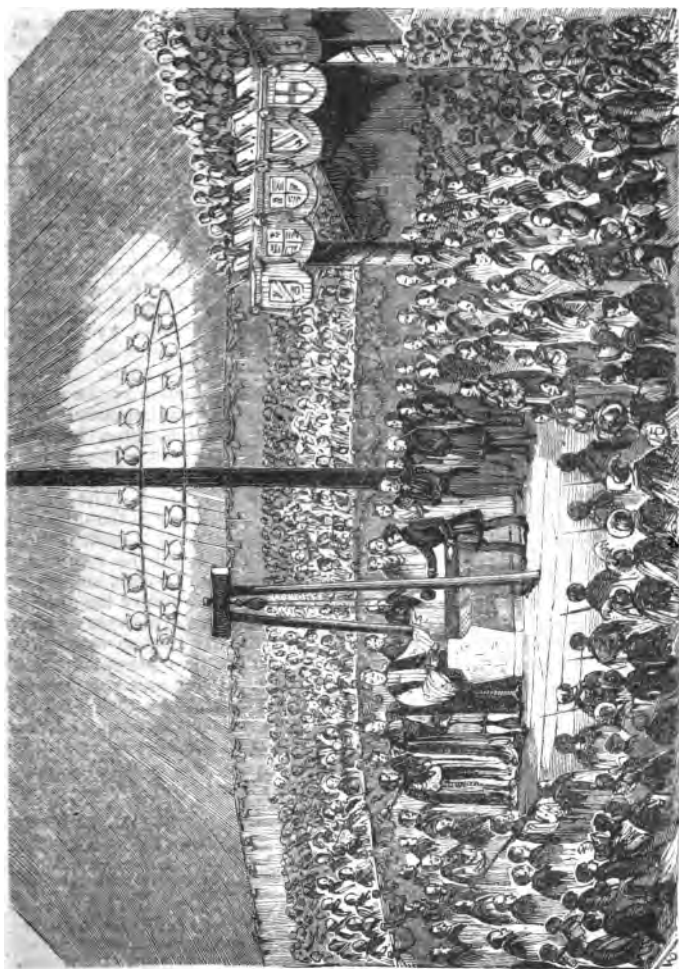
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 6.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.

THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.

THE ceremony of laying the first stone of the New Royal Exchange took place on Monday, January 17th, and the arrangements were on a scale of magnitude corresponding with the magnificence of this great national undertaking and the rank of the distinguished personages who took part in it. The entrance of those who were fortunate enough to obtain tickets, was in Cornhill, the avenues leading to which were almost blocked up from an early hour, and the police had much difficulty in keeping open a passage. A covered way, lined with alternate stripes of crimson and white cloth, led from Cornhill to the entrance of the tent, which was placed as nearly as possible in the centre of the building, and up to the time the doors were thrown open, at twelve o'clock, the workmen were busily employed in laying down matting, and completing the other necessary arrangements.

The tent, under which the ceremony took place, was of a circular form, with an open space in the centre, in which the foundation-stone was suspended. We understand that it was of larger dimensions than any that has hitherto been erected in this country, and was capable of affording accommodation to between 12,000 and 15,000 persons. It was upwards of 100 feet high, and 300 feet in circumference; on the top was a lantern with the City arms and the shield of Britannia, and above all the union-jack floated proudly in the breeze. Around the amphitheatre were eleven tiers of seats rising gradually to the height of twenty-four feet. The seats, as well as the floor of the tent, were covered with crimson drapery, the reserved seats in front being festooned with the same, and at the back, a tastefully designed festoon, of crimson and white drapery, confined at certain distances by rosettes, went round the entire walls of the tent. The floor or platform on which the stone was placed was forty feet in diameter, and there were two chairs of state placed in front of the stone, for the accommodation of his Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Lord Mayor. Over the entrance to the tent was an orchestra for the band, the front of which was decorated with panels, on which the Royal and City Arms, the Arms of the various City Companies, and of Sir Thomas Gresham, were emblazoned. The band of the 2nd Life Guards was in attendance, and beguiled the time till the arrival of his Royal Highness, by performing various popular overtures. On a pedestal on either side of the entrance, was placed a very beautiful model of the intended building, which attracted much attention. The tent was lighted by a circular chandelier, containing about fifty gas

lights, and when the entire amphitheatre was filled, the whole presented a spectacle of great animation and brilliancy.

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, with the Sheriffs, the chairman and members of the Joint Gresham Committee, and the principal officers of the Corporation of London, were in attendance at the Guildhall at half-past one o'clock precisely, to receive his Royal Highness, who was introduced to the Lord Mayor in the Common Council chamber, where William Tite, Esq., F.R.S., the architect, submitted the plans of the new building to his Royal Highness. A procession from thence to the site of the New Royal Exchange was then formed.

At half-past two o'clock her Majesty's ministers made their appearance at the pavilion, and, with a most judicious observance of the neutral character of the meeting, the announcement did not elicit from those present the least demonstration of political feeling. At last Prince Albert entered, and was most warmly received. He walked up to the chair with a modest, quiet air, which was most prepossessing. "He was dressed in a plain dark green frock-coat with velvet collar, a black stock, without any shirt collar, brown cloth trousers, rather tightly made, and boots."

The scarlet robes of the aldermen, the full military dress of officers of high rank, and the contrast afforded by the Windsor uniform, had a very imposing effect as all rose at the national anthem. His Royal Highness took his station by the side of the stone, where he was attended by four members of the committee, bearing the glass bottle for the coin, a glass brick with an English inscription incrustated thereon, the mallet, and the level. The member of the committee bearing the glass bottle then held it to Prince Albert, who placed therein the coin which he received from the Chamberlain of London, and his Royal Highness having deposited the same in the well of the stone, the member of the committee bearing the English inscription incrustated on glass then presented the same, which his Royal Highness also deposited in the well. The architect then read the inscription on the stone in Latin and English. We understand the inscription is the production of the Bishop of London. We give the translation :—

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM, KNIGHT,

Erected at his own charge
A building and colonnade
For the convenience of those persons
Who in this renowned Mart
Might carry on the commerce of the world,
Adding thereto, for the relief of indigence,
And for the advancement of literature and science,
An almshouse and a college of lecturers,
The city of London aiding him,
Queen Elizabeth favouring the design,
And when the work was complete,
Opening it in person with a solemn procession.

Having been reduced to ashes,
Together with almost the entire city,
By a calamitous and widely-spreading
conflagration,

They were rebuilt in a more splendid form
By the City of London

And the Ancient Company of Mercers,
King Charles the Second commencing the building
On the 23rd October, A.D. 1667;

And when they had been again destroyed by fire
On the 10th January, A.D. 1838,

The same bodies undertaking the work,
Determined to restore them, at their own cost,
On an enlarged and more ornamental plan,

The munificence of Parliament
Providing the means of extending the site,
And of widening the approaches, and
Crooked streets in every direction,

In order that there might at length arise,
Under the auspices of Queen Victoria,
Built a third time from the ground,

AN EXCHANGE

Worthy of this great nation and city,
And suited to the vastness of a
Commerce

Extended to the circumference
Of the habitable globe.

His Royal Highness

Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha,
Consort of her Sacred Majesty,

Laid the First Stone

On the 17th January, 1842.

In the Mayoralty of the Right Hon.
John Pirie.

Architect, William Tite, F.R.S.

May God our preserver

Ward off destruction

From this Building

And from the whole City.

His Royal Highness then took the trowel, which was of silver, and spread the mortar over the stone. The stone was lowered to its place, and the members of the committee bearing the level and mallet presented them to his Royal Highness, to adjust and set it. The ceremony being completed, the Prince took his departure amid the loudest cheers.

One of the various accounts says—"At first, from the consciousness, perhaps, that he was the object of universal attention—that on every movement of his every eye in that large meeting was riveted—a slight nervousness was observant in his manner; but when he once saw what was to be done, all diffidence vanished. The workmanlike manner in which he handled the trowel and spread the mortar dissolved the coldness of the assembly, and one loud and hearty burst of cheering attested how completely his Royal Highness had ingratiated himself into the good opinion of the spectators."

THE TROWEL

Which his Royal Highness used is of silver gilt. The handle is fluted, terminating at the end with the royal crown, connected with the blade by flowing ornaments of beautiful chasing, which is continued round the edges. On one side are the royal arms and supporters, with an inscription referring to the use to which the trowel was applied, and on the other an elevation of the west front of the building, with the three shields

of arms of the Mercers' Company, the City of London, and Sir Thomas Gresham.

THE MALLET

Is formed of a block of beautiful oak, presented by the chairman, and was part of one of the great beams of the old Exchange. It is the full size of a mason's mallet, turned and moulded into an elegant form, with a wreath of oak-leaves and acorns carved round the base of it, and the royal crown terminating the handle. There is a silver plate inserted at the end, with an inscription similar to that on the trowel.

ITS MATERIAL.

The block of oak from which the mallet was made had been actually burnt through in the fire; and it is an interesting fact that the stain has extended almost through its substance, although it appears to be as hard as the most solid metal.

THE COINS DEPOSITED

Were, one sovereign, one half-sovereign, one half-crown, one shilling, one sixpence, one fourpence, one fourpence Maundy money, one threepence Maundy money, one twopence Maundy money, one penny Maundy money, one three-halfpence silver, one penny, one halfpenny silver, one farthing, three coins (copper), States of Jersey, one quarter-farthing, one half-farthing, one small Roman coin.

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "*A Natural History of Quadrupeds*," &c.

(Continued from p. 71.)

KIRBY and Spence remark that "many insects emit very powerful odours, and some produce extraordinary effects upon the human frame; and it is an idea not altogether to be rejected, that they may concentrate into a smaller compass the properties and virtues of the plants upon which they feed, and thus afford medicine more powerful in operation than the plants themselves. It would be worth while to institute experiments to ascertain the truth of this view."* Several species of beetles are used medicinally. In Europe, the *Lytta*, or *Cantharis vesicatoria*, is an important article, better known by the incorrect appellation of Spanish-fly. It is not only used as a vesicatory, but is now administered internally in many cases, and with good effect, as a stimulant and diuretic. In America, where the species is sold at sixteen dollars per pound, two species (*L. cinerea* and *L. vittata*), that are there

* Kirby and Spence's *Introduction to Entomology*, vol. i. p. 310.

extremely common and noxious, have been substituted for it with great success, and are said to vesicate more speedily, and at the same time less painfully, from their causing no strangury. At a meeting of the Entomological Society, August 3, 1840, Mr. Alexander Burn stated that two species of *Cantharidae* are exceedingly abundant in India, and remarked that as they prove as powerfully stimulant as the common official species, they might be made a valuable article of commerce. In China, the *Mylabris cichorei* has long been employed for the same purpose. This insect, indeed, seems to have been regarded as the most powerful vesicatory by the ancients, who, however, likewise appear to have been acquainted with the common *Lytta vesicatoria* also, and to have used it, as well as the rose-chafer, (*Cetonia aurata*), and some other insects mentioned by Pliny. General Harwicke has described, in the *Asiatic Transactions*, another species of *Mylabris* which is plentiful throughout Bengal, Bahar, and Oude, and is quite as efficacious as the common blistering beetle. Latreille informs us that *Blaps sulcata*, an Egyptian beetle, is used by the Turks to alleviate pain in the ear, and to cure the stinging of the scorpion. Mr. Newport, an eminent entomological investigator, has ascertained that the oil-beetle (*Meloe proscarabeus*) is highly diuretic.

In some parts of Africa a kind of soap is manufactured from a predaceous species of beetle, hence named *Corabus saponarius*, by Olivier. The *Cabinet de Lecteur* of June 29, 1836, stated that a society formed at Guedlinbourg had collected nineteen million cockchafers (*Melolontha ruficornis*) for the purpose of extracting oil from them. The experiment had been previously tried in Hungary, and three measures of oil had been extracted from eight measures of cockchafers. The insects were placed in pots of earth, which were covered with straw, and then with network of metallic threads; then the whole was placed upside-down on a heated utensil destined to receive the oil, which flowed from the insects. This oil, it was expected, would prove particularly serviceable in greasing wheels, &c.

The Chinese ladies embroider and adorn their dress with the elytra or wing-cases of a brilliant species of beetle (*Buprestis vittata*). In Chili and the Brazils, splendid necklaces are formed of golden-tinted weevils (*Curculionide*), and of certain other beetles (*Chrysomelae*). In some parts of the Continent, the burnished violet-coloured thighs of the dorr beetle (*Geotrupes stercorarius*) are strung together for the same purpose; and it may also be mentioned that similar necklaces, made of several specimens of a small species of

Scarabeus, are frequently found on the Egyptian mummies.*

Several species of luminous insects are used instead of candles in various parts of the world. Here, however, we shall only concern ourselves with the luminous beetles that are so employed. The phosphorescent click-beetle (*Élater noctilucus*) is the most distinguished of these. "It is called *co-cujas* in South America, where it is not uncommon; it is about an inch and a half long, of a brown colour, with the thorax marked on each side by a smooth, yellow, transparent spot, highly luminous, and diffusing so brilliant a light at night, that a person may, in a favourable position of the insect, see to read the smallest print. Beside these, however, there are two luminous spots beneath the elytra, or wing-cases, only visible, of course, when the insect is on the wing, and then it appears studded with four rich and vivid gems of a blue lustre; in fact, the whole body seems a flood of pure light. In the West Indies, particularly St. Domingo, the natives employ these insects to give light in managing their household concerns. In travelling they are wont to attach one to each toe; and it is stated that in fishing and hunting they require no other light. Pietro Martire informs us that this beetle serves the natives of the Spanish West Indies not only as a light to illuminate their houses, but to extirpate the gnats; on introducing the fire-beetles, the gnats become their prey. On festive days these fiery beetles are collected and attached to their clothes and horses; and, according to the same author, the luminous matter is sometimes rubbed over the face. We are told by Mouffett, that the appearance of the tropical fiery beetles on one occasion led to a singular result: when Sir Thomas Cavendish and Sir Robert Dudley first landed in the West Indies, the flitting and moving lights of these insects in the woods impressed them with the idea that the Spaniards were advancing, and they returned in consequence to their ships. Eight or ten of these insects put into a phial will yield a light equal to a common candle; and it is said that this was the only light used by the natives of Hispaniola, &c., prior to the arrival of the Spaniards."† This species is not the only one of the genus that is used in this way.

(To be continued.)

* Wild's Narrative, 1840.

† Murray's *Researches in Natural History*, 1830, p. 121.

Never be it forgotten that he who conceals a truth that ought to be made known, may be no less culpable than the wilful promulgator of a falsehood.

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

[We take this opportunity, which is not of an every-day occurrence, to introduce our readers to a new work—one that cannot fail to be interesting, being that of "The Rhine," by the celebrated novelist, Victor Hugo. To say anything respecting the previous writings of this talented author, to laud him as a philosopher, a poet, and a novelist—to dwell upon the beauties of his "Hunchback," the touching pathos of his "*Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*"—in short, to do more than state, that in the field of French literature there are none that can cope with him, that his *sorties* evince both talent and genius, would be only saying that which must be known to all. A word or two, however, respecting the work now before us, may not be deemed inappropriate.

As will be seen from the subjoined prefatory remarks, "The Rhine" consists of a series of letters descriptive of an excursion to that celebrated river. The author starts from Paris, and, as he proceeds on his journey, relates in a pleasing manner the disasters contingent on travelling, gives a graphic account of the towns through which he passes, and when he encounters a field of battle, an old church, a dilapidated castle, a relic of history, or some habitation rendered sacred by being the birth-place of genius, he displays the might of his mind, not only by his extensive knowledge, but by the train of reflection which such scenes inspire, and by the philosophical remarks which he makes upon them. The work consists of twenty-five letters, with what is rather misnamed "*a Conclusion*," as the latter has no reference whatever to the former, being chiefly a political argument respecting the right of Germany to the left bank of the Rhine.

The letters cannot fail to amuse; besides, they are rendered highly instructive by the interesting facts which they contain.]

PREFATORY REMARKS.

A few years ago the author of this work was travelling, without any other end save that of gazing on the green trees and blue sky—things that are not to be seen at Paris. While wandering heedlessly along, he arrived, almost by chance, on the borders of the Rhine. The sight of this great river produced in him a feeling different from that caused by any other incident of his

journey. It fixed his wandering thoughts, and gave a precise signification to what had been before only an excursion of caprice. In a word, it recalled him from idle reverie to serious thought. An account of all that he heard, saw, and imagined during his journey, is contained in these letters, which, as they were written, were sent to a friend at Paris, who from his earliest youth has taken a deep interest in every undertaking of the author.

LETTER I.

FROM PARIS TO FERTE-SOUS-JOUARRE.

Ferte-sous-Jouarre, July, 1839.

Two days ago, as I have already told you, my friend, I left Paris about twelve in the morning. I pursued my way by the route of Meaux, leaving St. Denis and Montmorency to the left. Here I thought of you, and tenderly bade you farewell. I then fixed my looks upon the rising ground at the bottom of the plain, till a turning in the road hid it from my sight. You know that, when on long excursions, I have got a peculiar *penchant* for short stages, to be unencumbered with luggage, and to be alone in my carriage with the two friends of my infancy—Virgil and Tacitus. You now see the whole of my equipage.

I took the Chalons road, for, some years before, I had travelled by the way of Soissons, and, thanks to the demolishers, it has now but very little interest left. Nanteuil-le-Haudoin has no longer its castle, which was built by Francis the First; the magnificent manor (at Villiers-Cotterets) of the Duke of Valois has been converted into a poor-house; and there, as almost everywhere, sculptures and paintings—the mind of by-gone ages, the grace of the sixteenth century—have disappeared. The enormous tower of Dammartin, from which Montmartre, nine leagues distant, could be distinctly seen, has been razed to the ground. Its lizard and vertical form gave rise to the proverb, which I could never well understand,—

"*Il est comme le château de Dammartin, qui crève de rire.*"*

At present—deprived of its old *bastille*, in which the Bishop of Meaux, when he had quarrelled with the Count of Champagne, had taken refuge with seven of his followers—Dammartin no longer engenders proverbs, and is only remarkable for literary compositions similar to this note, which I copied *verbatim* from a book lying on the table of an *auberge*:—

"Dammartin (Seine-et-Marne) is a small town, situated on a hill; lace is the chief article of manufacture. Hotel: *Sainte Anne*. Curiosities: the parish church, hall, 1600 inhabitants."

* "He is like Dammartin Castle, bursting with laughter."

The short space of time which those tyrants of diligences called "*conducteurs*" allow for dinner, would not then permit me to ascertain if it was true that the sixteen hundred inhabitants of Dammartin were really curiosities.

In the most lovely weather, and on the finest road in the world, betwixt Claye and Meaux, the wheel of my vehicle broke. You know that I am one of those who always *continue their journey*. If the carriage abandons me, I renounce the carriage. At that instant a small diligence was passing, being that of Touchard. There was only one vacant seat, which I took; and in ten minutes after the accident I was once more on my *route*, perched upon the *impériale*, between a hunchback and a gendarme.

Behold me now at Ferté-sous-Jouarre, a pretty little town, with its three bridges, its charming isles, its old mill in the middle of the river, supported by five arches; and its handsome pavilion, of the time of Louis the Thirteenth, which, it is said, belonged to the Duke of Saint-Simon, and which is now losing its beauty in the hands of a grocer.

If, in fact, M. de Saint-Simon did possess that old habitation, I very much doubt that his natal mansion of Ferté-Vidame ever had a more lordly and stately appearance, or was better adapted to his rank of duke and peer, than the charming little castle of Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

The moment is well suited for travelling: the country being filled with tourists, the harvest begun, and here and there large ricks of hay resembling pyramids; while the cut corn, ranged upon the brow of every acclivity, has, at a distance, the appearance of the back of the zebra.

You know, my friend, that when travelling, I do not seek for events; my whole desire is scenes which may excite and create ideas, and for that new objects suffice. Besides, I am content with little: so that I see trees, the green sward, and have the open air, with a road before and behind me, I am perfectly satisfied. If the country be flat, I like an extended horizon; if it be mountainous, I like the landscapes, and here there is one ever presenting itself to the view. Before me, is a charming valley; to the right and to the left, the strange caprices of the soil—huge hills, bearing the marks of husbandry, and a crowd of squares, pleasing to the sight; here and there, groups of low cottages, whose roofs seem to touch the ground; at the end of the valley, a current of water, shewn to the eye by a long line of verdure, and crossed by a little stone bridge, which age has partly dismantled, and which unites the two ends of the highway. When I was there, a wagon crossed the bridge—an enormous German wagon, swelled, girt,

and corded, which had the appearance of the belly of Gargantua, drawn upon four wheels by eight horses. Before me, near the opposite hill, the road takes its course, shining in the rays of the sun, and upon which the shadow of the tall trees represent, in black, a large comb wanting several teeth.

Ah, well! the large trees, the shadow of a comb, at which, perhaps, you are laughing, the wagon, the old bridge, the low cottages,—all cause pleasure, and make me happy. A valley such as this, with a brilliant sun above, ever pleases me. I, only, looked around, and enjoyed the scene; the other travellers in the carriage were constantly yawning. When the change of horses takes place, everything amuses me. After the cracking of the whip, the noise of the horses' hoofs, and the jingling of the harness, we stop at the door of an *auberge*. A white hen is seen on the highway—a black one amongst the brambles; a harrow or an old broken wheel in a corner, and children in the height of mirth, with comely, yet far from clean, faces, playing round a stack of hay. Above my head, Charles the Fifth, Joseph the Second, or Napoleon, is suspended—great emperors, who are now no longer fit for anything else than a sign to draw custom to an inn! The house is full of voices: upon the step of the door, the grooms and the kitchen-maids are making idyls; the understrapper drawing water; and I, profiting by my high position upon the *impériale*, either listen to the conversation of the hunchback and the gendarme, or admire the little place, with all its deformities and beauties.

Besides, my gendarme and hunchback were philosophers, not at all proud, and chatted familiarly together; the former, without disdaining the hunchback, the latter, without despising the gendarme. The hunchback pays a tax of six francs to Jouarre, the ancient *Jovis ara*, which he explained to the gendarme; and when he was forced to give a *sous* to cross the bridge over the Marne, he became enraged against the government. The gendarme paid no taxes, but he related his history with *naïveté*. In 1814, he fought like a lion at Montmirail: he was then a *conscriit*. In 1830, in the days of July, he took fright, and fled: he was then a gendarme. That surprised *le bossu*, but it did not astonish me. *Conscriit*, he was only twenty years of age, and was brave—gendarme, he had a wife and children, and, he added, a horse of his own: he was then a coward. The same man, nevertheless, but not the same life. Life is a sort of meat, which sauce alone renders palatable. No one is more dauntless than a galley-slave. In this world, it is not the skin that is prized—it is the coat. He who is altogether naked cares for nothing.

We must also admit that the two epochs were very different. Whatever is in the wind acts upon the soldier, as upon all mankind; the idea which strikes us either excites or discourages. In 1830, a revolution broke out: the soldier felt himself under a load, and cast down in spirits, by the force of thought, which is equal to the force of circumstances; and then, what was still more disheartening and enervating, he was fighting by the order of a stranger; fighting for shadows created by a disordered brain, the dream of a distempered mind—brother against brother—all France against the Parisians. In 1814, on the contrary, the *conservé* struggled with foreign enemies, for things easily comprehended—for himself, his father, his mother and sisters, for the plough which he had just left, for the hut which he saw smoking in the distance—the land which he had trod in infancy, for his suffering and bleeding country. In 1830, the soldier did not know what he was fighting for; in 1814, he did more than know it, he felt it—he did more than feel it, he saw it.

Three things very much interested me at Meaux. To the right, on entering the town, is a curious gateway leading to an old church; then the cathedral; and behind it an old habitation, half fortified and flanked with turrets. There is also a court, into which I boldly entered, and perceived an old woman, who was busily knitting. The good dame heeded me not, thus affording me an opportunity of studying a very handsome outside staircase of stone and woodwork, which, supported upon two arches, and crowned by a neat landing, conducted to the old dwelling. I had not time to take a sketch of it; I am sorry, for it is the first staircase of the kind I have ever seen; it appeared to me to be of the fifteenth century.

The cathedral is a noble-looking church; its erection was begun in the fourteenth century, and continued to the fifteenth. Several repairs have lately been made, but the church is not yet finished, for of the two *tours* projected by the architect, one only is completed; the other, which has been begun, is hidden under a covering of slate. The middle doorway and that of the right are of the fourteenth century, the one at the left is of the fifteenth; they are all very handsome, although time has left its impress upon their venerable appearance.

I tried to decipher the bas-reliefs. The pediment of the left doorway represents the history of John the Baptist; but the rays of the sun, which fell full on the façade, prevented me from satisfying my curiosity. The interior of the church is superb: upon the choir are large ogees, and at its entry two beautiful altars of the fifteenth century;

but unfortunately, yet true to the taste of country people, they are daubed over with wood-coloured oil-paintings.

To the left of the choir I saw a very pretty marble statue of “a warrior of the sixteenth century.” It was in a kneeling position, without armour, and had no inscription. I have not been able to find out whose statue it is; but you, who know everything, would have done so. Opposite is another, but this one bears an inscription—and much it requires it, for even you yourself would not be able to discover, in the hard and unmeaning marble, the stern countenance of Benigne Bossuet. I saw his episcopal throne, which is of very fine wainscoting, in the style of Louis the Fourteenth, but being pressed for time, I was not able to visit his famed cabinet at the Bishop’s.

Here is a strange fact. There was a theatre at Meaux before there was one at Paris, which, as is written in a local manuscript, was constructed in 1547. Pieces of a mysterious nature were represented. A man of the name of Pascalus played the Devil, and ever afterwards retained the name. In 1562 he delivered up the city to the Huguenots; and in the year following, the Catholics hung him, partly because he had delivered up the city, but more, perhaps, on account of his appellation, “*Le Diable*.” At present there are twenty theatres in Paris, but there is not a single one here. It is said that the good people of Meaux boast of this; that is, to be proud that Meaux is not Paris.

This country abounds with the age of Louis XIV.:—here, the Duke of Saint Simon; at Meaux, Bossuet; at La Ferté-Milon, Racine; at Chateau-Thierry, La Fontaine—all within a range of twelve miles. The great *seigneur* is neighbour to the great archbishop, and tragedy is elbowing fable.

On going out of the cathedral, I found that the sun had hid himself, thus enabling me to examine the façade. The pediment of the central doorway is the most curious: the inferior compartment represents Jeanne, wife of Philippe-le-Bel, from the *deniers* of whom the church was built after her death. The Queen of France, her cathedral in her hand, is represented at the gates of paradise; St. Peter has opened the folding doors to her; behind the queen is the handsome King Philippe, with a sad and rueful countenance. The queen, who is gorgeously attired, and exceedingly well sculptured, points out to St. Peter the *pauvre diable* of a king, and with a side look and shrug of the shoulder, seems to say—

“Bah! allow him to pass into the bargain.”

(To be continued.)

CHRISTENING OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WINDSOR was on Tuesday, the 25th of January, 1842, the scene of great gaiety and rejoicing, which will ever be remembered by all those whom the important ceremony of the christening of the infant Prince of Wales attracted to the town. The morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells, which commenced to sound a merry peal as early as eight o'clock. About the same hour the streets presented that appearance of bustle which occasions of public importance always produce; and omnibuses and all sorts of vehicles came rattling in rapid succession into the town, bringing from the railroad station at Slough the multitudes whom curiosity impelled to leave London.

At a quarter to eleven o'clock, the 72nd Highlanders, headed by their band, playing a lively Scottish air, passed through the Quadrangle, followed in the course of half an hour by the battalion of Grenadiers, which had shortly before reached Windsor. The former proceeded to the Lower Ward, while the latter took up their station at the Grand Quadrangle, lining its side, being intended to form a part of the guard of honour. Soon afterwards a squadron of the Royal Horse-guards (Blue) made their appearance, also bringing with them their band. The appearance now presented in the interior of the Quadrangle was of a very gay description, and the scene was greatly enlivened by the performance of various airs by the bands of the Grenadiers and Royal Horse-guards. A battery of flying artillery was stationed in the Long Walk; at intervals throughout the morning the report of their pieces was heard booming in the air. All the military entered the Quadrangle by the gate between the York and Lancaster towers, to which a line of sentinels (composed of the 72nd Highlanders) extended from the town of Windsor, and a body of Horse-guards, formed into parties of two each, patrolled the road in the vicinity of the Castle.

At eleven o'clock the distinguished guests set out from the Castle. The first hearty cheer was given when the carriage containing the infant Prince came in sight. The King of Prussia was loudly cheered; the military presented arms, and the colours of the 72nd were lowered to him as he passed by towards the chapel, where he arrived in safety, though the restiveness of the cream-coloured horses which drew his carriage rendered his position at one period somewhat dangerous. When her Majesty and Prince Albert approached, their presence was welcomed by the most vociferous cheering and the usual military honours. As soon as they had entered Wolsey's Hall,

a listlessness appeared to pervade the whole assembly in front of the chapel. The soldiers piled their arms, and the ladies and gentlemen in the Lower Ward walked about, speculating whether "this one christening might not," as Shakespeare has it, "beget a thousand more."

THE CHAPEL.

The decorations in the interior of the choir were chaste and simple, yet beautiful and effective in the extreme. The floor was covered with a purple carpet, manufactured for the occasion, ornamented with the star of the Order of the Garter and the cross or shield of St. George. On the *haut pas* were placed semicircularly, on the north and south sides of the altar, six chairs of state, richly carved and gilt, covered with superb purple silk velvet, and embossed on the back and seat with the star of the Order of the Garter. A fald, or footstool, in scarlet, was placed before each chair of state; and in the middle of the platform, in front of the altar, stood the baptismal font, on an ottoman covered with purple velvet, with a deep bullion fringe around the bottom. This magnificent piece of plate consists properly of four parts:—a golden salver, on which rest a pedestal and bowl used at the christening of Charles II., regilt and ornamented; from this bowl rises a second golden pedestal, surmounted by cherubim, bearing the richly chased and costly gold font in which the Princess Royal was baptized. The communion table displayed the whole service of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, as well as that of St. George's, comprising, among other articles of costliness and splendour, six salvers, three of gigantic dimensions, eight large tankards and flagons, two cups, and ten smaller vessels, of gold or silver gilt. The banners of the knights companions of the Garter, suspended above the sword, scarf, and arms of each, also served to heighten the gaiety and animation of the scene; and when the knights themselves took their stalls, habited in the full costume of the order—when the ministers of state and the ambassadors had taken their seats—when the King of Prussia and his suite, and the Queen, Prince Albert, and their attendants, appeared on the platform, it may well be supposed that the whole presented a most magnificent and animating spectacle. Sir W. Newton and Mr. G. Hayter were present, by command of her Majesty, taking sketches for pictures commemorative of the occasion. The Archbishop of Canterbury entered the platform by the north aisle door leading to the altar, and stood before the font; his Grace was immediately joined by the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of London and Norwich. At a quarter to one the King of Prussia and his suite approached the platform by a corresponding

aperture in the south aisle; his Majesty, dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, entered first, and took his seat nearest the font. The Duchess of Kent, led by the King of Prussia, took her seat on her Majesty's right hand; next came the Duke, Duchess, and Princess Augusta, of Cambridge. The Queen, in a few seconds after, made her appearance, conducted by Prince Albert in the costume of the Order of the Garter, and preceded by the lord-chamberlain and master of the household; the whole company immediately rose and remained standing, the band playing the march from "Joseph." Her Majesty was dressed in the robes of Sovereign of the Order of the Garter, and wore a circlet, earrings, and necklace of diamonds of the most costly description. Her Majesty was supported on the left by the Duke of Sussex, Prince George of Cambridge, and Princes Ferdinand and Leopold of Saxe Coburg; the Duke of Wellington stood behind her Majesty's chair, supporting the sword of state.

The march having been concluded, the Archbishop of Canterbury, standing behind the font, commenced reading the usual baptismal service.

The sponsors were the King of Prussia and the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Cambridge as proxy for the Princess of Saxe Coburg, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge as proxy for the Princess Sophia; and when the infant Prince was brought in and given into the hands of the archbishop, they named him

ALBERT EDWARD.

by which names he was accordingly christened.

The service concluded, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, "who appeared to be a remarkably fine boy, and behaved with most princely decorum," was carried into the Chapter-room by the Duchess of Buccleuch, the lord-chamberlain going before with his wand of office. The "Hallelujah chorus" was then chanted by the full choir, and in a style which filled every listener with admiration and delight. The royal procession then departed in the same order in which it had entered the choir. The water with which the Prince was baptized was from the river Jordan, and presented to her Majesty by the Rev. Charles Boileau Elliott. The greatest interest was excited after the ceremony by the spectators, who thronged round the font, anxious to dip the tips of their fingers in it.

THE THRONE ROOM.

On the return of her Majesty to the Castle, a chapter of the most noble Order of the Garter was held in the Throne room. Her Majesty being seated on a chair of state, and the knights and officers having

been introduced and taken their places, the sovereign's pleasure that a lineal descendant of his Majesty King George I. should be elected into the Order, in pursuance of a statute to that effect, was notified by the Bishop of Oxford. The election was then proceeded with, and his Majesty Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, was declared a knight of the most noble Order of the Garter. His Majesty was received by the Queen and the knights companions standing. The garter was buckled on the King's left leg, and her Majesty, assisted by Prince Albert and the Duke of Sussex, afterwards passed the riband and George over his left shoulder. His Majesty wore at the ceremony the uniform of the first regiment of the Prussian Horse-guards. The carpet, which was new for the occasion, is of garter blue, and is patterned with the star and badge of the Garter, encircled with the motto. The border is novel and ingenious; it represents the collar of the Order of the Garter, very beautifully executed in different brilliant colours, in imitation of enamel. The effect of the whole is peculiar and beautiful. After the investiture of the King of Prussia, a *déjeuner* was served to the visitors in the Queen's Presence chamber, the Queen's Audience chamber, and the Vandyke gallery. The Queen and Prince Albert, the King of Prussia, and the Royal visitors passed to the White Breakfast room; and all the ladies to the Oak room.

THE BANQUET—(ST. GEORGE'S HALL).

St. George's Hall is the only apartment in Windsor Castle which completely and entirely fills the mind with the gorgeous vastness of its dimensions, the majestic truth of its proportions, and the dignified simplicity of its decorations. Intrinsically beautiful, it speaks for itself, and its roof, in the happiest keeping with the line of escutcheons on the wall, is its richest feature, bearing, as it does, the shields of the knights of the Garter from the days of Edward III. to those of Victoria I., except that from the shields of the Dukes of Monmouth and Ormond the arms are erased. We could dispense with the portraits in this room, although we should so banish Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Zeman, Dupont, and Lawrence.

When this in itself magnificent apartment, of nearly 200 feet in length, with the most hall-like proportions, was exhibited on Tuesday, it contained a collection of plate which has been valued at two millions of money, in the description of which it is not surprising to find every writer dazzled, lost, and bewildered, not by the mere outward brilliancy or money value of the collection, but by its unmatched variety and grandeur as a series of works of the most

consummate art. For its display was erected at each end of the hall a beaufet of great extent and elevation—Gothic in style, crimson in covering, and encased in a magnificent Gothic screen. The effect of these erections was dazzling to a fault, for it required a length of time to prepare the eye to endure its brightness. The centre of one of them contained the glorious shield of Achilles, after Flaxman, of which the mere name is enough to demand the admiration of the artistical reader. Some thirty-three massive salvers surrounded as with a system of planets this sun of brightness, and the darker spots glittered like fixed stars in the forms of chalices and goblets.

On the table were formed four distinct avenues between the silver-gilt plates ranged on each side of it, by the tureens, the vases, the salt-cellars, and the branched lustres resting on polished mirrors. In the centre of the table, which was 170 feet in length, directly opposite to the Queen's chair, was a magnificent gold candelabra, standing nearly five feet high, with numerous branches, on which was a splendid carving of St. George slaying the Dragon, with a Victory dropping a crown of laurel on his head from above. Near it was the celebrated Tower salt-cellar, which is so well known as one of the choicest gems of art in the possession of the crown. At the opposite end the twin beaufet presented some of the largest salvers in the world. One of them, valued at 10,000 guineas, was formed out of the golden snuff-boxes received by George IV. Here, too, was placed the celebrated gold cup of Gustavus Adolphus, which now belongs to the royal plate-chest of England. In a recess opposite to the Queen's chair, surmounted with the Prince's plume, were the golden dogs of George the Fourth, the golden tiger's head, once the property of Tippoo Saib, and several enamelled drinking cups, especially one which contains an emerald said to be worth 500*l*. In the recess was the nautilus cup of Cellini, with two other craters by that great artist. The bowl is formed of a nautilus shell mounted on a stand of silver gilt, with a cover of the same material, the silver being left in its natural colour to represent the flesh of the figures, and the rows of beads in various parts of the cup and lid. The height of the cup is one foot eight inches. On the cover is a Jupiter mounted on an eagle, wielding a sceptre and brandishing a thunderbolt. The bowl is held in the arms and rests on the head of a triton, who is mounted on a sea-horse. The base of the cup is ornamented with sea-nymphs playing on different musical instruments. Nothing can be more exquisite than the workmanship of the different figures. This gorgeous piece of art be-

longed to Francis the First of France, whose profile is that of the Jupiter. A second and a third cup are of the period of Charles the Second. It would require columns to contain even a list of the riches of this collection, among which are the silver-gilt fountain belonging to Queen Elizabeth, which was taken in one of the prizes captured from the Spanish armada, and the soup basin of Napoleon, captured at Waterloo, with his cipher and crown; a cup made of Spanish dollars at the surrender of the Havannah in 1702, presented by Sir J. Dyer to the Prince of Wales in 1783, the day his Royal Highness came of age; the Goodwood cup won by Fleur de Lis in 1829, and the Lincoln cup. The candelabra were all of exquisite workmanship. The epergnes were embellished with sculptured subjects, many of them from Flaxman's designs, and all of the most superior execution. "Dancing Nymphs," "Piping Fauns," and several allegorical marine pieces, were amongst the number. The sauce &c. tureens occupied smaller tables, and were frequently extremely beautiful in form. The hand of Sir Francis Chantrey was frequently recognisable in the more massive plateaus and vases. The wine-coolers were all modelled after classic specimens.

There is a gallery at each end of the hall. One was devoted to strangers, including the press; and the other to the bands of the Life-guards (in their state liveries) and the 72nd Highlanders. Covers were laid for 140 persons, and the tables absolutely groaned under the weight of the gilt silver plates deposited upon them. For each guest a servant in the royal state livery was in waiting, and even before the guests appeared, the scene in the hall was full of animation and splendour. When the dinner was served, and the various viands were placed on the side-tables under the care of experienced carvers, a flourish of trumpets gave notice of her Majesty's approach. At twenty minutes to eight o'clock, her Majesty entered the hall, led in by the King of Prussia. The band immediately struck up the national anthem, and continued playing it till her Majesty and the royal personages, her guests, were seated. Her Majesty, who wore a splendid tiara of diamonds, which sparkled like stars, surmounted by a snow-white plume of feathers, was followed by her royal uncles, the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchesses of Hamilton, Buccleuch, and Sutherland, and fourteen other ladies. She took her seat between the King of Prussia, who was on her right, and the Duke of Sussex, who was on her left; opposite to her was Prince Albert, her royal consort, who sat between the Dukes of Cambridge and Wel-

lington. Grace being said, the actual business of the dinner proceeded, and was relieved by the performance of Prince Albert's selection of music. Towards the close of the dinner, the pipers of the 72nd marched round the table playing a pibroch.

At a quarter before nine o'clock dinner was over, grace said, the cloth removed, and a magnificent dessert, containing every delicacy both in and out of season, was placed upon the table. Several pieces of most exquisitely prepared confectionary, modelled under the direction of Mr. Mawditt, were then served up; and, from the profusion of flowers with which they were decorated, it seemed as if a gay *parterre* had suddenly sprung up among the other gay illusions of the scene. The dishes were of the celebrated Rockingham china made for William IV. by British artists, and valued at £5000. The wine sparkled brightly on the board. The Lord Steward then announced as a toast, "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." The company rose and drank it standing, her Majesty and the Prince standing at the same time, and bowing their thanks. The toast was drunk in spiced claret, of which forty gallons were at once laid on the table in the gigantic cistern made for George IV. by Messrs. Rundle and Bridge, the largest in the world. The bands then played "Rule Britannia." A few minutes elapsed, and the Lord Steward announced the next toast, "The King of Prussia." The company again rose, the King of Prussia standing at the same time and bowing thanks, while the bands played the Prussian national anthem—"Father land."

The Lord Steward gave, as the next toast, "Her Majesty the Queen." Again all stood, her Majesty among the number, returning her thanks by the most graceful and animated bows. The band played "God save the Queen."

The next toast was, "His Royal Highness Prince Albert," when the same ceremony was repeated by all present. The band played the "Coburg March" in the most exquisite style, the bugle notes being most skilfully and exquisitely introduced.

At a quarter to ten o'clock her Majesty rose from table, and this was a signal for the ladies of her company to do the same. Her Majesty waited till they were grouped around her, and then returned to the grand reception-room. His Royal Highness the Prince Albert then took the chair which her Majesty had vacated, between the King of Prussia and the Duke of Sussex, and the wine circulated freely for a short period. The King of Prussia, the princes, the ambassadors, and other guests, then joined her Majesty, and this terminated the banquet, which, whether we consider the high rank and station of those who attended it, the

splendour of their dresses (civil and military), the magnificence of the tables, beaufets, and the whole apartments, has perhaps never before been equalled. The gallery was filled with the domestics of the royal household, and many ladies from the neighbourhood; but, we think, delighted and gratified as they must have been beyond all measure, they were not sorry for the termination of the spectacle, as the heat was so excessive as to distress all, and even to cause one lady to be carried out fainting. The doors of the Waterloo gallery were then thrown open for the reception of the company. A grand musical performance then took place, and it was in this room, among the refreshments offered to the guests, that the christening cake was publicly exhibited.

Miscellaneous.

GENEALOGICAL VANITY OF LAWYERS.

It is curious how sensitive lawyers are concerning their origin. As they grow into eminence—partly from the connexions which they form, and partly from the prejudices which they imbibe with a legal education—they become aristocratic in their inclinations, and would fain persuade people that they are of the magnates of the land. Ask a successful lawyer any question rather than "What was your father?" How foolish is the weakness which robs laborious merit of its true title to respect, in hiding the obscurity from which it has emerged by patient toil! The vanity of law-lords painfully proves the soundness of Burke's remarks on the tendency of the study of the law,—"a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the *understanding* than all other kinds of learning put together, but which is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and to *liberalize the mind* exactly in the same proportion." The number of persons who have risen by the law from low fortunes, to the very highest places in the state is extraordinary. The present Attorney-general of England (Sir F. Pollock) is the son of a saddler. The shop (known to sporting characters) at Charing Cross, now kept by the Messrs. Cuff, belonged to Pollock *père*, who disposed of his business to its present proprietors. The father of Sir William Follett (Solicitor-general) still keeps a timber-yard near Exeter. Sir John Williams, of the Queen's Bench in England, is the son of a Yorkshire horse-dealer. The Chancellor of Ireland (Sugden) is the son of a barber; it is only fair to say that this profound lawyer glories in his origin. At the Cambridge election, when Lord Mountague beat him by a ma-

majority of twenty-eight, Sir Edward was assailed, while speaking from the hustings, with a cry from a Whig snarler, of "Off! off! you barber's son!" Sir Edward, not at all disconcerted, said at once, "The difference between the person who thus assails me and myself is simply this—had he been born the son of a barber, he would have remained in the same condition during all his life; I was born one, and have risen from that humble sphere." When presiding some few years since at an Operative Conservative Society in Lambeth, he voluntarily alluded to his origin. Sir Edward was formerly clerk to Mr. Groom, the conveyancer. His admission to the bar was opposed, on the ground that he had been a clerk; and the opposition would have been successful, but for the strenuous exertions of that amiable and most learned person, the late Francis Hargrave, who contended for his admission on the ground of the candidate's ability, as displayed in his legal writings. The father of Mr. Platt, Queen's counsel, one of the most eminent of the English common law bar, was a clerk to the late Lord Ellenborough. Baron Gurney's mother kept a small shop for political pamphlets. Mr. Petersdorff's father was a furrier. Lord Kenyon, who was successively Attorney-general, (under Lord Rockingham's second administration), a Baronet, and Master of the Rolls in 1784, and in 1788 Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, (in succession to the Earl of Mansfield,) and who died worth 300,000*l*, was clerk to an attorney. Lord Hardwicke (who was Attorney-general in the thirty-fourth year of his age) was son of an attorney at Dover, who, according to some persons, was hanged for forgery. Lord Eldon was son of a coal-fitter at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and his brother (afterwards Lord Stowell) borrowed forty pounds in order to enable him to go his first circuit. Lord Tenterden's father was a barber at Canterbury. Lord Langdale was formerly an accoucheur. Lord Campbell, and Serjeants Talfourd and Spankie, were formerly reporters on the "Morning Chronicle."—*Dublin Monthly Magazine*.

ENGLISH AND GERMAN GENTLEMEN.

THIS want of self-respect in the German character, produced by the educational and social system, and the undue importance in the German mind of rank, office, and conventional distinction, and the undue weight of these in the social economy of Germany, are strongly marked by the profusion of orders, stars, crosses, ribbons, and empty titles, with which the people both of civil

and military station adorn and gratify themselves. Every third man you meet in the streets has a label in his button-hole, telling all the world, "I am a knight—look at me." No very young man among the continental military can have ever heard a bullet whistle in the field; so that even by this class no very profound respect for the ribbon at the button-hole can be claimed; and none at all by the ordinary civil classes who trick themselves out with it *en militaire*. The feeling of personal worth—the pride, it may be—seems unknown to them, which leads the British nobleman, gentleman of high station, or military officer, who may have been honoured with a British or foreign order, to wear it only on particular parade occasions. He feels that he is something without the external testimonial of it: the German takes the emblem for the thing itself. The English gentleman would think it quite as inconsistent with his personal dignity to walk about on ordinary occasions, in the ordinary circles of society, with his stars, crosses, and ribbons plastered on his breast, as with the gazette of the actions in which he had won his distinctions plastered on his back. The German, again, ties his bit of red ribbon even to the button-hole of his dressing-gown; the merchant goes to his counting-house, the apothecary to the barber's shop to be shaved, the professor to his lecture-room, in crosses and ribbons, as if they were going to the levee of the sovereign. The upper classes of society in all countries are said to be very much alike, and to shew few of the peculiar distinctive differences which mark the national character in the middle and lower classes of each country. This is a mistake. The English gentleman, from the highest rank to the very lowest that assumes the appellation, is distinguished from the continental gentleman by this peculiar trait of character—his dependence on himself for his social position, his self-esteem; call it pride, or call it a high-minded feeling of his own worth. There he stands, valuing himself upon something within himself, and not upon any outward testimonials of it conferred by others. This feeling goes very deep into society in England. * * * While every third man is lounging about, as in Prussia and generally on the Continent, with his orders of merit of some kind or other—and many whose general merits would apparently be nothing the worse for the addition of a little industry to earn a new coat to stick their honours upon—the people, be their forms of government what they may, are but in a low social and industrial condition—are ages behind us in their social economy and in their true social education as free agents and members of the community.—*Laing's Notes of a Traveller*.

WORDSWORTH AND WALTER SCOTT.

THE great poet of our times, Wordsworth, one of the few who are to live, has gone to common life, to the feelings of our universal nature, to the obscure and neglected portions of society, for beautiful and touching themes. Nor ought it to be said that he has shed over these the charms of his genius; as if, in themselves, they had nothing grand or lovely. Genius is not a creator in the sense of fancying or feigning what does not exist. Its distinction is to discern more of truth than common minds. It sees, under disguises and humble forms, everlasting beauty. This is the prerogative of Wordsworth to discern and to reveal, in the ordinary walks of life, in the common human heart. He has revealed the loveliness of the primitive feelings, of the universal affections of the human soul. The grand truth which pervades his poetry is, that the beautiful is not confined to the rare, the new, the distant, to scenery and modes of life open only to the few; but that it is poured forth profusely on the common earth and sky; that it gleams from the loneliest flower; that it lights up the humblest sphere; that the sweetest affections lodge in holy hearts; that there is sacredness, dignity, and loveliness, in lives which few eyes rest on; that even in the absence of all intellectual culture, the domestic relations can quietly nourish that disinterestedness which is the element of all greatness, and without which intellectual power is a splendid deformity. Wordsworth is the poet of humanity; he teaches reverence for our universal nature; he breaks down the factitious barriers between human hearts. The same is true, in an inferior degree, of Scott, whose tastes, however, were more aristocratic. Scott had a childish love of rank, titles, show, pageants, and, in general, looked with a keener eye on the outward life than into the soul. Still he had a human heart, and sympathized with his race. With few exceptions, he was just to all his human brethren. A reconciling spirit breathes through his writings. He seizes on the interesting and beautiful features in all conditions of life; gives us bursts of tender and noble feelings, even from ruder natures; and continually knits some new tie between the reader and the vast varieties of human nature which start up under his teeming pen. He delighted, indeed, in Highland chiefs, in border thieves, and murderers, in fierce men's encounters. But he had an eye to catch the stream of sweet affections as it wound its way through humble life. What light has Jeanie Deans shed on the path of the obscure! He was too wanting in the religious sentiment to comprehend

the solemn bearing, the stern grandeur, of the puritans. But we must not charge with narrowness a writer who embodied in a Jewish maiden his highest conception of female nobleness.—*Dr. Channing.*

THE TIRHETTA BAZAAR OF CALCUTTA.

THIS may, perhaps, be admitted to be the largest market in the world; it is supplied with almost every necessary article of food that is to be met with throughout India. The ground upon which it stands comprehends an area of upwards of four square acres, and is situated in the very heart of the City of Palaces. Not one European gentleman out of a thousand has ever witnessed the busy and animating scenes which daily occur at the Tirhetta Bazaar, he is consequently wholly ignorant of the nature and aspect of this extraordinary theatre of business. The most scrupulous classification in the different branches of trade is to be observed in this market. The stalls of the butchers who retail beef are arranged in rows by themselves; those who vend mutton by themselves, and in like manner those at which are exposed for sale veal, goats'-meat, and pork. This nicety of distinction is founded upon the formality of "caste," that of a beef butcher being materially different from that of a sheep butcher, and so with the rest.

The usual price for a sirloin of prime beef, weighing about eighteen pounds, is two rupees (4s.), that of a hind quarter of choice fat mutton, one rupee (2s.) The poultry and wild-fowl markets form two distinct features: in the former may be noticed some thousands of live fowls of all sizes, besides turkeys, capons, ducks, geese, and pigeons. Sixteen good-sized chickens are to be had for one rupee, whilst pigeons are sold at 1d. per pair. The wild-fowl bazaar contains almost every species of live duck and teal, besides snipe, moorhens, and plovers; a couple of wild-ducks may be purchased for four annas (6d.), and fresh eggs are procurable at eight for a penny. The fish market is admirably supplied every morning from the salt-water lake. Before daybreak some hundreds of bungy burdars (native porters) may be seen running along the sides of the canal, with their baskets slung over their shoulders, stocked with fish of every kind that is in season; and so well is the market contract secured in relation to this commodity, that no money will tempt a "bungy burdar" to sell one article of his stock by the way before he reaches the Tirhetta Bazaar. Fish is exceedingly cheap, and in very great demand, it being the only meat indulged in by the Hindoos. The vegetable market is amply

furnished with potatoes, sweet ditto, artichokes, Jerusalem ditto, turnips, carrots, cauliflowers, asparagus, peas, French beans, lettuces, cucumbers, onions, celery, and a variety of small salading. Fruit is in profusion. Pineapples are sold at the rate of two for a penny, mangoes 2s. per hundred, and custard apples, rare ditto, guavahs, shutstocks, oranges, lechees, (a most delicious fruit resembling the Frontignac grape,) besides numerous other horticultural delicacies, at equally moderate prices. The butter and milk bazaar is on a very extensive scale; the native demand for the two above-named commodities being prodigious. Here are also the rice, grain, spice, and sweetmeat markets, all separated from one another.

About a quarter of an hour before sunrise some thousands of natives of all classes may be observed moving from every quarter of the town of Calcutta towards the Tirhetta Bazaar, from the turbaned Mogul to the close-shorn, bare-headed Cooly. Servants of families, attired in their respective varied and fancied liveries, are to be seen completely choking the roadways, gossiping among themselves about the affairs of the families they live with, as they leisurely bend their way to the above extraordinary market; whilst the avenues leading to the same are lined on both sides by numerous money-changers, before whom are heaped upon dressers huge piles of "pice," (copper pieces about one farthing in value each,) which they exchange, at a trifling discount, for silver currency, which is a great advantage to those who are about to make purchases in the bazaar. Some hundreds of Coolies, too, are to be witnessed in every direction, sustaining broad baskets upon their heads, which are destined to receive and to convey home the different articles of stock consigned to them. In this spot are to be met with persons of numerous nations, all of them purchasing the common necessaries and the luxuries of life—English, French, Dutch, Americans, Portuguese, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Turks, Persians, Arabs, Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, Malays, Jews, Parsees, Armenians, Greeks, &c., all and each of them attired in their national costumes, whilst the incongruous expressions of the countless varieties of caste among the Hindoos renders the Tirhetta Bazaar altogether to the inquisitive beholder one of the most interesting marts for business in the world. By nine o'clock, A.M., all here is quiet, the business of the day is over, the gates are closed, the crowded throngs have dispersed, the traffic on the roads leading thereto is scarcely noticeable, and a short interval of rest is enjoyed until the ensuing morning, when the same animated, busy, and bustling scene is resumed.—*The Times*.

AN AFFECTING LOVE STORY.

IN the valley of the Bastan lived two brothers on the most affectionate terms, occupying the cottage, and enjoying the small property left them by their parents in common. Ramon, the eldest, was a robust man, cultivating the land, leading the cattle to pasture, and seldom returning home without game of his own killing. Many a wolf fell from the bullets of his gun or his iron-shod staff. Antonio, the younger, was less in size and strength, amiable, contenting himself with performing domestic duties, even works of the needle, consulting in all things the tastes and comforts of his more hardy brother. Antonio had been taught to read, and thereby was enabled to amuse Ramon during long winter evenings, while he was mending his nets and tackle. In a cottage near them resided a respectable family from Seville, composed of a father, mother, and three daughters. Mariana, the eldest, acknowledged to be the prettiest girl of the valley, not only managed the household affairs of her own dwelling, but frequently aided Antonio with her advice. In time Antonio became enamoured of the fair Mariana, and made a confidant of his brother, who approved his choice, and urged him to declare his passion. The timidity of the youth, however, prevented him from speaking, and he at length was so melancholy, from the weight of his love, that Ramon determined to go and demand Mariana in marriage for Antonio. The parents raised no objection to the match, and said they would refer it to their daughter. Days and nights passed away, and no answer was sent, though Mariana continued her accustomed assiduities at the cottage of the brothers. Antonio at length was so reduced by this suspense, that he took to his bed. On seeing his distress, Ramon threw aside all his Spanish haughtiness, and went to his neighbours to require their answer. He was again referred to Mariana, whom he reproached with her obduracy. Thus pressed, Mariana declared that she loved another, and, hiding her face from shame, avowed that other to be Ramon! Overwhelmed as by a thunderbolt, the unhappy youth, uttering some incoherent expressions, rushed to the bedside of his brother, told, in a few words, the fatal truth, and dropped lifeless on the floor. Antonio became frenzied, and expired also, raving out the name of his beloved brother. They were interred in the same grave; and, in three days afterwards, Mariana died of grief for the loss of Ramon.

MUSIC.

LIKE most powerful agents, music may become the impulse to bad and doubtful, as well as good actions. The war-whoop of the savage is music to his ears; it rouses his passions, and urges him to expose his own life, and take away that of others; under its influence he rushes to battle, in the hope of possessing himself of the person of an enemy, whom he may torture or devour. The "Marseillaise" has served the French as often for rebellion as victory. In our own land, the sound of the bagpipe is productive of extraordinary effects upon the Highlander. In times now fortunately passed away, it could awaken the remembrance of long feuds of blood, and encourage its hearers to savage deeds of violence; even at the present period, its wild strains momentarily arouse dormant sympathies in the veins of the Northman, when pungent opportunity gives occasion for their expression. Who that has ever attended a public dinner of Scotchmen can have failed to note the enthusiasm with which they welcome their national toast under the influence of their national bagpipe? At every turn and cadence of each warlike and well-remembered air, some motion of the body indicates its nervous participation in the excitement; at first they snap their fingers to the time of the tune; then their legs and heels join issue with their hands; and, finally, every division of the bar is marked by a thump on the floor, and a corresponding knock on the table. A remarkable demonstration of this musical enthusiasm took place lately on the occasion of a Scottish charity anniversary dinner, over which the Chisholme presided, and where Sir Charles Napier was a guest. From the moment the promenading pipers began to play their merry jigs, a running accompaniment from heels and fingers kept measure with the music; and before they had concluded their perambulatory strains, the influence of the reel had seized alike upon the chairman and his countryman the Commodore. Up they simultaneously started, and, in the twinkling of an eye, were dancing *con furore*, on an open space behind the "Chair." Presently they were joined by others; and from reel to jig, and jig to reel, the party went tumultuously on, to the amazement of the English part of the company, who had never before seen such an extraordinary sight at a public dinner, Music did this—the music of the bagpipe.—*Polytechnic*.

THE BUDE LIGHT IN WATERLOO PLACE.

THE Bude light has been irradiating the fog and extinguishing the gas lights in

Waterloo Place these few evenings, besides attracting crowds of gazers, whom its luminous rays failed to enlighten as to the nature of the phenomenon. The appearance inside the lamp is that of a huge Argand burner emitting a rush of flame of a bright orange hue, in an intense state of combustion, reaching to a considerable height; the upper portion of the lamp is shaded, in order to soften the glare and throw the rays on the pavement; and the light is so vivid and penetrating as to illuminate the surrounding space to such an extent that any other lamps might be dispensed with between the York column and Jermyn-street, and along Pall Mall from the Carlton Club on one hand to Cockspur-street on the other. The gas lights within its influence glimmer feebly, "paling their ineffectual fires" like the stars at sunrise; or, to use a more apt simile, the gas light in its turn fades before the Bude light as the old oil lamps were reduced to a dull spark by the brilliancy of gas. It was in Pall Mall, on the top of Mr. Winsor's house, the originator of that mode of illumination, that the first gas light was exhibited in the metropolis some thirty years since: in a less time hence we may safely predict that the Bude light will become as universal as gas now is—unless the Drummond light should supersede it by a metropolitan moon of hydro-oxygen, poised high enough in air to prevent the shadows from being too strong. The only objection to the adoption of the Bude light, both in streets and houses, seems to be its expense. The extreme brilliancy of the illumination is caused by conveying through the circular opening of the Argand burner a stream of pure oxygen, which feeds the flame. Oxygen is obtained in greatest abundance from manganese; and the quantity of this substance that must be consumed if the whole town were lighted in this way would raise the price of a not superabundant article, unless some cheaper source of oxygen were discovered. The fact that pure oxygen is the material of combustion seems favourable to the introduction of the Bude light into dwellings, as any little escape of so vital an ingredient in atmospheric air would not be prejudicial to health; while the consumption of the oxygen of the air would not be so great as from an equal quantity of light produced by other means. The risk of danger attending the production of the hydro-oxygen light, and the extreme care and nicety required in directing the two gases on to the lime whose combustion causes the intense light, must militate against its general employment, unless each parish or district were furnished with its lamp, or one immense focus of illumination were to suffice for the whole metropolis.—*Spectator*.

The Gatherer.

Fossil Infusoria.—M. de Humboldt has recently presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, in the name of M. Ehrenberg, specimens of a peaty argillaceous deposit, lying twenty feet below the pavement of the city of Berlin, and filled with infusoria still living. Traces of this subterranean life are observable three feet below the bottom of the Spree. Since 1836, when M. Ehrenberg first called attention to the immense masses of fossil infusoria, or microscopic animals, in the more recent formations, he has had occasion to observe, that the organic forces are still so active in the mud of ports and rivers, that at Swinemunde, in the Baltic, for example, where above two-and-a-half-millions of cubic feet of mud were recently removed in one year, one-third of that entire mass consisted of microscopic animals. The moors of Limburg present accumulations of fossil infusoria twenty-eight feet in thickness. In the peaty layer of Berlin, tunnel-shaped deposits of eggs reach, in some places, to the depth of sixty feet. There is no doubt that they are still alive and capable of increase. Spontaneous motion may be often observed in specimens taken from the greatest depth, though less frequently than in those near the surface. M. Ehrenberg, in whose hands the microscope has revealed such wonders, is about to produce a work on fossil infusoria, similar to that which he has already published on the living species of microscopic animals.

Proposed Junction of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans.—In Mr. Stephens's "Travels in Central America," he advocates the bold design of joining the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean, by means of a canal between the Gulf Nicoya and the harbour of San Juan, a distance of only about sixteen miles. From the lake of Nicaragua to the harbour of San Juan, on the Pacific, the distance is less than sixteen miles; and this slender line of earth is the only important obstacle which impedes what would undoubtedly be the greatest, the most important alteration ever effected by man in the physical arrangement of the globe. The proud mountains of Central America here bend themselves down—as if to permit and sanction the enterprise—to the trivial elevation of 600 feet; and through this hill it is contemplated to cut a tunnel of one mile in length, at the height of almost seventy-two feet above the water of the lake, and two hundred feet above the low-water level of the Pacific; the distance from the lake to the tunnel being about ten miles, and from the tunnel to the Pacific about four miles, whilst the difference of level could easily be overcome by lockage.

The only engineering difficulty in the execution of the work would be the tunnel; and we must confess that the idea of an excavation lofty enough to permit ships of six hundred tons to pass through with their lower masts standing, is to us, even in these days, when engineers take all manner of liberties with mountains and valleys, somewhat startling; but Mr. Stephens speaks of it with perfect coolness.—*Quarterly Review*.

Companions.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a good temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

Idleness.—If the intellect requires to be provided with perpetual objects, what must it be with the affections? Depend upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of the heart; and the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought.

A Thief.—A thief being seized as he was attempting to escape, very angrily asked why they held him so. "Marry," said one, "we only hold you for a thief."—*The Archaeologist*.

Poverty.—It is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Scavenger Shrimps.—The office of shrimps seems to be that analogous to some of the insects on land, whose task it is to clear away the remains of dead animal matter after the beasts and birds of prey have been satiated. If a dead small bird or frog be placed where ants can have access to it, those insects will speedily reduce the body to a closely-cleaned skeleton. The shrimp family, acting in hosts, as speedily remove all traces of fish or flesh from the bones of any dead animal exposed to their ravages. They are, in short, the principal scavengers of the ocean; and, notwithstanding their office, they are deservedly and highly prized as nutritious and delicious food.—*Penny Cyclopædia*.

An Optical Illusion.—A chandler having had some candles stolen, one bid him be of good cheer, "for, in a short time," said he, "I am confident they will all come to light."—*The Archaeologist*.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T: C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

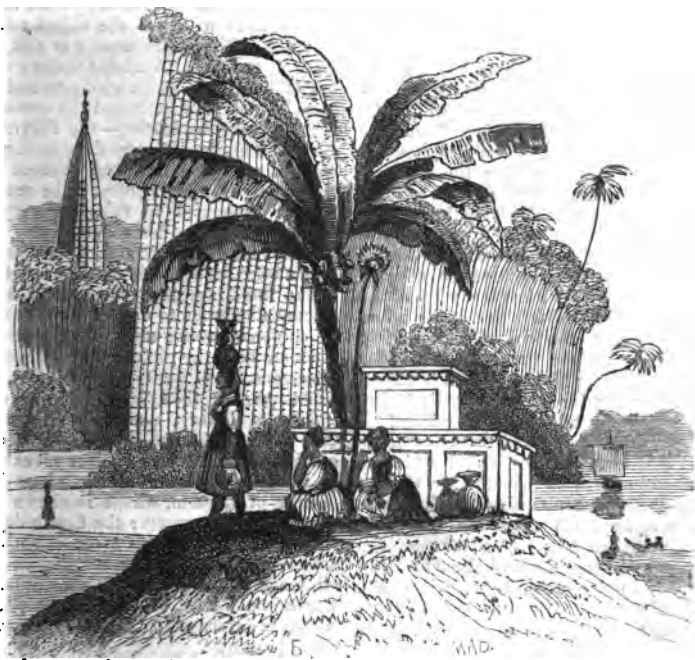
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 7.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



WATER GIRLS OF INDIA.

Original Communications.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

Of all amusements which spring from science, we may safely say that there is not one that affords greater delight than the exhibition of refracted pictures, termed "Dissolving Views," which are produced by a junction of two magic-lanterns simultaneously acted upon by a powerful and vivid light.

Phillipstall, a German by birth, was the original inventor; he came to London in the year 1781, and exhibited on a new plan what he termed his "*phantasmagories*,"

which created great excitement among the exhibitors of the magic-lantern. Previous to him they stood with the audience, and caused the rays to fall on the opposite wall, the object appearing in front; but Phillipstall adopted a muslin screen, by which means he represented his object from behind, and, being hid from the audience, added much to produce an effect. After a stay of several months he took a tour in the provinces, and met with great encouragement. He at last determined on visiting Ire-

land, and left Bath, where he had been residing for some time, to go to Dublin. Scarcely had he embarked at Liverpool, when a dreadful storm arose, threatening the destruction of all on board; but it was ordained otherwise, for Phillipstall landed safe in person, but deprived of nearly all his luggage, which was washed overboard. This apparently unlucky affair was perhaps not only the means of his attaining wealth, but also the sounding title of "Inventor of the Dissolving Views." Among the other losses which he sustained, that of his magic-lantern was one; fortunately, however, his sliders were saved. He applied to Mr. Clarke, the father of the gentleman who has so kindly favoured us with this statement, to construct another "*phantasmagora*," during the trial of which the idea suggested itself to Phillipstall that, by having two lanterns, when representing the Witch of Endor raising the ghost of Samuel, he could supersede his old method of making the phantom rise from the ground, and cause it to appear out of a mist. It was put into practice, and was attended with perfect success. The method he adopted was by gradually lowering the wick of the one lantern while raising that of the other.

This led him to the idea of representing landscapes, and when doing so, he had a person standing by his side with a lantern, who, on drawing his hand gradually before the lenses, Phillipstall raised the wick of his lamp, and thus represented to the audience what is now termed "the dissolving views." This discovery was entrusted to Mr. Clarke, and a promise of secrecy obtained from him, which was kept till after the inventor's death.

The second appearance of the dissolving views was in the year 1822, when Mr. Charles, the ventriloquist, visited Dublin; he applied to Mr. Clarke to aid him in getting up an exhibition, which was termed "Lectures on Apparitions and Ghosts." Here the two lanterns were made use of; but instead of a transparent medium he exhibited the figures in a thin film of smoke, to produce which, a long iron trough was provided, filled with burning charcoal, in which he placed what was termed by him "frankincense;" the object then appeared through the smoke, which, from its undulations, gave an aerial appearance to the spectres.

The next person that succeeded in bringing forward these illusions was Mr. Child, who appeared before a London audience at the Adelphi Theatre. It is highly probable that this gentleman knew nothing of what had transpired in Dublin, and it is the opinion of Mr. Clarke, optician, 428, Strand, that he richly deserves the credit of an inventor: he carried on a successful career for a considerable time.

The idea occurred to Mr. Clarke that the substitution of the hydro-oxygen lime-light for the argand lamps might be productive of a beneficial result; he therefore constructed an apparatus called the Biscenascope, which dispensed with one of the lanterns. Two optical arrangements in the same plane, and which had a double jet, igniting the one lime cylinder, were placed in the interior of the lantern, for the purpose of effecting a double illumination: by this arrangement, objects for view would be thrown right and left, were it not that two looking-glasses are placed at right angles, so as to throw the object reflected in front. This instrument was first exhibited at the Royal Adelaide Gallery on the 5th of December, 1840, which created much astonishment, and attracted the attention of the offspring institution—the Polytechnic. Mr. Clarke had many disadvantages to contend with, the first and greatest being that of a pecuniary nature. The company, though interested in this discovery, did nothing to forward his views.

The following Easter the dissolving views were, at a considerable expense, got up at the Polytechnic Institution, and attracted thousands to witness what seemed to be a phenomenon, and which had lately puzzled both the philosopher and the man of science.

At present they are exhibited at the Adelaide Gallery, under the direction of Mr. Clarke, who has brought them out in a style far superior to any ever yet exhibited to the public. Among the views is the Tower of London, which is shewn under three different aspects: the first, a daylight view; the second, with a moonlight effect, which changes to a representation of the edifice as it appeared during the awful conflagration. The effect is truly pleasing, which is demonstrated by the acclamations of all present.

In order that those of our readers who have not had an opportunity of seeing the views may form an idea of that peculiarity in the exhibition termed "dissolving," we give two engravings, with the following brief description:—

Suppose a picture were exhibited on a disk, representing (as we have done in our engraving) the "Water girls of India:" while the eye is fixed upon it, a gradual but almost imperceptible change comes over the scene; this is what is termed *dissolving*, and which our second engraving represents. The original picture fades insensibly from the sight, and another as stealthily takes its place.

The means by which this singular and truly charming effect is produced is so simple that we are apt, on ascertaining it, to exclaim in astonishment, "How simple, yet how wonderful!"



DISSOLVING VIEW.

Two lanterns are placed near each other, in front of a large transparent medium, each being charged with a painting, the slider of one being up and the other down; the painting in the one with the slider will now be fully and alone reflected on the disk; but if the slider of this lantern be moved slowly downwards, and that of the other slowly raised, the first picture will gradually fade from the sight in proportion as the rising slider unfolds the other—a change which has something of magic in its appearance.

The third illustration, part of which may be seen in our second engraving, is the Shrine of Saint Rosalie; a perfect view of it, accompanied with a few historical facts, will be given in our next.

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.
(Continued from p. 84.)

MAJOR MOOR and Captain Green informed Kirby that the ladies in India enclose the fiery beetles in gauze, and thus carry them in their hair when they take their evening walks. Mrs. Ashmole says, that at night time, the fiery beetle will cause some alarm to the stranger in India, when its bright glow is discovered amidst the folds of a delicate white muslin garment.* Mr. Turnbull tells us that luminous insects are numerous in Cuba, and that a dozen of the large fiery beetle, called the *cocuyo*, will, when enclosed in a cage, emit so much light, of a brilliant green colour, as to enable you to read by it; and that the late clever and eccentric Mr. Joseph, of Trinidad, is stated to have written several volumes by this light. The insects, he adds, may be preserved alive, for three months or more, provided they are frequently bathed, and their favourite food—a piece of sugar-cane, stripped of its bark—renewed, at least, daily.† It is said that the inhabitants of the Spanish West Indian islands let the fiery beetles fly about their apartments that they may relieve the inmates from the swarms of gnats, which are most annoying pests in those islands.

Southey has given an accurate and spirited description of the fiery beetle:—

“soon did night display
More wonders than it veil'd; innumerable tribes
From the wood-cover swarm'd, and darkness made
Their beauties visible. One while they stream'd
A bright blue radiance upon flowers that closed
Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day;
Now, motionless and dark, eluded search,
Self-shrouded; and anon, starting the sky,
Rose like a shower of fire.” (*Madoc*.)

Accuracy is seldom, however, to be found in poetical notices of animals; and a well-known poetess, Mrs. Barbauld, is very incorrect when she says, speaking of insects,
“Some shoot like living stars athwart the night,
And scatter from their wings a vivid light;”

and not content with perpetrating this error, she proceeds to sing of a beetle,
“whose rich treasury swells with hoarded grain,”
a nondescript species of her own creating.

Mr. Edward Doubleday, writing from Trenton Falls, North America, June 28, 1837, says that the fiery beetles there are all of the genus *Lampyris*; he saw no luminous *Elater*, and Mr. Goodhere informed him that there were none. The luminous *Lampyris* was at that time beginning to be common; and Mr. Doubleday thought he could detect three, if not four species. They appeared constantly to emit a light, but so faint, that, unless near it, it was not discernible. At intervals of two or three seconds they emitted a vivid flash, like that of a rifle. This flash was generally whitish, sometimes reddish, and at other times greenish; and he was inclined to regard this variation of colour as indicative of different species. “It is amusing, though difficult,” says he, “to chase these fiery beetles. You see a flash, and then another, and dash forward in the apparent line of the insect's course; but the creature is too cunning for you—he has turned short, and is flashing away to the right or left far beyond your reach. In the hand, the flashing is dazzling. I have sought in vain to discover the mode in which it is produced, but I had no glasses sufficiently powerful to be of any service in dissecting the insect.”

The ladies in Italy ornament their hair with specimens of another luminous species, (*Lampyris Italica*.) The Rev. W. B. Clarke says, that fiery beetles are so abundant near Vivas and along the Jura, that a party of young ladies came into his hotel, in July, 1825, with their head-dresses decorated with dozens of these living jewels, which they had collected for amusement in the course of their walk. He adds, that one species is very numerous in the ruins of Rheinfels, on the Rhine, near St Goar, where, in a dark, warm evening in summer, they quite illuminate the air under the shady trees that border the steep ascent to the castle; and he expresses his surprise that Lord Byron, in describing the evening landscape in these localities, has not alluded to the brilliant beetles.

ORTHOPTERA. The locust tribe, the most destructive of this order of insects, is extensively eaten by numerous nations; and, as one may observe, the generic name of the locusts—*Gryllus*—sounds like an in-

* Mrs. Ashmole's *Narrative of a Three Months' Residence in India*, (1841.)

† Turnbull's *Travels*.

* *Entomological Magazine*, vol. v. (1837), p. 31.

vation to cook them. They have been the food of man from the earliest period; and some tribes of Ethiopians were so attached to this kind of diet that they were named *Acridophagi*, or locust-eaters.* They are expressly mentioned among the things permitted to be eaten under the Mosaic dispensation.† The Parthians, according to Pliny's account, held them in high esteem.‡ It was common to eat them in Palestine and the neighbouring countries. Shaw, Niebuhr, Russell, and many other travellers into the East, represent their taste as agreeable, and inform us that they are frequently eaten. We are told by Shaw, that when they are sprinkled with salt, and fried, they taste not unlike our fresh-water crevice, vulgarly called, *cray-fish*.§ Russell tells us, that the Arabs salt and eat them as a delicacy; and Niebuhr says they gather an abundance of them, which they dry and keep for winter provision. Hasselquist learnt that when corn is scarce in Mecca, the Arabs obtained a substitute for flour by grinding locusts in their handmills, or by pounding them in stone mortars; that by mixing this flour with water they made cakes, which they baked in the same way as they do their common bread. It is not unusual for them, he says, to eat locusts when there is no famine, but then they boil them well in water, and afterwards stew them with butter, and so form a fricassée of no bad flavour.¶ Leo Africanus, as cited by Bochart, gives a similar account.¶ Bullocks says that in the Levant the largest species of locusts are sold as food, and that the females of them are most sought for as being very nutritious. The Hottentots, according to Sparrman, eat great quantities of locusts, which visibly fatten them, and they make a coffee-coloured soup of their eggs; hence these poor wretches rejoice when the locusts arrive in their country, although these voracious insects destroy all its verdure. The same traveller tells us that they believe the sudden swarms of locusts originate from the goodwill of a great master-conjurer in the far north, who having removed a stone from the entrance to a certain deep pit, let loose these insects to be their food.** A curious coincidence with this notion of the Hottentots is to be found in the Apocalypse, where the symbolical locusts are said to have emanated from a pit which an angel

opened.* Clenard states in his letters, quoted by Bochart, that wagon-loads of locusts are brought to Yez as a common article of food.† Kirby and Spence were informed by Major Moor that when a cloud of locusts visited the Mahratta country, the common people salted and ate them. This mode of dressing them used also to be adopted by many of the ancient African nations, some of whom also used to smoke them.‡ Even in the markets of Greece they seem to have been sold as food.§ When Jackson was in Barbary, in 1799, dishes of locusts were generally served up to the first tables, and esteemed very delicious.¶ The Moors, who prefer them to pigeons, reject the heads, wings, and legs, of these insects, which they usually boil in water half an hour; having done so, they fry them with salt, pepper, and a little vinegar. The Rev. R. Sheppard caused some of our common green locusts, or field-cricket, (*Acrida viridissima*), to be cooked in this way, but substituting butter for vinegar, and found them to be excellent food. From an ignorance of the ancient and still very general custom of eating locusts, and of the esteem in which they were and are yet held as delicious food in the East, some commentators would have us believe that the locusts which John the Baptist ate with wild honey, were not these insects, but the fruit of the locust-tree. Whether it be a passage in the Bible, or one in Shakespeare, it has the same fate from a certain class of commentators—they will mystify it if they can, and so make the reader who sought information declare, with the poet,—

“The more he reads, the more perplex’d—
The comment ruining the text.”

In the present case, the majority of readers will conclude, as Hasselquist and other high authorities have, that John the Baptist found sustenance in the insects called locusts; and this conclusion will be only questioned by those who, in the spirit of fastidious refinement, and in the obscurity of ignorance, think that insects could surely not have been fit diet for a holy character.

The Spaniards greatly admire the chirping of grasshoppers, and to gratify this taste the higher classes of the people keep these insects in cages, which are thence called *grilleria*: this reminds one of the ingenious Irishman, who enclosed a cricket in a sham watch:—

“Bryan O’Lynn had no watch for to bear,
So he got him a turnip, and scoop’d it out fair,
He then put a cricket clane under the skin,
They’ll think it’s a-ticking, says Bryan O’Lynn.”

(To be continued.)

* Diodorus Siculus, lib. iii. c. 39; Strabon’s Geog., lib. xvi., &c.

† See Leviticus, xi. 22; and Matt. iii. 4.

‡ Hist. Nat., lib. xi. c. 39.

§ The animal is not a fish, but a crustacean. *Crevice* (probably from the French, *écrevisse*) was its ancient name in England; and, as it does not mislead, should be restored to the language.

¶ Hasselquist’s *Travels*, p. 232.

¶ Bochart, *Hieroz*, vol. ii. lib. xiv. c. 7.

** Sparrman, vol. i. p. 367.

* Revelations, ix. 2, 3.

† Bochart, *Hieroz*, vol. ii. lib. iv. c. 7, p. 492.

‡ Pliny’s *Hist. Nat.*, lib. vi. c. 30.

§ Ibid.

¶ Jackson’s *Travels in Morocco*, p. 53.

A & a's COMPLAINT.

I AM a personage of the first distinction, and I have been very ill treated. I have no hopes of redress, and I desire no pity; but I am resolved to appeal to the public.

In France I have met with high consideration, having been styled the defender of the capital city of that country. It is true, this was said by myself; but it never has been, or can be, contradicted. In a word, (for I would not be too diffuse on the subject of my own merit,) I am the letter A. My assertion regarding France was, "Je suis le Capitaine de vingt quatre soldats, et sans moi Paris serait pris." Deny this who can.

I have nothing to do with London as a city; my guardianship does not extend so far: the Chinese, or the Affghans, with whom we are justly and necessarily at war, may take it, for any concern I have in the affair. But I affirm that there is not a man or a woman in it who could exist without me.

In my character of great A, my established form has been that of a pyramid, ever since the time of the Romans; but in some instances, at the introduction of a chapter, I have been so loaded, so covered, with ornaments, that my true figure was lost. This is one of my complaints; but it is a trifling annoyance. And as some men, as well as some children, prefer curious trappings to plain honest dress, why, let them have their fancy.

My grand source of complaint is in my character of little a—the old original "a by itself a." Here I have been forcibly driven from good society, in which, I insist upon it, I had a right to remain. Gentlemen, who used to go a hunting, or a shooting, or a fishing, now go hunting, go shooting, go fishing! And ladies who used to go a walking, go walking! What would become of two respectable old songs if this practice were universal? When the burden of one is,—

"And a hunting we will go, will go, will go,
And a hunting we will go;"

And that of the other is,—

"And a begging we will go, will go, will go,
And a begging we will go."

But this is not all my grievance. I have not only been banished from good society; but I have been seized by a lower class, who have attached me to themselves—actually made me their slave! These are, alike, alone, around, and a hundred of their fellows. I have only patience to oppose to these injuries; for I can make no resistance.

GREATA LITTLEA.

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER II.

MONTMIRAIL—MONTMORT—EPERNAY.

Eprenay, July 21.

I HIRED the first carriage I met at Ferté-sous-Jouarre, asking only one question—

"Are the wheels in good order?"

On being answered in the affirmative, I set out for Montmirail. There is nothing of interest about this little town, except a pleasing landscape at the end of the avenue, and two beautiful walks bordered with trees; all the buildings, the *Château* excepted, have a paltry and mean appearance.

On Monday, about five o'clock in the evening, I left Montmirail, and directing my way towards Eprenay, was an hour afterwards at Vaux-Champs. A few moments before crossing the far-famed field of battle, I met a cart rather strangely laden; it was drawn by a horse and an ass, contained pans, kettles, old trunks, straw-bottomed chairs, with a heap of old furniture. In front, in a sort of basket, were three children, almost in a state of nudity; behind, in another, were several hens. The driver wore a *blouse*, was walking, and carried a child on his back; a few steps from him was a woman, who was also carrying a child, but it was unborn. They were all hastening towards Montmirail, as if the great battle of 1814 were on the eve of being fought. "Yes," I said to myself, "twenty-five years ago how many poor families were seen flying from place to place!" I was informed, however, that this was not a removal—it was an expatriation. It was not to Montmirail they were going—it was to America; they were not flying at the sound of the trumpet of war—they were hurrying from misery and starvation. In a word, my dear friend, it was a family of poor Alscian peasants, who were emigrating. They could not obtain a living in their native land, but had been promised one in Ohio, and were leaving their country, ignorant of the sublime and beautiful verses that Virgile had written upon them two hundred years ago.

These poor people were travelling in seeming carelessness:—the husband was making a thong for his whip, the wife singing, and the children playing; the furniture had something about it of wretchedness and of disorder which caused pain; the hens also appeared to me to feel their sad condition.

That indifference astonished me; I really

thought that in leaving the country in which we first saw light, which linked our hearts to so many sweet associations, we should, on taking a last look, shed a tear to the memory of the scenes of our childhood—to the land which contained the mouldering ashes of our forefathers; but they seemed regardless of all this; their minds were set upon the country in which they hoped to obtain a livelihood.

I looked after them for some time;—where was that jolting and stumbling group going?—ay, and where am I going? They came to a turn in the road, and disappeared; for some time I heard the crackling of the whip, and the song of the woman—then all was quiet.

A few minutes afterwards, I was in the glorious plains where the emperor had once been. The sun was setting, the trees were reflecting their long shadows, the furrows, which could be traced here and there, had a lightish appearance, a blueish mist was at the bottom of the ravine, and the fields seemed deserted; nothing could be seen but two or three ploughs in the distance, which appeared to the eye like huge grasshoppers. To my left was a stone quarry, where there were large mill-stones, some white and new, others old and blackened; here, were some lying pell-mell on the ground—there, a few standing erect, like the men of an enormous draught-board when upset.

I determined on seeing the castle of Montmort, which was about four leagues from Montmirail; I took the Epernay road: there are sixteen tall elms, perhaps the most beautiful in the world, whose foliage hangs over the road and rustles above the head of the passenger. In travelling, there is no tree pleases me so much as the elm; it alone appears fantastical, and laughs at its neighbour, overturning all as it bends its head, and making all kinds of grimaces to the passers-by in the evening. The foliage of the young elm may be said to spring forth when your eyes are fixed upon it. From Ferté to the place where the sixteen elms are seen the road is bordered only with poplars, aspens, and walnut trees, which circumstance did not a little pique me.

The country is flat, the plain extending far beyond the range of the eye. Suddenly, on leaving a group of trees, we see on the right, half hidden in a declivity, a number of turrets, weathercocks, and housetops—it is the castle of Montmort.

My cabriolet stopped, and I alighted before the door of the castle. It is an exquisite fortress of the sixteenth century, built of brick, with slate-work; it has a double *enceinte*, a moat, a three-arched bridge, and a village at its foot: all around is pleasant, and the castle commands a most extensive view. It has a winding staircase for men,

and a *rampe* for horses. Below, there is also an old iron door, which leads to the embrasures of the tower, where I saw four small engines of the fifteenth century. The garrison of the fortress at present consists of an old servant, Mademoiselle Jeannette, who received me with the greatest civility. Of the ancient apartments of the interior, there are now only remaining a kitchen, a very fine vaulted room with a large mantelpiece, the great hall, which is now made a billiard-room, and a charming little *cabinet*, with gilt wainscoting. The great hall is a magnificent chamber: the ceiling, with its beams painted, gilded, and sculptured, is still entire; the mantelpiece, surmounted by two noble-looking statues, is of the finest style of Henry the Third. The walls were in former times covered with vast squares of tapestry, on which were the portraits of the family. At the revolution, a few daring individuals of the neighbouring village tore down the tapestries, and burnt them, which was a fatal blow to feudalism; the proprietor replaced them with old engravings, representing views of Rome and of the battles of the great Condé. On leaving, I gave thirty sous to Mademoiselle Jeannette, who was bewildered by my bounty.

In going out of Montmort, the road is one of the most detestable in the world. Night was coming on; I was in a wood into which the road had led me, having seen nothing of Epernay but colliers' huts, the smoke of which was forcing its way among the branches of the trees; the red mouth of a distant furnace appeared for a few moments, and the wind, which was whistling, agitated the leaves around. Above my head, in the heavens, the splendid chariot was making its voyage in the midst of stars, whilst my poor *patache* was jogging along among pebbles.

Epernay—yes, it is the town for champagne;—nothing more, nothing less.

Three churches have succeeded each other; the first, a Roman church, was built in 1037, by Thibaut the First, Count of Champagne, and son of Eudes; the second, a church of the *Renaissance*, was built in 1540, by Pierre Strozzi, marshal of France, Seigneur d'Epernay, who was killed at the siege of Thionville, in 1558; the third, the present one, appeared to me to be built from the design of Monsieur Poterlet-Galichet, a worthy merchant, whose shop and name are close to the church. All three are admirably described and summed up by these names:—Thibaut the First, Count of Champagne; Pierre Strozzi, Marshal of France; and Poterlet-Galichet, grocer.

To tell you the truth, the last-mentioned church is a hideous building, plastered white, and has a heavy appearance, with triglyphs supporting the architraves.

There is nothing left of the first church; and of the second, but a few fine large stained windows and an exquisite *façade*. One of the windows gives the history of Noah with great *naïveté*. The window frames and *façade* are daubed with the hideous plaster of the new church. It seemed to me as if I saw Odry, with his short white trowsers, his blue stockings, and his large shirt-collar, carrying the *casque* and cuirass of Francis the First.

They wished to shew me the curiosity of the country—a great cellar, which contains 100,000 bottles. On my way, I came in sight of a field of turnips, where poppies were in flower and butterflies sporting in the rays of the sun. I went no further—the great cave could well spare my visit.

I forgot to mention that Thibaut the First was interred in his church, and Strozzi in his; however, I should decidedly disapprove of M. Poterlot-Galichet having a place in the present one.

Strozzi was rather what may be termed a *brave* man. Brisquet, the fool of Henry the Second, amusing himself one day, greased, before the whole court, a very handsome cloak that the marshal had put on for the first time. It appears that this excited much laughter, for Strozzi resorted to a most cruel revenge. For me, I would not have laughed, nor would I have avenged myself. To bedaub a velvet cloak with grease!—I have never been over-delighted with this pleasantry of the sixteenth century.

(To be continued.)

New Books.

Ainsworth's Magazine. Hugh Cunningham, London.

WHEN Mr. Ainsworth announced his intention of starting a Magazine of his own, it was the opinion of all that it would be eminently successful. This unanimity of sentiment is no more than what could be expected. His powers as a writer of fiction are universally acknowledged to be great; he is known to have conducted successfully one of the most popular periodicals of the day, and to be intimately connected with the most distinguished contributors to our periodical literature, who, it was naturally anticipated, would be associated with him in the production of his miscellany. The first number is opened by the editor himself, with the commencement of a tale, illustrative of the manners and modes of life which prevailed in England during the middle of the last century, entitled "The Miser's Daughter." It is begun in his usual graphic style, representing the objects he describes so distinctly as to appear almost tangibly before the eyes of the reader, and it is impossible not to admire the dexterous manner with which he employs dialogue

to introduce the story and develop the characters of his *dramatis personæ*.

He takes the opportunity of a pause in the conversation to describe the external appearance of

JACOB POST, THE MISER'S SERVANT.

"He was six feet two in height, with a large-boned frame, not encumbered with too much flesh, and immense hands and feet. Though slightly in-kneed, he held himself as erect as an old soldier. He had a grim black muzzle, a wide mouth garnished with keen white teeth, the masticatory powers of which he had just so satisfactorily exhibited, thick and jetty eyebrows, and an enormous nose slightly tinged towards its extremity with a mulberry hue. He wore an old gray cloth coat, of the formal cut, in vogue about twenty years before, with a row of plate buttons extending from the collar to the skirts, as well as others on the pockets, and which coat, though it only reached to his knees, must have dangled down to its original owner's ancles. His waistcoat was of the same material as the upper garment, and evidently dated back to the same remote period. A dirty neckcloth, which looked positively white from its contrast with his swarthy chin, was twisted round his throat. He possessed great personal strength, and, indeed, was reported to have driven off, single-handed, three house-breakers, who had contrived one night to effect an entrance into his master's habitation. It was thought that the miser retained him as much for self defence as for his other services; and it was even said that in some money-lending transaction in which Mr. Scarve had been engaged with suspicious characters, Jacob stood by on guard."

THE MISER AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

"Mr. Scarve was an old man, and looked much older than he really was,—being only sixty-five, whereas he appeared like eighty. His frame was pinched, as if by self-denial, and preternaturally withered and shrivelled; and there was a thin, haggard, and almost hungry, look about his face, extremely painful to contemplate. His features were strongly marked, and sharp, and his eye gray, keen, and piercing. He was dressed in a threadbare cloth robe, trimmed with sable, and wore a velvet nightcap, lined with cotton, on his head. The rest of his habiliments were darned and patched in an unseemly manner. He was seated near a small table, on which was laid a ragged and dirty cloth, covered with the remains of his scanty meal, which Randolph's arrival had interrupted. Part of a stale loaf, a slice of cheese, and a little salt, constituted the sum total of the repast. Everything in the room bespoke the character of its owner. The panelled walls were without hangings or decoration of any kind. The room itself, it

was evident, had known better days and richer garniture. It was plain, but handsome in its character, and boasted a large and well-carved chimney-piece, and a window filled with stained glass, displaying the armorial bearings of the former possessor of the house, though now patched in many places with paper, and stopped up in others with old rags. This window was strongly grated, and the bars were secured in their turn by a large padlock placed inside the room. Over the chimney-piece there were placed a couple of large blue and white china bottles with dried everlasting flowers stuck in their necks. There were only two chairs in the room, and a stool. The best chair was appropriated by the miser himself. It was an old-fashioned affair, with great wooden arms, and a hard leathern back, polished like a well-blacked shoe by frequent use. A few coals, carefully piled into a little pyramid, burnt within the bars, as if to shew the emptiness of the grate, and diffused a slight gleam, like a hollow laugh, but no sort of heat. Beside it sat Mrs. Clinton, an elderly maiden lady, almost as wintry-looking, and as pinched as her brother-in-law. This antiquated lady had a long thin neck, a large nose, very, very *retroussée*, and a skin yellow as parchment; but the expression of her countenance, though rather sharp and frosty, was kindly. She wore a close-fitting gown of dark camel, with short tight sleeves, that by no means concealed the angularities of her figure. Her hair, which was still dark as in her youth, was gathered up closely behind, and was surmounted by the small muslin cap then in vogue. The object, however, that chiefly riveted Randolph's attention on his entrance was neither the

miser himself, nor his sister-in-law, but his daughter. Her beauty was so extraordinary that it acted like a surprise upon him, occasioning a thrill of delight, mingled with a feeling of embarrassment. She had risen as he entered the room, and gracefully; and with much natural dignity, returned his salutation, which, through inadvertence, he addressed most exclusively to her. Hilda Scarve's age might be guessed at nineteen. She was tall, exquisitely proportioned, with a pale, clear complexion, set off by her rich raven tresses, which, totally unrestrained, showered down in a thick cloud over her shoulders. Her eyes were large, and dark, luminous, but steady, and indicated firmness of character. Her look was grave and sedate, and there was great determination in her beautifully-formed but closely-shut lips. Both her aspect and deportment exhibited the most perfect self-command, and whatever effect might be produced upon her by the sudden entrance of the handsome visitor, not a glance was suffered to reveal it, while he, on the contrary, could not repress the admiration excited by her beauty. He was, however, speedily recalled to himself by the miser, who, rapping the table impatiently, exclaimed in a querulous tone, 'Your business, sir?—your business?'

A GROUP OF FASHIONABLES IN 1744.

"Having passed through the Gate House, they entered the Park by a small doorway at the end of Prince's-court. It was now noon, and a warm and genial day. The paths between the avenues of trees then extending between this point and Rosamond's Pond were crowded with persons of both sex, and of all ranks, summoned forth by the fineness of the weather.



ROSAMOND'S POND.

"Randolph was greatly amused by all he saw, and gazed with much curiosity at all presented to his view. Passing by the Decoy, the party skirted the great canal, and, leaving Rosamond's Pond on the left, proceeded towards Buckingham House.

"Just at this juncture, uncle Trussell caught sight of a gay party approaching, and exclaimed, in a joyful tone, to his nephew, 'As I live, we are most fortunate. There is the leader of fashion, Beau Villiers, coming towards us. You shall know him, nephew—you shall know him. The ladies he is walking with are Lady Brabazon and the Honourable Clementina Brabazon: a fine girl, Clementina—a remarkably fine girl; perfect in style and manners—quite a toast among the sparks. The old fellow at her side, Sir Singleton Spinke, was a great beau in his time, though never equal to Villiers, who far surpasses even his prototype, Beau Fielding, in style and taste. You shall know them all.'

"And nice acquaintances you will make," remarked uncle Abel, sneeringly.

"Never mind him, Randolph," whispered uncle Trussell. "If you know this set, and they like you, you may know whom you please. Beau Villiers commands all society, from the highest down to—to—"

"Mr. Trussell Beechcroft," replied uncle Abel.

"Well, down to me, if you please," rejoined uncle Trussell, "and that shews it does not extend too low. But, Randolph, I beg you to look at the beau. Did you ever see a finer man?"

"He is very handsome, certainly," replied Randolph, "and remarkably well-dressed."

"He is a great coxcomb, a great rake, and a great gamester, Randolph," said uncle Abel; "beware of him."

"Tush, never mind what he says," rejoined uncle Trussell, who really wished to have the eclat of introducing his handsome nephew to the great beau. "Come along!"

"So saying, he took his nephew's arm, and hurried him forward. Pushing their way through the throng, when near the sentry-box opposite Buckingham House, they encountered the party in question. Beau Villiers, who was, indeed, a remarkably handsome man, and dressed in the extremity of the mode; wore a light-blue embossed velvet coat, embroidered with silver, with broad cuffs similarly ornamented; a white waistcoat, of the richest silk, likewise laced with silver; tawny velvet breeches, partly covered with pearl-coloured silk hose, drawn above the knee, and secured with silver garters. His dress was completed by shoes of black Spanish leather, fastened by large diamond buckles, and a superb *Ramillie* perriwig of the lightest flaxen hair, which set off his bril-

liant complexion, and fine eyes, to admiration. He carried a three-cornered hat, fringed with feathers, and a clouded cane, mounted with a valuable pebble. Near the beau walked Lady Brabazon, a gorgeous dame of about five-and-forty, and still possessed of great personal attractions, which she omitted no means of displaying. She wore a hoop, and a white and silver satin sack. Struck by Randolph's figure at a distance, she had pointed him out to the beau, who thereupon vouchsafed to look towards him. Behind Lady Brabazon came her daughter Clementina, a very pretty and very affected blonde of two-and-twenty, with an excessively delicate complexion, fair hair, summer blue eyes, and a very mincing gait. She was exquisitely dressed in the last new mode, with a small scalloped lace cap, her hair curled at her sides, a triple row of pearls round her neck, and a diamond cross attached to the chain; and though she pretended to be interested in the discourse of the old knight, it was evident her regards were attracted by the handsome young stranger. As to the old beau, he was, indeed, supremely ridiculous. He was attired in a richly embroidered cinnamon-coloured velvet coat, with fur cuffs of a preposterous size, each as large as a modern muff. His pantaloons legs were covered with pink silk hose; his wrinkled features were rouged and be-patched; and his wig was tied with a large bow, and had such an immense cue to it, that it looked as if a great dragon fly had perched on the back of his neck. Lady Brabazon was attended by a little black page, in a turban and eastern dress, who had charge of her favourite lap-dog."

Of the two engravings which illustrate the two chapters of this tale, it is enough to say that the admirable George Cruikshank is the designer. The articles which follow are numerous and each excellent in its way.

Miscellaneous.

DUNCAN M'ARTHUR.

In the year 1778, Mr. M'Donald, an extensive West India planter, from the Island of Jamaica, came to Scotland on a visit to his friends and relations in the West Highlands, amongst whom he spent several months, going from place to place, living a week or two here, and a week or two there, as chance or other circumstances directed.

During one of these migrations, this gentleman came one day, accidentally, in a solitary place on the banks of Loch Awe, on a little kilted, bare-legged, and bare-headed Highland boy, busily employed in launching a little fleet of paper-sailed boats

on the lake. The situation in which Mr. M'Donald was at the moment placed, was one of those which strongly predispose one to enter into conversation with whomsoever chance may throw in the way, without much regard to age, sex, or appearance. The day was delightful—it was in the middle of June; the place lonely, and the scenery around of the most sublime and beautiful kind—the most beautiful, perhaps, in the Highlands of Scotland; and this, as our readers know, is no mean character of its qualifications. These were the circumstances, then, in which Mr. M'Donald was placed on the occasion to which we have alluded, and on him they had the effect which they would have had on anybody else—namely, that of opening up the sympathies of his nature, of extinguishing the littleness of pride, and of inducing one general feeling of benevolence; and it was in this happy frame of mind that he now reined in his horse, and accosted the young stranger.

"Well, my little fellow," said he, "what's this you're about?" The boy looked up in his face, and blushed and smiled at the same time, but made no reply, conceiving one unnecessary, as his employment was sufficiently evident. There was in that single look of the boy's, however, an expression of openness and intelligence that at once caught Mr. M'Donald's fancy; and he immediately added, goodnatureedly, "Where are all these ships going to?"

The boy again looked up in his face and laughed, but now vouchsafed a reply:—

"To the West Indies, sir, for cargoes of rum and sugar."

This was spoken in pretty fair English, though strongly tinged with Celtic accent.

"Indeed!" rejoined Mr. M'Donald; "my word, but you are an extensive trader, if it be the case, as I have no doubt it is, that all these fine ships are your own. What's your name, my little fellow?"

"Duncan M'Arthur, Sir."

"Are you at school?"

"Yes, Sir; I am just now off my way home from it."

"What are you learning there?"

"English, writing, and arithmetic."

"Can you write pretty well?"

"Ou ay, Sir—middlin'."

"Count?"

"Ay—middlin, too, Sir."

"That's a clever fellow. How should you like, now, to go abroad and see the world? How should you like to go where you have just now sent these ships?"

"I wad like it weel," said the boy, his sharp, intelligent little eye brightening with the idea; "but my father couldna want me for herdin the cows and helpin him wi' his peats."

"Where does your father live, my little boy?" inquired Mr. M'Donald.

"At the Ferry o' Bunnaw, Sir." It was within half a mile of the house to which the latter was just going, and where he intended stopping for a few days, previous to his leaving the country for good and all.

"Well, my little fellow," he said, "I am going to Blackhouse. You know it, I fancy."

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, call upon me there to-morrow forenoon. Ask for Mr. M'Donald. I wish to speak further with you."

The boy promised, and Mr. M'Donald rode off.

Now, it would not be easy for us to say what were the latter's intentions regarding the little bare-legged boy; and for this simple reason—that he did not well know himself. He had, however, taken a fancy to the boy—that is certain, and felt a disposition to do him a service, although he had not yet thought of what nature this should be, or how it was to be done. He had, in truth, no definite views on the subject; but he had not ridden far when these began to assume something of a tangible shape, and this was, to take the boy into his service as a personal attendant, provided his parents should agree to it.

True to his appointment, little Duncan waited next day on Mr. M'Donald, his face well washed and his hair carefully combed over his forehead.

"Ah, Duncan, are you there!" said the latter, on his entering the apartment where he was. "I'm glad to see you. You said yesterday, Duncan, that you would like to go abroad."

"Weel wad I like that, Sir," replied the little bare-breeched Highlander, "if my father could spare me."

"Did you speak to your father on the subject, Duncan?"

"I tellt him that I met you, Sir, and what you said."

"Ay; and what did he say, my little fellow?"

"He said, Sir, 'The shentleman's been shaking you, Duncan; but ye may go down to Blackhouse, as he bade you, and see what he has to say.' And Duncan looked at Mr. M'Donald, as if he would be glad himself to know whether there was anything of a joke in the matter. Indeed it was for this purpose that he repeated his father's words, cunningly availing himself of them to elicit the information he wanted.

"Joking you, Duncan!" repeated Mr. M'Donald, smiling. "By no means; and of this I'll soon convince both you and your father." Having said this, he took up his hat and stick, and desired the boy to conduct him to his father's.

The house was one of the poorest class; and it was evident, from everything within

and around it, that it was a hard struggle with its occupants "to make," as the saying has it, "the two ends meet."

Having found Duncan's father, Mr. McDonald explained to him his views regarding his son. These were readily acceded to by both the boy's parents, who, though they sorely grudged to part with their little Duncan, yet saw that it might be for his advantage, and therefore felt themselves called on to sacrifice their own feelings in a case which seemed to involve his future welfare. At this interview it was settled, in short, that he should enter the service of Mr. McDonald, and of course leave the country with him when he went.

Three days after this, Duncan bade farewell to his parents, and the home of his childhood. His patron was about to set out for Greenock, and there to embark for Jamaica. The parting was a bitter one. His father clasped him in his arms; and, while those tears which no danger to himself, and no sufferings merely his own, could ever have drawn from him, streamed down his rugged cheeks, he fervently and solemnly prayed, in Gaelic, in his own impressive language, for a blessing on his child.

"When I have had such a parting as this, Duncan," he said afterwards—"and many of them I've had with my brethren, and with more remote, but still dear friends—it was the honour of our country and our name that caused the separation. They had girded on the sword, and went to seek distinction in the ranks of war, and on the field of battle. They went to be soldiers, Duncan; and I could wish that you had been now following their footsteps. But it may be better as it is. Your days may be more, though your reputation should be less. A different destiny seems meted out for you."

But it was in the case of his mother that the parting of little Duncan was most affecting. She held the boy to her bosom, as if she meant that he should never again leave it, and loaded him with all the tender epithets which her memory could supply, and with which the Gaelic language so much abounds. On exhausting these, she proceeded to deplore the approaching separation from her child, in that affecting strain, at once metaphorical and poetical, peculiar to her country on such and similar occasions.

"This day, my Duncan," she said, "the light of the sun is obscured to your mother's eyes, and he shines not as he did before. The green woods have lost their verdure, and the once sparkling waters of the fountain their brightness. A dark cloud is on the face of the sun, that will long, long remain, though none but your mother's eye will see it—a blight that she alone can per-

ceive is on the lovely woods of Ardmoran; and pure though the waters of the fountain may appear to others, to her, Duncan, they will henceforth seem soiled and discoloured."

Such was the figurative language in which Duncan's mother went on to describe her feelings as they were, and as she anticipated they would be; and such was the strain in which she deplored the impending separation from her child.

But this could be but of short duration. The moment of final separation arrived, and Duncan hastened to rejoin his master, who was about to embark in a small sailing vessel (there being then no steamboats on the Clyde) for Greenock.

On going up the river, the boy was observed by the captain of the vessel leaning over the side, and gazing with the most earnest attention at something on the shore. The man's curiosity was excited by the circumstance, and he asked him what he was looking at so intently.

"O Sir," replied Duncan with great simplicity of manner, "I'm lookin' at yon beautiful hoose yonder," pointing to a handsome house that stood amidst an embowering wood on the face of a gentle acclivity—"it's the bonniest I ever saw."

"Yes, my man, it's a very fine house," replied the skipper. "Should you like to live in such a house as that?"

The boy looked up in his face and smiled—"Tat I would, Sir; and if I had plenty of money I would buy't, for I never seen such a pretty place."

"Why, man," replied the good-natured seaman, "perhaps you may be able to buy it yet, or at least as good."

Duncan smiled and shook his head; but from this moment the vision of that house took possession of the boy's fancy, by one of those unaccountable and uncontrollable emotions of the mind, which all must feel in particular instances; and as long as he lived he never forgot it. It haunted him in his sleep, and was the frequent resting-point of his memory, when far away in a foreign land; it was, indeed, a boyish fancy; but it was one of those enduring ones that no vicissitudes of after-life have power to efface, but that, on the contrary, grow the brighter the further they are removed by distance or by time.

Shortly after arriving at Greenock, Duncan's nether man was arrayed, for the first time, in a pair of inexpressibles, and the kilt thrown aside. To these were added, a trim short coat, ornamented with the M'Donalds' livery; and a smart hat, adorned with a gold band—and thus was the first step of Duncan's metamorphosis completed.

For some time, the trowsers bothered him a good deal, as they felt extremely tight and uncomfortable—not allowing his

limbs that freedom of motion which they enjoyed in such perfection beneath the airy envelopes of the kilt; but he in time got used to them, and even allowed latterly that they were a very good contrivance.

Previous to this, however—that is, previous to striking the kilt—Duncan had made several excursions around the town, his master having left him in the hands of the tailor, and gone to see some friends in Glasgow, where he meant to spend a day or two before embarking. One of these excursions included a visit to that paradise of a place that had caught his eye in coming up the Clyde. It was only three or four miles distant; and he found it on a nearer inspection, all that his fancy had conceived it from a more distant view. But Duncan's curiosity prompting him to venture further into the enclosed grounds than was permitted to strangers, he was seen by one of the guardians of the place; and his kilt not increasing the man's notions of his respectability, or of the innocence of his intentions, he gave him chase with a loud whoop and hallo. Duncan saw the enemy approaching and took to his heels, and finally succeeded in clearing the outermost fence, just in time to save himself from a good drubbing.

This incident, on which he had by no means calculated, disturbed his ideas of his elysium a little, and convinced him that the beauties he so much admired, were not at all intended for the enjoyment of such poor little ragged rascals as himself—that they were reserved for the great and the wealthy alone.

Some days after this, Duncan embarked with his master for Jamaica, where they arrived safely, at the end of about the usual period consumed in that voyage. And with this event the first act of our little drama closes. The curtain is dropped, and a distinct division in the story is marked. A brief interval, and the curtain is again raised; but by no means so brief is the time that elapses in the progress of our tale—for this is no less than thirty years.

It was, then, on a fine summer day, precisely thirty years after Duncan M'Arthur had embarked with his master for Jamaica, that a splendid carriage and four, with out-riders, was seen rolling along the Gourrock-road. On coming opposite a certain gate, which led to a handsome house on the face of a low hill, (it was the same house which had so much taken the fancy of the little bare-legged Highland boy thirty years before,) the carriage stopped, and the gentleman who occupied it, seemingly attracted by a large board suspended from a tree, stepped out and read on the latter—"This house and adjoining property on sale."

Having obtained this piece of information, he opened the gate and walked leisurely up

towards the house; carefully examining the grounds as he went along. On arriving in front of the mansion, he was accosted by a feeble old man, who approached him with the most profound respect; and bowing low, inquired if he wished to inspect the premises. The stranger looked hard for some seconds at the querist, without making any reply, but at length answered—"Yes, my honest man, I do wish to look at the premises. The house and grounds are on sale, I see."

"They are, Sir," replied the old man—"and a bonny spot it is."

"The place certainly looks very well," replied the gentleman. "Is the house in good repair?"

"Excellent, Sir. The factor, Mr. M'Ausline, keeps a' in good order, baith without and within; kennin' it's the only way to bring a customer."

"Ah, he's right there!"

The stranger, conducted by the old man, now went through every room in the house, and examined them with a care and minuteness that shewed he entertained serious intentions regarding the property. The house inspected, he proceeded to the garden, looked into all the out-houses, and made a general survey of the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the house. This done, he slipped a crown piece into the old man's hand, and returned to his carriage, which was waiting him where he had left it.

On the next day, the very same carriage of which we have spoken, drew up before Mr. M'Ausline's door; and the lackey having rung the bell, and ascertained that that person was within, the same gentleman who had occupied it on the preceding day, jumped out and entered the house.

On being ushered into the apartment in which Mr. M'Ausline was—

"You have, Sir, I believe," he said, "the management of the sale of Bellevue-house and grounds?"

"I have, Sir."

"Well, Mr. M'Ausline, I have been looking at them; and if you and I can come to terms, it is not unlikely that I may become the purchaser."

Mr. M'Ausline bowed.

"What is the upset price, Sir?"

"Twenty-five thousand pounds, Sir?"

"A long price."

"Why, Sir, it's well worthy the money," said the factor.

"Perhaps it may, Sir; but let me look at the plans, &c., if you please."

They were immediately produced; and, in a few minutes, the stranger and Mr. M'Ausline were up to the elbows in papers; the former examining every document connected with the property, and the latter explaining and enlarging on each as it came under investigation.

At the conclusion of this scrutiny, the stranger rose to depart, saying at the same time to Mr. M'Ausline, that he would hear from him in a day or two.

Just as he was going away, the latter asked, with some hesitation of manner, as if he feared the question might be thought rude, if he would have the goodness to favour him with his name.

"Dear me!" replied the stranger,—"how stupid that I did not think of mentioning that of my own accord! It is one of the first things I should have communicated to you. My name, Sir, is M'Arthur—Duncan M'Arthur, late of the island of Jamaica."

Mr. M'Ausline bowed low at the name; for, although he did not know Mr. M'Arthur personally, it was one with which he was familiar, and which he knew was that of one of the wealthiest men in the West Indies. Need we add, that this Mr. M'Arthur was no other than the little kilted, bare-legged Highland boy, whom we introduced to the reader at the outset of our story.

How he arrived at the high degree of prosperity which he now enjoyed, we shall make known before we have done; but in the meantime we shall conduct his transaction with Mr. M'Ausline to a close.

(To be continued.)

THE DESERT.

We found the equipages in which we were to cross the desert waiting for us at the City of Tombs. They consisted of donkey-chairs, one being provided for each of the females of the party, while my friend, Miss E., had also an extra donkey, with a saddle, to ride upon occasionally. Nothing could be more comfortable than these vehicles; a common arm-chair was fastened into a sort of wooden tray, which projected in front about a foot, thereby enabling the passenger to carry a small basket or other package; the chairs were then slung by the arms to long bamboos, one upon either side, and these, by means of ropes or straps placed across, were fastened upon the backs of donkeys, one in front, the other behind. Five long and narrow vehicles of this kind, running across the desert, made a sufficiently droll and singular appearance, and we did nothing but admire each other as we went along. The movement was delightfully easy, and the donkeys, though not travelling at a quick pace, got on very well. Our cavalcade consisted besides of two stout donkeys, which carried the beds and carpet bags of the whole party, thus enabling us to send the camels ahead: the three men servants were also mounted upon donkeys, and there were three or four spare ones, in case any of the others should knock up upon the road. In this particular it is proper to say that we were cheated; for had

such an accident occurred, the extra animals were so weak and inefficient that they could not have supplied the places of any of those in use. There were eight or ten donkey-men, and a boy; the latter generally contrived to ride, but the others walked by the side of the equipages. In first striking into the desert we all enjoyed a most delightful feeling of repose; everything around appeared to be so calm and tranquil, that, especially after encountering the noises and multitudes of a large and crowded city, it was soothing to the mind thus to emerge from the haunts of men and wander through the vast solitudes that spread their wastes before us. To me there was nothing dismal in the aspect of the desert, nor was the view so boundless as I had expected. In these wide plains the fall of a few inches is sufficient to diversify the prospect; there is always some gentle acclivity to be surmounted, which cheats the sense with the expectation of finding a novel scene beyond: the sand hills in the distance also range themselves in wild and fantastic forms, many appearing like promontories jutting out into some noble harbour, to which the traveller seems to be approaching. Nor were there wanting living objects to animate the scene; our own little *kafila* was sufficiently large and cheerful to banish every idea of dreariness, and we encountered others much more picturesque. Soon after losing sight of the tombs we came upon a party who had bivouacked for the night; the camels unladen, were, with their burthens, placed in a circle, and the people busily employed in preparing their evening meal. Other evidences there were, however, to shew that the toils of the desert were but too frequently fatal to the wretched beasts of burthen employed in traversing these barren wastes; the whitened bones of camels and donkeys occurred so frequently as to serve to indicate the road.—*Roberts's Overland Journey.*

INFLUENCE OF TEMPERATURE ON THE VEGETATION OF SEEDS.

A CORRESPONDENT of Silliman's "Journal" has communicated some experiments which he made, with the intention to shew at what average temperature at noon various seeds will germinate, and how many days are requisite for them to vegetate at any given temperature. Thus he states, that the Lima bean, at a temperature of eighty-three degrees (in the shade), will appear above ground in seven days; at a temperature of sixty-two degrees, it requires twenty days. The marrowfat pea, at fifty-one degrees, requires nineteen days, and at seventy-four degrees, only eleven days. Radishes vary with the temperature, from

six to twelve days. Thus the average temperature of any country, other things being equal, may be inferred with considerable accuracy from the periods of vegetation; for in looking over a long list of recorded experiments, he finds a great degree of uniformity in the process of germination, in ordinary circumstances. [These experiments teach the horticulturist a useful lesson. It is well known that the Lima bean is one of the most uncertain varieties to vegetate, when sown at the same time and under the same circumstances as the others. Cultivators often have the trouble of planting twice, and frequently three times, before they procure good plants. The experiments alluded to explain the cause. Sown about the middle of May, as they generally are, unless the weather is very warm, the seeds will not vegetate under from ten to twenty days; and if the weather should be accompanied with much rain, the seed will rot in the ground. If, on the contrary, the beans are not sown till the latter part of the month, when the temperature of the atmosphere is higher, they will come up in the course of five or six days, and will make a vigorous growth. Nothing is gained by too early planting. Peas sown about the middle of April often overtakes those sown about the first of the month.]—*Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture.*

The Gatherer.

Flexible Stone.—At the meeting of the Dudley Geological Society last week, Robert Ebbels, Esq., of Wolverhampton, produced a piece of stone of a very singular nature, which excited considerable attention. It appeared to be nearly as hard as granite, but perfectly flexible. Upon holding the specimen (which was about a foot long, and half an inch square) perpendicularly, and shaking it gently, it felt as though its elasticity consisted in a series of mechanical joints. In colour this stone resembles the flesh of salmon, and it is composed entirely of quartz. Mr. Murchison remarked that he had never seen or heard of such a species of stone. It had been presented to Mr. Ebbels by a gentleman who had brought it from one of the mountains of the Himalayan provinces of Hindostan. We quote from the *Stafford Examiner*. We remember to have seen a flexible stone slab in the British Museum, but whether it is as hard as granite we cannot say. It was of a drab colour, and seemed to us like the flexible stone here referred to, composed principally of small particles of quartz, imbedded in clay.—*Worcester Chronicle.*

To Bachelors.—Married life appears to me a sort of philosophical discipline, training persons to honourable duties, worthy of the good and wise. Few unmarried people are affected as they ought to be towards the public good, and perceive what are really the most important objects in life.—*Melancthon.*

A Challenge.—A dancing-master at St. Petersburg, by origin a Dutchman, has given notice that he will give a ball in the snow; and intends to take advantage of the first snow that falls for that purpose. He proposes to bet with any lady or gentleman that he will dance out in the snow their names at full, in legible characters; that he will not once miss time; and that each of his steps shall form a regular dance. Several persons of distinction have accepted the bet.

Rustic Simplicity.—A clergyman, a few days since, meeting a boy whose face he knew, but of whose name he was ignorant, thus addressed him, "What's your name?" "Ben." "How old are you?" "I was six years old when pig doied!"

Migration of Manufactures.—There seems to be a happy concurrence of causes in human affairs, which checks the growth of trade and riches, and hinders them from being confined entirely to one people, as might naturally at first be dreaded from the advantages of an established commerce. Where one nation has got the start of another in trade, it is very difficult for the latter to regain the ground it has lost, because of the superior industry and skill of the former, and the greater stocks of which its merchants are possessed, and which enabled them to trade for so much smaller profits. But these advantages are compensated, in some measure, by the low price of labour in every nation which has not an extensive commerce, and does not very much abound in gold and silver. Manufactures, therefore, gradually shift their places, leaving those countries and provinces which they have already enriched, and flying to others, whither they are allured by the cheapness of provisions and labour, till they have enriched these also, and are again banished by the same cause. And, in general, we may observe, that the dearth of everything, from plenty of money, is a disadvantage which attends an established commerce, and sets bounds to it in every country, by enabling the poorer states to undersell the richer in all foreign markets.—*Hume's Essays.—Of Money.*

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Bookellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 8.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



SHRINE OF SAN ROSALIA.

Original Communications.

DISSOLVING VIEWS. — (Concluded.)

SAN ROSALIA.

By referring to the engraving in our last Number, entitled "Dissolving View," our readers will perceive that the scene of the "Water Girls of India" is somewhat changed, another view having partly taken its place. In a moment or two, the first entirely disappears, then the one which was partly exposed, and is represented by the prefixed engraving, is seen in a perfect state. A tale of thrilling interest may thus

VOL. XXXIX.

H

be told on the canvas in a series of eight or ten views, the first *dissolving* into the second, the second into the third, and so on, to the end of the history.

San Rosalia, the Saint of Palermo, and whose shrine is prefixed to this article, was, according to legend, the daughter of William the Good, who reigned in the year 1159. At the age of fifteen, she retired to Monte Pelegrino, in order to spend the remainder

[No. 1099.]

of her life in religious solitude, and a period of nearly five hundred years elapsed without her even being heard of. In 1624, a plague, which threatened to depopulate this capital, raged at Palermo. A hermit, whose name is not given in the legend, dreamt that the bones of the saint were on the top of Mount Pelegrino, and that if they were carried in procession round the walls of the city, the plague would cease. After prayers and supplications, he induced a number of individuals to go in procession to the top of the mountain, where the remains of Rosalia were found in a cave. Some say that the body was fresh, and looked as if she had died at the age of fifteen; while others assert that there were only the bones. Which account is true, it is impossible to say, but one thing is certain: that they were carried round the city walls, and the plague gradually ceased. This was accounted a miracle; and churches were built to her honour. A chapel was erected on the top of the mountain where she was found, and priests appointed to perform divine service.

To facilitate the approach to those sacred relics, the pious and grateful Palermians, after immense labour, constructed a road up the face of the mountain, which is nearly perpendicular, and though dangerous, that by no means operates as a check to the devotion of hundreds who seek the protection and patronage of the saint.

In the vault under the chapel, which had long been the resting place for her bones, there was an inscription which differed from the monkish legend. It states her to be the daughter of Count Sinibaldus, who lived at the period when the irruptions of the Saracens were so frequent in Italy, and that Rosalia first retired to a cave on Mount Quisquina, in order to preserve her virginity from the brutal attacks of the disciples of Mahomet; then to Monte Pelegrino, where she died inviolate.

The bones of this saint are now annually carried about the city in a large silver box, and, according to popular belief, she has several times since her discovery saved the Sicilians from the plague. Long before the celebration of the festival, she becomes the subject of general conversation, and excites the greatest interest. Her triumphal car is made to an immense height, is built on the Marino, and, when completed, is drawn through the principal street by a number of caparisoned mules, preceded by Dragoons with trumpets. On the lower part of the machine is an orchestra, and above it is a small temple, in the interior of which are figures of different saints, and on the top of all a large statue of San Rosalia. Every side of the machine is decorated with flowers, and

during the ceremony, the street is crowded with people, and the windows, to all of which are balconies, are filled with ladies. At night there is a general illumination.

The amusements at this Palermo rejoicing vary each day: one night the Flora Gardens are illuminated, on another one, the streets; and in the day time horse-races. The latter, from their peculiarities, are worthy of notice. The horses start from the bottom of the principal street, near the Porto Felice, and run to the Porto Nuovo. They have no riders, but have small bladders fixed on their backs, in which are inserted sharp spikes, serving, by the motion, to urge them on. The prizes run for are generally small, consisting of from ten to fifteen ounces in dollars fastened to a board, and the horse that wins is led in procession with the prize before him.

The illumination of the Madre Chiesa, which is the cathedral church of Palermo, excites the admiration of all travellers. It is here where the box, containing the bones of St. Rosalia, is deposited. The last ceremony is a grand procession, in which the silver box is carried by the principal citizens, who consider it a great honour. Immense crowds endeavour to get near to touch it, for they consider that this act is a remedy for all evils.

The approach of this festival produces general joy and happiness; and the people are so attached to the memory of the saint, that it is supposed that any attempt to suppress her commemoration would be attended with the most serious consequences.

THE SCEPTIC.

"Behold, he prayeth."—Acts, ix. 11.

Oh! strike those chords once more!
Then let them die in cadenced harmony—
As on some desert shore,
At ebb of tide, far waves fall solemnly;
So, though she slumber, Echo ever dwells
In the heart's cavern'd depths and silent cells.

They are come back again!—
They, the old holy feelings of young hours,
Precious as sunlit rain
On arid soil long parch'd for lack of showers.
Tears fill my eyes, despite my manhood's pride—
Tears whose deep source I deem'd had long been dried.

I am again a child,
Hushed into wondering stillness 'mid my play,
While, as though angels smiled,
Bidding me mind that it is Christmas-day;
Sisters, with laughing eyes and long light hair,
Lead me to worship in the household prayer.

It is his solemn tone,
Unheard in deathlike silence many a year,—
Father! that voice was known
To our fond hearts in pious love and fear;
Oh! that I now might be as I was then,
When my young lips breathed out the soft Amen!

The morning meal is spread
On costly damask woven fine and fair;
And for each little head
Rises a mother's sigh'd, but soundless, prayer,
As, looking round, she fondly counts them o'er,
Scatter'd in after years to meet no more.

Blithe hands betimes have dress'd
Mantel and panes with holly high aloof;
While old retainers bless'd,
In quaintly-chanted rhymes the race and roof;
Time-hallow'd seem'd each timid, trembling tone,
Where in long service they gray-hair'd had grown.

See, the sun's orb of flame,
With its deep ruby tint, new-risen serene,
Lights up each massive frame;
Source of hereditary pride I ween,
Could aught of pride that morning look around,
Reckoning the lineage of that ancient ground.

It is a holy time,
When all from vanity should turn away;
Hark to the mellow chime
From that old tower so venerably gray,
Where, in the sunrise, like a star of fire,
Gleams the gilt vane upon the taper spire!

Pattering with little feet,
Fain would I wander o'er the frozen grass,
Where rime and new-fallen sleet
Have shrined each blade, as though in crystal glass.
A robin, too, is singing on that spray;
Oh! pause, lest we should scare the bird away!

In mutual respect,
Glad are the greetings on this happy morn,
When each and all are decked
In garb new bought, or sacredly unworn
Save on this day; the chintz of gorgeous dyes,
The apron flower'd, and hat of olden guise.

The villagers pass on,
As then they pass'd, with slow and reverent tread,
Where many a one anon,
Within the portal humbly bows his head;
Where, with a feeling of solemnity,
Each aged dame bends low the crippled knee.

No flippant thought comes there
The while they pace the aisles with looks profound,
Bearing with pious care
Bible and prayer-book wrapp'd with kerchief
round,
Where they have kneel'd in antique array,
Through many a bygone year, on Christmas-day.

Oh! in that sanctuary
May those old hallowed customs of the poor,
In simple piety,
Through all vicissitudes unchanged endure;
No sophistry be theirs, no lore profane—
Such as their fathers were may they remain!

Ah! is it but a dream?
Or, do I see again in very deed
The cushion's broider'd seam,
And the clasp'd book wherein I strove to read,
Turning the large print leaves without a sound,
For I was taught to feel 'twas "holy ground!"

And the dark velvet pew,
With the grim crest and arms in herald's guise,
Where, with a gleamy hue,
The rampant wyverns stand in fadeless dyes,
Gorged with an antique crown, whose legend saith,
In monitory motto—"HOLDE FASTE FATHER."

Strike the full chords again!
So may I seem to hear in verity,
In the green garnished fane,
That ancient carol's homely melody,
With words of Holy Writ, forgotten long,
But now heart-sinking like an angel's song.

Ha! and the strain has ceased!
Yet the breast thrills to each remembered tone,
Where, in the far, far East,
A broken-hearted man I stand alone,
Gazing on vacancy,—'tis Christmas-day,
Yet those loved forms are fading fast away.

Fain would I stay them yet,
Gladdening my aching eyes ere on I roam
By ghaut and minaret.
Oh! how unlike my boyhood's English home,
The banian-grove, bamboo, and shafted palm,
The lurid sky, the pestilential calm!

Music! thy voice hath bent
His head, till now upheld in sceptic pride,
And to his knees hath sent
Him that had cast his early creed aside.
FATHER!—that name was taught us by THY SON—
FATHER!—in faith I pray "Thy will be done!"

O LORD, it is thy grace
That hath relit the spark of heavenly light,
Turn not away thy face,
Lest my dark soul sink down in double night;
Where I have erred, in pity, LORD, forgive,
For JESUS' sake, who died that I might live!
REINELM.

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER III.

CHALONS. — SAINTE MENEHOULD. —
VARENNES.

Varennes, July 25.

YESTERDAY, at the decline of day, my *cabriolet* was rapidly rolling by Sainte Menehould, at which time I was reading these sublime and beautiful lines—

"Mugitusque botum mollesque sub arbore somni.

* * * * *
Speluncæ vivique lacus."

I remained for some time leaning upon my book. My soul was full of those vague ideas, sad yet sweet, which the rays of a setting sun generally awaken in my mind, when the noise of the carriage-wheels on the causeway awoke me from my reverie. We were entering a town; but what one was it? The coachman replied, "It is Varennes." We went along a street which had something grave and melancholy in its appearance; the doors and shutters of the houses being closed, and grass growing in the courts. Suddenly, after having passed an old gateway of the time of Louis the Thirteenth, we entered a triangular square, surrounded with small white houses, of one story high. Louis the Sixteenth, when on his flight in 1791, was arrested in this square by Drouet, the post-master of Sainte Menehould. There was then no post at Varennes. I descended from my carriage, and for some time kept looking at this

little square, which, for the man who does not think of passed events, has a dull appearance; but for him who does, it has a sinister one.

It is reported here that Louis, when arrested, protested so strongly that he was not the king, (what Charles the First would never have done,) that the people, half inclined to credit his statement, were about to relieve him, when a Monsieur Ethé, who had a secret hatred against the court, appeared. This person, like a Judas Iscariot, accosted the king—

"Good day, Sire."

That was enough. The king was seized. There were five of the royal family in the carriage with him; and the *miserable*, with these words, effected their downfall.

"*Bon jour, Sire,*" was for Louis the Sixteenth, for Marie Antoinette, and for Madame Elisabeth, the guillotine; for the Dauphin, the agony of the Temple; and for Madame Royale, exile and the extinction of her race.

Varennes is about fifteen leagues from Rheims—that is to say, for my coachman; to the mind there is an abyss—the revolution.

I put up for the night at a very ancient looking *auberge*, which had the portrait of Louis Philippe above the door, with the words underneath:

"Au grand Monarque."

During the last hundred years, most probably Louis the Fifteenth, Buonaparte, and Charles the Tenth, had each figured in their turn. Louis the Sixteenth was, perhaps, arrested at the *Grand Monarque*, and, on looking up, saw the portrait of himself—"Pauvre Grand Monarque."

This morning I took a walk into the town, which is very pleasantly situated upon the two banks of a very pretty river. The old houses of the high-town, seen from the right bank, form a very picturesque amphitheatre; but the church, which is in the low town, is truly insignificant. It is within sight of my inn, and I can see it from the table at which I write. The steeple is dated 1776, exactly a year before Madame Royale was born.

I visited the church; and if I did not find all that I expected, I found what I did not expect—that is, a very pretty Notre Dame at Chalons. What have the antiquaries been thinking of, when, on speaking of Sainte Etienne, they never breathed a word about Notre Dame. The Notre Dame of Chalons is a Roman church, with arched roofs, and a superb spire, bearing the date of the fourteenth century. In the middle is a lantern crowned with small pinions. A beautiful *coup d'œil* is afforded here (a pleasure which I enjoyed) of the town, the Marne, and the surrounding hills.

The traveller may also admire the splendid windows of Notre Dame, and a rich *portail* of the thirteenth century; but, in 1793, the people of this place broke the windows and pulled down the statues. They also destroyed the lateral gateway of the cathedral, and all the sculpture that was within their reach. Notre Dame had four spires, three of which are demolished. It testifies the height of stupidity, and which is nowhere so evident as here. The French revolution was a terrible one; the revolution *Champenoise* was attended with acts of the greatest folly.

In the lantern, where I was, I found engraved on the lead an inscription, apparently in the writing of the sixteenth century—

"Le 28 Août, 1586, la paix a été publiée à Chal .."

That inscription, which is partly defaced, and which no one sought to decipher, is all that remains of that great political act, of that great event, the concluding of peace between Henry the Third and the Huguenots, by the intercession of the Duke of Anjou, previously Duke of Alençon. The Duke of Anjou was the king's brother, and had an eye upon the Pays Bas, and pretensions to the hand of Elizabeth of England, but the war with the religious sects which succeeded, thwarted him in his plans. That peace, that happy event, proclaimed at Chalons in 1580, was forgotten by the whole world on the 22nd of July, 1839.

The person who conducted me to this lantern was the watchman of the town, who passed his life in the *guette*, a little box, with four small windows. His box and ladder are to him a universe; he is no longer a man, for he is the eye of the town, always open, always awake;—to be certain that he does not sleep, the hours are called as regularly as they strike. Perpetual *insomnia* would be somewhat impossible. No; his wife helps him. Every night at twelve o'clock he goes to sleep, and she goes to watch; at twelve in the forenoon they again change places, thus performing their rounds by each other's side without coming in contact, except a minute—at twelve in the forenoon, and again at twelve at night. A little gnome, rather comically shaped, and which they call their son, is the result of the *tangent*.

There are three other churches at Chalons:—St. Alpin, St. Jean, and St. Loup.

About two leagues from Chalons, upon the Sainte Meneshould road, the magnificent Abbey of Notre Dame de l'Epine suddenly appears before you. I remained upwards of two hours in this church, rambling round and round. The wind was blowing strongly. I held my hat with both hands, and

stood, my eyes filled with dust, admiring the beauties of the edifice.

I continued my route, and after travelling three miles, we came to a village where the inhabitants were celebrating, with music and dancing, the fête of the place. On leaving, I perceived, on the summit of a hill, a mean-looking white house, upon the top of which was a telescope, shaped like an enormous black insect, corresponding with Notre Dame de l'Epine.

The sun was setting, the twilight approaching, and the sky was cloudy; from the end of the plain I looked at the hills, which were half-covered with heath, like a *camail d'eneque*, and, on turning my head, saw a flock of geese that were cackling joyously.

"We are going to have rain," the coachman said.

I looked up: the half of the western sky was shrouded in an immense black cloud; the wind became boisterous; the hemlock in flower was levelled with the ground, and the trees seemed to speak with a voice of terror. A few moments expired: the rain poured down in torrents; and all was darkness, save a beam of light which escaped from the declining sun. There was not a creature to be heard or seen; neither man upon the road, nor bird in the air. Loud peals of thunder shook the heavens, and brilliant flashes of lightning contrasted widely with the prevailing darkness.

A blast of wind at last dispersed the clouds towards the east, and the sky became pure and calm.

On arriving at Sainte Menehould, the stars were shining brightly. This is a picturesque little town, with its houses built at random upon the summit of a green hill, and surmounted by tall trees. I saw one thing worthy of remark at Sainte Menehould—that is, the kitchen at the hotel of Metz. It may be well termed a kitchen: one of the walls is covered with coppers, the other with crockery; in the middle, opposite the window, is a splendid fire and an enormous chimney; all kinds of baskets and lamps hang from the ceiling; by the chimney are the jacks, spits, pot-hangers, kettles, and pans of all forms and sizes: the shining hearth reflects light in all corners of the room, throwing a rosy hue on the crockery, causing the edifice of copper to shine like a wall of brass, while the ceiling is crowded with fantastic shadows. If I were a Homer or a Rabelais, I would say,—

"That kitchen is a world, and the fireplace is its sun."

It is indeed a world—a republic, consisting of men, women, and children; male and female servants, scullions, and waiters; frying-pans upon chafing dishes; pots and kettles, children playing, cats and dogs, with the

master overlooking all;—*mens agit at molem*. In a corner is a clock, which gravely warns the occupants that time is ever on the flight.

Among the innumerable things which hung from the ceiling, there was one which interested me more than all the others—a small cage, in which a little bird was sleeping. The poor creature seemed to me to be a most admirable emblem of confidence; notwithstanding the unwholesomeness of the den, the furnace, the frightful kitchen, which is day and night filled with uproar, the bird sleeps. A noise, indeed, is made around it—the men swear, the women quarrel, the children cry, the dogs bark, the cats mew, the clock strikes, the water-cock spouts, the bottles burst, the diligences pass under the arched roof, making a noise like thunder,—yet the eyeball of the feathered inhabitant moves not.

A propos, I must declare that people generally speak too harshly of inns, and I myself have often been the first to do so. An *auberge*, take it all in all, is a very good thing, and we are often very glad to find one. Besides, I have often remarked that there is almost in all *auberges* an agreeable landlady; as for the host, let turbulent travellers have him—give me the hostess. The former is a being of a morose and disagreeable nature, the latter cheerful and amiable. Poor woman! Sometimes she is old, sometimes in bad health, and very often exceedingly bulky. She comes, and goes; is here, and there; this moment, at the heels of the servants; the next one, chasing the dogs; she compliments the travellers, stimulates the head servant, smiles to one, scolds another, stirs the fire, takes up this, and sends away that,—in fact, she is the soul of that great body called an *auberge*, the host being fit for nothing but drinking in a corner with waggoners.

The fair hostess of La Ville de Metz, at St. Menehould, is a young woman about sixteen years of age, is exceedingly active, and conducts her household affairs with the greatest regularity and precision. The host, her father, is an exception to the general run of innkeepers, being a very intelligent and worthy man; in all, this is an excellent *auberge*.

I left Sainte Menehould, and pursued my way to Clermont. The road between those towns is charming; on both sides a chaos of trees, whose green leaves glitter in the sun, and cast their detached and irregular shadows on the highway. The villages have something about them of a Swiss and German appearance,—white stone houses, with large slate roofs projecting three or four feet from the wall. I felt that I was in the neighbourhood of mountains: the Ardennes, in fact, are here.

Before arriving at the borough of Cler-

mont, we pass an admirable valley where the frontiers of the Marne and Meuse meet. The road is betwixt two hills, and is so steep that we see nothing before us but an abyss of foliage.

Ulermont is a very handsome village, headed by a church, and surrounded with verdure.

My friend, in glancing over this letter, I find that I have made use of the word *Champenois*, which, by some proverbial acceptance, is somewhat ironical; you must not mistake the sense which I affix to it. The proverb, more familiar, perhaps, than it is applicable, speaks of Champagne as Madame La Sablière spoke of La Fontaine—"That he was a man of *stupid* genius," which expression is applied to a genius of *Champagne*. That, however, neither prevents La Fontaine from being an admirable poet, nor Champagne from being a noble and illustrious country. Virgil might have spoken of it, as he did of Italy—

"Alma parens frugum,
Alma virum."

Champagne was the country of Amyot, that *bonhomme* who took up the theme of Plutarch, as La Fontaine did that of Æsop; of Thibaut IV., who asked nothing better than being father of Saint Louis; of Charlier de Gerson, who was chancellor of the university of Paris; of Amadis, Jamyn, Colbert, Diderot; of two painters, Lantare and Valentin; of two sculptors, Girardon and Bouchardon; of two historians, Flodoard and Mabillon; of two cardinals full of genius, Henry de Lorraine and Paul de Gondi; of two popes, full of virtue, Martin the Fourth and Urban the Fourth; of a king, full of glory, Philippe-Auguste.

Champagne is a powerful province, and there is no town or village in it that has not something remarkable. Rheims, which has the cathedral of cathedrals, was the place where Clovis was baptized. It was at Audekot that the interview between Gontran, king of Bourgogne, and Childebart, king of Austrasie, took place. Hinemar took refuge at Epernay, Abailard at Provins, Heloise at Paralet. The Gordiens triumphed at Langres, and in the middle age its citizens destroyed the seven formidable castles, Chagny, Saint Broing, Neuilly Cotton, Cobons, Bourg, Humes, and Pailly. The league was concluded at Joinville in 1584; Henry the Fourth was protected at Chalons in 1591; the Prince of Orange was killed at Saint Dizier; Sezenne is the ancient place of arms of the Dukes of Bourgogne; Ligny l'Abbaye was founded in the domains of Seigneur Chatillon, by Saint Bernard, who promised the Seigneur as many perches of land in heaven as the Sire had given him upon earth. Mouzon is the fief of the Abbot of Saint Hubert,

who sends six coursing dogs and the same number of birds of prey every year to the king of France.

Champagne retains the *empreinte* of our ancient kings; Charles the Simple for the *sirerie* at Attigny, Saint Louis and Louis the Fourteenth, the devout king and the great king of his race, first lifted arms in Champagne; the former in 1228, when raising the siege of Troyes, the latter in 1652, at Sainte Menesould.

The ancient annals of Champagne are not less poetic than the modern. The country is full of sweet *souvenirs*—Mérové and the Franks, Actius and the Romans, Theodoric and the Visigoths, Mount Jules and the tomb of Jovinus. Antiquity here lives, speaks, and cries out to the traveller, "*Sta, viator!*"

From the days of the Romans to the present day the towns of Champagne, surrounded at times by the Alains, the Suèves, the Vandals, and the Germans, would have been burnt to the ground rather than given over to the enemy. They are built upon rocks, and have taken for their device "*Donec moveantur.*"

In 451 the Huns were destroyed in the plains of Champagne; in 1814, if God had willed it, the Russians would also have met the same fate.

Never speak of this province but with respect. How many of its children have been sacrificed for France? In 1813 the population of one district of Marne consisted of 311,000. In 1830 it had only 309,000, shewing that fifteen years of peace have not repaired the loss.

But to the explanation:—When any one applies the word *bête* to Champagne, change the meaning: it signifies *naïf*, simple, rude, primitive, and redoubtable in need. A *bête* may be a lion or an eagle. It is what Champagne was in 1814.

(To be continued.)

CANNING'S LIFE-RAFT.

"Science gives skill, and skill gives courage."

INNUMERABLE attempts have been made, but hitherto in vain, to discover a simple but an assured means of escape from death by shipwreck; such a means as would be applicable in all cases, but of a nature that would not encumber the vessel in time of safety. A rower's bench, a floating mast, spar, oar, &c., were the resources of the shipwrecked mariner three thousand years ago; and neither the historical nor traditional records of the most civilized nations of antiquity make mention of any better. As to the Peruvian Balsa, the Brazilian Cattamaran, the Bengalese Massoulah boat, or the English life-boat, none of them form

part of a vessel's stores, and are too expensive and cumbersome to be carried on board; and moreover, could only be serviceable in few cases of shipwreck—never when heavy breaking seas dash upon pointed rocks, or against a wall-faced cliff.

As there are many persons who imagine that it is only necessary to adopt some of the various means alluded to, or some of those which have been of late years suggested for the use of seamen when in danger of shipwreck, in order to avoid its fatal results; the confidence placed in such means will be lessened by referring to the Fifth Annual Report of the Royal National Institution for the preservation of life from shipwreck, p. 15, where it will be seen that in the opinions of the members of that society, *not one* of the numerous inventions hitherto proposed for the preservation of life can become effectual in *general cases* of danger at sea.

The following are the opinions of the members of the committee of that Institution:—

"Hitherto the relief afforded to the crews of shipwrecked vessels, by which many valuable lives have been saved, has been, with few exceptions, confined to the services of boats sent from the shore, or to the use of Captain Manby's apparatus (the mortar.) The committee, however, have from the first time they turned their attention to the subject, as their previous reports will evince, considered that *the greatest object to be desired would be, the discovery of some means which every ship or vessel might be provided with of securing a communication FROM the ship TO THE shore in cases of wreck.* In furtherance of this view they (the committee) have had various plans before them, by means of kites, buoys, rockets, guns, &c., each of which, in some situations, might probably be used with success, although they would fail in many others; they would, however, *all of them* require so much attention in the use of them, that the committee can hardly expect they would become of general service in every description of vessel which is liable to the misfortune of shipwreck."—p. 31.

The following letter from a subscriber to the Shipwreck Institution, a post-captain in her Majesty's navy, perfectly accords with the views of the committee; they therefore publish it as the opinion of an individual well qualified from long experience to form a correct judgment upon the subject. Extract of letter:—

"Prior to taking into consideration the causes of shipwreck and the means of averting that calamity, it may be as well to observe, that it is the opinion of all practical seamen, in common with those gentlemen who constantly attend the committee

of the Shipwreck Society, that the means of opening a communication from the shore to the ship, as suggested by Captain Manby, ought to be considered *only as a temporary alternative, until the more effectual measure of every vessel being provided with an apparatus for opening a communication with the shore is attained.* And let us hope, through the instrumentality of this institution, that the time is fast approaching when an apparatus for assisting vessels at the period of shipwreck will be *an essential part of the ship's furniture*; that the ill-judged confidence of captains, hoping to escape the casualties incident to a seafaring life, will gradually subside, and that owners will be convinced that a crew will stay longer by a stranded vessel, for the preservation of the cargo, when their escape to the shore may be effected by means within themselves, than they would if dependent on the uncertain means hitherto within their reach."

The periodical works of late years have been inundated with a variety of plans, emanating chiefly from landmen; but the utility of any must in a great measure depend upon its accordance with the character and habits of the class of society for whose benefit it is intended. Mariners are so accustomed to the perils of the ocean, that anything connected with self-preservation will be looked upon as a superfluous piece of ship's furniture, and therefore any apparatus for practical purposes should not be so large as to become an inconvenience by the space it has to occupy, or so expensive as to make it an object of a moment's consideration to the captain or owners.

From this brief detail it is evident that the various suggestions have fallen to the ground because they pointed to other resources than those of which a ship's stores are ordinarily composed. It is thus apparent from the foregoing extracts, that the object so much desired had not been up to that time discovered. However, I trust I shall be able to demonstrate to the plainest understanding, that *I have* discovered it since, and fulfilled the wish expressed by the writer of the above to the very letter. Before proceeding to describe such means, it may not be amiss to give reasons why the various means hitherto had recourse to in time of shipwreck, have proved in general cases of no avail, and to remove, if possible, that misplaced confidence in such useless resources with which men are so apt to beguile themselves until it is too late. Any object like a mast, spar, hencoop, grating, &c., floating nearly on a level with the water, affords but a most precarious means for enabling persons to effect a landing from a vessel in distress; for exclusive of other disadvantages, persons holding on to

such objects are liable every moment to be washed off by the force of the waves, besides a constant exposure to wet at generally a cold season of the year on these coasts (the equinoxes), when casualties mostly occur, they are in danger of having their limbs crushed by being thrown by the breakers between the mast, spar, &c., and the rocky shore, when the weight and momentum of such object would be sufficient at least to wound them severely; and it is easy to conceive that it requires but a comparatively slight injury to disable and drown the strongest persons when struggling and exhausted in a stormy sea. As to cork jackets, mackintoshes, inflated tubes, &c., all such objects can only serve to give buoyancy to the body, but neither to preserve the wearer from constant immersion, or being crushed between pieces of the floating wreck, or dashed to pieces upon a rocky shore. Out of innumerable cases which might be cited in corroboration of the truth of this, the reader is referred to one of late occurrence, and in point—viz., the attempt to escape of two persons wearing life-jackets, from the American ship that was wrecked during the storms of January, 1839, when one of the sufferers was picked up dead floating about like a piece of the wreck. The other continued in a state of extreme debility for six hours after his being taken out of the water, when he died from exhaustion, severe bruises, &c.

As to any modification of the well-known flat raft of spars lashed together, with casks, to render it more buoyant, as a means of escape from shipwreck is most objectionable, for several reasons, too obvious to be necessary to mention here.

The life-boat so highly valued by those who have not considered it in all its bearings, is, in fact, only efficient in comparatively few cases of shipwreck, and those certainly not of the most dangerous description, for the following reasons—viz., First, As it requires to be favoured by locality to enable it to act with efficiency, such as the entrance of a port, mouth of a river, or a sandy beach, and even then, if it blows hard, it is in many situations found to be impracticable to row it out against a heavy headwind and sea, as the following extract from a work already alluded to will prove. In answer to a question put by the Lords of the Admiralty to the officers commanding signal stations at places notorious for fatal shipwrecks—viz., “Whether they had witnessed instances of vessels in distress at a distance from the land, attended with loss of lives, and what were the obstacles that prevented their preservation?” The replies were, “That many such circumstances had occurred from the impossibility of forcing a boat (life-boat) through a high raging surf

to their relief; but that if such object could be accomplished, and boats be enabled to go off promptly to their assistance, not only the lives on board, but probably the vessels themselves, as well as the cargoes, would have been saved.”

This shews how restricted the use of the life-boat is, even in places best suited to its use, but upon a rocky lee-shore, it is worse than useless; as persons who have attempted a landing upon such shores, have almost invariably perished; whereas those who remained upon the wreck, have frequently survived by the vessel holding together until the wind abated.

Secondly, It must be evident to any reflecting person, that a hollow shell-like object, like a life-boat, composed as it is of so many hundreds of pieces of wood and metal, all of which are placed in the most disadvantageous position for resisting a violent shock, must inevitably break up when dashed against a rock with a violence proportioned to the weight of the boat, the persons in it, and the momentum imparted to it by a tremendous sea and furious wind. This cannot be the case with my life-raft, as will be seen in the sequel.

As to the other various means of obtaining a communication between a vessel in distress and a rocky lee-shore, exclusive of the many disadvantages to which the mortar, kite; rocket, buoy, &c., are liable, they are all perfectly useless in cases where vessels are wrecked at any considerable distance from the shore, or in a case of fire, or foundering at sea; or even if a vessel should be wrecked close to the shore, where there are no persons on the shore to make fast the end of the line, as would frequently be the case in the night-time, or on an uninhabited coast.

Aware of the objections to the use of all the plans hitherto proposed, I turned my thoughts to the subject, with the view of discovering a method that would be applicable in all cases of shipwreck. The following extracts will prove that I have succeeded, and at the same time render the annexed engraving intelligible to the reader:—

“In September, 1830, after the preliminary arrangements, Mr. Canning seated himself upon his raft, and caused it to be towed from the mouth of the port of St. Helier, to nearly Elizabeth Castle, when he cast off the tow-rope, and abandoned himself to an impetuous wind and raging sea, by which he was driven towards the dangerous rocks of La Colbette. With his arms folded across his breast, and in a reclining position, he seemed as much at ease, and in as great security, as if upon a sofa, while the raft was driven amongst the rocks, and dashed against their craggy points, until at length

MR. CANNING UPON HIS LIFE-BEAM,
DRIVEN TOWARD THE DANGEROUS ROCKS OF LA COLLETTE.



a tremendous breaker threw the raft high upon the shore, where Mr. Canning was welcomed with the applause of the admiring crowd. At the termination of this most interesting experiment, Mr. Canning proceeded to Havre de Pas, and there let off several rockets in succession, with a cord fastened to each, thereby shewing his simple and certain method of conveying a line from the shore to vessels in distress, and thus landing the crew."

Extract from the *Jersey Loyalist* of Oct. 2, 1830 :—

(Copy of certificates written by officers in her Majesty's Navy.)

"I was present when a landing was effected by Mr. Canning in his life-raft, at Jersey, on a rocky point, where a heavy breaking sea was running, which rendered it impossible to be done by any boat. It appears to me to be a most simple, ready, and perfectly safe mode, and I have no hesitation in saying I should myself adopt it in the event of shipwreck.

(Signed)

"J. W. MEREDITH, R.N., Com."

"I also witnessed the trial, and concur in the above. J. Mc GHEE, R.N."

London, April 7, 1831.

(Certificate of Capt. J. Horsburgh, Hydrographer to the East India Company.)

"By an examination of the life-raft invented by Mr. Canning, it appears to be most simple in its construction, and well calculated to answer the humane intention of the inventor—the preservation of lives in cases of shipwreck, and therefore, in my opinion, highly deserving of public patronage.

(Signed) JAMES HORSBURGH."

Hydrographical Office, East India House,
May 27, 1831.

In order to prove to the inhabitants of London one of the principal advantages possessed by my raft—viz., its capability of resisting the most violent concussion, I proposed to sit upon my raft, and have it towed up by a steam-boat, with the utmost force of the steam, against the abutments of all the bridges, from London to Vauxhall. This was effected with the utmost success, at half-flood of a spring tide, without either breaking the raft to pieces, or dashing out my brains, as was expected by some.*

* Upon this occasion, three generous public-spirited individuals, Messrs. W. B. Sterry, T. Cubitt, and Adam Glendinning, most spiritedly came forward, and defrayed the expenses of the experiment. "Palmarum qui meruit."

In the *MIRROR*, Nov. 22, 1834, mention is made of Mr. Canning's life-raft. In our next number he will give a detailed account of its construction, which will be accompanied with illustrative engravings.—Ed.

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

(Continued from p. 102.)

MR. SWAINSON says that locusts in general are not only wholesome, but palatable, to many, and that the natives of Africa regard as delicate food the roasted females of a certain kind of cricket when full of eggs, which are enclosed in a bag, and resemble a fish's roe. At the proper season, the children are always busily employed in digging these pregnant specimens out of the earth, to gratify the palates of themselves and parents.*

ORDER III. — NEUROPTERA. Scopoli tells us that the multitudes of *ephemera* that every June emerge from the river Laz, in Carniola, are collected by the husbandmen as manure, who think they have not fared well unless they have each procured at least twenty loads.

The gregarious insects, improperly called white ants (*Termites*), make some amends for their occasionally severe ravages, by affording, in their own little persons, an abundant supply of food to some of the African nations; they are eaten either raw or boiled by the Hottentots, some of whom get into good condition upon this diet.† König, as quoted by Smeathman, says that the natives of some parts of the East Indies make two holes in the white ants' nest, one hole to the windward, and the other to the leeward, placing at the latter opening a pot, (previously rubbed with an aromatic herb,) to receive the insects as they make their way out of the nest in order to escape from the foul fumes and smoke applied at the opposite aperture.‡ In this way the natives capture great quantities of white ants, which they mix up with flour, and so produce a kind of pastry, which is purchased, at a cheap rate, by the poorer people. Smeathman says, he did not find the Africans so ingenious in obtaining or dressing the white ants. It seems that they content themselves with obtaining, by the aid of their calabashes, a very small portion of the numbers of white ants that fall into the waters when these insects swarm. Having filled their large kettles with them, they carry them home, and there parch them in iron pots over a slow fire, stirring them about as is done in coffee-roasting. In this condition, without sauce or any other adjunct, they are served up to table, and eaten by handfuls, as deli-

* Swainson's *Geographical Distribution of Animals*, p. 99.

† Sparrman, vol. i. p. 363.

‡ Capt. Green relates that in the ceded districts of India, the natives place over the nests the boughs of trees, and then smoke out the insects, which, in attempting to fly, break their fragile wings against the branches, and so fall an easy prey.

cious food. Smeathman often ate them dressed in this way, and he found them to be delicate, nourishing, and wholesome; sweeter than the gru-gru, or palm-tree grub, and resembling in flavour sugared cream or sweet-almond paste.* The Hindoos suppose that the female white ant, in particular, possesses highly nutritive properties; and Mr. Broughton says that she was most carefully sought after, and preserved for the use of the debilitated Surgee Rao, prime minister of Scindia, chief of the Mahrattas.†

ORDER IV. — HYMENOPTERA. Although the galls of commerce are essentially of a vegetal nature, yet they owe their origin to what are called gall-flies, and it is but gratitude to these little creatures to include these substances among the products of insects. Galls arise from punctures which the female gall-fly (*Cynips*, of which there are numerous species) makes in various parts of plants, shrubs, and trees, that she may deposit her eggs therein, inserting, generally, but one egg in each puncture. At such parts the plant assumes unusual forms, the egg, or the hatched grub, of the fly becoming surrounded by a vegetal secretion, of a firm texture, generally globular, and mostly possessing, at first, a bright, healthy colour, like that of young bark, or fresh fruit. This production continues to grow on all sides during the sojourn of the grub within it. The operating cause of the growth of the gall, and the regularity of its form, does not appear to be clearly understood by either entomologist or botanist; but there is positive proof that none of these galls are produced without the presence of the insects. What is improperly called the oak-apple is a gall of this kind; and if cleft in two at the proper time, the grub of the gall-fly will be discovered reposing in the central chamber of it. Those galls which different species of gall-fly produce on three species of sage, (*Salvia officinalis*, *S. triloba*, and *S. pomifera*), are very juicy, and crowned with rudimentary leaves, resembling the calyx of a young apple. In the Levant, these sage galls are highly prized for their aromatic and acid flavour, especially when prepared with sugar. They constitute, in fact, a considerable article of commerce from Scio to Constantinople, where they are regularly sold in the market.‡ An anonymous author, referring to these galls, says, that those which project from the branches of the *Salvia pomifera*, a species of sage of peculiar growth, and common to the Greek islands, are called sage-apples, and are supposed to

be produced by the puncture of a gall-fly. They are about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, of a fleshy appearance, and semi-transparent, like jelly. They are constantly exposed for sale in the markets of Greece, where they are made into a kind of conserve, which is highly esteemed.* Dr. Clarke assures us of the excellence of this delicacy, with which he was regaled by the English consul at the island of Syros.† In France, the galls of ground ivy have been eaten; but Reaumur, who tasted them, doubts that they will ever become a part of the dessert.‡ The galls which are so much used in the black-ink manufacture arise from the punctures which a certain species of gall-fly (first described by Olivier, under the name of *Diplolepis galla tinctoria*) makes in the leaves of a species of oak (*Quercus infectoria*, Oliv.) very common throughout Asia Minor, where, in many places, these galls are collected by the poorer people, and exported at Smyrna, Aleppo, and other ports in the Levant, as well as from the East Indies, whither a part of these collected are now carried. The oak galls most prized are those commercially known as blue galls, being those gathered at an early period—that is to say, before the gall-flies have been disclosed from the galls. Those of the second gathering, from most of which the insects have made their escape, are called white galls, and are of an inferior quality, containing one-third less of the astringent principle than the blue galls. Both the white and the blue galls are usually imported mixed in about equal proportion, and in this state are called galls in sorts. To the dyer, galls are important materials for imparting a black colour to garments and other articles. This can, indeed, be accomplished without the use of galls; yet, notwithstanding all the improvements in the art of dyeing, galls are found to offer at once the cheapest and most effectual means. Molina tells us that in Chili an oil is obtained from the large globular cellules found upon the wild rosemary, and which are supposed to be galls produced by the punctures of a gall-fly. In the east, the west of Europe, the Levant, and Greek islands, certain species of gall-flies are of great use in assisting the ripening of the fig. (*Ficus carica*.) “The fig consists of a pulp, containing a number of seed-like pericarps, enclosed in a rind. It has no visible flower, for the fruit arises immediately from the joints of the tree, in the form of little buds, with a perforation at the end, but not opening or shewing anything like petals, or the ordinary parts

* Smeathman, p. 31.

† Letters Written in a Mahratta Camp, in 1809.

‡ Smith's Introduction to Botany, page 346; Olivier's Travels, vol. i. p. 139.

* Vegetable Substances used for the Food of Man, (1839), p. 321.

† Dr. Clarke's Travels, vol. vi. p. 100.

‡ Reaumur, vol. iii. p. 416.

of fructification. As the fig enlarges, the flower comes to maturity in its concealment; and in some countries the fruit is improved by a singular operation, called *caprification*. This is performed by suspending by threads, above the cultivated figs, branches of the wild fig, which are full of a species of gall-fly, (*Cynips*.) When the insect has become winged, it quits the wild figs and penetrates the cultivated figs, for the purpose of laying its eggs; and thus it appears both to insure the fructification by dispersing the pollen, and, afterwards, to hasten the ripening by puncturing the pulp, and causing a dispersion or circulation of the nutritious juices.* A second crop is also obtained by this means, but is thought to deteriorate the fruit. In France, the effect of caprification is obtained by puncturing the figs with straws dipped in olive oil.

* *Vegetable Substances used in the Arts and Domestic Economy* (1829), p. 243.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

DUNCAN M'ARTHUR.

(Continued from p. 111.)

AGREEABLY to his promise, Mr. M'Arthur again called on that gentleman at the expiry of about a week, and having previously satisfied himself of the value of the property in dependence, concluded the purchase, and paid down the money.

On the very same day, he went down again to Bellevue, which was now his, the identical house which had so much struck his fancy when a boy.

On this occasion he was again attended by the old man of whom we have already spoken.

"Well," said Mr. M'Arthur, on the latter approaching him, "I have concluded the purchase for this place. The money is paid, and it is now mine."

"I'm glad to hear it, Sir; and long may you live to enjoy it!" replied the old man.

"Thank you, my friend—thank you. What's your name?"

"James Moffat, Sir."

"Ay; well, James," continued Mr. M'Arthur, "do you recollect chasing a little bare-legged Highland boy out of these grounds, one day, about—let me see!—ay, I dare say, it will be about thirty years since. See there," he added, pointing to a particular piece of ground—"there is the very spot on which he stood when you discovered him; and there (pointing to a particular part of the fence which enclosed the grounds) is precisely the place where he escaped you. Do you recollect this, James?"

The old man thought for a moment, then looking in Mr. M'Arthur's face and smiling—"Yes, Sir—now that you remind me of it, I

do recollect the circumstance, and very distinctly. The little fellow had come, I thought, to carry off some of our hens and chickens, as we were then, and are now, very much annoyed by young depredators of that description. But may I ask your honour how your honour happens to know so well about that affair?"

"Troth, James," replied Mr. M'Arthur, laughing, "I have good cause to know well about it, for that boy was no other than myself, James."

James looked unutterable things on this announcement being made known to him, and could only reply, "Impossible, Sir! It canna be."

"Nothing at all impossible in it, my honest friend," replied Mr. M'Arthur, again laughing. "It was indeed I, James; but I deny having had any felonious intentions on your hens or chickens, or anything belonging to you. It was curiosity alone that prompted me. I was struck, boy as I was, with the beauties of the place, and had just taken the liberty of coming in to enjoy them a little."

"Aweel, Sir, the like o' this I never heard o', or met wi', or onybody else, I dare say. Wha wad ever hae thoct or dreamt o' such a thing?"

"It is certainly rather odd, my friend," said Mr. M'Arthur, "but, you know, it has been often said, and truly, that more strange things have happened in real life than ever were invented by story-tellers."

"I've often heard that, Sir," replied the old man, "and I consider this a very remarkable proof o't."

"Yes, James," continued Mr. M'Arthur, "at the moment when you discovered me, a bare-footed and bare-legged boy, trespassing on your premises, I had just formed the resolution which I have this day, at the distance of thirty years, carried into effect. I had then determined that I would purchase this property if ever I became rich enough to do so. But," added Mr. M'Arthur, smiling, "every dog has his day, James. You turned me off the grounds when you had the power, and you will not think it unreasonable, now that I have it, if I turn you off—eh?"

The poor old man looked a little disconcerted at this speech, not being quite sure whether it was spoken in jest or earnest.

"I canna say, Sir," he said, looking at the querist doubtfully, and with a forced smile, "but what it wad be but fair."

Mr. M'Arthur saw the uneasiness which his joke had created, and hastened to relieve the old man's fears by assuring him that he was welcome to remain on the property, rent free, as long as he chose; and not only that, but that he should have every indulgence and accommodation which he might require.

Having brought our story to this point, we now return to trace the course of those events which raised Mr. M'Arthur from the humble station in which he began life, to be one of the wealthiest of our colonial merchants.

Some time after his arrival in the West Indies, the junior clerk in Mr. M'Donald's counting house died; and the latter, having found Duncan an active, smart, and scrupulously honest lad, and, moreover, possessing the qualification of writing a fair hand, together with that of a pretty competent knowledge of figures, he at once proposed to him to take the place of the deceased clerk.

Duncan readily closed with the proposal, threw off his livery, laid down his towel, and mounted the stool, quill in hand. In this situation he remained for three years, discharging his duties greatly to the satisfaction of his employer. At the end of the period above named, the clerk immediately above him also died, and Duncan, as a matter of course, stepped into his place, in which he continued to distinguish himself by his steadiness and abilities, and by the general excellence of his moral character—virtues which eventually raised him, step by step, to the responsible situation of head clerk of the firm.

Two or three years after he had attained this promotion, however, an event occurred that gave him a much more rapid lift than was likely to proceed from the ordinary course of events.

Having, about the end of the period alluded to, gone into the interior of the island on some business of his employer's, an insurrection of the negroes had, in the meantime, occurred, and involved the whole country in terror and alarm. When Mr. M'Arthur left home, all was quiet, and nothing of the kind suspected; nor, indeed, did he know anything of it, until some ruinous sugar-mills, and deserted plantations, which he passed on his way homewards, informed him of the fearful event. As yet, he had seen none of the insurgents themselves—a fortunate circumstance for him, for if they had fallen in with him they would, to a certainty, have murdered him. Aware of this, and also guessing at the general state of the country, Mr. M'Arthur hastened homewards with all his speed; but his journey was considerably lengthened by the necessity he was under of taking bye-paths, and circuitous routes, to avoid any straggling parties of the insurgents, who might be wandering about. Notwithstanding, however, all the haste he could make, and though well mounted, night overtook him long before he could reach Kingston, the place of his destination; and, to make matters worse, he was benighted in a wild and remote woody strath,

at the base of the Blue Mountains, which had long been famous as the haunt of runaway negroes, and where, from the inaccessible nature of the surrounding heights, they were enabled to defy all the force that could be brought against them.

It was now pitch dark, and Mr. M'Arthur, not well knowing his way, was guiding his horse slowly and cautiously through the intricacies of the place, when a wild whooping and yelling, which he knew to proceed from an assemblage of negroes, suddenly struck on his ear, and filled him with apprehensions for his safety, as he was totally unarmed—although this was, perhaps, a matter of no great importance, for resistance would have been vain against such odds as he had no doubt the number of the negroes presented.

On hearing the cries alluded to, and which seemed to proceed from persons at no great distance, Mr. M'Arthur reined in his horse, and advanced still more warily than before. His progress, however, slow as it was, brought him round the base of the high projecting rock that covered the entrance to an extensive green hollow, from the upper end of which again rose a precipitous wall of rock, on whose summit—a kind of natural platform—were assembled the negroes whose cries he had heard. They had kindled a large fire, and around this they were capering and dancing with a wildness of glee to which—as Mr. M'Arthur judged from the outrageous and unsteady manner of most of them—rum had largely contributed.

The sight was an alarming one to a person in Mr. M'Arthur's situation; but he was a man of strong nerve and singular resolution, and he therefore determined to ascertain precisely what the negroes were about, and, if possible, whose they were. That they were a party of the insurrectionists he had no doubt; and he therefore thought it not unlikely that, if he could approach them without being perceived, he might gather some information regarding their intended future proceedings, or what they had already done, that it might be turned to good account.

Having come to this resolution, he dismounted, secured his horse to a tree, and advanced cautiously on foot to the bottom of the rocks, on the summit of which the negroes were assembled. On reaching the position, he looked upward, and saw that the ascent was both a difficult and a dangerous one; but not having yet forgot the practice he had in such feats in the Highlands, he determined on attempting it; and this he did with such success that he, in a very short time, found himself—his head at any rate—on a level with the ground occupied by the negroes, and within a very few yards of them. On obtaining a

view over the edge of the cliff, the first thing that attracted Mr. M'Arthur's attention was a naked cutlass lying on the grass, and fully within his reach. Of this weapon he determined to possess himself; and, by watching a fitting opportunity, he succeeded in getting hold of it unobserved, when he drew it gently towards him, and found his confidence greatly increased by the timeous acquisition. The most remarkable object that presented itself to the daring adventurer's notice, was a slender female figure, wrapped up in a large, light-coloured cashmere shawl, and who was wildly, but vainly, struggling to free herself from the grasp of a stout, ferocious-looking negro, who had thrown his arms around her, and was evidently forcing himself on her as a lover, grinning hideously in her face, as he sputtered away at the gibberish which he intended for the language of love.

Mr. M'Arthur saw at once that the lady—for such she had every appearance of being—was a captive in the hands of the ruffians, probably, he thought, the daughter of one of their masters, whose property they had laid waste; and his blood boiled within him at witnessing the indignities to which the unfortunate girl was exposed; and he determined on making a desperate effort to save her.

Grasping his cutlass firmly in his hand, he leapt, with one spring, on the level ground occupied by the negroes, and waving on high his weapon, which flashed in the ruddy light of the fire, shouted out, as if he were supported by others, "Here they are—down with the villains! Shoot them, shoot them!" and he dashed into the middle of the band, and with one blow of his cutlass struck the ruffian whose arms were round the female, to the earth, a dead man.

(To be continued.)

WOLVES BISON-HUNTING.

WHILST the herd is together the wolves never attack them, as they instantly gather for combined resistance, which they effectually make. But when the herds are travelling, it often happens that an aged or wounded one lingers at a distance behind, and when fairly out of sight of the herd, is set upon by these voracious hunters, which often gather to the number of fifty or more, and are sure at last to torture him to death, and use him up at a meal.

The buffalo, however, is a huge and furious animal, and when his retreat is cut off, makes desperate and deadly resistance, contending to the last moment for the right of life, and oftentimes deals death by wholesale to his canine assailants, which he is

tossing in the air or stamping to death under his feet.

During my travels in these regions, I have several times come across such a gang of these animals surrounding an old or a wounded bull, where it would seem, from appearances, that they had been for several days in attendance, and at intervals desperately engaged in the effort to take his life. But a short time since, as one of my hunting companions and myself were returning to our encampment, with our horses loaded with meat, we discovered at a distance a huge bull encircled by a gang of white wolves; we rode up as near as we could without driving them away; and being within pistol-shot, we had a remarkably good view, where I sat for a few moments, and made a sketch in my notebook; after which, we rode up and gave the signal for them to disperse; which they instantly did, withdrawing themselves to the distance of fifty or sixty rods; when we found, to our great surprise, that the animal had made desperate resistance, until his eyes were entirely eaten out of his head, the gristle of his nose was mostly gone, his tongue was half eaten off, and the skin and flesh of his legs was torn almost literally into strings. In this tattered and torn condition, the poor old veteran stood bracing up in the midst of his devourers; who had ceased hostilities for a few minutes, to enjoy a sort of parley; recovering strength, and preparing to resume the attack in a few moments. In this group were some reclining to gain breath, whilst others were sneaking about and licking their chaps in anxiety for a renewal of the attack; and others, less lucky, had been crushed to death by the feet or the horns of the bull. I rode nearer to the pitiable object as he stood bleeding and trembling before me, and said to him, "Now is your time, old fellow, and you had better be off." Though blind and nearly destroyed, there seemed evidently to be a recognition of a friend in me, as he straightened up, and trembling with excitement, dashed off at full speed upon the prairie, in a straight line.

We turned our horses and resumed our march; and when we had advanced a mile or more, we looked back, and on our left, where we saw again the ill-fated animal surrounded by his tormentors, to whose insatiable voracity he unquestionably soon fell a victim.—*Catlin.*

The Gatherer.

The Font.—"So called, I suppose, because baptism, at the beginning of Christianity, was performed in springs or fountains. They were at first built near the

church, then in the church porch, and afterwards (as it is now usual amongst us) placed in the church itself, but still keeping the lower end, to intimate that baptism is the entrance into the mystical church." * * * "It is still required that there be a font in every church made of stone, 'Because,' saith Durand, 'the water that typified baptism in the wilderness flowed from a rock, and because Christ, who gave forth the living water, is in scripture called the Corner-stone and the Rock.'—*Wheatley*.

Brief Rules for the Government of all who write for Newspapers.—Write legibly. Make as few erasures and interlineations as possible. In writing names of persons and places, be more particular than usual to make every letter distinct and clear,—also in using words not English. Write only on one side of the paper. Employ no abbreviations whatever, but write out every word in full. Address communications, not to any particular person, but to "the Editors." Finally, when you sit down to write, don't be in a hurry. Consider that hurried writing makes slow printing.—*Gardener's Gazette*.

Transaction of Business.—In your converse with the world, avoid anything like a juggling dexterity. The proper use of dexterity is to prevent your being circumvented by the cunning of others. It should not be aggressive. Concessions and compromises form a large and a very important part of our dealings with others. Concessions must generally be looked upon as distinct defeats; and you must expect no gratitude for them. I am far from saying that it may not be wise to make concessions; but this will be done more wisely when you understand the nature of them. In making compromises, do not think to gain much by concealing your views and wishes. You are as likely to suffer from its not being known how to please or satisfy you, as from any attempt to overreach you, grounded on a knowledge of your wishes.—*Essays written in the intervals of Business*.

Punctuality.—A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with any difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts ruin credit; and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill, up which he cannot ascend. Small debts, observes Dr. Johnson, are like small shots—they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound; great debts are like a cannon, of loud noise and little danger. Ninety-nine out of a hundred will acknowledge the truth of the Doctor's observation.

Origin of the word "News."—"News" is not, as many imagine, derived from the adjective *New*. In former times it was a prevalent practice to put over the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus:—

N
E — | — W
S

Importing that these papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe; and from this practice is derived the term of newspaper.

Prussian System of Education.—Of the educational system of Prussia, and other continental states, Mr. Laing speaks with disapprobation, if not with contempt. It is mechanical, not moral; it produces reading and writing machines, not men and women, accountable creatures. This system of school "drill"—this "reduction of the population of a country to the social condition of a soldiery off duty, roaming about the parade-ground," coupled with the system of centralization—causes that low public and private morale, mingled with that theatrical taste, which we condense into the emphatic word "foreign."—*Laing's Notes of a Traveller*.

The Year of Grace, 1942.—I am standing upon Shakespeare's Cliff, or what remains of it, wondering at the ruins of the railroad, and waiting for the daily post from Australasia. I see a speck in the clouds; and hail the harbinger of news; the postman alights for half a second, (his regulation breathing time,) folds his caoutchouc wings, sucks in a concentrated lozenge, the virtues of a quart of London porter, blows his nose with an asbestos pocket handkerchief, and is off again like a rocket, before I have seen whether my letters have the postmark of Adelaide or of Sydney.—*Ainsworth's Magazine*.

Vitality of Seeds.—The following remarkable instance of the tenacity of life in the seeds of the common elder is mentioned in the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History" for the present month. The seeds in question were derived from the dregs of some elder wine, which was strewn as manure over a flower-border, where hundreds of them grew. The lady with whom it happened says that they had been twice boiled in making wine; had been present during the fermentation; after which the wine was drawn off, and the dregs were bunged up for twenty months, in a cask, where the seeds remained without injury.—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 9.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1842.

[VOL. I. 1842.]



ALLIANCE INSURANCE OFFICE.

Original Communications.

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE OFFICE.

THIS building is situated in Bartholomew-lane, immediately opposite the Bank of England. The first stone was laid by Sir Moses Montefiore, F.R.S., &c., on the 2nd of May, 1841, and it is expected it will be completed by the latter end of the present year; the estimated cost is £20,000, but we understand that it will be considerably under that sum.

VOL. XXXIX.

I

The style of architecture is Grecian, the columns are of the Corinthian order; the front of the building is of Portland stone, with the exception of the plinth, which is of granite. Though not remarkable for ornament, it is a strong and compact edifice; the façade, which is the view taken of it by our artist, has a very pleasing effect. In

[No. 11.00.]

breadth it measures, sixty-four feet six inches; in altitude, from the ground to the top of the pediment, sixty-five feet three inches.

The opening in the centre is Capel-court, the entrance to the Stock Exchange; the stones which compose the roof of this passage are fourteen feet long, forming a strong ceiling, corresponding in style with the front of the building. The entrance to the office is from Capel Court on the right, which will be of wainscotted oak, with a circular stone staircase. The architect is Thomas Allison, Esq.; the builder, John Dickson, Esq.

THE SALADEROS, CORRALS, AND GAUCHO OF THE PAMPAS.

THE preparation of a peculiar article of food, but little, if at all, known in the west of Europe, although constituting the chief and favourite sustenance of most of the colonies in the West Indies and of the South American continent, affords a lucrative occupation to the population of the Argentine republic, and is the staple of the export trade of Buenos Ayres. This is the peculiar species of *junk*, or sun-dried beef, known in the colonial markets by the name of *charque*, and of which vast quantities are yearly exported, more especially to the slave colonies. It is composed of the flesh of the buffalo, or wild cattle of the Pampas, cut into long slips, with the hide or skin adhering, and cured partly by a process of smoking over a wood fire, but chiefly by exposure to the direct rays of a scorching sun. The preparation of the *charque* is exclusively in the hands of the *Gauchos*, a name by which a singular and remarkable race of men, the inhabitants of the Pampas, are designated; a kind of mixed, nomade, and half-civilized beings, who may truly be styled the Arabs of South America, habituated as they are to a chequered life of rapine and warfare, born, as it were, on horseback; and proudly attached to an uncertain, lawless, and roving existence in the midst of the vast trackless plains, reaching from the declivities of the Cordilleras of the Andes to the borders of the Atlantic ocean; whilst, in strange admixture with their semi-barbarism, may still be traced a remnant alike of the chivalrous notions of the old Castilians and of the ferocious superstition of the Red Indian tribes. It is in their vast native plains alone that a just conception can be formed of the wild habits of the *Gauchos*. Every day, indeed, detached groups of them may be seen perambulating, with a grave and measured step, the wide streets of Buenos Ayres, their athletic forms enveloped in the broad-striped *ponchos*, their legs cased up in heavy boots

made of a horse-hide partially dried in the sun, and a long knife, but half-concealed in the folds of a red girdle, tightly fastened round their ribs; at other times they may be seen, in the same invariable costume, listlessly reclining, or rather rolling, on horseback. But then it is easy to perceive, that on passing the city gate they have laid aside their habits of the plain, and their every gesture is redolent of tedium and restraint. They are evidently but ill at ease, and altogether out of their element, amidst the groups of *portenas*, or Buenos Ayres belles, who, in the evening, crowd the principal streets—those of “La Florida” and “La Plata”—their finely-formed shoulders obscured in the graceless covering of the European cloak, and their faces half-hidden beneath the hood of the Spanish *mantilla*, which is left to dangle behind, being fastened to the top of their high and pointed head-combs. But to judge of the *Gauchos* in their perfection, they must be seen when restored to their parent state of wild and savage nature, emancipated from the police restraint of cities, and resuming, in the bosom of their own vast solitudes, the manly pride of the children of the Pampas,—the life of rapine, violence, and murder,—the reckless courage, proof to every species of danger, and, in a word, restored to the dominion of those fierce, ungovernable passions, and to the deadly feuds, which amongst them are transmitted from generation to generation.

In the midst of the vast uncultivated plains that border the great rivers of Parana and La Plata, the traveller will frequently light upon an enclosed field, surrounded by tall, spreading trees, and by a wall made of the skulls of buffaloes, artistically arranged one above the other, so as to present a complete front, or *chevaux-de-frise*, of branching horns. In the midst of this golgotha, or place of skulls, grow enormous aloes, whose branches, twisted into every possible form of contortion, disappear between the interstices of the mass of skulls, whitening in the sun, again making their appearance on the other side, where their enormous fibres interlace in figures the most eccentric and capricious. The appearance of one of these bovine catacombs is a certain indication that the wanderer is in the immediate neighbourhood of a *saladero*.

These *saladeros* are vast establishments or fields of slaughter, wherein are every day despatched a host of wild bullocks, from the dried flesh of which is prepared the *charque*, or cured beef, to which we have before alluded as constituting the principal article of the export trade of Buenos Ayres. The *saladero* consists of a vast plain, surrounded by a deep ditch; and in the centre of this, the main enclosure is the *corral*, or inner ring, girded by a strong quickset hedge.

Every day, a number of buffaloes, driven by the Gauchos, arrive from the wide plains of the interior, and are shut up over night in the *corrals*, preparatory to the next day's massacre. In the morning, all the *mata-dores*, or mounted Gauchos, arrive on horseback, followed by a train of long, narrow wagons, containing the women and children, whose occupation it is to cut up the buffaloes as fast as they are slaughtered. These cars or wagons are ranged in a vast circle all round the plain, and the space left open in the middle is the arena, in which from two to three hundred buffaloes are usually killed per day. The Gauchos separate into two bands: the first division, mounted on horseback, remain stationed in the interior of the park, or *corral*, where they are busily employed in catching the bulls by means of the *lasso*, or leaded thong, which, with unexampled dexterity, they sling round the horns of the struggling animal, whom they compel to quit the inner inclosure, and to plunge forward on the outer plain; the others, on foot, are likewise armed with the *lasso*, and with a long-bladed knife, the handle of which is secured round the wrist by means of a leathern thong.

A *saladero*, in fact, resembles a vast circus, wherein a combat for life or death is to be sustained; and, in fact, woe to the luckless or unskilful Gaucho who may either chance to get dismounted, or whose *lasso* may fail to grapple firmly with the struggles of the bull! The infuriated animal would infallibly rush upon his enemy, and trample him to pieces. Such, however, is in general the extreme address and coolness of these men, that an accident of this kind but rarely happens.

All the needful preparations being made, a mounted Gaucho enters the *corral*; after poising his *lasso* for a few seconds, and selecting with a glance the bull he is to engage, he whirls it with all his strength, and seizes the animal by the horns, and there is the bull firmly bound to his enemy by a leathern thong of about fifty feet in length. Excited by the rapid gestures of the horseman, by the shouts and screaming of the women and children, by the aspect of the savage Gauchos, and by the odour of blood, from which the place is never free, the bull roars and stamps and becomes furious, he plunges forward as though to take to flight, but having reached the full extent of the *lasso*, he suddenly stops short, for the Gaucho's horse, faithful to his training, leans back in the direction opposed to that whence he expects the shock. Then, indeed, it is a glorious sight to watch the motions of the animal, and of his wary antagonist. Staggered and astounded at first, the bull lowers his broad front to make a furious dash forwards on the horseman; and curious it is to witness, in this extremity of

danger, the combination of dexterity, coolness, and intrepidity, displayed by the experienced Gaucho, in his efforts to evade the fearful onslaught of his gigantic adversary; the interest of the fearful struggle is now at its height. On the one side, are marshalled irresistible strength, blind fury, and ungovernable rage; on the other, guarded watchfulness, practised dexterity, and, above all, imperturbable *sang froid* and cool determination. The mighty strength of the enraged animal is speedily exhausted in blind, misdirected, and unwieldy efforts; at one time, he darts forward, as though to reach the Gaucho, and at once to exterminate both horse and rider beneath his ponderous buck; then suddenly veering round at mid-career, he starts off in the contrary direction, hoping by this means, to get clear of the *lasso* by which he is enthralled a prisoner. When, by a series of these bootless efforts, the animal's strength is somewhat exhausted, a Gaucho, on foot, advances with a *lasso* in his hand. At sight of this new enemy, the strength and courage of the bull seem for an instant to be restored; he springs forward to attack him, and to gore the intruder with his horns; and then it is, that the courage and address of the horseman are displayed in all their perfection; seated firmly and immovably on his saddle, and with a tight and sure hand, reining up his horse, he so manages his *lasso*, as constantly to check the efforts of the bull, to turn as he turns, and incessantly to worry him by a ceaseless succession of violent jerks and gyratory motions in counteraction of his efforts. At length, the poor animal, worn out and dispirited, is lassoed by one foot, and speedily brought down; he still makes many a violent effort to regain his feet, and to recommence the struggle; in these efforts he is sometimes successful; but soon the Gaucho on foot, watching his opportunity, when the attention of the bull is elsewhere engaged, hamstringing him with the knife he still holds open in his left hand. The combat is now at an end; and from this moment the business of the Gaucho, divested of its chivalrous character, sinks into that of the mere butcher; he dismounts, cautiously approaches the now comparatively defenceless animal, coolly plunges his knife into the throat of his prostrate victim, and gallops off in search of another encounter. The work of slaughter once commenced, twenty or thirty bulls are sometimes attacked at the same time, and then it is that the intrepid courage of these men is really indispensable for them to venture as they do, in the thickest of this frightful mêlée; for, in these combats on a large scale, the bulls mutually encourage each other, bellowing fierce defiance, and crossing and

re-crossing in every direction, in order to surround and out-manœuvre their enemies. The appearance of a *saladero* is, at such a moment, truly terrific and appalling, and calculated to strike dismay even into the stoutest heart: blood is streaming at every corner; and from afar, the vast plain,—enveloped in a dense cloud of dust, and re-echoing with the mingled shouts and bellowings of the chief combatants and the screams and vociferations of the auxiliaries, the Gaucho women and children,—bears a lively resemblance to a mighty battle-field, on which thousands of exasperated foes are engaged in the dread work of mutual extermination. It is impossible to restrain a feeling of horror, at sight of these half-naked women, plunging their arms, bared to the shoulder, into the reeking entrails of the poor slaughtered beasts; or to contemplate without emotion the troops of imp-like children who are assembled, thus early in their existence, to become familiarized with the sight and smell of blood, and to steel their minds against the aspect of pain and suffering. But the spectacle, though revolting, is nevertheless not devoid of its moral and instructive lesson. At first sight, the philanthropist is amazed at the very existence of these lawless *Gauchos*—a wandering, unsettled, and untamable race—devoid alike of the feelings, as of the varied wants, of civilized life, at once superstitious and incredulous, with no one settled habit, save that of living on horseback, and of killing all the day long, be it man or buffalo! Are we to marvel at their ignorance of any other means of revenging an injury, save by the knife? Is it surprising that, for a piastre, one may have any man killed?—a man or a buffalo—it is all one for them—one stab with the knife, and it is done. This is their existence, and their vocation! As for the remedy, where shall we seek it, or how commence its application? The *saladero* and the *corral* may possibly suggest the reply.

In a future Number we may perhaps treat of some other of the peculiarities of this remarkable people, of a complexion less rude and uncivilized it may be, but we imagine, not less interesting. G. M.

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER IV.

FROM VILLERS-COTTERETS TO LA FRONTIERE.

Givet, July 29.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I write to-day from Givet, where I arrived at four o'clock in the

morning, bruised by the jolting of a frightful vehicle, which the people here call a diligence. I stretched myself, dressed as I was, upon a bed, fell asleep, and awoke two hours afterwards. On opening the window of my chamber, with the idea of enjoying the view which it might afford, the only objects which caught my attention were the angle of a little white cottage, a waterspout, and the wheel of a cart. As for my room, it is an immense hall, ornamented with no less than four beds.

Since my last letter, a trifling incident, not worth relating, caused me to make a retrograde movement from Varennes to Villers-Cotterets; and the day before yesterday, in order to make up for lost time, I took the diligence for Soissons. There was no passenger but myself, a circumstance which was in no way disconcerting; for it gave me an opportunity of turning over at my ease the pages of some of my favourite authors.

As I approached Soissons, day was fast fading, and night had cast its sombre aspect over that beautiful valley where the road, after passing the hamlet of La Folie, gradually descends, and leads to the cathedral of Saint-Jean-des-Vignes. Notwithstanding the fog which rose around, I perceived the walls and roofs of the houses at Soissons, with a half-moon peering, as it were, from behind. I alighted, and, with a heart fully acknowledging the sublimity of nature, I gazed upon this imposing scene. A grasshopper was chirping in the neighbouring field; the trees by the roadside were softly rustling; and I saw, with the mind's eye, peace hovering over the plain, now solitary and tranquil, where Cæsar had conquered, Clovis had exercised his authority, and where Napoleon had all but tottered. It shews that men, even Cæsar, Clovis, and Napoleon, are only passing shadows; and that war is a fantasy which terminates with them; whilst God—and nature, which comes from God—and peace, which comes from nature,—are things of eternity.

Determined on taking the Sedan mail, which does not arrive at Soissons till twelve at night, I allowed the diligence to proceed, knowing that I had plenty of time before me. The *trajet* which separated me from Soissons, was only a charming promenade. When a short distance from the town, I sat down near a very pretty little house upon which the forge of a Vulcan, who lived opposite, shed a faint light. I looked upwards—the heavens were serene and beautiful—and the planets, Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn, were shining in the south-east. The former, whose course for three months is somewhat complicated, was between the other two, and was making a straight line, perfectly geometrical. More to the east, was Mars, fiery in his appear-

ance, and imitating the starry constellation by a kind of *flamboiemnt farouche*. A little above, was shining softly, and with a white and peaceful appearance, that monster-planet, the frightful and mysterious world which we call Saturn. On the other side, at the extremity of the view, a magnificent beacon reflected its light on the sombre hills which separate Noyon from Soissonais. As I was asking myself the utility of such a light in these immense plains, I saw it leaving the border of the hills, bounding through the fog, and mounting near the zenith. That beacon was Aldebaran, the three-coloured sun, the enormous purple, silvery, and blue star, which rises majestically in the waste of the crepuscule.

O, my friend, what a secret is there then in these stars! The poetical, the thinking, and the imaginative, have, in turn, contemplated, studied, and admired them: the one, like Zoroaster, in bewilderment, the others, like Pythagorus, with inexpressible awe. Seth named the stars, as Adam did animals. The Chaldeans and the Genethiagues, Esdras and Zorobabel, Orpheus and Homer, Pherecide, Xenophon, Hecateus, Herodotus and Thucydides—all eyes of the earth, so long shut, so long deprived of light—have been fixed from one age to another on those orbs of heaven which are always open, always lighted up, always living. The same planets, the same stars, that fix our attention to-night, have been gazed at by all these men. Job speaks of Orion and of the Pleiades; Plato listened and distinctly heard the vague music of the spheres; Pliny thought that the sun was God, and that the spots on the moon were the exhalations of the earth. The poets of Tartary named the Pole, *senisticol*, which means an *iron nail*; Rocoles says, “that the lion might as well have been called the *ape*,” Pacuvius would not credit astrologers under the idea that they would be equal to Jupiter:—

“Nam si qui, quæ eventura sunt, prævideant,
Æquiparent Jovi.”

Favorinus asked himself this question:—
“Si vitæ mortisque hominum rerumque humanarum omnium et ratio et causa in cælo et apud stellas foret?” Aulus-Gellius, sailing from Egine to Pirée, sat all night upon the poop, contemplating the stars. “*Nox fui et clemens mare, et anni æstas, cælumque liquide serenum; sedebamus ergo in puppi simul universi et lucentia sidera considerabamus.*” Horace, himself, that practical philosopher—that Voltaire of the age of Augustus—greater poet, it is true, than the Voltaire of Louis the Fifteenth, shuddered when looking at the stars, and wrote these terrible lines:—

“Hunc solem, et stellas et decedentia cæcis,
Tempora momentis sunt qui formidine nulla
Imbuti spectant.”

As for me, I do not fear the stars; I love them; still I have never reflected without a certain conviction, that the normal position of the heavens is night; and what we call “day” arises from the appearance of a bright luminary.

We cannot be always looking at immensity; ecstasy is akin to prayer, but the latter breathes consolation, the former fatigues and enervates. On taking my eyes from above, I cast them upon the wall facing me; and even there, subject was afforded for meditation and thought. On the wall there were traces, almost entirely effaced, of an ancient inscription. I could only make out I. C. Without doubt, they referred either to pagan or Christian Rome—of the city of strength, or of that of faith. I remained, my eyes fixed upon the stone which seemed to become animate, lost in vain hypotheses. When I. C. were first known to men, they governed the world; the second time, they reformed it—Julius Cæsar and Jesus Christ.

Dante, on putting Brutus, the murderer, and Judas, the traitor, together in the lowest extremity of hell, and causing them to be devoured by Satan, must have been influenced by a similar thought to that which engrossed my whole attention.

Three cities are now added to Soissons, the *Noviodunum* of the Gauls, the *Augusta Suessonium* of the Romans, and the old Soissons of Clovis, of Charles the Simple, and of the Duke of Mayenne. Nothing now remains of *Suessonium* but a few ruins; among others, the ancient temple, which has been converted into the chapel of Saint Pierre. Old Soissons is more fortunate, for it still possesses Saint-Jean-des-Vignes, its ancient castle, and the cathedral where Pepin was crowned, in 752.

It was very dark when I entered Soissons; therefore, instead of looking for *Noviodunum* or *Suessonium*, I regaled myself with a tolerably good supper. Being refreshed, I went out and wandered about the gigantic *silhouette* of Saint-Jean-des-Vignes. Twelve o'clock struck as I was returning to the *auberge*, and silence and darkness prevailed.

Suddenly, however, a noise broke upon my ear; it was the arrival of the mail-coach, which stopped a few steps from my inn. There was only one vacant place, which I took; and was on the point of installing myself, when a strange uproar, cries of women, noise of wheels, and the trampling of horses, broke out in a dark narrow street adjoining. Although the driver stated that he would leave in five minutes, I hurried to the spot; and, on entering the little street, saw at the base of a huge wall, which had that odious and chilling aspect peculiar to those of pri-

sons, a low arched door, which was open. A few paces further on, a mournful-looking vehicle, stationed between two gendarmes on horseback, was half hid in the obscurity; and near the wicket, four or five men were struggling and endeavouring to force a woman, who was screaming fearfully, into the carriage. The dim light of a lantern which was carried by an old man, cast a lugubrious glare upon the scene. The female, a robust countrywoman about thirty years of age, was fiercely struggling with the men—striking, scratching, and shrieking; and when the lamp shone upon the wild countenance and dishevelled hair of the poor creature, it disclosed, melancholy to behold, a striking picture of despair. She seized one of the iron bars of the wicket; but the men, with a violent effort, forced her from it, and carried her to the cart. This vehicle, upon which the lantern was then shining, had no windows, small holes drilled in front supplying their place. There was a door at the back part, which was shut, and guarded by large bolts of iron. When opened, the interior of the *carriole* disclosed a sort of box, without light, almost without air. It was divided into two oblong compartments by a thick board; the one having no communication with the other, and the door shutting both at the same time. One of the cells, that of the left, was empty, but the right one was occupied. In the angle, squatted like a wild beast, was a man—if such may be called one—a kind of spectre, with a broad face, a flat head, large temples, grizzled hair, short legs, and dressed in a pair of old torn trowsers and tattered coat. The legs of the wretched man were closely chained together; a shoe was on his right foot, while his left, which was enveloped in linen stained with blood, was partly exposed to view. This creature, hideous to the sight, who was eating a piece of black bread, paid no attention to what was transpiring around him, nor did he look up to see the wretched companion that was brought him. The poor woman was still struggling with the men, who were endeavouring to thrust her into the empty cell, and was crying out—

“No, I shall not! Never—never!—kill me sooner—never!”

In one of her convulsions, she cast her eyes into the vehicle; and on perceiving the prisoner, she suddenly ceased crying, her legs trembled, her whole frame shook, and she exclaimed with a stifled voice, but with an expression of anguish that I shall never forget—

“Oh, that man!”

The prisoner looked at her with a confused yet ferocious air. I could resist no longer. It was clear that she had committed some unlawful crime, perhaps robbery, perhaps worse; that the gendarmes were

transporting her from one place to another in one of those odious vehicles metaphorically called by the *gamins* of Paris, a “*Paniers à salade*,” but she was a woman, and I thought it my duty to interfere. I called to the galley-sergeant, but he paid no attention to me. A *worthy* gendarme, however, stepped forward, and, proud of his little authority, demanded my passport. Unfortunately I had just locked up that *essentiel* in my trunk, and whilst entering into explanations the jailors made a last effort, plunged the woman half-dead into the cart, shut the door, pushed the bolts, and when I turned round all were gone, and nothing was heard but the rattling of the wheels and the trampling of the escort.

A few minutes afterwards, I was comfortably seated in a carriage drawn by four excellent horses. I thought of the wretched woman, and I contrasted, with an aching heart, my situation with hers. In the midst of such thoughts I fell asleep.

When I awoke, morning was breaking; we were in a beautiful valley, perhaps that of Braine-sur-Vesle. Venus was shining above our heads, and its rays cast a serenity and an inexpressible melancholy upon the fields and woods—it was a celestial eye which opened upon this sleeping and lovely country.

From Rheims to Rethel there is nothing interesting, and the latter place affords little worthy of remark.

On arriving at Mezières, I anxiously looked on all sides for the ruins of the ancient castle of Hellebarde, but could not perceive them. The church of Mezières is of the fifteenth century, and has, to the right and left of the choir, two *bas-reliefs* of the time of Charles the Eighth. On the north of the *apside*, I perceived an inscription upon the wall, which testified that Mezières was cruelly assailed and bombarded by the Prussians, in 1815, and above it these words:—

“*Lector leva oculos ad fornicem et vide quasi quoddam divinæ manus indicium.*”

I raised my eyes and saw a large rent in the vault above my head, and in it an enormous bomb, which, after having pierced the roof of the church, the timber-work, and the masonry, was thus stopped, as if by miracle, when about to fall upon the pavement. Twenty-five years have now expired, and still it remains in the same position. That bomb, and that wide rent which is above the head of the visitor, produce a very strange effect, which is heightened when reflecting that the first bomb made use of in war was at Mezières, in the year 1521. On the other side of the church, another inscription informs us that the nuptials of Charles the Ninth with Elizabeth of Austria were happily celebrated in this church, on the 17th November, 1570, two

years before Saint Bartholomew. The grand *portail* is of this epoch, and, consequently, noble in appearance, and of a refined taste.

As for Mezières, there are some very tall trees upon its ramparts, the streets are clean, and remarkable for their dullness, there is nothing about the town that reminds us of Hellebarde and Garinus, the founders; Balthazar, who ransacked it; Count Hugo, who ennobled it; nor of Foulques and Adalberon, who besieged it.

It was near noon when I arrived at Sedan, and instead of seeing monuments and edifices, I saw what the town contains—pretty women, handsome *carabiniers*, cannons, and trees, and prairies, along the Meuse. I tried to find some vestiges of M. de Turenne, but did not succeed. The pavilion where he was born is demolished, but a black stone, with the following inscription, supplies its place :—

"ICI NAQUIT TURENNE
LE 11 SEPTEMBRE MDCLX."

The date, which is in prominent gold letters, struck me, and my mind reverted to that eventful period. In 1611, Sully retired; Henry the Fourth was assassinated the preceding year; Louis the Thirteenth, who should have died as his father did, on the 14th of May, was then ten years old; Richelieu was in his 26th year; the good people of Rouen called a man *Petit Pierre* who was afterwards named by the universe *le Grand Corneille*; Shakespeare and Cervantes were living, so were Branthome and Pierre Mathieu. In 1611, Papirien Masson and Jean Buscé breathed their last; Gustave Adolphe succeeded the visionary monarch, Charles the Ninth of Sweden; Philippe the Third, in spite of the advice of the Duke of Osunna, drove the Moors from Spain; and the German astronomer, Jean Fabricius discovered the spots on the sun. Such are the events that were transpiring in the world when Turenne was born. Sedan has not been a pious guardian of his memory, nor, in fact, has it in its annals any *souvenirs* of William de la Marck, the Bour of Ardennes, the frightful predecessor of Turenne. After having made a good breakfast in the Hotel de la Croi d'Or, I decided on returning on foot to Mezières, to take the coach for Givet. The distance is five leagues, but the road is truly picturesque, running along the valley of the Meuse. About a league from Sedan, we meet Donchery, with its old wooden bridge and fine trees; then, villages with smiling wickets; chatelets shrouded in massive verdure; and large prairies, where sheep and oxen are grazing in the sun.

I arrived at Mezières at seven in the evening, and at eight set out for Givet, seated in a miserable *coupe*, betwixt a Sir John Falstaff, and a female that might well have passed for his better half. The two *gros*

étres began conversation, related events, as striking as they were stirring, such as "that, it is now twenty-two years since I was at Rocroy,"—"that, M. Crochard, the secretary of the under-prefecture, is his intimate friend"—"that, as it is twelve at night, the good Mons. Crochard must be in bed."

Day dawned. We approached a drawbridge, which was lowered, and shortly afterwards we entered into a narrow street, which led into a court, where servants came running to us with candles in their hands, and grooms with lanterns—I was at Givet.

(To be continued.)

CANNING'S LIFE-RAFT.

"Science gives skill, and skill gives courage."

CONSTRUCTION OF RAFT.

(Continued from p. 133.)

IN order to construct a life-raft on the principles I propose, as an infallible means for enabling persons in danger of death by shipwreck, to assist themselves, when all other human means hitherto known would prove useless—

Take three small spars, either topmast, or top-gallant, studding-sail booms, or yards, or if such cannot be had, three oars, or even three planks, will do. For small craft, such spars &c. should be reduced to eight or ten feet long; for larger vessels, from twelve to fifteen feet; and for the largest class, from fifteen to twenty feet; whether spars or planks, they should be as nearly as possible of the same length. Each naked spar &c. should be marked off into six divisions, the first and last mark should be about six inches from each end of the spar, (see fig. 1.) five staples or timber dogs should be driven in at right angles to each other; by this precaution the spar would not be weakened, and there would be no liability to chafe either the spars or rope, when the raft is completed. No. 1 staple at one of the end marks, No. 2 in next mark, No. 3, in third mark, No. 5 in sixth mark, and No. 4 midway between No. 3 and No. 5: (see figure 2.) If staples were not at hand, eye-bolts or cleats might be substituted, or a large nail driven into the spar at each mark, about two-thirds of its length, would prevent a clove hitch from slipping out of its place on the spar, or if these cannot be had, a groove cut into the spar, or a hole bored through it would do, but not so well as the former, as tending to weaken the spar.

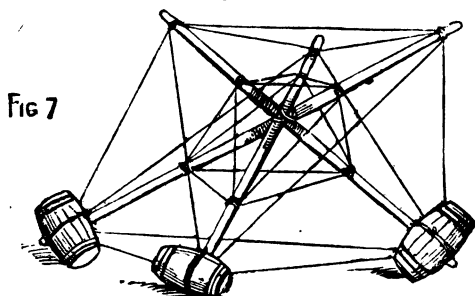
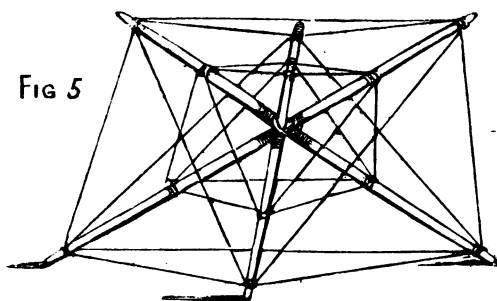
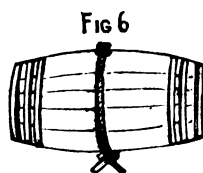
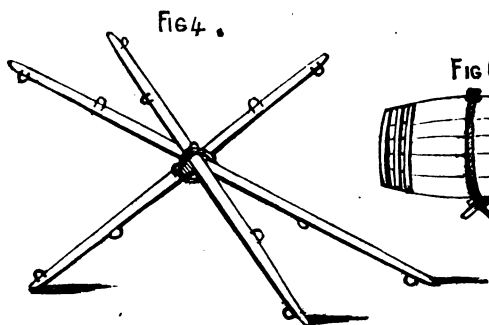
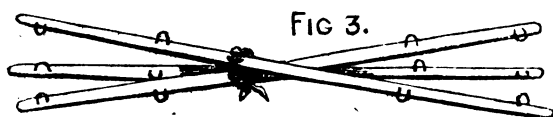
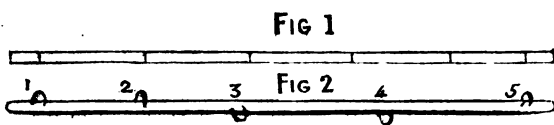
We will now suppose the three twelve feet long spars, stapled or cleated, &c., and laid together upon the vessel's deck, with the staples of each corresponding, (see fig. 3.) The three spars should then be lashed together by taking a turn of rope, or a clove hitch, round them, through staples

3 3 3 of each spar. The spars might then be set upright on the deck, with staples 5 5 5 downwards, and the foot of each spar drawn out to an equal distance, the one from the other, until each spar equally incline, or lean, and the centre staples, 3 3 3, be about five feet from the deck. The equalizing of the distance from the foot of one spar to the other may be easily obtained by an end of line; and be it remembered that, when done, all the other parts and angles will correspond. The central lashing, which must be previously slack, to allow the spars to lean at their proper angles, must now be clenched or made fast, when the three spars will appear as in figure 4. Care must be taken to place the staples 3 3 3 projecting outwards from the centre lashing, by which means all the other staples, cleats, &c., will be in their proper positions, and chafing of either rope, spars, or casks, will be avoided. In the next place, take about twelve fathoms of, say three-inch rope, make fast one end round either of the spars, through staple No. 2; then bring it down and take a clove hitch round the next spar, through staple No. 4, then tauten and bring the rope round the next spar, through staple 2, and so on, until the end of the rope comes round to the same staple, No. 2, to which the first end was made fast. The spars would then be held in their position, and they might be turned over in any way necessary to make fast the remaining stays. If the rope was long enough, it might be continued round through Nos. 2 2 2 in the same manner as at first, and with an end of rope of about four fathoms long; a like bracing might be made through staples 4 4 4.

The next operation would be to repeat the stays, or braces, as at first, passing the end of rope through staples 1 to 5, and 1 1 1, and 5 5 5, as before, by which the body of the raft would be completed, (see fig. 5,) and an astonishingly strong, light, elastic, frame-work would be obtained, capable of resisting the most violent shocks without danger of breaking up; and if the operation should be performed by three or four active men, who had been exercised beforehand in the work, it might be done in comparatively less time than it has taken to describe it. In order to give buoyancy to the raft, either empty casks or barrels, or top-gallant masts or yards, or any large spars whatever, would do, or bales of cotton, or bundles of cork, &c. We will suppose water-casks. Let three casks be emptied, which might be done while the body of the raft was rigging out; take a turn of, say four-inch rope, round each at the bilge, passing over the bunghole, (the bung being out,) and make fast your rope on the side of the cask opposite to the bunghole, allowing about three feet long to the ends from the

knot; then, to prevent the rope from slipping off the bilge, a toggle* should be let into the bunghole, and the ends of the cord brought up, one on each side of, and made fast to, the rope crossing the bunghole (see fig. 6). This would prevent the rope round the cask from getting off, and it would be ready to make fast by the ends of rope already mentioned to the foot of one of the three spars forming the raft, which should be done by passing one of said ends through the staple, No. 5, (the raft standing on the deck with staples 5 5 5 downwards,) the other end of the rope through or above where the stay is made fast to the staple, and then both ends of rope should be made fast round the spar, which would effectually secure the cask to the spar, with the bunghole upwards, (fig. 6.) Now, if time would not allow of boring holes through the bung to let the toggle-cords through, as the bung could not be put in the hole otherwise, a bit of sheet lead, tin, or canvas, should be nailed over the bunghole, or oakum &c. stuffed into it, to prevent the cask from filling. From one to four casks or barrels might be thus made fast to each of the lowermost ends of the three spars of the raft, according to the degree of buoyancy required, but a single water-cask, the size of a rum-punchoon, at each spar would carry the ordinary crew of a brig. If time permitted, and the lee-shore was of a very dangerous nature, it would be necessary to protect each of the casks by lashing around the part most exposed to injury either a hammock, mattress, cushions, a bundle of sail-cloth, a ship's fender, seamen's clothes-bags, or any such light elastic object, that would serve to defend it from injury. If casks were not at hand, as before observed, any large spars, as yards, top-mast, gaffs, booms, &c., might be employed, by lashing any of these to staples 5 5 5, thus forming a triangle, which would be held together by the body of the raft. Should any of these spars be much larger than the others, by lashing smaller spars or planks to the opposite side of the triangle, the raft would not be lop-sided, or float higher on one side than the other; but neither spars, nor planks, nor any other object tending to give buoyancy to the raft, should be placed inside the tri-

* As toggle is a term not generally understood by landmen, it must be explained that it means a short length of rounded wood or iron, say (for our purpose) six or eight inches long, about an inch and a half thick; round the middle of this, a length of cord of about eighteen inches should be made fast by the middle of the cord, so as to allow both ends to be about the same length, by inserting the piece of wood into the bunghole, when the ends of cord remaining outside the cask should be pulled upward, the wood crossing the bunghole inside could not escape, and consequently the rope passing over the bunghole might be secured from slipping away by being made fast to the toggle cord.



MODEL OF MR. CANNING'S LIFE-RAFT.

angle, as that would render it liable to capsize, by offering resistance to the wind and sea, when the raft would cant to leeward, and would possess one of the disadvantages of the flat raft system. If the spars were so long as to extend considerably beyond the feet of the raft, at staples 5 5 5, by means of a hatchet or saw, the ends might be reduced to about twelve feet, as otherwise, being unsupported by stays, they would be liable to break, if left much longer.

We have now the raft made up upon the deck of the vessel ready for launching. As it would be as liable to fall into the water bottom up as down, it would be requisite to make fast one end of a rope to the centre of the cross at staple 3 3 3, bringing the other end up between the innermost stays, and holding on to it on board, so that, in case of the raft falling into the water upside down, by hauling on the rope, the raft would be righted before the men get upon it. In some cases, it would be necessary to cut away the bulwarks and stanchions on the lee-side of the vessel in order to launch the raft easily; but this would depend upon the position of the vessel, her height above water, &c.

The raft being now alongside the vessel, from the little draught of water it would require, the upper cross or cradle would be considerably out of the water, and whichever side of the raft be towards the vessel, the upper end of one of the spars at staple, No. 1, would lean over the deck of the vessel, and with its stays would furnish a comparatively easy descent from the deck to the cradle, into which the crew and passengers might descend, and distribute themselves; the men sitting astride upon the spars holding on to the stays most conveniently and securely, while females and children placed in the centre, might be held on by the surrounding men. We will now suppose the raft, with its lading, cast adrift from the vessel's quarter or stern: there would be no need of either oars or sails to propel it towards the lee-shore; the same wind that would prove fatal to the vessel, would prove favourable to the raft, and drive it most expeditiously ashore; for, by reason of its height above the water, the wind would have a greater proportionate power against it than the sea, therefore it would not be liable to be carried back to sea-ward by the back-sweep or under tow, (as would any kind of boat, flat raft, &c., as the sea against all such bodies would have a greater proportionate power than the wind;) and when in the breakers they could not take effect against such an open, unopposing object, but would rush through the raft, under the feet (without touching them) of the persons seated in the cradle, and hearing up the leeward barrels or spars, would prevent the raft from upsetting: whereas, an opposing body, like a boat, vessel, &c., the wave

moving with greater velocity than any object immersed in it, and not having a passage through it, would rise up against it, and take a proportionately greater effect against it according to the height of such object above the ordinary surface of the water; and if a flat raft, the sea would sweep over it, and carry away every person and object not securely lashed to it. For these reasons there is incomparably greater danger to be apprehended from the action of the sea against a large than small vessel.

Now, as there are so many ways by which a vessel may be wrecked, we will take into consideration three of the principal, in order to point out the precautions necessary to take, according to circumstances—viz., 1st, wreck close upon a lee shore; 2ndly, wreck upon a bank or reef, at a distance from the shore; and, 3rdly, fire or foundering at sea.

In case of a vessel's being wrecked close upon a lee-shore, and in danger of immediately breaking up, and the raft having once quitted the vessel's side, there would be no chance of returning from the shore. It would be requisite to give as much buoyancy as possible to it, which might be easily done, by either additional barrels, spars, cotton bales, cork, &c., so as to be enabled to convey at once as many portable valuables as possible, as well as persons.* If the vessel should not be in immediate danger of breaking up, and there were a considerable number of persons on board, too many to be taken ashore at one trip, two or more rafts might be made up; or if that could not be done, a rope long enough to reach the shore should be made fast by one end to the foot of either of the spars at staple 5, and the other end held on board the vessel, when the raft might be allowed to drift ashore, and having landed those upon it, be hauled off again to the vessel; or by having a warp rove through a block on board the vessel, and one end of the rope fast to the foot of one of the spars, and the other end held on board the raft, the persons in the raft might slack away until the raft reached the shore, when it might be hauled out to the vessel again by those on the shore, who would then

* Or if additional buoyancy could not be given for want of such materials, the most robust persons might stand upon the lower stays or spars, and hold on or lash themselves to the next highest stays or spars, which go from staple 4 to 4-4. By this position they would be up to their breasts in the water, and liable to get some seas over them; but as they would not have to remain long so, as the raft would soon be driven high and dry by the force of the wind and sea, and they would be in no danger of either drowning or being injured by the rocks, as the ends of the spars and the fenders at the heads of the barrels would first come into contact with the shore; besides, the men might hold up their legs, and swing by the lashings to the upper stays. A raft by this means could take a considerable number of persons ashore at once, as, upon an average, a man would not weigh more than about twenty pounds when up to the breast in water, and about seven pounds when up to the neck.

have perfect command of it. When a wreck happens upon a bank or reef at some distance from the shore, it would be useless to make fast a warp to the raft unless in a case where a danger existed of the vessel's breaking up, yet there remained a chance of her surviving the gale. In such a case, the crew or passengers might get upon one or more rafts, which might be held on by warps to the vessel at some thirty or forty fathoms off, so as to be clear of any of the falling masts or spars; and if the vessel broke up, the rafts would drift ashore; if she survived, they might be hauled alongside again. This plan would be found useful where a vessel should chance to be wrecked near a coast inhabited by savages, who would be likely to pillage and otherwise maltreat the crew. Situated as above described, a crew and passengers would be out of reach of the barbarians until the storm abated, (as the latter could not come out in their canoes while the storm lasted,) and then return on board, where they would be, in many cases, better able to resist a sudden attack than if surrounded by relentless savages ashore.

In the event of a vessel taking fire at sea, or springing a leak, or becoming waterlogged, it would be advisable, as soon as danger appeared inevitable, to rig out and launch one or more rafts as before, and after having placed a supply of provisions, &c., upon them, with females, children, (if any,) and the more helpless portion of the crew,* the rafts might be held on to the vessel by warps as before described, at a sufficient distance to be clear of flames, smoke, falling spars, &c. By this precaution those remaining on board would neither be disheartened by the cries and wailing of the women and children, or by apprehension of immediate destruction to either themselves or those most dear to them; besides, they would have more room to bestir themselves. Even in case of a vessel being likely to go down with the men remaining on board, each man might have a rope made fast round his breast under his arms, and the end made fast to the raft, so that he might be hauled on to it in case of the vessel's foundering under his feet. These precautions would serve not only to encourage the men, and stimulate them to save their own lives, but also those of their more helpless fellow-sufferers, as well as to remain on board, or stay by the vessel to the last and do their duty.

In order to enable the commanders of vessels to keep rafts in a state of preparation,

* A piece of canvas might be lashed all round the upper cross or cradle inside, which would serve to prevent the females, children, and smaller objects from falling out; and even an awning might be set up to keep them from the inclemency of the weather. When time would permit, the men, when in the raft, might occupy the lower cross, and cover themselves likewise with a sail.

either constantly on board, or from the time that danger threatens, without encumbering the vessel's deck, I modified the invention, so as to allow of a raft being rigged out, and then closed up like an umbrella, by which means it would lie in a small compass, and either hang to the davits, taffrail, or ship's quarter, (with or without the barrels or floaters being made fast to the spars, according to circumstances,) until wanted, when, by a most simple operation, in literally about thirty seconds, not only by seamen, but even by four landmen, boys, or females, it might be set up.

Various uses to which the above object would apply, exclusive of that in cases of shipwreck, viz.:—

1. As a means for communicating between two vessels at sea in stormy weather, when it could not be done by boats, or any other means.
2. For landing of troops, stores, despatches, &c., on an iron-bound coast, where no boat or raft of any other description could be serviceable.
3. As (what I call) a groper.
4. As a shield for preventing shipwrecks.
5. For (what I call) a warder, to prevent collision of vessels.
6. As a travelling, sporting, and exploratory equipage to answer for carriage, tent, and boat.
7. As a floating breakwater.
8. As a floating rampart.
9. As a floating stationary life and light-buoy.

An ample description of the above will be given in a forthcoming work.

Miscellaneous.

DUNCAN M'ARTHUR.

(Concluded from page 127.)

THE ruse of M'Arthur, in the mean time, took completely. The negroes, believing that a large force was coming on them, fled, with the utmost precipitation, in all directions, leaving the gallant adventurer, with the captive lady, sole possessors of the field. But the former, judging that they would soon return on finding that he was alone, ran up to the terrified girl, and taking her hurriedly by the hand, without waiting to put any questions to her, or even to look at her, urged her to fly with him instantly.

Aware of the propriety of this measure, the latter instantly obeyed; and taking her deliverer by the arm, both hastened away from the spot. But M'Arthur being wholly unacquainted with the locality of the place, knew no other way of escaping but that by which he had come; and by this way it was impossible the fragile, timorous crea-

ture he supported could go. But M'Arthur was a stout, as well as a courageous man; and in this dilemma he did not hesitate an instant in adopting the only course which presented itself.

He suddenly flung his left arm around the slender waist of his fair companion, and raising her from the ground, proceeded to descend the rocks with her; holding on, from time to time, with his right hand, as he passed from one stepping-place to another.

Steady of step, stout of heart, and quick of eye, M'Arthur descended in safety with his precious burden; when, having placed her on her feet, he, with one single word, urged her further flight, till they arrived at the spot where his horse was secured.

Nor had the flight of the fugitives been a whit more expeditious than was necessary; for ere they had gained the bottom of the descent, the negroes, as M'Arthur conjectured they would do, had returned; and seemingly now assured that they had been deceived, began to search around, whooping and yelling in the most frightful manner for their deceiver and his companion.

Indeed, they appeared at one time to have discovered them, or at least to have conjectured which route they had taken; for several shots were fired in the direction in which they were—a fact which the fugitives ascertained, by two or three bullets striking within a few yards of them.

On reaching his horse, M'Arthur unloosed him, sprang on his back, and, quick as thought, lifted the lady behind him; and having secured her to himself, by passing a silk neckcloth around both, continued his flight—at first cautiously, till he cleared the loose stones and brushwood with which the place was encumbered; and then rode at full speed for the distance of eight or ten miles, when being aware of his near approach to Kingston, and consequently to a situation of comparative safety, he reined in the exhausted animal. It was now an extraordinary denouement, connected with the fate and fortunes of the fugitives, took place; it was now, and not till now—for circumstances had hitherto permitted no conversation between them—that M'Arthur learnt who the lady was whom he had so gallantly rescued from the brutality of the rebel negroes.

Having checked the speed of his horse, M'Arthur turned round to his fair companion, and said—"May I now ask, Madam, whom have I had the honour of doing this little piece of service to, to-night?"

"Don't you know me, Mr. M'Arthur?" was the reply, in a soft and gentle tone, not unmingled with surprise that, as the speaker had recognised her deliverer, she had not been recognised by him.

"No, indeed, Madam," said M'Arthur, turning again round, but now with a look

of intense curiosity; for, although his answer had been in the negative, the tones of the voice were familiar to him.

"Don't you know Miss M'Donald—Flora M'Donald—Mr. M'Arthur?" rejoined the lady, smiling.

"Gracious Heaven! is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. M'Arthur, now aware that she who spoke to him was no other than the daughter of his employer, between whom and himself there had long been a secret and unavowed attachment—an attachment which they had never breathed to each other, but which did not the less certainly exist.

The exclamation of surprise and delight—for this feeling was also strongly expressed in it—which we have just recorded, Mr. M'Arthur followed up, by inquiring how she had come into the dreadful situation in which he had found her.

This, Miss M'Donald briefly explained, by stating that a party of insurgent negroes had attacked her father's premises, burnt his mills to the ground, plundered his house, and, on their retreat, had carried her along with them.

Much more than this passed between the lovers, thus strangely brought together; but we do not think it necessary to record it; and therefore, not to interrupt the progress of our story, we proceed to land them safely at Mr. M'Donald's residence, a short distance from Kingston, where Mr. M'Arthur left his fair charge, and proceeded himself to the town just named—Mr. M'Donald being there, at the moment, on some matters connected with the insurrection. On his finding the latter—

"Oh, Mr. M'Arthur!" he exclaimed, in great agitation and distress of mind—"isn't this a dreadful business! I'm ruined for ever. I can no longer hold up my head. I can no longer be good for anything in this world."

"Dear me, Sir!" said M'Arthur, "has the destruction of your property been so great?"

"Destruction of my property!" reiterated Mr. M'Donald; "no, no; that is nothing—nothing at all. A few thousands will repair that. It's the loss of my daughter I bewail—my poor, dear Flora!" And he burst into tears. "You have doubtless heard, Mr. M'Arthur," he continued, after a short while, "that the ruffians have carried her off, God knows whither; and her death—worse than her death—is, I fear, certain."

"Mr. M'Donald," said Mr. M'Arthur, "be no longer under any uneasiness regarding your daughter. She is safe, and at this moment under her father's roof, unscathed—unharm'd."

"How! Mr. M'Arthur?" exclaimed the distracted father, in wild excitement—"my daughter safe—my daughter?" Swear to

the truth of it—swear to the truth of it, M'Arthur, and half my fortune is yours!"

"I will, without hesitation, swear to the truth of it, Sir, if you desire it, certainly; and on much easier terms than you propose. But let me first tell you what has happened."

He then proceeded to detail the whole circumstance of his adventure with the insurgent negroes, as has been already related. When he had done, Mr. M'Donald, whose feelings had been wrought to the highest pitch by the narrative, flew towards him, folded him in his arms, and said—"God bless and prosper you, M'Arthur, for what you have this day done to me and mine!" It was all he could say. His emotion prevented further utterance.

Impatient to see his daughter, the happy father, accompanied by M'Arthur, now hastened home; and the interview between parent and child which instantly followed was most affecting. Flora rushed into her father's arms, exclaiming—"My dear father!"—she could say no more—and buried her head in his bosom.

"Thank God—thank God, my child, that I see you again safe!" fervently ejaculated her father, at the same time straining the beloved being of whom he spoke to his bosom.

After the lapse of a few minutes, and when the emotion of both had a little subsided, taking his daughter by the hand, Mr. M'Donald led her towards her deliverer, who stood looking out of a window at the further end of the apartment, that he might not seem to witness the expression of their feelings, and, on coming up to him, said, smiling as he spoke—

"Mr. M'Arthur, I promised you the half of my fortune if the intelligence you brought me of Flora's safety were true, and I did this without being aware that I was indebted to you for that inexpressible happiness; but now, knowing this, I must throw something into the bargain. What would you think, then, Mr. M'Arthur, of my daughter here, as a make-weight on this occasion?"

M'Arthur looked confused and incredulous.

"Nay, I'm in earnest, Mr. M'Arthur," continued Mr. M'Donald. "You have won her, and have the best right to wear her; and, to tell you both a truth, I've long thought, and not with much displeasure, that you were not indifferent to each other; and therefore I anticipate no very serious objections on this occasion, on either side. What say you, Flora? Have you any objection to take Mr. M'Arthur for your husband? Come now, be honest—be candid!"

Flora looked to the ground, blushed, but made no reply.

"Answer me, Flora," said her father;

"have you any objection to receive your deliverer as your husband?"

"I have always considered it one of my first duties to obey my father," replied Flora, in gentle accents.

"Enough, my dearest girl—enough," said her father, embracing her tenderly. "Now, Mr. M'Arthur," he continued, smiling as he spoke; "will you have the goodness to state your objections to accepting the hand of my daughter?"

"I would, Sir, very readily, if I had any," replied Mr. M'Arthur, smiling in his turn, but almost entirely deprived of his presence of mind by the great and unexpected happiness and good fortune with which he found himself thus so suddenly blessed. "But—but"—and he stammered out something about felicity, eternal gratitude, choice of his heart; which Mr. M'Donald, as he could not make out, though he perceived and appreciated the feeling from which his confusion proceeded, suddenly arrested, by saying—

"That'll do, Mac—that'll do. You would make a speech, but it's not necessary. I know all you would say. But Flora," he continued, now in a bantering humour—"Mac tells me that he had rescued you before he knew who you were; thus plainly intimating that it was no partiality towards you in particular that induced him to do what he did. What do you think of that?"

"Why, papa, I think the more of him for it," said Flora, blushing as she spoke. "His gallantry was the more generous, the more disinterested. It was a deed of true knight errantry—the rescuing of a distressed damsel, without regard to who or what she was. She was in jeopardy, and that was enough for him."

"Excellent, Flora!—very ingenious defence!" exclaimed her father, laughing, and rubbing his hands with glee. "Commend me to a woman for ready apology, for prompt excuse, for defending what is indefensible."

We need not prolong the scene. In a fortnight afterwards, Miss Flora M'Donald was married to Duncan M'Arthur, Esq., of Rose Vale; and the latter became an equal partner in the concerns of his father-in-law, by which, in the course of a few years, he realized a handsome fortune, which was further increased on the death of his patron, who left him, for behoof of his wife and children, the whole of his immense wealth.

Such is the story—and a true tale it is—of the little bare-legged and bareheaded Highland boy whom we saw running wild on the banks of Loch Awe.

It is almost unnecessary to add—yet our story would be incomplete, perhaps, without it—that the parents of Mr. M'Arthur participated in his prosperity, and that in precise proportion with its advancement. Indeed,

to minister to the comforts of the authors of his being was one of his first cares, and one of the very first purposes to which he applied the means which his good fortune put in his power—a circumstance indicative of so amiable and beautiful a trait of character, as would alone lessen our wonder at the singular degree of prosperity that attended its possessor—leaving us, as it does, impressed with a conviction that no one who owned such an excellent disposition, could be otherwise than successful in the world.—*Ulster Times.*

REVIEW OF SOLDIER STUDENTS.

WE must not leave Copenhagen, however, without describing the pleasant sight which we witnessed on the last night of our stay. This was the review of the students' corps, for, as formerly stated, every student at the university is also, for the time, a soldier. The display was held outside the city, on a beautiful green; which, with king, princes, and princesses, scattered familiarly through the happy throng, presented one of the gayest scenes imaginable. The attendance of gratified mothers and sisters was so great, that, instead of a formal military show, it was something like a family festival. In their well-made coats of mixed black, with scarlet facings, and smart white trousers, the principal actors looked extremely well, and went through their military duties with great credit to themselves, and highly to the satisfaction of a not overcritical public. Every member of the corps being at the freshest period of life, from nineteen to twenty-five years of age, so far as mere looks are concerned, they had the advantage of every body of troops we have seen. Their appearance is much more manly than that of the young regiments of Prussia.

In the course of the show we had every variety of firing, skirmishing, marching, and countermarching. While these went on, the crowd was everywhere, and the students were everywhere; but though there was a great expenditure of gunpowder in the mimic warfare, and not a little perspiration occasioned by the broiling heat, no damage ensued to life or limb. The king whisked about in famous style, to the great discomposure of the round-bellied gentlemen composing his *cortège*, as well as to the grievous disarray of the long streaming tails of the beautiful horses on which they were mounted. Fearless of these snorting coursers, however, the venders of cocoa, lemonade, wine, beer, cakes, and cigars, hawked about their dainty fare with such exemplary industry and success, that it seemed doubtful whether people had come here to criticise or to feast, which is much better.

Nor were the students neglected in the feasting part of the business. Indeed, what must have made this soldiering work highly agreeable to them, was the abundant supply of good things, set out on the fresh sward for each company, to be partaken of when the enemy should be fairly routed. At length that end was gloriously and happily achieved; and when the king withdrew, the warlike youths seated themselves in groups gaily to recruit their strength after such unparalleled toils. Now, then, did the pledging glass ring loud from hand to hand, and the merry speech was in every lip, till the patriot song commanded silence even from the most turbulent. Ere long, the beautiful music changed its martial strain—all started to their feet—new groups were formed—the cheerful dance was struck up—and the late sun shone pleased on a scene of mirth without riot, indulgence without excess.—*Excursions in Denmark, &c.*

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

(From the New York Mirror.)

PALE star, that with thy soft sad light
Came out upon my bridal eve,
I have a song to sing to-night,
Before thou tak'st thy mournful leave.
Since then so softly time hath stirr'd,
That months have almost seem'd like hours.
And I am like a little bird
That's slept too long among the flowers,
And, waking, sits with waveless wing,
Soft-singing 'mid the shades of even;
But oh! with sadder heart I sing—
I sing of one who dwells in heaven!

The winds are soft, the clouds are few,
And tenderest thought my heart beguiles,
As, floating up through mist and dew,
The pale young moon comes out and smiles;
And to the green resounding shore
In silvery troops the ripples crowd,
Till all the ocean, dimpled o'er,
Lifts up its voice, and laughs aloud;
And star on star, all soft and calm,
Floats up yon arch serenely blue;
And, lost to earth and steeped in balm,
My spirit floats in ether too.

Loved one! though lost to human sight,
I feel thy spirit lingering near,
As softly as I feel the light
That trembles through the atmosphere.
As, in some temple's holy shades,
Though mute the hymn and hush'd the prayer,
A solemn awe the soul pervades,
Which tells that worship has been there—
A breath of incense, left alone
Where many a censer swang around,
Which thrill the wanderer, like a tone,
Who treads on consecrated ground.

I know thy soul, from worlds of bliss,
That stoops awhile to dwell with me,
Hath caught the prayer I breathed in this,
That I at last might dwell with thee.
I hear a murmur from the seas,
That thrills me like thy spirit's sighs;
I hear a voice on every breeze,
That makes to mine its low replies—
A voice, all low and sweet, like thine—
It gives an answer to my prayer,
And brings my soul from heaven a sign
That it shall know and meet me there.

I'll know thee there by that sweet face,
 Round which a tender halo plays,
 Still touch'd with that expressive grace
 That made thee lovely all thy days.
 By that sweet smile that o'er it shed
 A beauty like the light of even,
 Whose soft expression never fled,
 Even when its soul had flown to heaven !
 I'll know thee by the starry crown
 That glitters in thy golden hair :
 Oh, by these blessed signs alone,
 I'll know thee there—I'll know thee there !

For ah ! thine eye, within whose sphere
 The sweets of youth and beauty meet,
 That swam in love and softness here,
 Must swim in love and softness yet.
 For ah ! its dark and liquid beams,
 Though sadden'd by a thousand sighs,
 Were holier than the light that streams
 Down from the gates of Paradise,
 Were bright and radiant, like the morn,
 Yet soft and dewy as the eve ;
 Too sad for eyes where smiles are born,
 Too young for eyes that learn to grieve.

I wonder if this cool, sweet breeze
 Hath touch'd thy lips and fann'd thy brow :
 For all my spirit hears and sees
 Recalls thee to my memory now ;
 For every hour we breathe apart
 Will but increase, if that can be,
 The love that fills this little heart,
 Already filled so full of thee.
 Yet many a tear these eyes must weep,
 And many a sin must be forgiven,
 Ere these pale lids shall sink to sleep—
 Ere thou and I shall meet in heaven !

AMELIA.

PARTIALITY OF THE DANES FOR THE LIBERAL PARTY IN ENGLAND.

REGARDING the state of public opinion among the Danes, one fact struck us very remarkably—viz., that, in reference to the two parties which divide English society, their sympathy is exclusively with the *Liberal* one. Let his own political leanings be what they may, every candid traveller will attest that this partiality prevails here more strongly even than in other foreign countries. It would not perhaps be difficult to account for this leaning, now universal on the Continent ; but we are at present neither reasoning on it, nor inquiring whether it portend a wholesome state of public feeling abroad—all that we now seek to do is to record the fact, that, whatever be the reason, or whatever the consequences it may lead to—universally, even under the most monarchical governments, there is no fellow feeling with the strictly Conservative party in Great Britain. The names of Peel and Stanley are known only to the few, while those of Brougham and Russell are familiar as “household words” all over the Continent.

This state of public opinion, so far as Denmark is concerned, cannot proceed from intercourse with foreigners, which is such a pregnant cause of Liberalism in other nations. For few strangers come this way ; and the Danes, though such of them as have the means, are very fond of travelling,

in general are not able to indulge in that costly method of instructing themselves. Their liberalism probably originates in that innate love of freedom, which forms a part of the character of all the great northern family from which they spring.

The Danes, in fact, are most sincere, but not ostentatious lovers of liberty. Their moderation regarding those deeds which do them honour, is strikingly shewn by the monument raised to commemorate those who fell on the 2nd of April, 1801. It is nothing more than a plain obelisk of Norwegian marble, and tells its tale in the simplest but most touching words : “They fell for their country.” Below which stands the sentence—“This monument was raised by their fellow-citizens.” In place of erecting this in some staring square, they have placed it outside the walls, beneath the rampart of the citadel ; but it is not the less visited from its unpretending site. There is no capital in Europe where there are more monuments calculated to foster a love of liberty, but there are none to encourage national vanity ; and this simply because the Danes, while they love liberty, despise empty show and boasting. Unlike some continental nations, they worship the substance, not the mere name of freedom.

In confirmation of what we have said of the partiality of the Danes for England, it may be stated that nowhere is our literature cultivated with such zeal as here ; a circumstance which further accounts for the independence of opinion which characterizes the more intelligent classes. In a Danish drawing-room, the new publications from London, are as frequent as those of Copenhagen ; and in the public reading-room English books and periodicals are as thickly strewed on the tables as at a club-house in Pall-Mall. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, with their junior companions, (the *Foreign* and *Westminster* Reviews,) as well as the *New Monthly* and other magazines, were scattered fresh and tempting, among new numbers of the *Cabinet Library*, the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and our newest novels ; while the *Times* lay lovingly side by side by the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Herald*. The supply of journals from the French capital is also very respectable ; and in another division, most of the German newspapers are to be found. In short, the establishment is one of the best in Europe, there being no fewer than 600 subscribers. It is said to have done much good among the students, who (none of the funds being wasted on balls and lady parties, as in the German Casinos) always find here ample food for the mind. To the traveller this place is a most valuable resource in his spare moments ; and no one who has profited by the liberality of the members, should fail to give them all honourable mention.—*Excursions in Denmark*, &c.

The Gatherer.

Tobacco a Remedy for Arsenic.—A young lady in New Hampshire fell into the mistake, so often committed, of eating a portion of arsenic which had been prepared for the destruction of rats. Painful symptoms soon led to inquiry, and her mistake was discovered. An elderly lady who was present advised that she should be made to vomit as speedily as possible; and as she had always felt a perfect loathing for tobacco in every shape, it was supposed that this would at once effect the purpose. A pipe was used, but without producing nausea. She next chewed a large portion of strong tobacco and swallowed the juice, and that even without a sensation of disgust. A strong decoction was then made of hot water, of which she drank perhaps half a pint. Still there was neither nausea nor dizziness, nor did it operate at all, either as an emetic or cathartic. The painful sensations at her stomach, however, subsided, and she began to feel well. On the arrival of physicians, an emetic of blue vitriol was administered, and produced one operation. One or two days after, there was a discharge of a dark green colour, approaching to black. No ill consequences followed. Another case occurred in the same place, a few years subsequent, in which arsenic was taken through mistake by a sick person, and she employed tobacco with the same success. She too had always loathed the article, but now chewed it and swallowed the saliva without producing sickness at the stomach. No emetic was administered, nor any other remedy.—*Silliman's Journal.*

The English Language is fast becoming universal: nearly all foreigners of good education learn it, especially in Germany, Russia, and the North. The women, that they may read Walter Scott and Bulwer in the original—the men, that they may study English politics in the parliamentary debates.—*Excursions in Denmark, &c.*

Wood-Paving.—It appears from a discussion which took place in Marylebone vestry, a week or two since, that the cost of the wood-paving in Oxford-street, is about £15,000 a mile; and that to pave the whole of the parish with it would cost £900,000.

The Parlour behind the Shop.—Happy often, and indeed happy, is that little sanctuary, near to and yet remote from the toil and care of the busy mart from which its homely ease and peaceful security are drawn. Glance down those rows of silenced shops in a town at night, and picture the glad and quiet groups gathered within, over that nightly and social meal which custom has banished from the more indolent tribes,

who—neither toil nor spin. Placed between the two extremes of life, the tradesman, who ventures not beyond his means, and sees clear books and sure gains, with enough of occupation to give healthful excitement, enough of fortune to greet each new-born child without a sigh, might be envied alike by those above and those below his state—if the restless heart of man ever envied content?

Patent Iron Mason.—A machine under this name (for a patent has just been taken out) is about to be erected in one of Mr. Nelson's quarries at Woodside, Glasgow. The stones go into the machine rough as they come from the quarryman's pick, and come out polished ashlar on the surface, and cut parallel and square on the sides, fully prepared for the builder, and this at an expense of not more than a fourth of work done by hand. The present machine is calculated to do the work of 200 men, reckoning only six hours' work out of the day.

The Origin of Blue Stockings.—Vesey was the lady at whose house celebrated *bas-bleu* meetings of the were first held; and, indeed, with the phrase itself is said to have been originated. It is related that, on inviting Mr. Lingfield to one of her literary parties, he wished to decline attending it, on account of his want of an appropriate dress for an evening assembly. "O, never mind," said she, "come in your blue stockings, which he was wearing at the time," she took her at her word; and on entering the room, directed her attention to them, his having come in his *blue stockings*, her literary meetings retained the name of *bas-bleu* ever after.—*Literary Gazette.*

"The Duke" and Napoleon.—It is a singular fact, and worthy of record, as illustrating national character, that, although portraits of Napoleon have been extensively purchased in Great Britain, there is no instance of a portrait of Wellington having been sold in France. This statement appears almost incredible, but circumstances directed our inquiries to the subject, and we ascertained that the leading publishers of London had never received a single order from France for a print of the Duke, nor, to their knowledge, had they ever disposed of one to a Frenchman.—*Art-Union.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. E.," "S. R. R.," "J. D.," "W. U.," "J. E.," "E. M.," "W. H.," "R. W. S. D.," "J. E. S."—*Declined, with thanks.*
 "Celtic Philology," "Princes' Lodge," "Nova Scotia"—*Received.*

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Bookellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

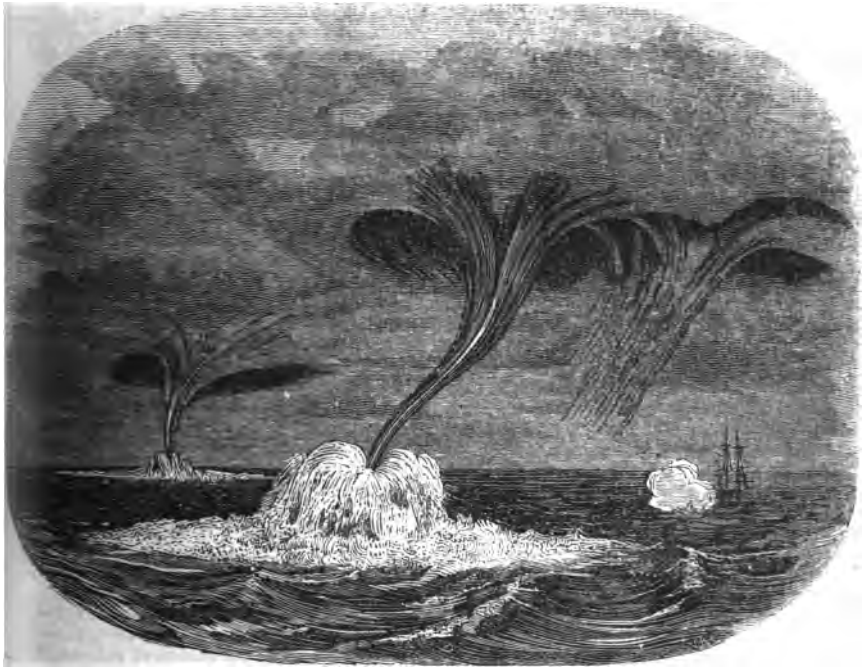
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 10.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



THE WATER-SPOUT.

Original Communications.

THE WATER-SPOUT.

THE water-spout is a strange meteor, which has attracted the attention, and been the subject of discussion, of men profound in science. It consists of a large mass of water in the form of a column, which moves with rapidity along the surface of the sea. It is supposed by some to have an electrical origin.

Dr. Franklin, in his "Physical and Meteorological Observations," states that it is his opinion that a water-spout and a whirlwind proceed from the same cause; the only

difference being that the latter passes over the land, the former over the water. This opinion is corroborated by M. de la Prime, in his "Philosophical Transactions," where he describes two spouts which he at different times observed in Yorkshire, whose appearances in the air were exactly like those of the spout at sea, and their effects the same as those of real whirlwinds. The following recitals, together with our engraving, may give an idea of this singular phenomenon:—

On the 6th of September, 1814, when Admiral Napier, then captain of the *Erne*, was sailing in the Atlantic Ocean, he suddenly perceived a water-spout a short distance from the vessel. In point of shape it resembled that of an enormous speaking trumpet, the mouth-end touching the sea, the other terminating in a dark cloud. The wind, which was variable, sometimes north, north-west, and west, was strong, and caused the spout to move rapidly over the surface of the water. At last it came within a short distance of the vessel, and stood still for several minutes. Near the inferior extremity of the cylinder, the sea was covered with foam, while the water was shot up to a great height, terminating, apparently, in a body of smoke. At this moment the wind was alternately blowing from all points of the horizon; and the immense column of water inclined first to this side, then to that, according to the manner it was struck by the wind. After the lapse of a few minutes, it began to advance from south to north, in an opposite direction to that of the wind, but always approaching the ship. Captain Napier, on observing that it was within cannon-shot, fired upon it, the effect of which divided the column in two, and the fragments floated about like drapery agitated by opposite winds. A few minutes afterwards they again united, then both disappeared, while torrents of rain fell from the dark cloud which surmounted the meteor. Notwithstanding the quantity of salt water which was shot up into the air, that which fell upon the ship was perfectly fresh. During the phenomenon there was neither thunder nor lightning. Shortly after the disappearance of this water-spout, two others appeared, more to the south, but they soon vanished.

Mr. Forster, in his "Voyage round the World," states that he saw several on the coast of New Zealand, one of which he particularly describes:—The water, in a space of forty or fifty fathoms, moved towards the centre, then rising into vapour by the force of whirling motion, and ascending in a spiral form towards the clouds. Directly over the whirlpool, or agitated spot in the sea, a cloud gradually tapered into a long slender tube, which seemed to descend to meet the rising spiral, and soon united with it into a straight column of a cylindrical form. The water was hurled upwards with the greatest violence in a spiral form, and appeared to have a hollow space in the centre, so that the water seemed to form a hollow tube instead of a solid column; and that this was the case was rendered still more probable by the colour, which was exactly like that of any hollow glass tube. After some time, the column incurvated and broke; and the appearance

of a flash of lightning, which attended its disjunction, as well as the hailstones which fell at the time, seemed plainly to indicate that water-spouts either owe their formation to electric matter, or at least that they have some connexion with it.

Several of our navigators have observed the formation of the water-spout. From a cloud remarkable for its opaqueness, they at first perceived a round projection, which descended gradually, like an immense *stalactite conique*. As soon as the cone reached the sea, the latter suddenly boiled up, and shot forth its waters towards the clouds. In day-time, lightning has been seen to escape from water-spouts, and at night to appear like luminous columns, which seemed to support the heavens.

Woe to the small vessels that should by chance be found within the influence of the water-spout. Fishermen's boats have been known to be thrown up into the air to a considerable height, and on falling, shot up again with the same violence.

Upon land, these meteors commit ravages still more frightful in their nature. It was a whirlwind that caused so much harm to the inhabitants of the village of Chatenay (Seine-et-Oise) on the 18th of June, 1830. Trees uprooted and carried to a prodigious height, walls overturned, tiles, roofs, and even houses themselves carried away, are the ordinary results of these terrible meteors, which are generally accompanied by wind and rain, thunder and lightning.

In Pliny's time the seamen used to pour vinegar into the sea, to assuage and lay the spout when it approached them; our modern seamen discharge their cannons at it.

CELTIC PHILOLOGY.

OUT of many hundred vernacular words which were in common use among the ancient Britons, as the names of persons or places, it may be presumed that a glossary of the following few would be interesting to the English reader.

Aber—the embouchure of a river into the sea, or into another river. Hence, Aberystwyth, the place where the Ystwyth enters the Irish Channel; Aberayron, Aber-tivy (Cardigan), where the Ayron and Tivy respectively disembody themselves into the ocean; and so on for all other places in Wales or Scotland the appellatives of which are compounded with *Aber*.

Llan—the ancient British word for a church. Hence Llan-bedr (Lampeter), Peter's Church; Llan-ddewi, David's Church, for Dewi is the British word for David; and so on for all other places the appellatives of which are compounded with *Llan*. The term employed for church by the modern Welsh is *eglwys*, which is a barbarous corruption of the Greek *ἐκκλησία*.

Caer—a castle, corresponding to the English word Chester. Hence *Caerfyrddin* (*Caermarthen*), *Myrddin's Castle*; *Caerloyw* (*Gloucester*), which the ancient Saxons spelt *Gloywchester*; and so on for all other towns the appellatives of which are compounded with *Caer*.

Tref, or *Tre*—a town, a prefix in the names of places, corresponding to the English affix, *ton*. Hence *Tregaron*, *Trelech*, *Treflan*, &c. This prefix is still retained in many Cornish names, both of persons and places. *Pentref* is the term for a village, and signifies literally, the *head of the town*, or more exactly perhaps corresponds to the Greek word *ακροπολις*; for *pen* means a head or a summit. From this last word we have the derivation of the English word *captain*, which is a corruption of the British word *cadpen*, the *head of the battle*, for *cad* means a battle. This word *cad* is recognised in the Latin *Caterva*, which is a corruption of the British word *cad-tyrfa*, the *multitude for the battle*, for *tyrfa* is the origin of the Latin *turba*, a multitude. The French *capitaine*, and the Italian *capitano*, would imply only a *head*, but not the head of the battle.

Glendower—a corruption of the word *glawdr*, which literally means *by or near the water*. Hence some people who are called *Glawdr* in Wales have called themselves *Bywater* in England. The *w* in this, as in all other Welsh words, is pronounced like the Italian *u*, French *ou*, or the English *oo*. The word *dwr* is an abbreviation of *dufr*, where the *f* has the sound of the English *v*; and this term is recognised in *Douvre*, the name by which Dover is known by the French. The prefix *glan* is employed in a multitude of names denoting places near the sea or a river. *Glawdr* is sometimes written *glyndwr*; but this is from ignorance. The noun *glyn* has the meaning of the English *glen*, which is derived from it.

Cymru—the vernacular name of Wales, which is recognised in *Cumberland* in England, *Cambray* in France, *Cimbrica Chersonesus*, the ancient name of Denmark, &c. The inhabitants call themselves *Cymry*, and are descended from the *Cimbri* of the Romans, and the *χυμριοι* of the Greeks. The word *Wales* is a Saxon barbarism, derived from *Walía*, which is a corruption of *Gallia*. It is observable that the French to this day call Wales *Fays de Galles*, and that the old Germans in the north of Switzerland call France *Welschland*, and the inhabitants *Welsch*. The word *Gallia* is of Roman manufacture, derived probably from the Celtic *Gelli*, which signifies a country abounding with woods and glens, and which to this day is applied to many places of that description in the principality of Wales.

Buddugoliaeth—victory; *buddugol*—vic-

torious; *buddug*—victrix, or she who conquers. This last was the real name of Boadicea, the noble British queen that led her brave but naked troops so gallantly against the Roman legions. We observe, then, that our gracious Queen Victoria is not the first sovereign of that name that has swayed the destinies of Great Britain. She is, in fact, not Victoria the First, but Boadicea the Second. DRUID.

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENKELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

(Continued from p. 127.)

THE bushmen of the Orange River subsist in great measure upon ants and locusts. Piso says, that in Brazil the abdomens of yellow ants, called *cupia*, are eaten by many persons; and also a large species, under the name of *Tama-joura*.* This statement is confirmed by the illustrious traveller Humboldt, who says that the Maravitanos and Margueritaries mix ants with resin, and so eat them as a sauce. Naturalists and chemists are well aware that ants secrete a pleasant kind of vinegar, or a peculiar acid, called formic acid. Consett says, that in some parts of Sweden, ants are distilled along with rye, to give a flavour to the inferior kinds of brandy; and he mentions a young Swede who sat down with avidity to make a repast at an ant's nest.† Speaking from their own experience, Kirby and Spence declare that, instead of ants having any unpleasant flavour, they are very agreeably acid, and that the trunks of their bodies have a different taste to that of their abdomens.

A certain species of ant (*Formica bispinosa*, Olivier; *F. fungosa*, F.) collects from the Bombax and silk-cotton tree a kind of lint, which, as a styptic or stancher of blood, is preferable to the puff ball (*Lycoperdon*.) At Cayenne this lint is taken from the ants, and successfully used to stop even the most violent hæmorrhages. Some traveller, whose name, and that of the country of which he speaks, I have unfortunately omitted to insert in my extract, says—"We do not here see the melancholy appearances of idioey which are so frequently combined in Europe endemically with the *goître*; yet the look of the persons who have the disorder in a high degree is not merely drowsiness and want of energy, but even stupidity, in the strict sense of the expression. It is customary to apply, at the commencement of the disease, poultices of warm gourds, the patient at the same time drink-

* Piso *Ind.*, lib. v. c. 13, p. 291.

† Consett's *Travels in Sweden* (1789), p. 118.

ing water which has stood for several days upon the pounded mass of large ant-hills. The component parts of the ant-hills, which are from five to six feet high, in the construction of which the insects make use of a peculiar animal slime as a cement, certainly seems capable of counteracting the causes which produce the *goutre*. Perhaps, too, the acid of ants may have a beneficial influence on the relaxed nerves of the patient, as well as on the debility of the lymphatic system."

In America it is not uncommon for a nest of hornets to be suspended in the parlours, that they may destroy the smaller flying insects, which are very troublesome to the inhabitants. Reaumur says that the French butchers are glad to have wasps about their stalls, for the purpose of driving away the blow-flies. Wasps are probably more useful than otherwise, for in our own country it is plain that they destroy great numbers of noxious flies and moths.

The reader would hardly conceive that any person, sane or insane, would be so daring as to collect living wasps and bees, for the purpose of food: but Gilbert White relates, that in the village of Selborne he was acquainted with a poor idiot boy, who, from a child, shewed a strong propensity to bees; they were his food, his amusement, his sole object. As such persons have seldom more than one point in view, so this lad exerted all his few faculties on this one pursuit. In the winter he dozed away his time, within his father's house, by the fire-side, in a kind of torpid state, seldom departing from the chimney-corner; but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields, and on sunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and wasps, were his prey, wherever he found them: he had no apprehensions from their stings, but would seize them in his naked hand, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom, between his shirt and his skin, with a number of these captives; and sometimes would confine them in bottles. He was a very bee-bird, or *Merops apiaster*; and very injurious to men that kept bees; for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and, sitting down before the stools, would rap with his finger on the hives, and so take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the sake of honey, of which he was passionately fond. Where metheglin was making, he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called bee-wine. When he ran about, he used to make a humming noise with his lips, resembling the buzzing of bees. He was lean and sallow, of a cadaverous complexion, and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonder-

fully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding.* Knox informs us that bees are eaten in Ceylon.†

(To be continued.)

* White's *Natural History of Selborne* (Jardine's edition, 1839, p. 237.)

† Knox's *Ceylon*, p. 25.

MODE OF LIFE, DRESS, AND CUSTOMS OF THE FINLANDERS.

ON visiting Finland, the stranger finds no difficulty in securing a bed; and should he have the precaution to carry a few conveniences with him, he will find himself tolerably well accommodated. The people are exceedingly hospitable, and offer to the traveller, with an open heart, the food, humble though it be, which they possess. Milk, salt herrings, and, at times, salt meat, is the fare of the peasant. Contrasting them with those who visit Finland, they may be considered poor, but in relation to themselves they are rich, being supplied with everything that, in their opinion, constitutes good living. They are a very economical people; and should they, by their industry, have more money than immediate use requires, they either lay it up for some unforeseen emergency, or convert it into a vase, or some other domestic utensil. It has often surprised the stranger, when, on visiting the humble cottage of a Finland peasant, water or milk was brought to him in a silver vessel, of the value of fifty or sixty rix dollars.

The costume of the inhabitants of Finland has undergone a great change of late years, and has no resemblance to what it formerly was. On the borders of Forno, and even in the interior of Finland, the peasant, on Sundays, wears trowsers and vests similar to those worn by the peasants of France; and the females have their linen caps and silk bonnets for that day. When at home, the males remain in their shirt-sleeves, without a coat, and with but one single waistcoat, and are generally occupied in cutting fagots, mending nets, or constructing sledges, while the women busy themselves in teasing or spinning wool for clothing.

The males are remarkable for their mildness, patience, and resignation; and the women have, to a high degree, the same character. The latter are rather of a poetical turn of mind; for at each of the *fêtes*, or assemblies, they compose, extemporaneously, songs, which, if copied, would form a very interesting collection. The good fortune of being loved, or that of being a mother, excites their poetical faculties, and inspires them with feelings of sentiment. The mother seldom or ever leaves her child alone in the cradle: for when she is obliged to work in the fields, she carries it with her;

when she goes to church on Sunday, the child is also there; or when, in winter, she undertakes an excursion of twenty or thirty miles, to see one of her relations, she has it suspended, as is represented in the annexed engraving, to her side, in a cradle,

all the way, and lulls it to sleep by her songs, which she herself composes. The following was penned as a poor female peasant repeated it to her child, and which may give an idea of this naive poetry, so general in Finland:—



"Sleep on, little bird of the grove! sleep softly, pretty red-breast! God, in time, will wake you from your slumbers. He has given you branches to rest upon, and leaves to screen you from the cold blasts. Sleep is at the door, and asks, in a mellow-toned voice,—'Is there not a sweet child here, who is lying in its cradle, and is desirous of sleeping—a little child, enveloped in white garments—whose mild countenance speaks of the repose of heaven.'"

Acebi, in his "Travels through Finland," says:—

"We met at Mamola an old blind man, having his fiddle under his arm, surrounded by a crowd of boys and girls. There was

something respectable in his appearance; his forehead was bald, and a long beard, which was white as snow, covered his breast. He had the look of those bards who are described with so much enthusiasm in the history of the North, not one of whom, probably, was equal to this poor man in science or intelligence. His audience were not gathered round him for nothing; he sang verses, and related to them tales and anecdotes. On our approaching him, the poor mendicant asked us, in bad Swedish, for charity. We could not refuse him, however, as I held out my hand, I blushed: on looking at the manly and noble countenance of the pauper."

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER V.

GIVET.

August 1.

THIS is an exceedingly pretty town, situated on the Meuse, which separates Great from Little Givet, and is headed by a ridge of rocks, at the summit of which is the Fort of Charlemont. The *auberge*, called the Hotel of the Golden Mount, is very comfortable, and travellers may there find refreshments, though not the most exquisite, yet palatable to the hungry, and a bed, though not the softest in the world, yet highly acceptable to the weary.

The steeple of Little Givet is of simple construction, that of Great Givet is more complicated and more *recherché*. These evidently were the inventor's plans: the worthy architect took a priest's square cap, on which he placed, bottom upwards, a large plate, on this a sugar-loaf, and on the loaf a bottle, in the neck of which he thrust a steel spike, and on the spike placed a cock, intended to tell which wind was the strongest. This artist must have been of Flemish extraction.

Givet presents a pleasing aspect in the evening and at mid-day. When I viewed it, night had begun to cast its mantle over the *contour* of this singularly built steeple; smoke was still discernible hovering about the roofs of the houses; at my left, the elms were rustling softly in the gale of twilight; to my right, an ancient tower was reflected in the bosom of the Meuse; further on, at the foot of the redoubtable rock of Charlemont, I descried, like a white line, a long edifice, which I found to be nothing more than an uninhabited country-house; above the town, the towers and steeples, an immense ridge of rocks hid the horizon from my view; and in the distance, in a clear green sky, the half-moon appeared, with so much purity—with so much of heaven in it—that I imagined that God had exposed to our view part of his nuptial ring, testifying his wedded affection to man.

In the afternoon, I made up my mind to visit the venerable tower of Little Givet. Arrived, not without trouble, at the foot of the tower, which is dwindling into ruin, I found a large door, secured by a huge padlock. I knocked, shouted—but no one answered; and at last descended as I had come up. In turning round by the ruins, I discovered, among the rubbish which is daily

crumbling into dust and falling into the stream, a large stone, on which were the vestiges of an inscription; I examined them attentively, but could only make out the following letters:—

"LOQUE . . . SA . L . OMBRE
PARAS . . . MODI . SI .
ACAV . F . . . SOTROS."

Above these letters, which seem to have been scratched with a nail, the signature, "JOSE GUTIERREZ, 1643," remained entire. I had always a taste for inscriptions, and I assure you this one interested me much. What did it signify?—in what language was it written? By making some allowance for orthography, one might imagine that it was French; but, on considering that the words *para* and *otros* were Spanish, I concluded that this inscription must have been written in Castilian. After some reflection, I imagined that these were the original words:—

"LO QUE EMPESA AL HOMBRE
PARA SINISMO DIOS LE
ACAVA PARA LOS OTROS."

—"What man begins for himself, God finishes for others."

But who was this Gutierrez? The stone had evidently been taken from the interior of the tower. It was in 1643 that the battle of Rocroy was fought. Was Jose Gutierrez, then, one of the vanquished? had he been taken prisoner and shut up in the tower? and had he, to while away the long and tiresome days, written on the wall of his dungeon the melancholy *resumé* of his life and of that of all mankind—

"Ce que l'homme commence pour lui, Dieu l'achève pour les autres?"

At five o'clock next morning, I left *La France* by the route of Namur, comfortably seated on the *banquette* of the diligence Van Gend. We proceeded by the Belgian mountains, the only mountains of which that country can boast; for the Meuse, by continuing to flow in opposition to the *abaissement* of the plateau of Ardennes, succeeded in forming a plain which is now called Flanders—a plain that man has studded with fortresses, nature having refused it mountains for its protection.

What can a person do on the outside of a coach but gaze at all that comes within his view; I could not be better situated for such a purpose. Before me, was the greater portion of the valley of the Meuse; to the south, the two Givets, graciously linked by their bridge; to the west, the tower of Egmont, half in ruins, which was casting behind it an immense shadow; to the north, the sombre trenches into which the Meuse was emptying itself, and from whence a light blue vapour was arising. On turning my head, my eyes fell upon a handsome peasant girl, who was sitting by the open window of a cottage, dressing herself;

and above the hut of the *paysanne*, but almost lost to view, the formidable batteries of Charlemont crowned by the frontiers of France.

Whilst I was contemplating this *coup d'œil*, the peasant girl lifted her eyes, perceived me, smiled, saluted me graciously, and, without shutting the window or appearing disconcerted, continued her toilette.

LETTER VI.

THE BANKS OF THE MEUSE—DINANT—
NAMUR.

Liège, August 3.

I HAVE just arrived at Liège. The route from Givet, following the course of the Meuse, is very picturesque. It is singular that so little has been said of the banks of this river, for they are truly beautiful and romantic.

After passing the *cabaret* of the peasant girl, the road is full of windings, and leads through a forest interspersed with ravines and torrents; the base of a huge rock then meets the eye, a frightful precipice, about two or three hundred feet in depth. At the bottom of this precipice the Meuse is seen meandering peacefully along, and on the banks of the river a castle, which has the appearance of a *pâtisserie maniérée*. Nothing is more ridiculous than this petty work of man, surrounded by the sublimity of nature—the wonderful works of God.

About a quarter of a league further on, the road becomes very steep, and leads to the river. The Meuse here is straight, green in appearance, and runs to the left, with both sides thickly set with trees. A bridge is seen; and a river, small, but beautiful, empties itself into the Meuse. It is the Lesse.

On turning the road, a huge pyramidal rock, sharpened like the *flèche* of a cathedral, suddenly appears. The *conducteur* told me that it was the *Roche à Bazard*. The road passes between the mountain and this colossal *borne*, then turns again, and at the foot of an enormous block of granite, crowned with a citadel, a long street of old houses meets the eye. It is Dinant.

We stopped here about a quarter of an hour, sufficient time to observe a little garden in the diligence-yard, which suffices to warn the traveller that he is in Flanders. The flowers in it are very pretty, in the midst of which are two painted statues; the one represents a woman, or rather a mannequin, for it is clothed in an Indian gown, with an old silk hat. On approaching, an indistinct noise strikes the ear, and a strange spouting of water is perceived under her dress. We then discover that this female is a fountain.

After leaving Dinant, the valley extends, and the Meuse gradually widens. On the

right hand of the river the ruins of two ancient castles present themselves; the rocks are now only to be seen here and there under a rich covering of verdure; and a *houssé* of green *velours* bordered with flowers, covers the face of the country.

On this side are hop-fields, orchards, and trees burdened with fruit; on that the laden vine is ever appearing, amongst whose leaves the feathery tribe are joyously revelling. Here the cackling of ducks is heard, there the chuckling of hens. Young girls, their arms naked to the shoulder, are seen laughingly walking along with loaded baskets on their heads; and from time to time a village churchyard meets the eye, contrasting strangely with the neighbouring road, so full of joy, of beauty, and of life.

In one of those churchyards, whose dilapidated walls leave exposed to the view the tombstones,—the tall grass, green and blooming, mocking, as it were, the once vain mortal that moulders beneath,—I read the following inscription:—

“O FIE, DEFUNCTIS MISERIS SUCCURRE VIATOR!”

No *memento* ever had such an effect upon me as this. Ordinarily, the dead warn—here they supplicate.

After passing a hill, where the rocks, sculptured by the rain, resemble the half-worn and blackened stones of the old fountain of Luxembourg, we begin to perceive our near approach to Namur. Gentlemen's country seats begin to mix with the abodes of peasants, and the villa is no sooner passed than we come to a village.

The diligence stopped at one of these places, where I had on one side a garden well ornamented with colonnades and Ionic temples; on the other, a *cabaret*, at the door of which a number of men and women were drinking; and to the right, upon a pedestal of white marble, veined by the shadows of the branches, Venus de Medicis, half-hid among leaves, as if ashamed of being seen in a state of nakedness by a group of peasants.

About an hour afterwards we arrived at Namur, which is situated near the junction of the Sombre and the Meuse. The women are pretty and handsome, and the men have something pleasing and affable in the cast of their countenance. As to the town itself, there is nothing remarkable in it; nor has it anything in its general appearance which speaks of the antiquity of the city. There are no monuments, no architecture, no edifices worthy of notice; in fact, Namur can boast of nothing but mean-looking churches and fountains of the *mauvais goût* of Louis XV. The town is crowned, gloomily and sadly, by the citadel. However, I must say that I looked upon these fortifications with a feeling of respect, for they had once the

honour of being attacked by Vauban and defended by Cohorn.

Wherever there are no churches I always amuse myself by reading the signs; for the names of the *bourgeois*, almost as important to study as those of the nobility, appear above the doors in their most *naïve* form.

These three names, taken almost at random from the shops at Namur, have in them separate significations — *L'Epouse*, *Debarsy*, *Negociante*. In reading these we feel assured that we are in a town which belonged to the French to-day, to the foreigner to-morrow, and next day again to the French; a town where the language has changed, and become insensibly *dénaturé*—French words, linked, with German awkwardness, into phrases. *Crucifex Piret, mercier*—this speaks of the Catholic religion of Flanders; for there is not such a name, in all France. *Menendez-Wodon, horloger*—a Castilian and a Flemish name joined by a hyphen. Is not this the domination of Spain over the Pays-Bas, written, attested and related in a proper name? Thus these three express the general features of the country: the first tells the language; the second, the religion; and the last, the history.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

FINE APPROACH TO COPENHAGEN.

Our sail for the last two hours was one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. The impressions were so new and lively that none of us can forget the excitement of the scene. All were struck by beauties of which they had previously heard so little; and all acknowledged that the first appearance of Copenhagen is among the finest in the world. Only one or two of the capitals of Europe make so gallant a show on approaching them. The Danish capital in fact is a complete triumph of art and taste; it is beautiful in spite of its position, which is perhaps the worst imaginable, yet with such admirable skill are its buildings grouped, that it looks finer than some cities which enjoy the advantage of magnificent situations. Nature has here done little, man a great deal. In the city itself, towers, some light, some massive; in the basins, masts tapering and graceful; on the heights behind, trees of great size and beauty; and along the flat shore, dense masses of foliage already in summer splendour: such at first are the only objects standing out from the huge piles of building, till ere long these masses break down into palaces, churches, and fortresses. By and by we distinguish, in front, ramparts

and moles, stretching far out into the sea while new life is added to the scene, by the many ships from every country waiting in the roadstead for a favourable breeze to get up the Baltic, or swiftly shooting on for the Sound. Elsinore, too, with literary recollections endearing it to every Englishman, is in sight. The more distant coast of Sweden, with the houses of Malmö, are sparkling in the setting sun. While here before us, just as we enter, the noble file of ships lined out from the harbour, as if to grace our arrival, the little landing-places and rampart-walk are covered with thousands of holiday idlers come to witness the entrance of the steamer—and a fine display they make, all in their gayest attire.

But, stranger! if a Briton, look around for a moment ere you enter. Your heart must be strangely attuned if no chord is awakened here—for the waves you are crossing were once dyed with the blood of your gallant countrymen! On this very spot fought "Nelson and the North" for

" — the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown;
And her arms along the deep proudly shone."
—*Excursions in Denmark, &c.*

THE SNOW STORM.*

A TALE FOR FEBRUARY.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FEBRUARY."
(From *Ainsworth's Magazine*.)

" Wide o'er the plains and distant worlds
I see the pall of darkness flow;
And all around, in mighty folds,
The winding-sheet of new-fall'n snow."
ANN RADCLIFFE.

" Hark! the rushing snow, whose mass,
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there
Flake after flake!"—SHELLEY.

" Don't go to market to-day, mother—pray don't! Look at the sky! it's as black as a coal! and the wind's enough to blow you off the horse—I'm sure there's a great fall of snow coming. Never mind the market. Don't go, mother!—you'll be frozen to death. Don't go!"

These words were addressed, one morning in February, by a girl about sixteen years of age, to her parent, a widow, who rented a small farm a few miles from Wells, in Somersetshire, and whose means for the subsistence of herself and family were derived chiefly from the sale of dairy produce at the market town. Hearing this appeal from her daughter, the good woman, who had wrapped herself up in her travelling dress, and drawn the hood of her warm,

* Founded on the accident which happened, in the winter of 1799, to Elizabeth Wpocock. The principal circumstance, marvellous as it may appear, is perfectly well authenticated.

red cloak over her head, seemed irresolute whether to proceed or stay at home. At length, however, she said—

"No, Agnes, I *must* go. The panniers are packed; old Tartar, ready saddled, stands at the door; besides, Sir Richard's steward will be here to-morrow for the quarter's rent. You know what he said the last time he called. I *must* go, dear Agnes; the steward is more to be feared than the weather."

The poor girl said no more; but she looked beseechingly into her mother's face.

It was not alone by Agnes that a dismal apprehension, induced by the lowering and menacing state of the sky, was felt. Another of the widow's children, a youth, two years younger than his sister, was equally anxious. At the moment we have just indicated, he was holding Tartar in the yard, ready to assist his mother into the saddle. As the house-door stood open, he heard what had passed between Agnes and their parent. Casting an eager glance up to the dim and leaden sky, and listening to the rush of the savage wind, his fear became confirmed; though, after the determination his mother had expressed, he did not like to add his dissuasions to those of his sister.

The widow came forth. "We have a weary journey to go to-day, Tartar," said she, patting the horse's neck; "but you and I are old acquaintance, and we shall do well enough. Now, Stephen," she added, as she stood on the mounting-block, "see that his girth is right, and the panniers well poised. All safe, eh? Give me the bridle."

"Mother," said the youth, "I'm not going to persuade you not to go, after what you've just said; but I don't like the look of the weather, any more than Agnes does. Let me go with you. I can walk as fast as Tartar, now that he is loaded; and when we come back, and have left the goods behind us, he'll carry double well enough. It isn't easy for one person to manage a horse in a snow-drift. Horses are apt to get frightened if they don't feel the ground firm under their feet. If that should be the case, what could you, by yourself, do with old Tartar?"

"Thank you, my dear," replied the widow; "you are always thoughtful for your mother; and I am not the less pleased with what you have offered, because I do not accept it. You and Agnes reckon too much on the chances of a storm. I have seen many worse mornings than this pass off harmlessly enough;—then, you can't be spared from home. Agnes must be busy in the dairy, and you will find enough to do about the farm."

So saying, Mrs. Thorpe gave the word to Tartar, who trotted off slowly and reluctantly, as if he, too, did not relish the freez-

ing air, and the unnatural twilight which brooded around. A few gentle applications of his mistress's whip quickened his pace; and in a minute or two both horse and rider were lost to the view of Stephen and his sister, as they stood at the farm-house gate. The road along which Mrs. Thorpe had to pass in her way to Wells was, unfortunately, a very exposed one; and our good woman felt benumbed by an icy blast that drove remorselessly from the north-east across the country. Still no snow fell; and pressing her cloak closely about her, she rode onwards with a cheerful heart, pleased in the reflection that, spite of wind and weather, she had not neglected to exert herself for her family. Equally desirous with his mistress to get to the end of the journey, old Tartar put his best foot foremost, and in little more than a hour and a half reached Wells. Having seen her horse comfortably stalled in the stable of the Angel and Crown, Mrs. Thorpe stationed herself, with her farm-house dainties, under the market roof. Here she soon found abundant customers; for not only was the produce of her dairy in high esteem by the townfolk, but the market on that day afforded little choice, few of the country dealers having been hardy enough to face the biting and threatening weather. Our widow, therefore, disposed of her commodities to the best possible advantage; and, with purse well filled and thankful heart, prepared, about four o'clock in the afternoon, for return homewards. Meanwhile the state of the atmosphere grew worse and worse. A grey and livid mist filled the air, bringing on premature darkness. The wan rime hung on every object out of doors; while the wind, as if some heavy mass of congealed vapour hovered above, and checked the gusts in their free course through the upper sky, moaned and shrieked in melancholy clamour.

"This is a wild kind of evening, Mrs. Thorpe," said the landlady of the Angel and Crown, as our widow directed that her horse might be got ready for her. "The young ones, when they consider the weather, won't expect you home to-night: you'd better stay where you are till morning. It's a nasty road to your village, and I never saw so dreary an afternoon. Come into the bar; sit down by the fireside, and let me make up a bed for you."

"Thank you," returned the widow; "but when I left the farm this morning, my children were fearing all manner of things about the weather, and they would be terrified to death should I not return. Thank you for your kindness; but I feel strong, and in good spirits, and *must* be with the children to-night."

Bidding farewell to the landlady, she seated herself on Tartar's back and departed

on her return to the farm. Mrs. Thorpe had scarcely cleared the town before the white shower, which had been breeding all day, fell pitilessly, blinding, with its thick and heavy flakes, what little light was left. No object was visible, except the solid spires of the old cathedral, standing in "the grim evening sky," like a gray and ghostly vision; and even these soon vanished, becoming as nothing in the dense and snow-laden air. Should she return, and accept the hospitality of the Angel and Crown? No!—in proportion to the dismal character of the evening was the necessity of quieting, by her presence, her children's apprehensions. The good woman, accordingly, spoke a few words of encouragement to old Tartar, and urged him to his best speed.

Night came on; and the young watchers in the farm became more and more alarmed for the safety of their parent. Even the little ones (for there were two younger than Stephen and Agnes) begged not to be sent to bed till their mother should return home; and so they sat, hour after hour, listening to the wild blast, and almost fearing to speak, lest each, by communicating to the other his or her fear, should strengthen the already intolerable agony that weighed on all. Often did Stephen go out of doors and gaze into the storm, and return to the trembling party with a face that seemed to have caught its whiteness from the deep snow which buried the earth.

"Light a lantern, Agnes, while I get my great coat and hat. I cannot sit here any longer," said Stephen. "I will go out, and seek my mother."

"How will you be able to walk in the deep snow, dear brother?" asked Agnes. "You can do no good in such a night. Perhaps," continued she, as a sudden thought struck her—"perhaps mother is staying at Wells, on account of the weather, and we are all alarming ourselves without reason."

"No, no!" ejaculated the youth. "She would not stay, after all that passed this morning—I know her brave heart too well for that; besides, it did not snow at the time she would be starting for home. Do not stop me! she must not perish, while I have strength to try and save her."

"Get some one, then, to go with you, dear Stephen," said the girl.

"Alas, Agnes!" replied her brother, "you forget that it is near midnight, and that our few neighbours have been some hours a-bed and asleep. Give me the lantern!—nothing on earth shall prevent my going forth."

Though this determination of her brother increased the terror of Agnes, she felt that any attempt to dissuade him from so pious an errand would be not only futile as regarded himself, but might look like want

of affection for her mother. With a heavy sigh, she wrapped her shawl around Stephen's throat, kissed him, placed the lantern in his hand, and the youth sallied out into the dismal night. About the house and in the narrow and enclosed village lane the snow was very deep, though its direct descent was diverted by the fury of the blast, which whirled the flakes into the eddies before they touched the ground, and rendered the wayfarer's progress difficult and uncertain. Nevertheless, guided by his lantern, Stephen pushed on; and, gaining the open road, which was not bounded by hedges, found a firmer footing, as the snow had drifted off into the hollows of the adjacent fields and into the ditches at his side. But whither should he direct his course?—How, in the blackness of the night, rendered tenfold more perplexing by the blinding flakes, was he to seek his lost mother? Heedless of the difficulties that beset him, he plodded onwards. The ceaseless wind tore up the snow that lay in his path, heaping it, here and there, into masses, through which it was fearfully toilsome and numbing to struggle. His lantern, however, did the youth some service; and the thought of his mother nerved him to press resolutely on his way. Ever and anon, when the blast was for a moment lulled, he shouted in the dreary and savage night-solitude; but no other sound than that of his own voice, except the rush of the drifts and the howling gusts, met his ear.

Having passed two or three miles in this perilous excursion, he reached a more sheltered spot; this, however, instead of comforting him, only increased his difficulty, as the snow had here accumulated in so high a mound, as to forbid any further progress. Stephen could not choose but halt; though in so doing he again threw out his voice upon the wind, in the trembling hope that his mother might hear him. With a steady fixture of his feet, and a firm arm, though his heart fainted, he held his lantern aloft as a signal, poor fellow! not thinking that its feeble gleam could not, in so thick an atmosphere, be discerned many paces from where he was stationed.

As he stood thus, bearing the light over his head, like a statue in the snowy waste, he descried, at a short distance from him, a large dark figure looming through the obscurity. In another moment, he was convinced that the object, though indistinctly seen, was a horse; which, having gained the more open road, where a better footing was afforded, speedily vanished from his sight. This, he felt certain, could be no other than Tartar.

"Mother! mother!" shouted he in a convulsive voice. "Speak!—'tis I, Stephen, your son. Speak, dear mother!"

There was no response, though he list-

ened till the muffled sound of the horse's hoofs died on his ear.

"It must have been Tartar," said he to himself; "and she might have been upon his back; the hood over her ears and eyes would have prevented her from either hearing my voice or seeing the light. In this blessed hope, I'll return home."

The getting back was, however, more difficult than his onward path had been; for the fierce wind now blew directly in his face, driving the snow flakes against his eyes. To increase the desolation by which he was surrounded, his light, now low in the socket, was extinguished, and all traces of the road were obliterated. Still, keeping up his presence of mind, and walking with slow and wary paces, he suffered not himself to be bewildered, and at length gained the enclosed lane leading to the farm. His knock at the door was quickly answered by Agnes, who was sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter?" gasped he, as he staggered into the house. "I have seen Tartar. Is he come back?"

"Yes!" feebly ejaculated Agnes.

"And mother with him?"

"He came alone!" shrieked the girl, with a look of despair.

"Then she has perished!" exclaimed Stephen, falling like one dead on the floor.

We left Mrs. Thorpe plodding homewards, and encouraging her horse to be steady in the snow-storm. With great toil and not a few mishaps she arrived at a narrow part of the road, not very far from the spot which Stephen had reached, and where he had seen Tartar. Here the animal, perceiving the formidable obstacle before him, backed, and could not be urged on. He grew more and more restive; and the widow fearing, by his skittish movements from side to side, that he would lose his footing in one of the ditches that lined the road, dismounted, intending to lead him home. Tartar was now, however, beyond control. He started violently, and broke from his mistress, who, nothing daunted, attempted to regain the bridle. Wild as he was, the beast did not lose his instinct; he knew that the open ground was less encumbered with snow than the hedge-bordered road. Seeing a low gate at hand, he suddenly leaped it, and gained the common. Still Mrs. Thorpe retained her self-possession, and followed the horse, determined, if possible, to recapture him. In this endeavour she lost one of her shoes in the snow, and was so weary with the exertions she had already made, that her pursuit of Tartar was greatly impeded. Nevertheless, even under these discouraging circumstances, she persisted; and having followed him about half a mile, came up with the animal, regained the bridle, and made another attempt to lead him home.

Poor soul! her energies, untiring as they had been, were now near exhaustion. Almost frozen to death by the stern inclemency, covered with snow, desperately fatigued, and suffering intolerable pain in the foot which was without a shoe, nature gave way, and she was unable to proceed. Her fingers, too, were so benumbed that she could no longer maintain her grasp of the bridle. Sinking down on the ground in this state, "Tartar," said she, "I am too faint to go any further; you must go home without me. Lord have mercy upon me! what will become of me?" Having uttered these words, she swooned.

"The ground whereon she sat," says a writer familiar with the locality, "was upon a level with the common field, close under a thicket on the south-west. She well knew its situation, and its distance from her own house. Only a small quantity of snow, at the time she fainted, had drifted near her; but it accumulated so rapidly that she was soon completely hemmed in by it. The depth of snow in which she was enveloped was about six feet in a perpendicular direction, and over her head between two and three."

When the cave had thus formed itself around her, and not till then, she recovered from her trance, and became fully aware of the horror of her situation. She tried to extricate herself, but her feebleness was too extreme to permit any effectual exertion, not to mention that her garments were so stiffened by the frost as to render the least movement almost impossible. With rare and more than manly constancy, she still kept up her heart; and resigning herself to the necessity of her situation, sat waiting for the dawn. At sunrise on the following morning, the air, disencumbered of the load that had oppressed it the preceding day, became clear and bright; the wind, too, was tired of raving, and all around was serene. Intense coldness, however, still prevailed; and the snow, to use the great poet's words, was "*baked with frost*." It had hardened itself about her into a conical hut; but she was not in darkness; for, as the sunbeams grew strong, she observed before her a circular hole in the snow, about two feet in length, and half a foot in diameter, running obliquely upwards. Through this the widow thrust her handkerchief, as a signal of distress, hanging it on one of the uppermost twigs of the thicket.

Not abandoning all hope of deliverance, and trusting yet that she should see her children again, she ruminated on the chances of life still remaining to her. Thus busied in thought, it occurred to her that a change in the moon was approaching, and having bought the new year's almanac at Wells, she with great difficulty

took it from her frozen pocket, and found there would be a new moon the next day, February 6th. From this fact she derived great consolation, though the thought of what her children would suffer on missing her, brought with it infinite torment.

In her snow prison, however, the forlorn creature remained day after day, and night after night, perfectly distinguishing the alternation of light and darkness, and hearing the bells of her own village, about two miles distant, which rang in winter time at eight every evening. She could hear, moreover, the sound of carts and wagons on the road, the bleating of sheep, and the barking of dogs. One day she listened to a conversation between two gipsies about an ass they had lost; but though she tried to attract their notice by her cries, the wall of snow stifled her voice, and they passed on.

"I fear," murmured she to herself, "I am doomed to die in this snow cave. I am already in my grave! Alas! my poor children! what will become of you? how will your tender age struggle in this hard world?"

Feeling that she was approaching her end, her mind took a rapid retrospect of her life. She thought of her dead husband, and looked mournfully at the wedding-ring given to her on a day of happiness and bright anticipation. "This," said she, "will be buried with me; for my hand is so much swollen that any one who may find my body will not be able to get it off, unless—." And she sickened at the thought of mutilation.

A week had passed since the first day of the widow's imprisonment, during which she had been able just to keep soul and body together by eating snow. A thaw now took place; her clothes were wetted quite through; the aperture before mentioned became considerably enlarged; and she once more made an effort to release herself. But her strength was too much impaired: her feet and legs were no longer obedient to her will, and her garments, saturated with water, weighed her down. The frost, too, came on again, and the cave grew more rigid after its external surface had been melted. Her last chance had arrived, and it was of no avail. Utter despair took possession of her. She sat with her hands spread over her face, heaving deep sighs, and stupified with grief, pain, and exhaustion. Her breathing was short and difficult, and approaching dissolution became more and more manifest.

Who shall describe the dismay of the wretched children at the farm, as days passed on, and nothing was heard of their mother—no tidings even that her body had been found? Stephen, however, had not been idle during the week. He explored

the road day after day, and, accompanied by a neighbour, searched the huts of some gipsies who had encamped by the road side, and whom they suspected had robbed and murdered his mother. No portion of her clothes or other property being found among these vagrants, it occurred to Stephen that it would be advisable to leave the road, and examine the open fields; for though he had no longer the slightest hope of finding his mother alive, he was anxious that her corpse should not be the prey of birds or reptiles.

On the second Sunday, about half-past twelve at noon, he came near the spot where his parent was imbedded: her handkerchief still hung on the twigs: his quick eye caught it in an instant: he knew it, and perceiving the aperture in the mound, looked in, and saw his mother! The pulsation of his heart ceased; but, agitated, as he was, he could hear her low, faint moaning. Gasping for breath, he could just articulate, "Mother! mother! I am here, and will deliver you!"

With desperate hands he tore at the stubborn wall that enclosed her whom he sought, and made a breach sufficiently wide to permit him to enter.

"You, Stephen!" ejaculated the widow, as she fainted in her son's arms.

The youth had sufficient presence of mind not to remove her immediately into the open air; but telling the friend who had accompanied him to hasten to the village, procure a horse and cart and some blankets, and return with all possible speed, removed the frozen cloak from his mother's person, wrapped his own coat and waistcoat round her, and pressed her to his warm bosom. And thus they remained till effectual relief arrived. The sufferer was now enclosed in blankets, lifted gently into the cart, and revived with a small quantity of brandy.

"I have been a long time in that cave, Stephen," she said.

"Yes, dear, dear mother," replied the youth; "ever since Friday night."

"Ay," she rejoined, "Friday week." I have heard the bells go two Sundays for church."

"Do not exert yourself by speaking, mother; we shall soon be at home."

Medical aid was immediately procured; Mrs. Thorpe spoke to the surgeon with a voice tolerably strong, though hoarse; her hands and arms were sodden, and her legs and feet frost-bitten. By judicious treatment on the part of the surgeon, and affectionate nursing by her children, the widow, after long confinement to her bed, recovered from her injuries, though one of her feet, from the toes to the middle of the instep, was rigid and deformed for the rest of her life.

HYDROPATHY.*

"WHAT is hydropathy?" we expect will be the question asked by many, after perusing the above title. The answer is, a system of curing all curable diseases incident to the human frame, by the agency of cold spring water, air, and exercise, alone. Such an allegation is startling enough, and was first received by ourselves with much distrust, living as we do in an age so fertile of imposture and pretension, of Mesmerism and mysticism. But we have taken pains to look into this system as practised by Vincent Priessnitz, at an establishment he has founded and superintends for its application, at Gräfenberg, in Austrian Silesia; and should deem ourselves negligent of our duty did we not invite public attention to the subject. If the system is fallacious, the sooner it is exposed the better; but if effective, as its advocates affirm, then will its extension confer the greatest blessing on suffering mankind. All drugs are pronounced by Priessnitz to be poisons, and all mineral springs to contain, not life, but death, in their waters. The horse or the ox which declines Harrogate water is wiser than man; nature has made the water nauseous to warn all animals against drinking it; the animal, therefore, which follows instinct, is right; the reasoning animal, man, is wrong. Apothecaries' Hall, our next-door neighbour, to which we have so often resorted for relief, and departed under a notion that we obtained it, now totters to a fall, on the fiat of a Silesian peasant, and his name will be most bitterly cursed, from Carlisle to Cheltenham, by all the lodging-house keepers of every watering place from Buxton to Harrogate, from Toplitz to Tonbridge Wells.

Pure cold spring water is the beverage to secure health and longevity, and its application in a variety of ways, both externally and internally, is declared by Priessnitz to be "the very best of physic." More than 7000 patients, labouring under the most complicated forms of acute and chronic disease, many of whose cases had been resigned in despair by able physicians, have received relief under the treatment of Priessnitz, at Gräfenberg. But we must now introduce him and his Silesian establishment more formally to our readers.

Vincent Priessnitz is the son of a small farmer, and was born on the land upon which his present establishment is placed. His father's humble means prevented Vincent from obtaining more than a very limited education, and the father's blindness in advanced life cast the management of the farm

upon the son. In the immediate neighbourhood there lived an old man who used to practise the water cure upon cattle, and it is supposed that from this source the young Priessnitz derived his first ideas of the subject. His first patient seems to have been himself, and rather marvellous is the narrative of events, given by Mr. Claridge, whose words we will quote:—

"Early in life, whilst engaged in hay-making, an accident which befel him was the principal cause of the dispensation of one of the greatest blessings to suffering humanity; he was kicked in the face by a horse, which knocked him down, and the cart passing over his body broke two of his ribs. A surgeon from Freiwalden being called in, declared that he never could be so cured as to be fit for work again. Having always possessed great presence of mind, and an unusual degree of firmness, the young Priessnitz, not being pleased with this prognostication of the doctor, and being somewhat acquainted already with the treatment of trifling wounds by the means of cold water, determined to endeavour to cure himself. To effect this, his first care was to replace his ribs, and this he did by leaning his abdomen with all his might against a table or a chair, and holding his breath, so as to swell out his chest. This painful operation was attended with the success he expected; the ribs being thus replaced, he applied wet cloths to the parts affected, drank plentifully of water, ate sparingly, and remained in perfect repose. In ten days he was able to go out, and at the end of a year he was again at his occupation in the fields."

The Silesian surgeon's notion, that a couple of broken ribs would disable a peasant boy for life, does not indicate much medical skill on his part; but if the above narrative is accurate, the facts disclose in the young Priessnitz those qualities of sagacity, firmness, self-possession, and patience, which are so essential for the constitution of the high medical character. The fame of Priessnitz' extraordinary cure soon spread around the neighbourhood, and brought patients begging his assistance and advice. He shortly became so famous, that the envy of the medical practitioners was awakened, and they denounced him to the authorities at Vienna as a dangerous empiric, whose quackery should be stopped by the strong arm of the law. It was alleged that the sponges and wet cloths which Priessnitz employed in the ablution of his patients were medicated with drugs more potent than pure spring water. Upon this denunciation, Aulic inspectors came to Gräfenberg to investigate; the sponges were decomposed, and nothing either worse or better than water was detected in their contents. After a searching examination,

* Hydropathy, or the Cold-water Cure, as practised by Vincent Priessnitz, at Gräfenberg, Silesia, Austria. By R. T. Claridge, Esq.

the commission appointed by the Austrian government to inquire, found that the only agents employed by Priessnitz in effecting his cures were, cold water, air, and exercise, and were so convinced of the benefits derivable from his system, and its perfect safety to patients in the most advanced stages of disease, that on their report the most jealous government in Europe allowed Priessnitz to continue his operations. Those who came to punish remained to praise; and since that time, the hydropathist has been honoured by the friendship of many members of the Imperial family, and by distinguished individuals from every quarter of the Continent. In England the name of Priessnitz has only just been heard, and in the list of his patients for 1841 only two Englishmen are found, whereas there are 367 Austrians (the prophet *has* honour in his own country), and no fewer than 527 from Prussia. One of the English patients, we presume, is Mr. Claridge, who gives the following account of the hydropathic treatment to which he himself was subjected:—

“Having at last made up my mind to become one of Priessnitz’ patients, I was prepared for his coming in the morning. The first thing that he did was to request me to strip and go into the large cold bath, where I remained two or three minutes. On coming out, he gave me instructions, which I pursued as follows:—At four o’clock in the morning, my servant folded me in a large blanket, over which he placed as many things as I could conveniently bear, so that no external air could penetrate. After perspiration commenced it was allowed to continue for an hour; he then brought a pair of straw shoes, wound the blanket close about my body, and in this state of perspiration I descended to a large cold bath, in which I remained three minutes, then dressed, and walked until breakfast, which was composed of milk, bread, butter, and strawberries (the wild strawberry in this country grows in abundance, from the latter end of May until late in October.) At ten o’clock, I proceeded to the douche, under which I remained four minutes, returned home, and took a sitz and foot-bath, each for fifteen minutes; dined at one o’clock.

“At four, proceeded again to the douche; at seven, repeated the sitz and foot-baths; retired to bed at half-past nine, previously having my feet and legs bound up in cold wet bandages. I continued this treatment for three months, and during that time walked about 1000 miles. Whilst thus subjected to the treatment I enjoyed more robust health than I had ever done before; the only visible effect that I experienced was an eruption on both my legs, but which, on account of the bandages, pro-

duced no pain. It is to these bandages, the perspiration, and the baths, that I am indebted for the total departure of my rheumatism.”

The above is one specimen of hydropathic treatment; but a great variety of modes may be found in the volume, to which we refer those readers who desire fuller information on the subject. All these dressings and undressings, washings and rubbings and bandagings, this perpetual buttoning and unbuttoning, must be terribly irksome; but the fact of so many submitting to their infliction strongly indicates that benefits have been felt to flow from Priessnitz’ operations, else would the irritable invalids, whom luxurious living had debilitated, never have endured it for a single week. Mr. Claridge enumerates the diseases which are curable by the hydropathic process, and among them may be found some of the most frequent and many of the most formidable which attack the human frame. Several cases of patients are given, but we have not space to recite them; we will, however, make an extract from a letter of Dr. Behrend, of Berlin, unfolding his views of Priessnitz’ proceedings:—

“The new method of applying cold water in the cure of most diseases, internally and externally, was discovered by a peasant named Priessnitz, a man endowed with superior intelligence and extraordinary penetration. It has been in use for eight years, with the consent of the Austrian government, at Gräfenberg, a village in Austrian Silesia. The number of patients of all ranks of society during this year was more than 1,500 (not including fifty doctors). The village of Gräfenberg is already changed into a small town. The great success which Priessnitz has obtained, and still obtains every day, does not depend upon the quality or composition of the water, which is pure spring water, but on the new manner in which it is administered.

“Establishments have been already formed of the same nature at Breslaw, Brunswick, Dresden, Gotha, Bavaria, Cassell, &c.; there are two at Berlin, and a friend of mine is on the point of establishing one in some town or village of Belgium. After having seen such extraordinary success obtained by this hydropathic method—after having examined, without prejudice, the persons returning cured from Gräfenberg, many of whom were connexions of my own,—I went there with two other professional men in order to see with our own eyes. We stayed there six weeks, strictly examining the peasant Priessnitz’ method.

“Practitioner as I am, of fifteen years’ standing, and editor, for six years, of a medical journal, I was at first a little mis-

trustful of this novelty, and compared it with many others whose authors pretended to reform the medical arts and who have completely vanished. But that which I saw with my own eyes at Gräfenberg and other similar establishments struck me, as it will you, with astonishment. I have seen asthma and pleurisies completely cured in three or four days by cold water only. I have seen an old intermittent fever cured by cold water, without quinine or any other remedy than cold water. I have seen measles, scarlatina, smallpox, nervous fevers, rheumatism, scrofula, hernia, tracheitis, or complaints of the throat, gout, ringworm, syphilis, tic-doloureux, and other nervous affections; tumours in the glands, swelling of the heart, liver, and all effects of mercury, and many other diseases, cured by simple cold water, without the aid of any other remedy whatever; and in a comparatively shorter time and a more favourable manner for the constitution than could have been attained by any other means. Cold water is administered in all diseases, internally and externally, but the method of application is varied according to the individual and the case. Cold water serves sometimes as a revulsive and sometimes as a depressive agent, and in all these cases the efficacy of water is so clearly manifested that to doubt is impossible."

All this sounds marvellous and incredible, and will be long before it wins English belief; but Dr. Behrend is an experienced medical practitioner, who went to see and examine for himself, and he informs us that both the Austrian and Prussian governments are satisfied of the validity of Priessnitz' alleged powers of healing. True, he employs only one agent—water; but then he applies it in an almost infinite variety of ways, and is said to treat no two cases precisely alike. From his deficient education, and also, now, from the complete occupation of his time, it is quite hopeless that Priessnitz can transmit his knowledge to posterity by his pen. Disciples, therefore, must gather wisdom from his lips, or rather from a minute observation of his every act; for he is a man of few words, and retains all the simplicity of his early peasant life. His sagacity in detecting the very seat of disease is little short of the miraculous, if all we have read of him be true; but, allowing for the exaggeration of admirers, and he himself, simple man, is quite innocent of advertisement or puff, it must be very extraordinary. We hear that none of the establishments set up in imitation of him have as yet equalled their model. We should therefore advise a still more strict analysis of the Gräfenberg waters, to ascertain whether they may not be mineral after all. It is confidently affirmed that no water can be more free from

any mineral admixture or taint, as Priessnitz would call it, than that used at Gräfenberg—but let this point be put beyond all doubt. Priessnitz' honesty seems equal to his skill. He does not pretend to the possession of a panacea—he at once tells a patient whether he can cure him or not, and frequently rejects applications. Neither does he profess to restore the powers of nature, if extinguished by disease or a long course of irregular living. He says he can cure all curable diseases, and refresh powers impaired to a degree which many physicians would pronounce desperate.

It is no part of the task which we have prescribed ourselves in noticing the volume before us to advocate M. Priessnitz' system, nor can we go, in our belief of its efficacy, to the extent of his enthusiastic continental eulogists; but it certainly deserves investigation in this country, where, until very recently, its existence even was unknown. To speak of cold pure spring water as a medicine is, we are well aware, at once to raise a laugh or provoke a sneer, especially in this country, where a horror almost of cold water prevails. With rare exceptions, among the refined, a majority of even decent English men and women content themselves with washing their hands and faces twice a day in cold water, and their feet once a week in warm. All the other portions of the skin, which has such important functions to discharge in our animal economy, is left neglected. The nations of antiquity with one common consent used baths and ablutions of the whole person. The Spartans strung their nerves for Thermopylæ by a daily bath in the Eurotas; and among the Romans the current proverb, "*Nec degere nec natare didicet*," shews how habitual was the use of water with them. If we direct our observation to a modern nation, the Turks, we may perceive the benefits derivable from daily ablutions. Indigestion is but little known among the Turks, and yet no people on earth do more to induce it. On one day a Turk will dine on cucumber and cheese, the next he will gorge himself from a dozen greasy dishes; for three months together he will be twelve hours a day on horseback, and for the ensuing three months he will, perhaps, scarcely stir from his sofa; and yet it is rare to meet a dyspeptic Turk. With such habits, how can we account for this fact? We attribute the Turk's exemption from dyspepsia to the daily ablution which his religion prescribes.

But the direct application of cold water to the cure of diseases is not so great a novelty as some of Priessnitz' admirers appear to imagine. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, prescribes cold water for the treatment of the most serious diseases; Celsus and Galen recommend its use in

both sickness and health, and we could give a long list of writers who have adopted the same views. We may mention that nearly a century ago, in 1747, John Wesley published a book entitled, *Primitive Physic; or, an Easy and Natural Method of Curing most Diseases*, in which he gives his opinion that water properly applied will cure almost every disease which flesh is heir to. The founder of Methodism was not a physician, but he was a shrewd observer, and the valuable little work to which we have alluded is full of excellent advice, of which a regular practitioner need not be ashamed. But simple remedies do not suit this luxurious generation, they long for what is elaborate and costly; they are willing to "do some great thing," but when merely told to "wash and be clean," like Naaman the Syrian, they turn away from the river in a rage.—*Abridged from the Times.*

The Gatherer.

French and Belgian Piracies of English Works.—The attention of the legislature and of the government is loudly called to the subject of foreign invasion of British copyright, which is daily increasing to a most serious extent. To take the most recent instance:—Mr. Warren's tale of *Ten Thousand a Year*, after having been first published, during nearly two years, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, was thoroughly revised, and in many parts entirely rewritten, by the author; and though three times the length of Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley*, was published, about Christmas last, in three vols. post 8vo, closely printed, price 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.*, at a considerable sacrifice. It has had a very large sale, but has had to encounter a serious obstacle in the French and Belgian editions, in the English language, published at Brussels, and by Galignani at Paris, which have been poured into this country to an extent of many thousands of copies, in two thick 12mo volumes, sold for four or five shillings. These are all mere reprints from the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and one moment's comparison of them with the authentic English separate edition will demonstrate the injury thus done, not only to the author and publisher's pecuniary interests, but to the literary reputation of the former, and to the British public, on whom is palmed off a vastly inferior edition of a very celebrated and successful work. To such an extent is this carried, that we positively know of circulating libraries and private book clubs, both in town and country, to say nothing of great numbers of private persons, to whom these foreign editions have been disposed of easily, and as a matter of course. We understand that the

attention of Parliament is to be speedily called to this subject, with a view to either altering the law, or at least securing a rigid enforcement of the existing law. It is well known that Mr. Murray suffered to a tremendous extent by the French editions of Lord Byron's works surreptitiously introduced into this country. Our French and other foreign friends forget that they have nothing, as our publishers have, to pay to the author!—*Publishers' Circular.*

Irish Milestones.—A stranger riding along the road, observed that all the milestones were turned in a particular way, not facing the road, but rather averted from it. He called to a countryman, and inquired the reason. "O, bless you, Sir," replied the man, "the wind is so strong sometimes in these parts, that if we weren't to turn the backs of the milestones to it, the stones would be blown off them, clear and clean."—*Morning Herald.*

Preparation for Death.—The convict Delahunt, who was lately executed in Dublin, amused himself a short time previously in making mouse-traps and catching mice. The fact is mentioned in a letter from a man who had visited him in the prison. Can the convict be in a sound mind?

St. Marylebone Bank for Savings.—The twelfth annual general meeting of this institution was held on Thursday, the 14th of this month, at the office, No. 76, Wellington-street, Cavendish-square, the Rev. Dr. Spry, D.D., in the chair. It appeared from the several reports read to the meeting that the progress of this bank continues to be of a very rapid description; no less than 2512 new deposits having been made in the last year; 13,004 deposit accounts remained open on the 20th of November last, of which no less than 8382 held balances averaging less than 4*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.* each. Upwards of 266,407*l.* was then invested with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt; this amount has since risen to 269,707*l.*, and is rapidly on the advance. The evidence this affords of the strong and growing disposition of the working classes to provide against the casualties of life, will prove a source of gratification to all reflecting minds.

Curious Coincidences.—In Lloyd's list of Jan. 24th, 1842, it is announced that the "*John Calvin*," Captain Knox, sailed for Bombay. Also, on Jan. 29th, the "*Romco*" and the "*Juliet*," each entered outwards for Calcutta.—T. S. S.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

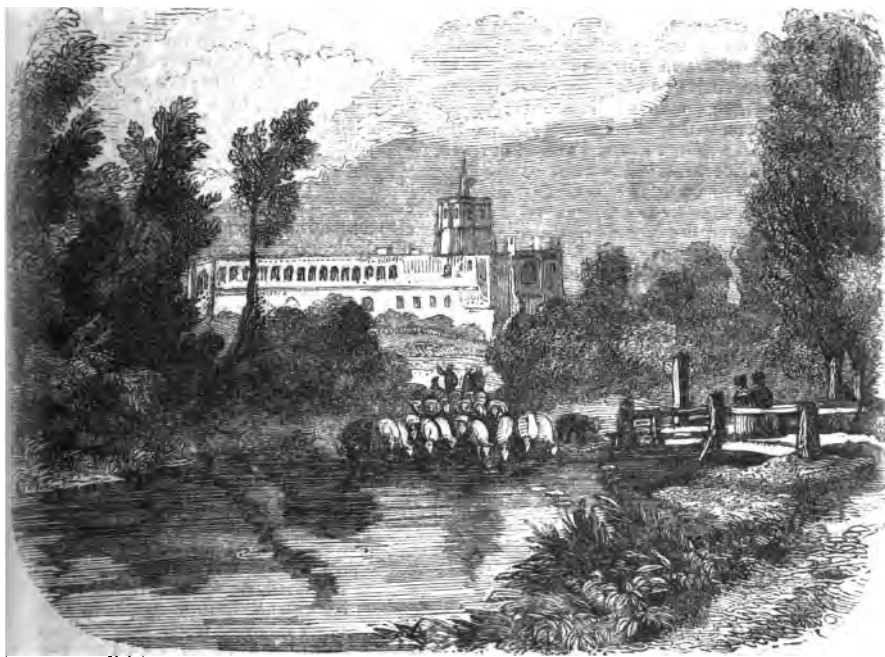
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 11.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



THE ABBEY CHURCH, ST. ALBANS.

THE ABBEY CHURCH, ST. ALBANS.*

Is situated on the south-west side of the town, on the summit of the hill anciently called Holynhurst, or Holmhurst, upon which the Saint, from whom it takes its name, is supposed to have suffered martyr-

* Offa, an ambitious king of the Mercians, invited to his court, Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, to celebrate his nuptials with his daughter, to whom the latter had been making suit. In the midst of the rejoicings, Offa treacherously slew young Ethelbert, and seized his dominions. Among other acts held in much esteem in these days, in expiation of this crime, Offa founded and richly endowed a monastery in the year 791, which he dedicated to Saint Alban, accompanied, according to the monastic chroniclers, with many miracles.

dom. The building has little external ornament to boast of, but, from the boldness of its situation, and the simplicity of its construction, has a striking effect when viewed from a distance. Its shape is that of a long cross, and it consists of a square embattled bell-tower, a nave, choir, lady chapel, and two transepts. The tower, the two transepts, and part of the nave, are built of Roman tiles, out of the ruins of the ancient city of Verulam; the remaining part of freestone, brought from the quarries of Totternhoe, in the county of Bedford. The tower is divided into three compartments, in each side of which are two double

rows of windows, having semi-circular arches, ranging beneath a similar arch of a larger size; the spandril between the large and smaller arches, and also above the former, is perforated with various diamond-shaped apertures for the emission of the sound of the bells. On the south side of the nave are still to be traced the remains of eight blind arches, which formed one side of the cloister, which was 129 feet long and 21 feet broad, into which there was a descent by a flight of steps, from a door at the angle, formed by the projection of the south transept from the body of the church.

The principal entrance to the church is at the west-end of the nave, through two arched doors under an embattled porch, adorned with two heads, though much defaced, serving as corbels for the springing of the arch, over which are two stone shields, on which are carved, dexter, the arms of the abbey, azure, a saltier, or; and, sinister, the arms of Mercia, azure, three crowns, or; on each side of the door are detached, clustered columns of Purbeck marble, from the capitals of which, groined ribs spread their ramifications over the arched ceiling above. On each side of this porch are arches of the pointed form, walled up on the outside, but opening on the inside into the side aisles of the nave, with which there was formerly a communication through these arches with the outside of this part of the church. Between the south transept and the Chapel of the Virgin is the south door, which is now the most usual and frequented way into the church: here the alms of the monastery were usually distributed, and contiguous to it, on the east side, and opposite to the spot where the shrine of St. Alban stood, were two windows grated with iron, now walled up, but still visible, through which the vulgar were sometimes allowed to contemplate the relics of the holy martyr. To the east of this is the Chapel of the Virgin, which is now in a state of dilapidation.

The parts of this church exhibit in their construction and ornaments characteristic varieties of the different styles of church architecture, from the rude Saxon to the florid Gothic; the tower, the eastern part of the nave, and the two transepts, being built in that style called by some writers Saxon, by others early Norman, of the age of Henry the First; the remaining part in the Gothic or pointed style.

The dimensions of this church are as follows:—The length, from the west door to the high altar, is 411 feet, and from thence to the east end of the Lady Chapel, 189 feet, in all, 600 feet. The breadth of the transepts is nearly 32 feet, its extreme length, 174 feet. The nave, with its aisles, is 74½ feet broad.

At the time of the general dissolution of the monasteries, the revenue of St. Albans,

according to Dugdale, amounted to 210*l.* 7*s.* 1½*d.*, to Speed 2510*l.* 6*s.* 1½*d.*, great sums in those days.—*Clutterbuck's History of Herts.*

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, ST. ALBANS.

ST. MICHAEL'S Church, St. Albans, stands at the bottom of the town, on the road to Dunstable, and within the walls of the ancient Verulam. This church, which was founded about the middle of the tenth century, by Abbot Ulsinus, still displays unquestionable specimens of the original Saxon architecture, in its massive piers and plain semi-circular arches. It has, however, been much altered; and the massive tower at the west end is apparently of a later date, though still very ancient; this was originally open to the nave, by a large, plain pointed arch, but is now excluded from the body of the church by a gallery brought from the old manor-house at Gorhambury. Some ancient inscriptions that were here are recorded by Weever and Chauncey; others yet remain, but have no particular interest, with the single exception, perhaps, of that to the memory of the illustrious Francis Bacon, who was buried in this fabric. This renowned philosopher and statesman is represented by a finely-sculptured alabaster statue in a niche on the north side of the chancel. He is sitting in a contemplative posture, in an elbow-chair; and beneath is the following elegant epitaph, written by the accomplished Sir Henry Wotton:—

FRANCISC. BACON, BARO DE VERULAM, Sⁱ
ALBANI VIC^{us}

Sen, notoribus titulis,
Scientiarum lumen Fœcundia lex,
Sic sedebat.

Qui, postquam omnia naturalis sapientiæ
Et civilis arcana evolvisset,
Naturæ decretum explevit,

Composita solvantur,
An^o Dñi M.DCXXVI
Ætat LXVI.

Tanti viri

Mem.

THOMAS MEAUTYS
Superstitis cultor,
Defuncti admirator,
H. P.*

* Translation.

FRANCIS BACON,
BARON OF VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS,
or, by more conspicuous titles,
OF SCIENCE THE LIGHT, OF ELOQUENCE THE
LAW, SAT THUS:

Who, after all natural wisdom
And secrets of civil life he had unfolded,
Nature's law fulfilled:

Let compounds be dissolved!

In the year of our Lord 1626; of his age, 66.
Of such a man, that the memory might remain,

THOMAS MEAUTYS,
Living, his attendant; Dead, his admirer,
Placed this Monument.

Sir Thomas Meautys had been private secretary to Lord Bacon, and continued his fidelity to him through all his troubles; and on the death of his master, inherited his possessions, as cousin and next heir. He himself was interred in this church, as appears from an imperfect inscription on a stone on the pavement near the altar rails, and which stone is partly concealed by a pew. What remains of the inscription is as follows; the second line seems to have been clipped away

by some invidious person, but is not effectually obliterated:—

———— He. The body of Sr
———— Meautys K^t

In this church is also the burial-place of the family of the Lords Grimston, of Gorchambury: the memory of those interred is preserved by hatchments, and other memorials.



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH. ST. ALBANS.
THE BURIAL-PLACE OF LORD BACON.

Original Communications.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE zoological saloon and some of the adjoining rooms in the British Museum are cleared out, and nothing is now to be seen in them except the beautiful paintings on the walls and ceiling by Charles de la Fosse. This clearance is in consequence of the improvements and new arrangements that are taking place in this splendid national collection. The specimens were too closely crowded, and wanted more light; we hope soon to see the removed specimens in some new and well-constructed apartment, perhaps in one of the up-stairs rooms, which have been so long preparing. Mr. Gray, the well-known naturalist, merits great praise for the improvements he is at length adopting in the mode of displaying the animals so that they can be well viewed, and we hope he will extend the good work to a careful labelling of the specimens. To the ornithological department there has lately been added about a hundred new specimens of rare and magnificent birds, several belonging to species of which the Museum previously contained no examples; these have been obtained by purchase from

Mr. John Leadbeater, of Brewer-street, London, whose activity in obtaining the very rarest of birds from all parts of the globe, and whose unrivalled skill and taste in stuffing and mounting them have deservedly given him universal celebrity. Many new species, indeed, have been, at various times discovered among the numerous specimens which are imported to this country, through the zealous enterprise of this person; and not only the British Museum, but all the large foreign museums, and various private collections, have been enriched through his instrumentality. By the way, we observe that the King of Prussia, who is very fond of natural history, visited the British Museum; but, owing to a very narrow-minded proceeding on the part of some one "in office" at that establishment, and whose conduct offers a strong contrast to that kind and affable behaviour of the monarch which will ever endear his name to the memory of our countrymen, the reporters of the press were excluded, so that the public know nothing of the king's opinion and gratification respecting this depository of their own property. This illiberality elicited a column of justly severe

censure from the *Times* newspaper, and we have no doubt that the king will hear with regret, if not disgust, that so improper an assumption of authority was adopted.

JAMES H. FENNELL.

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "*A Natural History of Quadrupeds*," &c.

(Continued from page 148.)

BUT it is in furnishing us with wax and honey that bees are most useful to us. From the earliest periods the care of them has been regarded as a matter of great importance, and their products at the present time are articles of extensive consumption, and add considerably to the commercial traffic of various nations. Throughout Europe the honey-bee engrosses general attention, and it has been exported thence to many colonies in lands where it previously existed not. Some writers, who engage to teach natural history before they have acquired a knowledge of it themselves, tell the world that the hive-bee in the tropics ceases to collect honey, and that wasps which in our country are subterranean builders, build there in trees. Now it would not be more absurd or untrue to say that children cease to eat at the equator, women cease to talk at the poles, and men get horns at the tropics. If any country has bees that collect no honey, and wasps that never build underground, rely upon it they are not the same species as our hive-bees, and common wasps. According to Mr. Jefferson, the hive-bee (*Apis mellifica*) was introduced to America; for though Marcgrave mentions a species of honey-bee in Brazil, yet, from his description, it appears to have no sting, and is therefore different from the one found in the United States, which appears to resemble perfectly the European species. The uncivilized natives are also of opinion that bees were originally brought from Europe; but when, and by whom, none of them can tell. They call them the white-man's fly, and regard their approach as indicating the encroaching progress of the white settlers. Kalm tells us that the honey-bee cannot live through the winter in Canada; but Mactaggart assures us that bees thrive very well there: the honey, however, is not of the best quality, owing to ordinary flowering plants not being so plentiful as trees. In winter, the bee-hives are housed in, which protects them against the inclemency of the weather. There are, he says, numbers of bees' nests in the hollow trees in the woods; but their sweets are not much sought after, except by the bears.* It is said that the first planters

in New England never saw any bees there; that the English introduced them to Boston in 1670; and that since then they have spread over the whole continent. Nevertheless a question has been raised as to the specific identity of the European hive-bees, and those of certain parts of America; and a long memoir upon the subject is published in one of the early volumes of the *American Transactions*. In New Zealand the honey-bee was not known till lately, when, as I am informed by my brother, Mr. John G. Fennell, its introduction was effected by Mrs. Allum, the wife of the well-known artist. Having prepared, with much ingenuity, several hives, with extra cases and perforated zinc tops, in anticipation of a swarming on the voyage, she confided the industrious and valuable little creatures to the care of the Rev. Mr. Laxton, who tended them on their passage to the Colony, by the "Clifford," one of the New Zealand Company's vessels. In the *Sydney Gazette*, of October 18, 1823, it is stated that during the three weeks previous, "three swarms of young bees had been produced from two hives, the property of Mr. D. Wentworth, purchased by him from Captain Wallace, of the Isabella, and placed on his estate, at Homebush, near Parramatta. The fragrant shrubs and flowers of Australasia are thus proved to be peculiarly congenial to the increase of this insect; and we trust that, in a few years, we shall be able to add honey and wax to the other numerous productions of our colony." It is difficult to learn how far northward these insects have been found in Europe. That they are unknown in Lapland one may infer from Scheffer's statement that the Laplanders eat the bark of the pine-tree, prepared in a certain way, instead of sugar. *Hoc comedunt pro rebus saccharo conditis*,* are his words, and there can be little doubt that if they had honey they would prefer it, as a better substitute for sugar than any preparation of the pine-bark.

From the *Historisch Statistisches Gemälde des Russischen Reichs* we learn that the culture of bees is, in Russia, a matter of much greater importance than in most other parts of Europe. It is there a source of existence to many entire communities. Independent of their own domestic consumption of wax, the Russians annually export from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand pounds weight to foreign countries, from the ports of the Baltic alone; and European Russia supplies nearly the whole of Siberia with honey. Their best honey is that which the bees have extracted from the flowers of the white linden; and it is gathered in greater abundance in the districts where those trees are plentiful, as

* Mactaggart's *Three Years in Canada*.

* Scheffer's *Lapland*, c. 18.

on the banks of the Oka and the Don, in White, and Little Russia, in Poland, and in the southern parts of the Oural, situated in Europe. The tribes who chiefly devote themselves to the rearing and culture of bees are the Backkirs (who take the lead) Tcheremisses, the Tchouvaches, and the Mechtcheriaks, especially in the Government of Kazan and Grenburg. Amongst the first-named tribe, it is no unusual circumstance for an individual to possess a hundred hives of bees, within the limits of his own garden, and as many as a thousand hives, or hollowed trees of wild bees, in the adjacent forests, annually deriving from them forty, and sometimes even one hundred pounds weight of honey. It is generally supposed that bees compose their honey solely from the sweets which they extract from flowers; but in the environs of Orenburgh there is every reason to believe that they suck blood, flesh, &c. Rytchov, being desirous of ascertaining if bees were really consumers of flesh, placed within a hive a dead fowl, plucked; it remained untouched by the bees for three or four days, but no sooner did it begin to decay than they eagerly devoured it, leaving nothing but the bones. As Upper Egypt only retains its verdure for four or five months, and the flowers and harvests are earlier there, the inhabitants of Lower Egypt profit by these moments. They collect the bees of different villages in large boats; each proprietor trusts to them his hives, which have a particular mark; when the boat is loaded, the men who have the management of them gradually ascend the river, stopping at every place where they find flowers and verdure. The bees at the break of day quit their cells by thousands, and go in quest of the treasures which compose their nectar; they go and come several times, laden with booty; in the evening they return to their habitations, without ever mistaking their dwellings. After travelling three months in this manner on the Nile, the bees, having culled the perfumes of the orange-flowers of the Saïd, the roses of the Faoum, the jessamines of Arabia, and a variety of other flowers, are brought back from the places they had been carried from, where they now find new riches to partake of. This industry procures the Egyptians delicious honey and bees'-wax in abundance. In France and Piedmont floating rafts of bee-hives may also be seen.

"So through the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,

The light raft dropping with the silent tide;
So till the laughing scenes are lost in night,
The busy people wing their various flight,
Culling unnumber'd sweets from nameless flowers
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours."

ROGERS.

Fiedler, speaking of the famed honey of the Hymettus, says that throughout Greece

honey is more agreeable and aromatic than in other lands, owing to the heat being moderate, for which reason the juices of the plants are in a more concentrated state.*

Rennie and some others state that bees'-wax is a secretion of the insect, in fact, a strictly animal product; but others think it consists of the collected farina of flowers.†

(To be continued.)

* Fiedler's *Reise durch Griechenland*, as cited in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 411.

† See the *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. iv. (1831) p. 185 and 276.

MERTON ABBEY,* IN THE DAYS OF HENRY THE THIRD.†

Of the thirteenth century some thirty-two Dark years were gone; the bells had long ceased ringing,

And midnight's solemn mass, in order due,
Gray Merton's "canons regular" were singing;
The lonely warden watch'd the abbey gate,
Telling a rosary with ebon beaded,
Yet his bony fingers all emaciate
Held its carved crucifix as though unheeded;
Anon he raised his cowl, and look'd around,
Where the long grass sigh'd o'er the burial ground.

The rain down fell upon the broad flag stones,
The arches gave an echo dull and dreary,—
The wind was sweeping by in hollow moans,
Till echo's self with listening seemed weary.
The warden dropp'd his beads in mournful mood,
Maybe the while on other years he ponder'd,
For reckless once of shrine and sculptured rood,
That sandall'd monk in far-off scenes had wander'd;
Aye, many a wreck of hope and pride, I ween,
The cloister's calm seclusion oft had seen.

The trumpet's voice erewhile the blood had sent
Along the veins like crested waves of ocean,
In many a haughty form that there down bent
That self-same hour in deep and dark devotion;
By sackcloth shirt, and cord-girt scapular,
Full many a scar, like lightning-brand, was hidden,
Where feelings still'd perforce, vibrating jar,
If breath Æolian sweep the strings unbidden;
For more, or less, than men, be sure were they,
Could turn, unmoved, from memory away.

Yet deem them not in selfishness inert,
Wasting their melancholy lives in stillness—
Many a one was there, not inexpert
To foster art amid monastic chillness.
Bear witness, old historic manuscript,
With many a limning rare, illuminated,
Where meagre monkish hand the pencil dipt
In tints by lonely vigil consecrated;
Bear witness, structures piously devised,
Where later times the cell's recluse despised.

"O miserere!" deep the warden sigh'd—
Still the cold rain rain'd down with ceaseless patter;

When through the cloisters arching high and wide,
Sudden rang round a horse-heel's iron clatter;
And travel-stain'd, a steed hard-rid and spent,
With drooping head and flanks with spurring red-

den'd,
Stood by the abbey-gate,—the rider bent
As one whose very soul was numb'd and deaden'd,
"What ho! within, what ho!—a stranger, I
Within these holy walls seek sanctuary."

* "Merton, a towne of Surrie, where was an Abbe of Regular Canons, founded by Gilbert, Lord of Normandie thatte came with William ye Conqueror."—*Holmshad's Chron.*

† See Britton and Brayley's "History of the Tower of London;" also, Hume's "History of England;" Cruttwell's "Gazetteer;" and "Ency. Britt." article ASYLUM.

The ponderous postern straight the monk unbarr'd,
"Et Benedictus sit," he mutter'd, greeting;
 Then holding high a torch, the cloister yard
 He cross'd with soundless step, like spectre fleet-
 ing;

Of an ejaculation, oft a sign,
 Mark'd the devoutness of the old Augustine,*
 As he sped on, and pass'd each niche or shrine—
 Yet 'twas a barren creed for man to trust in;
 One English prayer, *heartfelt*, one Scripture verse,
 Had more avail'd than all he must rehearse.

With eyes downcast, and arms cross'd on his
 breast,
 The horseman strode, his huge spur-rowels jingled;
 His brow betoken'd care, and long unrest,
 His beard and hair with silver gray were mingled;
 Yet though in lowly garb, no churl was he
 Bareheaded up gray Merton's nave was treading,
 'Mid priests and white-stoled canons fair to see,
 Where thousand tapers' sacred light were shedding;
 And by the altar on his knees down fell,
 Ere died the latest hallelujah's swell.

"Whoe'er thou art, unhappy, hither led,"
 The abbot spake, "by sin, or eke by sorrow,
 Peace to the stricken breast, and way-worn head,
 Though lowers the eve, yet fair may rise the
 morrow:
 Bethink thee if thou aught hast wrong'd—and
 search,
 My son, thy conscience, ere thou may'st be shriven;
 Absolved, turn not, a debtor, from the church,
 But freely give of that to thee was given;
 He needs our ghostly counsel—brother John,
 Pray by him till the matins ring anon."

* * * * *

'Twas break of day,—from London's slumbering
 town,
 Three hundred men at arms, well horsed, were
 spurring.

Led by a knight in steel, with vizor down,
 The morning breeze his drooping plume upstirring;
 The drops hang trembling on the brake and thorn;
 Where streets are now, were copse and common
 lonely,

And through the distance, like an echo borne,
 Came some far monastery's tinkle only;
 Yet of its call to prayer how reckless they
 Fast pricking on to Merton's old Abbaye!

The harebells, crush'd, lay dying on the turf,—
 The heath, elastic, rose the horsehoofs under,—
 The while some houseless wretch, some half-clad
 serf,

Roused him from off his bed of fern in wonder,
 To gaze upon a scene full fair to see,
 Where armour in the May-morn sun was gleaming,
 Where many a mile o'er upland and o'er lea,
 The squadron rode apace in gallant seeming;
 Till shrined in sanctity, in wooded dell,
 Rose buttress, niche, and taper pinnacle.

The aged almoner stood by the gate,
 Where two lay brethren duteous on him tended,
 And many a dole, by pity consecrate,
 They gave where poverty devoutly bended;
 No space was there for word of courtesy,
 Uprein'd the steeds rear'd high, from selle down
 springing,
 In like a torrent burst the soldiery,
 To the fraternity wild terror bringing;
 Yet, though they shudder'd, none were dastard
 there,
 Each sign'd a sign, each rapid pray'd a prayer.

* In the second divisions of the Religious Orders were comprehended the Canons; and these were of two kinds—Regular and Secular. Both acknowledged as the institutor of their order Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. Their habit was a long black cassock, with a white rochet thrown over it. They submitted to the tonsure, and wore a cap.—*Cur-wilthen's Christianity in England.*

In high resolve, the abbot stern and calm,
 By the high altar stood in cope and mitre,
 The crosser holding with an outstretch'd arm,
 Wherewith he waved aside some daring smiter;
 "Back, sacrilegious, back; ye come not here,
 Trampling, unhallowed, laws ecclesiastic;
 Though graceless, yet the crucifix revere,
 Held by a hand anointed and monastic;
 And as at hour of death ye would be shriven,
 Dare not to violate asylum given."

"No law we own save that which hither sent
 The brand to purify the precincts sainted;
 Yield thee, De Burgh, thou traitor Earl of Kent.
 Dotard! thou harbour'st here a man attainted!"
 "Hold! in thy teeth defiance, knave, I hurl,
 "No traitor I, but subject true and loyal,
 And Henry's self," stern spake the hapless Earl,
 "Erewhile has sworn me brave as he was royal;
 Sir knight, unhand me, nor discourteously
 Add insult base to lord captivity."

Yet vain the ruin'd noble's mournful quest—
 Vainly the pitying brethren gather'd round him;
 Barefoot, bareheaded, and in ragged vest,
 Fast on a lame and starveling horse they bound
 him;

The ruffian soldiers ever and anon,
 With sharp spear points the jaded beast on goading,
 As to the Tower they ruthless hurried on,
 Where the fallen chieftain gazed with sad fore-
 boding,

And sigh'd,—*"How changed! its constable of late,
 And lord chief justice clad in robes of state!"*

"Cheer thee, De Burgh!—crouch not for clemency,
 Gladdening therewith the hearts of them exulting
 That wrought thy wreck; hold fast integrity—
 Bide thou thy time, and wait the end resulting;
 Heaven aid the right, as thou, here false impeach'd,
 Hast ever sought to serve thy king ungrateful;—
 Alas! the wren the eagle now has reach'd,*
 And beat him downward to its level hateful,
 Tearing the plumage from his drooping crest
 With all the malice of a little breast."

* * * * *

"Tidings, my liege—a mighty cavalcade
 Of churchmen by your Grace's gate have halted;
 Their palfreys flecked with foam as hard they rode,
 Albeit with banner, sign, and cross exalted.
 So please your Grace, this scroll the leader bore—
 Hubert the valiant Earl of Kent demanding."
 "By'r Lady, no!" the wrathful monarch swore;
 "Yet stay, methinks," the roll the while expand-
 ing,

"So it must be, lest, excommunicate,
 The church on us dark sentence fulminate."

"Yet for yon caitiff Earl, rede him beware,
 For he our royal mandate foully slighted;
 The time he spends in fast,—maybe in prayer,—
 May mind him of the vows he took when knighted;
 We give him up; but yet, thus far supreme,
 We charge yon churchman on his sworn allegiance,
 He wake the dotard from his noontide dream,
 And tame the lion down to old obedience.
 Hark hither, scrivener, and as we indite
 Our secret orders, see thou truly write!"

REINELM.

* "And wrens may prey where eagles dare not
 perch."—*Shakespeare.*

(To be continued.)

A Pleasant State of Things.—During 1841, there were in Barcelona 2614 civil actions, 3681 criminal prosecutions, 160 assassinations or attempts at murder, 1 parricide, 6 infanticides, 2 poisonings, 49 wilful fires, and only 20 condemnations to death, of which 12 were in default. There were also 23 political accusations brought before the tribunals.

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE, ETC."

LETTER VII.

THE BANKS OF THE MEUSE—HAY—LIEGE.

Liege, August 4.

IMMEDIATELY on leaving Namur, we enter a magnificent avenue of trees, whose foliage serves to hide from the view of those who approach the town the mean and uncouth steeples, which, seen at a distance, have a grotesque and singular appearance. After passing those fine trees, the fresh breeze from the Meuse reaches us, and the road begins to wend cheerfully along the river-side. The Meuse widens by the junction of the Sombre, the valley extends, and the double walls of rocks reappear, resembling, now and then, fortresses of Cyclops, great dungeons in ruins, and vast *Titaniques* towers.

The rocks of the Meuse contain a great quantity of iron. When viewed in the landscape, they are of a beautiful colour; but broken, they change into that odious greyish blue which pervades all Belgium. What is magnificent in mountains loses its grandeur when broken and converted into habitations.

"It is God who formed the rocks; man is the hewer of them."

We traversed Sanson with rapidity, a little village, at the head of which are the ruins of a castle, built, it is said, under Clodion. The rocks at this place represent the face of a man, to which the *conducteur* never fails to direct the attention of the traveller. We then came to Ardennes, where I observed what would be highly appreciated by antiquaries—a little rustic church, still entire, of the tenth century. In another village, (I think it is Sclayen,) we see the following inscription, in large characters, above the principal door of the church:—

"LES CHIENS HORS DE LA MAISON DE DIKU."

If I were the worthy curate I should deem it more important for men to enter than dogs to go out.

After passing Ardennes, the mountains become scattered, and the Meuse, no longer running by the road-side, crosses among prairies. The country is still beautiful, but the *cheminée de l'usine*—that sad obelisk of our *civilisation industrielle*,—too often strikes the eye. The road again joins the river; we perceive vast fortifications, like eagles' nests, perched upon rocks; a fine church of the fourteenth century, and an

old bridge, of seven arches. We are at Huy.

Huy and Dinant are the prettiest towns upon the Meuse; the former about half-way between Namur and Liege, the latter half-way between Namur and Givet. Huy, which is at present a redoubtable citadel, was in former times a warlike *commune*, and with valour held out a siege with Liege, as Dinant did with Namur. In those heroic times, cities, as kingdoms now, were always declaring war against each other.

After leaving Huy, we, from time to time, see on the banks of the river, a sordid manufactory, whose blackened aspect, with smoke escaping through the creviced roofs, appears to us like the breaking out of a fire, or a house nearly consumed by that element. By the side of a bean-field, in the perfume of a little garden, a brick house, with a slate turret, the vine clinging to its walls, doves on the roof, and cages at the windows, strikes the eye—we then think of Teniers and of Mieris.

The shades of evening approached, the wind ceased blowing, the trees rustling, and nothing was heard but the soft rippling of the water. The lights in the adjacent houses burnt dimly, and all objects were becoming obscured. The passengers yawned, and said, "we shall be at Liege in an hour." At this moment, a singular sight suddenly presented itself. At the foot of the hills, which were scarcely perceptible, two round balls of fire glared like the eyes of tigers. By the road-side was a frightful *chandelier*, of twenty-four feet in height, surmounted by a flame, which cast a sombre hue upon the adjoining rocks, forests, and ravines. Nearer the entry of the valley, hidden in the shade, was a mouth of live coal, which, at repeated intervals, opened, and, in the midst of frightful *hoquets*, spouted forth a tongue of fire. It was the lighting of the furnaces.

After passing the place called Little Fle-malle, the sight was inexpressible, was truly magnificent. All the valley seemed to be in a state of conflagration—smoke issuing from this place, flames arising from that; in fact, we could imagine that a hostile army had ransacked the country, and that twenty boroughs, *mis à sac*, presented in that night of darkness all the aspects and phases of a conflagration—some kindling, some enveloped in smoke, and others surrounded with flames.

This aspect of war is caused by peace; this frightful symbol of devastation is the effects of industry. The furnaces of the iron-works of Mr. Cockerill, where cannon is cast of the largest calibre, and steam-engines of the highest power are executed, alone meet the eye.

A wild and violent noise comes from this

chaos of industry. I had the curiosity to alight, approach one of these frightful places, and admire the assiduity of the workmen. It was a beautiful and prodigious *spectacle*, to which the solemnity of the hour lent something supernatural—wheels, saws, enormous boilers, cylinders, scales, and other huge articles of iron, steel, and brass, rattle, grind, shriek, hiss; and at times, when thrust into the elements, they moan, with apparent pain, like hydras and dragons in hell tormented by demons.

Liege is one of those old towns which are in a fair way of becoming new—deplorable transformation!—one of those towns where things of antiquity are disappearing, leaving in their place white façades, enriched with painted statues;—where the good old buildings, with slated roofs, skylight windows, chiming bells, belfries, and weathercocks, are falling into decay, while gazed at with horror by some thick-headed citizen, who is busy with a *Constitutionnel*, reading what he does not understand, yet pompous with the supposed knowledge which he has attained; where the *octroi*, a Greek temple, represents a castle flanked with towers and thick set with pikes; where the long stalls of the furnaces supply the place of the elegant steeples of the churches. The ancient city was, perhaps, noisy; the modern one is productive of smoke.

Liege has no longer the enormous cathedral of the *princes-évêques*, built by the illustrious Bishop Notger in the year 1000, and demolished in 1795 by—no one can tell whom; but it can boast of the iron works of Mr. Cockerill.

Liege is without its convent of Dominicans—sombre cloister of high fame, noble edifice of fine architecture; but there is a theatre, exactly on the same spot, decorated with pillars and brass capitals, where operas are performed.

Liege in the nineteenth century is what it was in the sixteenth. It vies with France in implements of war, with Versailles in extravagance of arms. But the old city of Saint Hubert, with its church and fortress, its ecclesiastic and military *commune*, has ceased to be a city of prayer and of war; it is one of buying and selling; an immense hive of industry. It has been transformed into a rich commercial centre; has put one of its arms in France, the other in Holland, and is without ceasing taking from the one and receiving from the other.

Notwithstanding, we must admit that Liege is graciously situated near the green brow of the mountain of Sainte Walburge; is divided by the Meuse into lower and upper towns; is interspersed with thirteen bridges, some of which have rather an architectural appearance, surrounded with trees, hills, and prairies. It has still turrets,

clocks, and *portes-donjons*, like that of Saint Martin and Amercœur, to excite the poet or the antiquary, even though he be startled with the noise, the smoke, and the flames of the manufactories around.

As it rained heavily, I only visited four churches:—SAINT PAUL'S, the *actuelle* cathedral, is a noble building of the fifteenth century, having a Gothic cloister, with a charming *portal* of the Renaissance, and surmounted by a belfry, which, had it not been that some inapt architect of our day spoiled all the angles, would be considered elegant. SAINT JEAN, a grave façade of the sixteenth century, consisting of a large square steeple, with a smaller one on each side. SAINT HUBERT is rather a superior looking building, whose lower galleries are of an excellent *ordre*. SAINT DENIS, a curious church of the tenth century, with a large steeple of the eleventh. It was probably burnt during the Norman outbreak, in, I believe, the year 882. The Roman architecture has been ingeniously repaired, and the steeple finished in brick. This is perfectly discernible, and has a most singular effect.

As I was going from Saint Denis to Saint Hubert by a labyrinth of old narrow streets, ornamented here and there with *madones*, I suddenly came within view of a large dark stone wall, and on close observation discovered that the back façade indicated that it was a palace of the middle age. An obscure door presented itself; I entered, and at the expiration of a few moments found myself in a vast yard, which turned out to be that of the palace of the ecclesiastic princes of Liege. The *ensemble* of the architecture is, perhaps, the most gloomy and noble looking that I have ever seen.

These are four lofty granite façades, surmounted by four prodigious slate roofs, with the same number of galleries. Two of these façades, which are perfectly entire, present the admirable adjustment of ogives and arches, which characterizes the end of the fifteenth century, and the beginning of the sixteenth. The windows of this clerical palace have *meneaux* like those of a church. Unfortunately the two other façades, destroyed by fire in 1734, have been rebuilt in the pitiful style of that epoch, and which tend to detract from the general effect. Nevertheless, their mean appearance has nothing in it which hurts the noble look of the old palace. It is now 105 years since the last bishop occupied this fine structure.

The quadruple gallery which walls the yard is admirably preserved. There is nothing more pleasing to study than the pillars upon which the large ogives are placed: they are of grey granite, like the rest of the palace. Whilst examining the four rows, the one-half of the shaft of the

pillar disappears, sometimes at the top, then at the bottom, under a rich swelling of *arabesques*. The swelling is doubled in the west range of the pillars, and the stalk disappears entirely. This speaks only of the Flemish caprice of the sixteenth century; but what perplexes us is, that the chapters of these pillars, decorated with heads, foliage, apocalyptical figures, dragons, and hieroglyphics, seem to belong to the architecture of the eleventh; and it must be remembered that the palace of Erard was commenced in 1508, by Prince Erard de la Mark, who reigned thirty-two years.

This grave edifice is at present a court of justice: booksellers' and toy-merchants' shops are under all the arches, and vegetable-stalls in the court-yard. The black robes of the law practitioners are seen in the midst of baskets of red and green cabbages. Groups of Flemish merchants, some merry, others morose, make fun and quarrel before each pillar; irritated pleaders appear from all the windows; and in that sombre yard, formerly solitary and tranquil as a convent, of which it has the appearance, the untired tongue of the advocate, mingled with the chatter, the noise, and *bavardage* of the buyers and sellers.

Above the roof of the palace, there is a high and massive square turret, built of brick, which was in former times the belfry. It is now converted into a prison for those of the fair sex who come under the appellation of *filles publiques*.

On leaving the palace, I contemplated the *actuelle façade*. A man addressed me, and wishing to excite my interest, informed me that in Holland Liege was called *Luit*, in German *Luttich*, and in Latin *Leodium*.

My room at Liege was ornamented with muslin curtains, upon which were embroidered—not nosebags, but melons. There were also several pictures, representing the triumph of the Allies, and our disasters in 1814. Behold the *legende* printed at the bottom of one of these paintings:—

“Battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, 21st of March, 1814. The greater portion of the garrison of this place, composed of the *garde ancienne*, were taken prisoners, and the Allies, on the 22nd of April, triumphantly entered Paris.”

Eternity.—An American clergyman, in one of his sermons, exclaimed to his hearers,—Eternity! why you don't know the meaning of that word, nor I either, hardly. It is for ever and ever, and five or six everlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity, it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time.

New Books.

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

THE second number fully meets the high expectations we had formed of it from the perusal of the first. The editor seems to be thoroughly aware of the means of making a magazine popular—viz., variety, excellence, a profusion of illustration, and cheapness. Mr. Ainsworth's own tale increases in interest; several new characters are introduced, who, it is likely, will have important parts to play in the drama. For the gratification of our readers we transfer to our columns a description of

MR. CRACKENTHORPE CRIPPS.

“As Mr. Jukes approached the butler's pantry, whither he repaired after quitting his master, he was startled by hearing a voice issue from it, singing with some taste, but in a very affected style, the following snatch:—

‘I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many a year;
And these are three plagues, enough I should think,
For one poor mortal to bear.’

“There's my rascally nephew, Crackenthorpe,” muttered Mr. Jukes. ‘I won't see him. He's come upon his old errand.’ Here the singer again exalted his voice.

“There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain;
'Twill pay all my debts, and remove all my ills,
And my mistress that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again.
Fal de ral.’

“Ay, money's always the burthen of his song,” muttered Mr. Jukes. ‘However, I must see him, I suppose. My master's orders are peremptory.’

“With this, he pushed open the door, and discovered his nephew leaning in a very careless attitude against the table. Mr. Crackenthorpe Cripps was a young man of about three and twenty, of very dissipated appearance, with a slim, well-proportioned figure, and tolerably good features, only marred by an expression of cunning and assurance. He was dressed in a cast-off suit of his master's, and, being precisely the same height, and nearly the same make, as the renowned beau, his clothes fitted him remarkably well. He would scarcely have been taken for a valet, for in defiance of the regulations against the wearing of defensive weapons by footmen, then somewhat strictly enforced, from the quarrels arising among those gentry, he carried a silver-hilted sword. His coat was of scarlet, trimmed with gold, somewhat tarnished, but still presenting a sufficiently gay appearance; his waistcoat of green, flowered

silk; his breeches of yellow velvet; his cravat was laced; and the cue of his wig was left unfastened, allowing the hair to float negligently over his shoulders, to add, no doubt, to the rakish air he affected. A clouded cane, with a large silken tassel, completed his equipment. From his air, his dress, and his pretensions, this coxcomb was known amongst his fraternity as Beau Cripps—a title of which he was not a little vain, and strove to support. On seeing his uncle, the valet did not alter his position, but contented himself with waving his hand condescendingly to him.

"How are ye, nunks?" he said. "Give you the *bon jour*, as we bucks say. Sweet old soul, how I love thee. 'Pon rep! 'tis a pleasure rather than a duty to visit thee."

"I beg you will never put yourself to any trouble on my account, nephew," replied Mr. Jukes, somewhat testily, "and I must request, whenever you visit this house in future, that you will bear in mind the situation I hold in it. Amuse yourself with your opera ballads elsewhere."

"Cudslid, nunks!" cried Mr. Cripps, "you are far more particular than the Duke of Doncaster's gentleman himself. Why I do what I like when I visit him."

"Perhaps so," rejoined Mr. Jukes, "but you shan't do so here, I promise you."

"Devil take me, if I ever heard a better jest," cried Mr. Cripps, forcing a laugh; "but you were always a wit, nunks. Try my snush. You'll find it excellent. It's the beau's own mixture, 'pon rep."

"And the beau's own box, I'll be sworn, nephew," replied Mr. Jukes, helping himself to a pinch. "Well," he added, somewhat mollified by the attention, "will you take anything after your walk?"

"Walk, nunks!" echoed Mr. Cripps, with a look of supreme contempt. "Do you think I would walk while there was a conveyance to be had? No; a coach and a pair of sculls brought me hither. But since you press me, I don't mind a glass of Bordeaux or Rhenish. I know old Abel has a fine cellar, so suppose we tap a flask. Mrs. Nicholson, our housekeeper, persuaded me to swallow a cup of green tea before I left home, and plague on't! it has shattered my nerves sadly."

"It is the punch you swallowed last night that has shattered your nerves, nephew, and not the tea," rejoined Mr. Jukes, shaking his head: "I can't give you claret, or hock, but if a glass of ale would sit well on your stomach—"

"A glass of ale!" repeated Mr. Cripps, with infinite disgust. "Faugh! I'll none of it. And as to punch, know, O ignorant nunks, that the liquors quaffed by me last night were champagne, burgundy, and hermitage. Thou starest, but 'tis a fact, 'pon rep."

Let us drink and be merry,
Dance, Joke, and rejoice,
With claret and sherry,
Theorbo and voice.

The changeable world
To our joy is unjust;
All treasure's uncertain,
So down with your dust.

Apropos of "dust," it was on that very subject I came hither. I want you to post the cole, nunks—to come down with the rhino—to disburse."

"I guessed your errand, Crackenthorpe," replied Mr. Jukes. "You have been gaming, sirrah?"

"Why, if faith, nunks, I must confess to a trifle lost at piquet to the duke's gentleman," replied Mr. Cripps.

"What do you call a trifle, eh, nephew?" inquired Mr. Jukes.

"Why—why—" hesitated Mr. Cripps, applying to the snuff-box, and endeavouring to carry off his embarrassment by additional assurance—"Twenty crowns—not a farthing more, 'pon rep."

"Twenty crowns!" exclaimed Mr. Jukes, raising his hands in unfeigned astonishment. "A valet drink champagne and burgundy, and lose twenty crowns at piquet! What will the world come to?"

"No sermonizing, nunks," replied Mr. Cripps; "but down with the dust, as I said before. What will you let me have?"

"A crown, if it will rid me of you," rejoined Mr. Jukes, impatiently.

"Devil take me if I stir without ten," replied Mr. Cripps. "Therefore, if you desire my absence, you will come down at once. Ten, by this light—ten."

"Well, anything to get rid of you," replied Mr. Jukes; "but this is the last advance I'll ever make."

"So you always say, nunks; but I'll refund it in a week, 'pon rep."

"I don't expect it," rejoined Mr. Jukes, unlocking a cupboard, and opening a drawer within it, from which he took ten crown-pieces. "Remember, these are my savings, nephew."

"And you couldn't apply them to a better purpose," returned the valet, coolly pocketing the money. "*Mille remerciemens*—shan't forget the favour, 'pon rep. But I've trespassed too much on your time. *Au revoir!* I kiss your hand, nunks."

"Not so fast, Crackenthorpe," replied Mr. Jukes. "You must do me a service in return for my loan. My master's nephew, Mr. Randolph Crew, has just been introduced to Mr. Villiers; and my master fears, and with reason, that this introduction will lead to no good. But, be that as it may, you must bring me accurate information of all their proceedings."

"Rely upon knowing everything, nunks," replied Mr. Cripps.

"I haven't done yet," pursued Mr.

Jukes. 'There is a certain Mr. Scarve, who lives in the Little Sanctuary—'

"What! the miser, whom folks nickname Starve?" interrupted Cripps. 'I know him. My master has borrowed large sums of money from him. But what of him, nunks?'

"Why, I wish to ascertain whether Mr. Randolph ever visits the house, that's all," rejoined Mr. Jukes.

"What, old Abel is afraid of his nephew borrowing money, eh?" replied Mr. Cripps, laughing. 'Well, that can be easily managed. A perruquier whom I patronize—Pokerich by name—lives opposite old Starve's dwelling, and must know his servant, if he keeps one; if not, he must know the miser himself. I'll get what you want from him, never fear. Any further commands?' he added, cocking his hat jauntily, and gracefully twirling his cane, preparatory to his departure."

Peter Pokerich, the barber, had determined to wriggle himself into the good graces of Hilda, the miser's beautiful daughter, but fearing that Mr. Randolph Crew might blight his hopes, he abstracted a letter, addressed to Mr. Cordwell Firebras, from the saddle-bags of that young gentleman, with the view, by means of it, of injuring him. On trial, however, he could make nothing of it. On Mr. Cripps calling at his shop, he confided the whole matter to him, who undertook to unravel the affair. Here is that worthy's manner of conducting the business:—

"Mr. Cripps speedily arrived at his destination, and was deposited at the door of a very small and unpretending-looking house. A middle-aged woman, of respectable appearance, answered his knock, and informed him that Mr. Cordwell Firebras lodged there, but she was not certain whether he was within. Judging from her manner that she only wished to ascertain whether her lodger would receive him, Mr. Cripps thought it better to secure the interview by delivering his credentials. He did so accordingly, and the result was as he anticipated. She returned in a few minutes, saying that Mr. Firebras *was* at home, and would be happy to see him.

"Mustering all his resolution, Mr. Cripps strutted after her, and was ushered into a small room, in which was a middle-aged gentleman, who immediately advanced towards him. Mr. Cripps had sufficient knowledge of the world to see at once that he had a very dangerous person to deal with, and that it behoved him to be careful how he proceeded. Never had he seen such broad shoulders, such muscular legs, and such a burly frame, as was possessed by the individual before him. Mr. Cordwell Firebras was a little below the middle height, and his squareness of figure, aided by a loose

coat of dark brown cloth, edged with silver, which reached half-way down his legs, made him look almost as broad as long. His features were somewhat coarse, his cheek bones high, his complexion light, and his beard, brows, and eyelashes, of a sandy hue. Altogether, he had the look of a Scotsman. His chin was large and broad, evincing the utmost determination, mixed with considerable craftiness; his mouth wide; his nose broad and flat; and his eyes of a light gray. He wore a flaxen bob wig, which harmonized well with his light complexion, and carried a broad-bladed sword, evidently intended more for use than ornament. To this not very prepossessing exterior, Mr. Cordwell Firebras added easy, affable, and almost graceful manners. It was quite clear to Mr. Cripps that he was acting upon the instructions of his correspondent, for he received him with the greatest cordiality, shook him by the hand, and motioned him to be seated. It did not escape Mr. Cripps, in the hasty survey he took of the room, that there was a basket-hilted sword in the corner, together with a brace of long-barrelled silver-mounted pistols, and a Highland dirk. Nor did he fail to notice that the window opened upon a small garden, skirting St. James's Park, thus offering a ready means of escape, if required. These things considered, Mr. Cripps did not feel entirely at his ease, and it required all his effrontery to enable him to go through with his part. Whether it was that Cordwell Firebras perceived his uneasiness, or that his quick perception of character detected the imposition attempted to be practised upon him, is immaterial, but his countenance suddenly changed, and the affable, almost courtier-like manner with which he had commenced, gave way to a stern, scrutinizing glance and chilling demeanour that made the valet tremble. They were alone, for having ushered Cripps into the room, the elderly female retired, closing the door after her.

"You are lately from the country, sir, I believe," asked Firebras.

"Just arrived, sir," replied Mr. Cripps, taking out his snuff-box to hide his confusion, 'allow me to offer you a pinch.'

"Firebras bowed, and accepted the offer. A peculiar smile, which the valet did not like, crossed his features.

"I must compliment you upon your air and manner, sir," said Firebras, in a tone of slight irony; 'they are anything but rustic. But may I now ask whom I have the honour of addressing?'

"Mr. Randolph Crew!" replied the valet, confidently.

"'Randolph Crew!' exclaimed Firebras, almost starting. 'What! the son of my old friend Randolph Crew? Impossible!'

"I am not aware whether my father

enjoyed the honour of your friendship, sir,' replied the valet, who began to fear he had got on ticklish ground, 'but my name is Randolph Crew, and so was my father's before me.'

"Though the day was by no means chilly, there was a small fire burning in the grate. Mr. Cordwell Firebras placed the letter which he held in his hand before it, and certain lines of writing, traced in invisible ink, instantly appeared. These he eagerly scanned.

"It is useless to trifle longer, sir,' he cried, turning suddenly upon the valet. 'You are an impostor. For what purpose are you come hither? Answer me, or your life shall pay the forfeit of your rashness.'

"As he spoke, he drew his sword. Mr. Cripps, though greatly alarmed, drew likewise, but his blade was instantly struck from his grasp by Firebras.

"Raise a cry, and you are a dead man,' pursued Firebras, locking the door, and putting the key in his pocket. 'Who are you, sirrah?'

"My name is Crackenthorpe Cripps, and I am chief valet to Beau Villiers,' returned the other, bowing.

"You are a spy, rascal,' cried Firebras. 'You have come on an errand, of the danger of which you were ignorant. But you will get nothing for your pains.'

"Pardon me, Mr. Firebras,' said the valet, who was by no means destitute of courage, or, at all events, of the quality next in value to it—self possession. 'I have gained my object. I have discovered the existence of a Jacobite club, of which you are a member. I have discovered that there is a plot hatching in Cheshire, and can easily find out who is implicated in it; and I have only to give information to a magistrate, and your arrest must follow.'

"Well, sir,' replied Firebras, calmly. 'Well, sir.'

"But I have no such intention,' pursued the valet; 'your secret is safe with me, provided—'

"You are paid for your silence—ha?'

"Precisely, Mr. Firebras. I am not a Jacobite, neither am I an Hanoverian; and I care as little for the Elector, as I do for young Perkin. The fact is, you are in my power, Mr. Firebras, and I shall make the most of my position. Buy me, and I will deal with you fairly!'

"Hum!' said Firebras, looking fixedly at him; 'well, I will employ you, and will also make it worth your while to be true to me. Randolph Crew has, of course, lost this letter. I will not inquire how it came into your hands. But he cannot be aware that it has reached me. My correspondent says he is about to visit his uncle, Mr. Abel Beechcroft, and cautions me against that gentleman.'

"And with reason, sir,' remarked Cripps; 'I, also, advise you to beware of him. My uncle is Mr. Beechcroft's butler.'

"Then, from your connexion, you may materially aid me in my designs upon this young man,' said Firebras. 'You must take a letter from me to him.'

"With pleasure,' replied Cripps; 'and it fortunately happens that he is to breakfast with my master to-morrow morning, when I can easily deliver it.'

"Good,' replied Firebras, 'I will prepare it at once.'

"With this, he sat down to a side table on which writing materials were placed, and with much deliberation penned a dispatch, and sealed it. He then opened a secret drawer, and took out five guineas, which he gave to the valet.

"It is perhaps a needless piece of trouble to seal the letter,' he observed, significantly; 'but you will learn nothing by opening it beyond the fact that I desire an interview with Mr. Crew. I know I can trust you.'

"Oh, you may trust to my honour, Mr. Firebras,' *pon rep*, said Cripps, placing his hand upon his breast.

"I trust to the value you place on your own safety, Mr. Cripps,' replied Firebras, significantly. 'Attempt to play me false, and nothing shall save you from my vengeance. I have agents that you know not of, who will find sure means of reaching you.'

"These words were pronounced in a tone and with a look that impressed Mr. Cripps with a full sense of the speaker's power of executing his threat.

"You need be under no apprehension about me, Mr. Firebras,' he said.

"I am under none, fellow,' rejoined the other, laughing bitterly; 'or you should never quit this room alive. Come to me to-morrow night at ten. I may have more work for you.'

"Willingly,' replied Mr. Cripps.

Firebras then unlocked the door, and let out the valet, who was ushered to his chair by the elderly female. As he took his place within it, having first ordered the bearers to convey him to the spot where they took him up, he muttered to himself—'So the adventure has terminated very satisfactorily. This Randolph Crew seems destined to make my fortune. Everybody pays me to play the spy upon him. That Cordwell Firebras is an awkward customer. He has got an eye that looks through one, and seems to penetrate one's very soul. It won't do to play cross with him. But I must trump up some story to delude the other. I'll tell him that nothing is to be made—put him off in some way.'

Of the two designs by George Cruikshank which illustrate these additional chapters of

the Miser's Daughter, we particularly admire that of *Sir Bulkeley Price bringing the mortgage-money to Mr. Scarve*, which, by the bye, we understand is an historical fact. It is our opinion that there is not a man in Europe who could throw so much life and spirit into a picture. We fancy no one could be so unobservant as not to contrast the hubbub among the actors and the comparative composure of the spectators at the windows. One could almost read the characters of the different individuals from the expression imparted to each. The miser, himself, is most admirable.

Among the numerous excellent articles in this number, there are some flowing lines by Laman Blanchard, which ridicules, with considerable point, the unseasonable lectures of the pedant, entitled *Science and Good-humour*; but we should have perused them with more gratification had he employed a truer term, and one, too, more in unison with his verses than that of *science*; for we have too much reverence for that great elevater and civilizer of the human mind to read with pleasure that which confounds it with the untimely babble of the more imbecile of its votaries.

There is also an interesting description, accompanied with ten wood engravings, of the celebrated collection of paintings, rarities, &c., of Horace Walpole, at Strawberry Hill. An account of this almost countless accumulation of objects of *vertù*, which one of the most accomplished men of his age spent his life in amassing, is doubly interesting at this moment, when they are about to be dispersed for ever.

The number is wound up by the commencement of a tale of merriment in the olden time, by G. P. R. James, Esq., called *The Fight of the Fiddlers*, which promises to be one of the best of that popular romancer.

Miscellaneous.

BUFFALO HERDS IN AMERICA.

We met immense numbers of buffaloes in the early part of our voyage, and used to land our canoe almost every hour in the day, and oftentimes altogether approach the unsuspecting herds, through some deep and hidden ravine within a few rods of them, and at the words, "pull trigger," each of us bring down our victim. In one instance, near the mouth of White River, we met a most immense herd crossing the Missouri River; and from an imprudence, got our boat into imminent danger amongst them. It was in the midst of the "running season," and we had heard the "roaring" (as it is called) of the herd when we were several miles from them. When we came in sight, we were actually terrified at the immense

numbers that were streaming down the green hills on one side of the river, and galloping up and over the bluffs on the other. The river was filled, and in parts blackened, with their heads and horns, as they were swimming about, following up their objects, and making desperate battle whilst they were swimming. I deemed it imprudent for our canoe to be dodging amongst them, and ran it ashore for a few hours, where we laid, waiting for the opportunity of seeing the river clear; but we waited in vain. Their numbers, however, got somewhat diminished at last, and we pushed off, and successfully made our way amongst them. From the immense numbers that had passed the river at that place, they had torn down the prairie bank of fifteen feet in height, so as to form a sort of road or landing-place, where they all in succession clambered up. Many in their turmoil had been wafted below this landing, and unable to gain it against the swiftness of the current, had fastened themselves along in crowds, hugging close to the high bank under which they were standing. As we were drifting by these, and supposing ourselves out of danger, I drew up my rifle, and shot one of them in the head, which tumbled into the water, and brought with him a hundred others, which plunged in, and in a moment were swimming about our canoe, and placing it in great danger. No attack was made upon us, and in the confusion the poor beasts knew not, perhaps, the enemy that was amongst them; but we were liable to be sunk by them, as they were furiously hooking and climbing on to each other. I rose in my canoe, and by my gestures and hallooing, kept them from coming in contact with us, until we were out of their reach. This was one of the instances that I formerly spoke of, where thousands and tens of thousands of these animals congregate in the *running season*, and move about from east to west, or wherever accident or circumstances may lead them.—*Catlin*.

KITTY GALLAGHER.

(From Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Ireland*.)

Mrs. L. was a lady in London, who, when she advertised for a housemaid, added the very unamiable, but by no means unfrequent, "P.S. No Irish need apply." Notwithstanding, a very decent, pretty, and respectable looking young Irish woman did present herself in the lady's drawing-room as an applicant for the situation.

"I told you," said Mrs. L., "that no Irish need apply."

"It was on the paper, I know, ma'am," answered the girl. "I thought if I had a good character, and could do my work well,

that no lady would refuse me bread because of my country."

Mrs. L. was a young housekeeper, and she had worded her advertisement by the advice of friends; persons who cherish a prejudice as if it were a perfection, and, forgetting altogether how frequently they have had idle, dirty, careless, and dishonest English servants, pour out the vial of their wrath upon the Irish, from whom they withhold the power of exhibiting their advantages by contrast. Fortunately for Kitty Gallagher, however, Mrs. L. was considerate as well as just. She looked into the poor girl's open and honest countenance as she stood with the flush of humble indignation on her cheek, inquired carefully into her character, and examined her three or four written discharges, which of course "went for nothing;" but subsequently called on two persons who had known her, and the result was, her engagement.

Mrs. L. was the wife of a highly-respectable mercantile man, one of a class who, of all others, entertain great mistrust of the Irish people, their methodical and business-like habits preventing them from making allowance for the volatility and heedlessness of their mercurial neighbours. Mrs. L. had, consequently, to encounter the "astonishment" of her acquaintances and the warnings of her husband.

With every desire to do right, and habits that were tolerably clean and very active, Kitty found she had so much to learn, that she frequently cried herself to sleep; as she told us herself, "it was not the hard work that overcame her—she could do ten times as much and think nothing of it—but 'the particularity'—the necessity for spotless stairs and carpets, for stoves polished like mirrors, for a total absence of dust everywhere, for a manner, staid, silent, smileless, and of distant respect; for a noiseless step, and a voice never heard except in the most soft and brief reply; then the getting up fine things; she could have washed, to make like snow, table-cloths, sheets, and dresses; but the difficulties of small plaiting and clear starching, the very clock-like regularity of the house, 'broke her heart'—there was a place for everything, and everything must be in its place. Then her fellow-servants would set her wrong instead of right, and sneer at her afterwards; they ridiculed her country, and wondered she could eat anything but potatoes, like all her people. Though loving to laugh, she did not relish being laughed at; and between her desire to do well in all things and her national sensitiveness, poor Kitty had enough to encounter during the first twelve months of her servitude. On the other hand, Mrs. L. more than once fancied she had acted imprudently. Kitty was not only blamed by the other servants for what she did, but

for what she did *not*; her eagerness to please frequently occasioned blunders and mistakes; her phraseology was perplexing; and her foot was not as light, nor her "manner" as fully formed, as that of a London servant. But then her habits were very inoffensive. She was very cheerful—willing to assist in every one's work; no matter how late or how early her services were needed, she was always ready. By degrees, she blundered less, and absolutely dusted both corners and skirtings without "following." Then she was so humble when reproved, so happy when praised! At first, a sort of womanly spirit prevented Mrs. L. from confessing she was wrong in her judgment, and by degrees—slow, but sure—degrees—Catherine established herself in her mistress's good opinion. We have observed a great number of the Irish in England, of all grades and classes. No instance has ever occurred within our knowledge where they failed in attaining their object, except by being drawn off from it to run after something else; when they really persevere, when they add to their native energy a singleness of purpose, *we never knew them fail*. Kitty, in her humble way, was evidence of this; she felt deeply grateful to her mistress for having made an exception in her favour; she had good sense enough to understand that she had bettered her condition, and to tell that in England girls "with two or three hundred a-piece" were not ashamed to go to service. She resolved to master the difficulties with which she was surrounded, and to keep her place; gradually her good humour and good nature became appreciated. Mrs. L.'s two little ones caught scarlet fever, and when the nurse declared she was afraid to remain with her charge, Kitty volunteered to take her place. "I am not afraid," she said, "and sure God can keep the sickness from me by their bedside, as well as by my own; and if I was to go, his will be done! but I am not afraid." Night and day this girl watched with their mother over the children; at her request, no stranger smoothed their pillows or aided her exertions; what she lacked in skill she made up in actual tenderness, and her quickness and attention never wearied; in time the children recovered, but they had become so attached to their Irish nurse, that they entreated their mamma to let her remain with them, and the former nurse took Kitty's place. When Kitty was a girl, there were no National Schools, and at that time was so ignorant of "book learning," that she did not know her letters; but she managed to learn them from the children, and concealed her deficiency so well, that Mrs. L. told us it was not until Catherine could read that she confessed how entirely uneducated she had been. During a period of five years, she continued in her place,

unspoiled by much kindness ; and frequently did her mistress boast to her acquaintance of the treasure she possessed in an Irish nurse. It was quite true that Catherine's accent was anything but correct, still her mistress declared it to be "her only fault," and one for which her fidelity and good conduct amply atoned. Love now somewhat interfered with her duties ; a master carpenter paid his addresses to the kind Hibernian ; her mistress was too just to prevent her settling respectably, and as her intended husband had formed an engagement to go to New York the following spring, Kitty decided on remaining with her "darlings" until within a week of his departure, when she was to exchange the guttural of "Gallagher" for the more euphonious name of Miller. Hitherto, Mr. and Mrs. L. had enjoyed in life uninterrupted sunshine — everything prospered which the merchant undertook, but a few eventful hours made a terrible change in their circumstances ; loss followed loss with fearful rapidity, until at last their house was advertised to be sold, and Mrs. L., firm and patient in adversity as she had been cheerful and considerate in prosperity, placed Kitty's quarter's wages in her hand, and told her that, for the future, she must herself attend to her children ; her voice faltered as she thanked the poor Irish girl for the care and tenderness she had bestowed upon them ; and she added a wish that as the time had arrived when Kitty was to be married she would inform her of her prospects, after she and her husband had been some time in New York, and rely upon Mr. L. to remember her faithfulness, if ever he had the power to serve them. We quote Mrs. L.'s own words :—"Catherine," she said, "stood without replying, until I had done speaking. I was more agitated at parting with her than with all my other servants ; though they were all excellent in their way ; yet she had evinced more affection towards me and mine in an hour than the others had shewn in a year."

"Is it to leave you, ma'am, you want me, and to leave the young master and miss? Ah! then, what have I done to make you think I've no heart in my bosom? I'll be no burden to you, but I'll never leave you. Leave you in your trouble? Sure, it's neither peace nor rest I'd have by day or night, to think it's my two hands you'd be wanting, and they not in it. And as to Robert Miller, it will be better for him to be by himself for the first two or three years, and so I told him *this morning when we parted*. 'I'll never leave the mistress in her trouble, Robert,' I said ; 'and if it's any bar, why, I'll give you back your promise,' and he would not hear of that, but took on a good deal at first ; only it's all over—time and distance are nothing to true hearts, and if he does forget me, why,

I am doing my duty still. I'll never leave you in your trouble." "Her devotion, so simple, so perfectly unaffected," added Mrs. L., "drew more tears from my eyes than my own sorrows. I had nerved myself for them, but this overpowered me ; the children became wild with joy when they found Kitty was to remain with them ; and she, certainly, was the good spirit of comfort in our humble cottage. But this was not all ; she had saved in my service about fifteen pounds, and every farthing of this money she spent in buying in at the auction, which finished the desolation of our once happy home, such small things as she believed me most attached to ; these she had conveyed to our dwelling secretly, and then, with a delicacy which must be innate, she entreated me to forgive the liberty she had taken, and endeavoured to persuade us she had but returned to us our own. I often think that my husband's proud spirit would have been bowed even to breaking, but for the true nobility of Catherine's heart ; toiling, as she was, in all capacities, for our sakes, I never saw a shadow on her brow. She was an existing proof (amid much that led us to believe the contrary) of the disinterested generosity of human nature ; she taught us the value of usefulness—she made us ashamed of our prejudices, and never did she once make us feel that she had sacrificed a pin's worth to our interests."

This is no romance, it is simple and unvarnished truth ; both the mistress and the servant are intimately known to us ; we have not added an iota to the story as the former told it to us. Kitty's generosity of character did not effervesce ; during a period of three years she remained firm to her purpose, because Mrs. L. needed her services. At length, a distant relative of Mrs. L.'s died, and, as next of kin, Mr. L. inherited a very comfortable property ; then, indeed, Mrs. L. found Kitty more than once weeping over the letters she could hardly read, but which, nevertheless, she knew by heart. It was not, however, until she succeeded in training "a cousin of her own"—whom her mistress had not only consented, but was happy to receive—that Kitty performed her promise, and rewarded her lover for his constancy.

How many other examples of devoted and disinterested attachment of Irish servants to their employers we might add to this, and yet record only cases entirely within our own knowledge.

May we now hope that the prejudice against them in England, so rapidly diminishing, will be, ere long, altogether gone ; and that when their advantages—of faithfulness, industry, and willingness to labour, in all ways and on all occasions—have been considered and appreciated, they will acquire those, perhaps equally essential,

habits of neatness and order, into which they have hitherto not been properly disciplined, because kept far too much away from the opportunities of improvement.

HANS HOLBEIN.

HENRY failed in attracting to his court the first-rate painters of Italy. He had some amends for his disappointment when he succeeded in fixing near his person that extraordinary genius, Hans Holbein. The sturdy painter and the bluff monarch have, in truth, become so associated in the fancy, that we can seldom think of the one without a recollection of the other. Holbein was a native of Basle, in Switzerland, and born in the year 1498. He was the son of a painter, and his genius was early fostered and developed; but we are told that he led a dissipated life, and wasted, in no creditable manner, the money gained in his profession. We are also told that his wife was a shrew, like the wife of Albert Durer, and that her froward temper was one of the causes which drove him from his native place. Those who look upon the portraits of Holbein and his wife at Hampton Court, may well doubt whether the former black-whiskered, bull-necked, resolute, almost fierce-looking personage, could have had much to endure from the poor, broken-spirited, and visaged woman opposite to him, and may be inclined to put another construction on the story. With Albert Durer it is different: no contrast can be greater than between the coarse head of Holbein and that of Albert Durer, with his mild melancholy eyes and long fair hair. But be this as it may, there is ample evidence that Holbein was reduced to poverty, and was obliged to quit his native place to make some provision for his family. There is a picture still preserved in the museum at Basle, painted about the time he left it, representing his wife and two children, half-length: she has a child in her lap, and one hand rests on the head of a boy, who looks up sorrowfully in her face. It is many years since I saw this picture, and I may err in my recollection of attitude and detail, but I cannot forget that I never was so moved by any picture in my life as by this little bit of homely domestic tragedy: I cannot forget the anguish depicted in the countenance of the wife, nor the pathetic countenance of the children. Holbein left them and came over to England, recommended by Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, then chancellor. He was honourably received, lodged for some time in the house of that distinguished man, and painted several portraits of his family and friends. The king, on seeing these works, was struck with admiration, and immediately took the painter into his own service. He allowed him a salary of

£30 a-year, equal to ten times that sum in these days, and he was paid besides for each picture which he painted. Holbein's jovial character was in accordance with Henry's taste, and he soon became a favourite. Henry's rebuke to one of his courtiers who had insulted the painter, is well-known—"You have not to do with Holbein, but with me. I tell you, that of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but not one Holbein!"—*Mrs. Jameson.*

The Gatherer.

The total number of Roman-catholic chapels in Great Britain is 556; Colleges, 20; Monasteries, 3; Missionary priests in England, 642; Scotland, 86.

Dr. Johnson and the celebrated Hannah More.—Mrs. Thrale told a story of Hannah More which, I think, exceeds in its severity all the severe things I have yet heard of Dr. Johnson's saying. When she was introduced to him, not long ago, she began singing his praise in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the gratification she had received from his praises, with the highest encomiums. "The first time he heard her with that quietude, and a long use of praise had given him, he then redoubled her strokes, and," Seward calls it, peppered still harder. At length, he turned suddenly with a stern and angry countenance, and said, "Madam, before you flatter me so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth having."—*Diary and Letters of Dr. Johnson.*

Hanwell Lunatic Asylum.—From the last report of the visiting justices of the County Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, that on the 31st of December, 1841, there were 928 lunatics in the asylum—viz., males, 395, and females, 533. Of the former, 154 were employed, 224 unemployed, and 17 sick; and of the latter, 366 were employed, 142 unemployed, and 25 sick. The men were chiefly employed in gardening and agriculture, and as helpers in the ward, and the women in the laundry, kitchen, and dairy, in picking coir, and at needlework. During the quarter ending the 31st of December, 35 lunatics were admitted—viz., 20 males and 15 females; and during the same period 3 males were cured and 1 female; 2 males relieved, and 7 men and 13 women died. The average daily number of patients during the quarter was 922.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 12.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1842.

[VOL. I. 1842.]



PRINCE'S LODGE, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

Original Communications.

PRINCE'S LODGE, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

In journeying from Halifax to Windsor, a rising town on the northern coast of Nova Scotia, the traveller's route is along the margin of Bedford Basin, the road at times skirting a wild and partially reclaimed waste; at others winding with the varied undulations of the ground through a thick grove of white birch and maple, and crossing innumerable noisy rivulets which pour their tributary waters down rocky and deep ravines into that noble inlet of the sea. At a distance of six miles from the former town

is the neat little inn of Rockingham, which was metamorphosed, a few years since, from a comfortless guard-house attached to the Duke of Kent's country residence, when Governor-general of British America, to as snug a little hostelry as the western colonies can hold out to the wayfarer. "Prince's Lodge," or "*the Lodge*" *par excellence*, is within three hundred yards of the inn, but as much further back from the basin. Its situation is exceedingly beautiful; the ground gradually falling away towards a summer-

house, or music-room, on a rock at the basin's edge, over whose broad and beautiful expanse of deep blue water nestling among the hills it commands a most lovely view, as well as of the dark forests and scattered settlements on the opposite shore at Dartmouth. On the waters immediately in front, the gallant, but unfortunate Duke d'Anville, and his equally ill-fated successor, Admiral d'Estourmel, terminated their lives in the disastrous expedition of the French against the colony in 1746. Jonquiere, the third in command, was as little successful as his predecessors, and with difficulty regained France with a shattered remnant of the forty ships of war which but a few months before had sailed from Rochelle, under the Duke d'Anville, for the recovery of Nova Scotia. In calm weather, the masts of a line-of-battle-ship and a transport, scuttled by order of d'Estourmel, are yet visible above the waters of Bedford Basin. Though much good taste was shewn in the selection of the site, the building itself could never have possessed the most humble pretensions to architectural beauty. It is a strange, incongruous mass; and, from the over proportion of glass, but ill-adapted to the rigours of an American winter. Being built of wood, and not having been inhabited since the Duke's departure from the province, in 1810, it is now fast mouldering into dust; and presents as forlorn and dilapidated an appearance as can well be conceived. Not a vestige of the double-tiered verandah remains; the balcony and parapet railing are in a most doubtful state; while every beam, shingle, and joist, wear so threatening an aspect, that the old soldier in charge of the tottering fabric entreated us, as we were poking our way through a half-demolished window, in order to explore the interior of the mansion, to rest satisfied with his account of the insecure state of the straining timbers, and not risk our lives on crumbling floors and under trembling roofs which merely wanted "an excuse for coming down and overwhelming us." The gardens, green-houses, and ornamental shrubberies, were originally tastefully laid out, but not a trace remains of walk or flower-knot; rankling weeds and heaps of rubbish conceal the lower part of the house; and self-sown forest-trees, flinging their creaking arms athwart the building, and chafing themselves against the parapet, complete the picture of desolation, neglect, and abandonment.

The Lodge was built as a temporary residence for the Duke of Kent, during his shooting excursions; and after his departure from the province, came into the possession of Sir John Wentworth, the then Lieutenant-governor, who from inability to maintain the necessary establishment, allowed it to fall into its present ruinous state. The

Duke of Kent was deservedly popular in Nova Scotia, and the provincialists to this day bear willing testimony to the activity and energy displayed by him in advancing the interests of their country; and many are the regrets expressed that his favourite residence was not kept in a state of repair by the public funds, or let out as a private residence to some one of the wealthy Nova Scotian merchants, many of whom would have vied for the honour of succeeding their kind benefactor and friend. Had the latter been the fate of Prince's Lodge, the good citizens of Halifax would have been disappointed of many a joyous pic-nic; and I, in common with many a one of my brother red-coats, would have been deprived of one of those few bright spots in Nova Scotia which broke through the sad monotony of a soldier's life, and diversified the dull routine of garrison duty. C.

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

(Continued from page 165.)

ORDER V. LEPIDOPTERA.—Several eggs of a new variety of silk-moth from China, whose caterpillar spins white silk, were distributed among the members of the Entomological Society, at their meeting, in June, 1836. Mr. W. Sells, who received some of these eggs, and carefully watched and noted the progress of the insect through its various transformations, seems to regard it as only a variety of the common silk-moth (*Bombyx mori*), and not as a new species. The eggs hatched on the 7th of June, and the caterpillars, being regularly fed on mulberry leaves, thrived very well, and arrived at maturity and began spinning towards the end of July. They slightly differ from the common silkworm, by a blackish spot on each side of the head; and the moths, which began to appear on the 27th of August, are perhaps rather larger, and the dark lines on their wings of a little deeper colour. From the hatching of the egg to the death of the moth, this variety's existence averaged one hundred days. The silk was not so abundant as on the cocoon of the common sort; of not quite so strong a texture; less easily wound off; but as the silk is beautifully soft and perfectly white, further careful observation may shew that it is better adapted to some purposes in manufacture than the pale yellow and orange sorts of silk.*

The caterpillars of the Atlas moth (*Attacus Atlas* Germar), a native of Surinam and

* See the highly entertaining and useful *Transactions of the London Entomological Society*, vol. ii. (1837) p. 40.

other parts of America, and also of China and other parts of Asia, feed on the leaves of the *Citrus*, and spin silken cocoons of great size, which sometimes unwind in threads of many ells in length, more firm and tenacious than common silk, but the cases are very difficult to unravel, and are commonly carded. Madame Merian observes, however, that they would be valuable to mankind if they could be kept in confinement.* In the East Indies, silk is obtained also from the cocoons of two other species—namely, *Attacus Mylitta*, and *A. Cynthia*.† In India three other native species are also used—for instance, the Tusseh silk-worm, which feeds in the jungle on the jujube tree; the Arrindy, which feeds on the *Palma Christi*; and the Moongha, whose produce is used there to an extent of which we have but little idea.

In South America there are several caterpillars, besides those of the common silk-moth and Atlas-moth, which produce excellent silk. Spitz says, that in Brazil a species of silk-worm is abundant on a laurel-like shrub, particularly in Maranhão and Para. He says, that although its thread promises a much more brilliant silk than that of Europe, it has never yet been employed, although it might be with very great facility.‡ At Maragnan and Rio Janeiro the caterpillars of several species of *Bombyx* spin their cocoons of a thicker and stronger silk than that of the common silk-worm; and Padre Mestre, who gave the former a trial, found that it forms a very solid material. It has been proposed to cultivate for the feeding of them, a species of mulberry, with small and inedible fruit, growing near Rio Janeiro.

Latreille and others have recommended a trial of manufacturing articles from the silk of the caterpillar of the crimson-under-wing moth, (*Catocala sponsa*;) and Wilhelm says that the experiment has been successfully tried in Germany, with the silk of the emperor-moth (*Saturnia pavonia minor*), by M. Wentzel Hegeerde Berchtholdsdorf, under an imperial patent.§ Both these species may be found in our country: the former in Kent, Surry, Berkshire, and Hampshire, feeding on the oak; the latter in Kent, Surry, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Shropshire, feeding on blackthorn, alder, oak, bramble, rose, elder, &c. Britain produces more than two thousand species of moths and butterflies, yet none of their caterpillars do we turn to any useful account. This is only one instance out of

many that might be mentioned of our slowness, prejudice, or indifference about availing ourselves of the benefits we might derive from the multitude of neglected productions, animal and vegetal, which our naturally rich, but nationally poor, country puts forth.

In Peru, great numbers of certain caterpillars, called *sustillo*, as large as the silkworm, and bred in the *pacæ*-tree, are said to co-operate in spinning about it a close silken web, resembling in texture the silk paper which is made in China. The layers, or sheets, of silk spun by them do not appear to have been usefully applied, although specimens of it a yard and a half in length have been detached from the trees.

(To be continued.)

MERTON ABBEY, IN THE DAYS OF HENRY THE THIRD.

(Continued from p. 166.)

STILL hour by hour in hopelessness lagg'd on,
Day follow'd night, and night to day succeeded;—
None came him nigh, though worn he was, and
wan;
Oh thought most horrible, *why* thus unheeded?
He knew not time, save by the chapel bell
The canons to their stated duties calling,
Or by the light that stream'd within his cell,
Or by the shadow from the grating falling,
Where he had rudely notch'd upon the floor
A dial, sadly ponder'd o'er and o'er.

Off had he bent his dim and filmy gaze
Upon a breviary with damp all moulded,—
Dropp'd by some sentenced monk in other days;
What precious hopes its mildew'd leaves unfolded!
No cloister'd clerk was he, with wasted hand,
The musty manuscript with languor turning,
But one that well could grasp the cross-hilt brand,
And knew to rein the warhorse proudly spurning.
A captive now, all manacled and lone,
Outstretch'd by famine on a floor of stone.

That night the prelate proud, of Winchester,
Turn'd off on restless couch, as conscience-cum-
ber'd;—

“What ho! a courier!—see he mount and spur
For Merton straight, ere midnight twelve hath
number'd.

Let him not die,—*not die*;—methinks enough
That old and gnarled trunk were hack'd and riven;
The sapling oak may bend, not so the tough,
Stern pollard, though the iron wedge be driven
E'en to the heart—yet more, if from the rock
Uprooted, 'twill whelm others in the shock.”

Slow and unwillingly the portal yawn'd,
To the dark dungeon cell the entrance shewing,
When the fourth morning of his thralldom dawn'd,
Unwonted radiance through the dimness throwing.
At the first step the grim old Earl upraised
His head, yet were his features gaunt and sunken,
Glaring with ghastly look that haughty gazed
Upon the train that back in awe had shrunk;
“And ye are come,” he said, “with curious eye,
Profane, to mark how old De Burgh can die!”

“You wrong us, good my Lord,”—the sheriff
kneel'd,
Tendering the bread and ale, with deep emotion,
Of Merton fam'd; “please you, my Lord, to yield,
No lack, be sure, were here of old devotion.”

* The Atlas moth is a fine large species, measuring nine inches across the wings, which are adorned with a transparent patch in the centre.

† See *Linnean Transactions*, vol. vii.; and also a paper read before the Royal Society, about seven or eight years ago, by Colonel Sykes.

‡ Spix's *Brazil*.

§ Wilhelm's *Recreations of Natural History*.

"Yield! and succumb to haughty Winchester!
And thank him for the life that God is giving!
And kiss that prelate's robe of miniver!
And hold his stirrup, like his bondsman living!
Never!—though captive, Kent his oath said."
The sheriff turn'd away, and shook his head.

The old man's vaunted strength came not again;
And as it were on cruelty refining,
A cup of ale and manchet of marchpane
Were stately served, on massive silver shining,
By a lay brother,—greeting spake he none,
But silent brought each day a lessening measure,
Till cup and salver empty were each one.—
Oh! bitter mockery, oh! weary leisure,
As hour by hour the shadow crept that fell
From morn to eve within that lonely cell.

Then strange the conflict in that rugged breast,
Pride and despair alternate there prevailing;
Sometimes he deem'd the iron heavier press'd,
Sometimes he mark'd the clank with jeer and railing:
And the old breviary, companion
Of his captivity, with solace holy,
He stretch'd his hand to feel—In vain—'twas gone!
And he was left unshriven in melancholy.
Oh! cruel they that thus had sought to bind
The fetter'd body and corroding mind!

Then was it, that more precious when withdrawn,
The captive on its ancient text would ponder,—
As thou hast mark'd, maybe, at earliest dawn,
O'er a scarp'd cliff the first pale sunbeam wander;
So on the rocky ruins of his pride,
Shatter'd by deep earthquake or thunder riven,
Beam'd a religious ray—he stirr'd, and sigh'd,
And strove to kneel with hands upraised to heaven;
"*Et de profundis, plorans nunc ad te,
Salvum me fac, per Christum, Domine!*"

"And of his liege, dying, De Burgh would crave
Pardon, if aught there lack'd of service owing—
Perchance, when he lies mouldering in the grave,
Compunction late may touch his heart on knowing
That the old iron Earl, that oft hath led
His squadrons fetlock-deep blood-red with slaught-
er,
Died in these flinty walls for lack of bread,
Where Christian priests denied a cup of water!
Now have they done their worst, and aged Kent
Yields him to die in measureless content."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Yet Merton might not ring his passing bell,
And Merton's monks the vesper hymn were singing,
When old Earl Hubert bade "God speed them
well."

For knightly guise his squalid garb off flinging;
A prisoner yet, but fetterless in limb,
His steed he sate with bearing stern and stately,
Yet of a cheer withal so gaunt and grim,
In silent awe they gazed that jeer'd him lately;—
Yet where that night they took their moonlit way
Have centuries pass'd o'er, and where are they?

Maybe some careless delver has upturn'd
Strange relics, viewed awhile in vacant wonder,—
Maybe his foot irreverent there has spurn'd
The wreck his ruthless spade has cleft asunder;—
A shred of some Augustine's woollen weed,
A bone, maybe a skull, with eyeless socket,
A broken crucifix, an unstrung bead,
A mossgrown mask, or richly foliaged crocket;—
Or one, of hopes o'erthrown, erewhile hath stood
Amid the ruins of that brotherhood.

And sacred yet he deem'd that Abbey land,
Though long laid waste; 'tis writ in history's
pages
How there of old were met a stalwart band,
Whose words are grav'd, indelible through ages;

There sate in Henry's days that parliament,*
Whose acts, like Runnemede's, are roll'd in
charter;
There sheath'd in iron, stern each baron went,
Dark-brow'd, and prompt, if need, to die a martyr.
Outspake each lay-lord them, discreet and wary,
"*Anglia leges nolumus mutari.*"

REINELM.

* This year (1237) was a parlement holden at Merton. At this diverse good and profitable laws were made and established, which yette remaine, bearing the name of the place where they were ordeined.—*Holinshed's Chronicles.*

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER VIII.

THE BANKS OF THE VESDRE.—VERVIERS.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Aug. 4.

YESTERDAY morning, as the diligence was about to leave Liege for Aix-la-Chapelle, a worthy citizen annoyed the passengers by refusing to take the seat upon the *imperial*, which the conductor pointed out as his. For the sake of peace I offered him mine, which he, without evincing any reluctance or even thanking me, accepted, and the heavy vehicle forthwith went tardily along. I was pleased with the change. The road, though no longer by the banks of the Meuse, is exceedingly beautiful.

My mind for a short time reverted to the palace of the ecclesiastic princes of Liege.



How different now its use from that for which it was originally intended! Who could have believed that that once-respected palace would become the resort of knaves, and the market-place for peasants to sell their wares.

The Vesdre, along whose banks the road winds, is a river which flows with great rapidity, from Saint Cornelis Munster to Liege, by the most lovely valley that perhaps man ever witnessed. The road is at one time through a village surrounded with trees; at another, through a solitary part of the valley, skirting an old castle with square

towers, high-pointed roofs, large façade, and elegantly ornamented windows. A strange, yet joyful, noise struck upon our ear. I turned round, and saw, within a tuft of linden trees, a low house, with an immense wheel by its side. On drawing near, I found that it was a water-mill.

Between Chauffontaine and Verviers the valley is full of charms, and the weather, being propitious, added much to enliven the scene. Marmosets were playing upon the garden steps, the breeze shook the leaves of the tall poplars, and sounded like the music of peace, the harmony of nature; handsome heifers, in groups of three and four, were reposing on the greensward, shaded, by leafy blinds, from the rays of the sun; then, far from all houses, and alone, a fine cow, worthy of the regards of Argus, was peacefully grazing. The soft notes of a flute floating on the breeze were distinctly heard.

"*Mercurius septem mulcet arundinibus.*"

The railway, that *colossale entreprise*, which runs from Anvers to Liege, and is being extended to Verviers, is cut through the solid rock, and runs along the valley. Here we meet a bridge—there a viaduct; and at times we see in the distance, at the foot of an immense rock, a group of dark objects, resembling a hillock of ants, busily blasting the solid granite.



These ants, small though they be, perform the work of the giant.

When the fissure is wide and deep, a strange sound proceeds from the interior; in fact, one might imagine that the rock is making known its grievances by the mouth which man has made. It is the miners, who are at work. The diligence suddenly stopped, the workmen, who were upon a rising ground, fled in all directions; a noise louder than thunder was heard, and was echoed by the adjacent rocks and mountains. For a few hours afterwards the passengers did nothing but speak of accidents that are always taking place—that no further back than yesterday, a man

was killed and a tree cut in two by a block of stone which weighed twenty thousand pounds; that the day before yesterday the wife of one of the workmen, while carrying coffee (not soup) to her husband, was killed in the same manner. This has a tendency to spoil the *idylle*.

Verviers is an insignificant little town, divided into three *quartiers*, called Chick-chack, Basse-Crotte, and Dardanelle. In passing, I observed a little urchin, about six years of age, who, seated upon a door-step, was smoking his pipe, with all the magisterial air of a Grand Turk. The *marmot fumeur* looked into my face, and burst into a fit of laughter. I concluded that my appearance seemed to him rather ridiculous.

After Verviers, the road skirts the Vesdre, as far as Simbourg—Simbourg, that town of counts, that *paté* which Louis XIV. found had a crust rather hard for mastication, is at present a dismantled fortress.

LETTER IX.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Aix-la-Chapelle, August 6.

FOR an invalid, Aix-la-Chapelle is a mineral fountain—warm, cold, irony, sulphureous; for the tourist, it is a place for redoubts and concerts; for the pilgrim, the place of relics, which are only exhibited once every seven years: the gown of the Virgin Mary, the blood of Jesus, the cloth which enveloped the head of John the Baptist, after his decapitation; for the antiquarian chronicler, it is a noble abbey of *filles à abbesse*, connected with the male convent, built by Saint Gregory, son of Nicephore, emperor of the East; for the hunter, it is the ancient valley of the wild boars, (*Porcetum*;) for the merchant, it is the *fabrique* of cloth, needles, and pins; and for him who is neither merchant, manufacturer, hunter, antiquary, pilgrim, tourist, nor invalid, it is the city of Charlemagne.

In fact, Charlemagne was born at Aix-la-Chapelle, and died there. He was born in the old palace, of which there now only remains the tower, and was buried in the church that he founded in 796, two years after the death of his wife, Frastrada. Léon the Third consecrated it in 804, and tradition says, that two bishops of Tongres, who were buried at Maestricht, left their graves, in order to complete, at that ceremony, the three hundred and sixty-five bishops and archbishops representing the days of the year.

This historical and legendary church, from which the town has taken its name, has undergone, during the last thousand years, many transformations.

No sooner had I entered Aix, than I went to the chapel.

The *portail*, built of grey-blue granite, is of the time of Louis the Fifteenth, with doors of the eighth century. To the right of the *portail*, a large bronze ball, like a pineapple, is placed upon a granite pillar; and on the opposite side, on another pillar, is a wolf, of the same metal, which is half turned towards the bystanders, its mouth open and its teeth displayed.

Permit me, my friend, to inform you of the meaning which is attached to the wolf and the apple. This is the legend daily recited by the old women of the place to the inquiring traveller:—

"A long time, a very long time ago, the good people of Aix-la-Chapelle wished to build a church: money was put aside for the purpose; the foundation was laid, the walls built, and the timber-work commenced. For six months there was nothing heard but a deafening noise of saws, hammers, and axes, but at the expiration of that period the money ran short. A call was made upon the pilgrims for assistance; a tin plate was placed at the door of the church, but scarcely a liard was collected. What was to be done? The senate assembled, proposed, argued, advised, consulted. The workmen refused to continue their labour. The grass, the brambles, the ivy, and all the other insolent weeds which surround ruins, clung to the new stones of the abandoned edifice. Was there no other alternative than discontinuing the church? The glorious senate of burgomasters were in a state of consternation.

"One day, in the midst of their discussions, a man, a stranger to them, of tall stature and respectable appearance, entered.

"'Good day, gentlemen. What is the subject of discussion? You seem bewildered. Ah, I suppose your church weighs heavy at your heart. You do not know how to finish it. People say that money is the chief requisite for its completion.'

"'Stranger,' said one of the senate, '*Allez vous en au diable?* It would take a million of money.'

"'There is a million,' said the unknown, opening the window, and pointing to a chariot drawn by oxen, and guarded by twenty negroes armed to the teeth.

"One of the burgomasters went with the stranger to the carriage, took the first sack that came to his hand, then both returned. It was laid before the senate, and found to be full of gold.

"The *bourgmestres* looked with eyes expressive both of foolishness and surprise, and demanded of the *inconnu*—

"'Who are you, sir?'

"'My dear fellows, I am the man who has money. What more do you require?'

I inhabit the Black Forest, near the lake of Wildsée, and not far from the ruins of Heidenstadt, the city of pagans. I possess mines of gold and silver, and at night I handle millions of precious stones. But I have got strange fancies—in fact, I am unhappy, a melancholy being, passing my days in gazing into the transparent lake, watching the *tourniquet* and the water Tritons, and observing the growth of the *polygonum amphibium* among the rocks. But a truce to questions and idle stories. I have opened my heart,—profit by it! There is your million of money. Will you accept it?'

"'Pardieu oui,' said the senate. 'We shall finish our church.'

"'Well, it is yours,' the stranger said; 'but remember there is a condition.'

"'What is it?'

"'Finish your church, gentlemen—take all this precious metal—but promise me, in exchange, the first soul that enters into the church on the day of its consecration.'

"'You are the devil!' cried the senate.

"'You are imbeciles,' replied Urian.

"The burgomasters began to cross themselves—to turn pale, and tremble; but Urian, who was a queer devil, shook the bag containing the gold, laughed almost to split his sides, and soon gaining the confidence of the worthy gentlemen, a negotiation took place. The devil is a clever fellow, that is the reason that he is a devil.

"'After all,' he said, 'I am the one who shall lose by the bargain. You shall have your million and your church; as for me, I shall only have a soul.'

"'Whose soul, sir?' demanded the frightened senate.

"'The first one that comes—that, perhaps, of some canting hypocrite, who, to appear devout, and to shew his zeal in the cause, will enter first. But, *bourgmestres*, my friends, your church bids fair. The plan pleases me; and the edifice, in my opinion, will be superb. I see, with pleasure, that your architect prefers the *trompe-sous-le-coin* to that of Montpellier. I do not dislike the arched vault, but still I would have preferred a ridged one. I acknowledge that he has made the door-way very tastefully; but I am not sure if he has been careful about the thickness of the *parpain*. What is the name of your architect? Tell him from me, that to make a door well there must be four panels. Nevertheless, the church is of a very good style, and well adjusted. It would be a pity to leave off what has been so well begun. You must finish your church. Come, my friends, the million for you—the soul for me. Is it not so?'

"Thus spoke the gentleman, Urian.

"'After all,' thought the citizens, 'we ought to be satisfied that he contents himself with one soul. He might, if he ob-

served attentively, find that there is scarcely one in the whole place that does not belong to him.'

"The bargain was concluded—the million was locked up—Urian disappeared in a blue flame—and two years afterwards the church was finished.

"You must know that all the senators took an oath to keep the transaction a profound secret; and it must also be understood, that each of them on the very same evening related the affair to his wife. Perhaps this is a law, not one of the senators' making, but one which they strictly observed. When the church was finished, the whole town—thanks to the wives of the senators—knew the secret of the senate; and no one would enter the church. This was an embarrassment greater even than the first: the church was erected, but no one would enter; it was finished, but it was empty. What good was a church of this description?

"The senate assembled; but they could do nothing. They called upon the Bishop of Tongres, who was equally puzzled. The canons of the church were consulted; but they were also put to their wits' end. At last the monks were brought in.

"*Pardieu*,' said one of them, 'you seem to stand at trifles; you owe Urian the first soul that passes the door of the church; but he did not stipulate as to the kind of soul. I assure you, this Urian is at best an ass. Gentlemen, after a severe struggle, a wolf was taken alive in the valley of Borcette. Make it enter the church. Urian must be contented; he shall have a soul, although only that of a wolf.'

"'Bravo! bravo!' shouted the senate.

"At the dawn of the following day the bells rang.

"'What!' cried the inhabitants—'to-day is the consecration of the church, but who will dare to enter first?'

"'I wont!' shouted one; 'Nor I!'—'Nor I!' escaped from the lips of the others.

"At last the senate and the *chapitre* arrived, followed by men carrying the wolf in a cage. A signal was given to open the door of the church and that of the cage simultaneously; the wolf, half mad from fright, rushed into the empty church, where Urian was waiting, his mouth open, and his eyes shut. Judge of his rage when he discovered that he had swallowed a wolf. He shouted tremendously, flew for some time under the high arches of the church, making a noise like a tempest, and, on going out, gave the door a furious kick, that rent it from top to bottom."

It is upon that account, say the old dames, that a statue of the wolf has been placed on the left side of the church, and an apple, which represents its poor soul, on the right.

I must add, before finishing the legend, that I looked for the rent made by the heel of the devil, but could not find it.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

DAY AND NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF THE EUPHRATES.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

THE morning that the steamer bearing the name of the river whose waters she first navigated—the Euphrates—left Annah, she turned her head up to the current a few miles below that central and picturesque little town, and lay to for a short time by the edge of the bank, which was here a level greensward, backed at a short distance by a low, rocky terrace. Leaping ashore with others, and speaking for a moment to the Commander, Colonel Chesney, I proceeded to examine the rocks, and found them full of fossil organic remains—curious relics of a world older than that of Assyria or Babylonia. With these I was assiduously filling my pockets, when, on turning round, I found the steamer gone. She was fast sweeping down the broad stream of waters,—already out of hearing, and speedily out of sight.

The most infinitesimal portion of time was sufficient to render me aware of all the perils of my situation. My habitual custom on board the steamer, during her descent of the river, was to sit in front of one of the paddle-boxes, taking notes, so that I should not be missed till dinner-time, which would be at the end of the day's journey, an average distance of from fifty to sixty miles. I was on the opposite side of the river to that on which the town of Annah was situated, and could not go back, and obtain a boat. I had before me a district probably scarcely inhabited, and if so, by lawless and predatory Arabs. I had no arms; but, on examining my purse, found that I had luckily four gazis, small gold coins of four shillings each. Two of these I immediately secreted in my watch-fob, and left two in my purse for demand. Thus circumstanced, my mind never wavered as to what was to be done; but disencumbering myself of the weighty curiosities I had collected, I set off at a rate of about four miles an hour, to overtake a steamer descending a river fourteen miles in the same time, but which I knew would bring to at night. I had not walked above an hour when I came to a village, near which a group of fellahs, or agricultural Arabs, were sitting beside a corn-rick. The road approached them in such a manner, that I joined the party unobserved. They were greatly surprised at seeing a stranger among them, and like all

Arabs in similar circumstances, were at first frightened and distrustful; but when made aware there was no danger, haughty, malicious, and overbearing.

My object was, if possible, to obtain a guide, who might at once shew me the short cut—for the river bends—and serve me as a protection against other Arabs; so, with what little of the language I was master of, I explained my situation and wants, offering a present if they were acceded to. The fellahs, however, said it was impossible to go by day, as there was Bedwins on the road; but that if I would stop till night, a guide would go with me. This, with the distance before me, being out of the question, I repaired to the house of the sheikh, whom I found surrounded by his family, and who received me in the usual distrustful manner. After some altercation, it was arranged that I should give my handkerchief to the favourite daughter, and deposit a gazi with the sheikh for the guide. Although doubting the sincerity of the performance, I had no chance but acquiescence; and so we started,—the Arab first taking off his shoes,—at a good pace.

We kept up, with little conversation, for upwards of two hours, when we met another fellah; and my guide, putting on his shoes, entered into an earnest colloquy with him, which, from various signs and nods, it was easy to see had reference to me and the possible other gazis I might have in my possession. When I urged the guide to hasten forward, he only laughed, and asked for more money; so I was ultimately obliged to relinquish his company, and proceed by myself. From this point, till I reached the valley of Haditha, I saw no more villages. The country was low and undulating, with a soil of gravel and a vegetation of wormwood, mixed with a few grasses; stretching out in a black and apparently boundless expanse; fatiguing by its monotony; unmarked by forms of living things; and without the promise of a resting place. This weariness, was, however, sometimes unexpectedly relieved by plains of alluvial soil, deposited by the river, in hollows in the wilderness, and covered with gay and gaudy flowering plants.

In the evening, I arrived at the foot of a low range of hills, extending several miles to the west; and, as the river diverged in the same direction, it was natural to suppose that when it had broken through the rocky barrier, it would resume its easterly course, and that my plan was to cross over the hills. I hesitated, however, in doing this, from the fear of not being able to regain the banks of the water, so essential to my safety in a hot and arid country. While tracking a rocky valley, a troop of jackals bounded before me; and in little more than an hour I had gained the crest of the

hills, whence a noble prospect opened itself to my view, consisting of a long expanse of green and level valley, occasionally wooded, and watered by the Euphrates, which, as I anticipated, had twined round the hills, and now lay at my feet, scarcely three miles distant.

It was in vain, however, that my aching eyes followed the long line of white light, which the river presented in the hour of eve: no steamer was to be seen, nor a single village, but here and there, aqueducts advanced into the stream, shewing that what was now a wilderness, had been in former times the seat of civilization.

For a moment, my heart almost misgave me. Night was coming on, and had it been an undulating or hilly country, hope would have borne me on over each successive eminence, but here the expanse I had to traverse, without a chance of relief, (and I had had no food all day,) lay before me like the ocean to a shipwrecked mariner. I had, however, the consolation of knowing I could get water, and this had already become more than desirable.

By the time I had descended into the plain, the ardent sun had dipped beneath the horizon. The evening was growing cool and pleasant; and if hitherto my walk had been comparatively solitary, it now became quite the reverse, for the whole plain seemed as if suddenly peopled with living things. Stealthy foxes, of the Tatarian race, came down from the interior, to drink at the river side, quickly putting their tail between their legs and skulking away, when they perceived me in their path. Occasionally, wolves would turn sulkily round, snarling defiance, as if questioning my right to proceed; while numerous jackals bounded along the plain—sometimes in pursuit of each other, anon darting into the woods, then issuing forth again in troops of five or six, dashing up close to me, yelling and gnashing their teeth, or bristling up their backs, like so many angry cats.

Strong as my desire was to drink, it was impossible, under these circumstances, to venture through the thicket to the water's edge; but an opportunity offered, in some shrubs that advanced more inland than the others, of cutting a stick—no very formidable weapon,—but slight as it was, communicating, in the absence of all other defence, a comfortable idea.

Thus armed, I ventured to dispute with the thirsty four-footed claimants a draught of water, and having gallantly obtained it, I proceeded onwards till darkness overtook me. Under this emergency, as the moon rose at midnight, when I could continue my journey, I resolved to go out to the extremity of the next aqueduct I met, and sleep there in comparative security from wild animals.

What was my surprise, however, on approaching one of these ruins of former days, to find a fire lighted beneath an arch, and an old Bedwin Arab and a boy seated by its side. At my approach the old man started up, and lifting the club ordinarily carried by all his tribe in their girdle, prepared to strike: I laughed at him, and throwing down my stick, in sign of peace, sat down by the fire; the boy brought me water in a jug, and then burnt wet straw to keep off the mosquitoes, that hung like a cloud over the flame; while the old man offered me bread. To the questions I then asked, I obtained an answer, that the steamer had passed down the river that day; and the old man promised to be my guide, as soon as the moon should rise.

I had laid down to take some repose until that time, when another Arab joined the party; he had been out plundering, but it was upon a very small scale, for he exhibited his earnings, which were things not worth picking up on the road. This did not improve the notion I had formed of my guide, though it affected me too little to prevent my sleeping soundly. I was awakened by some one pinching my great toe, and found, on opening my eyes, a grotesque visage hanging over mine, lighted up by a radiant moonbeam. The other man and the boy were gone, as was also my stick, which was a comprehensible circumstance; but the old man was there. I rose and proceeded silently on my journey, scarcely knowing what I had to anticipate. The night before I had secured the old man's service by the present of a gazel, on which occasion I had exhibited my empty purse; but Bedwin Arabs are not to be taken in by such subtleties.

As we proceeded, therefore, I expected every moment to be joined by more guides than I required, or desired: my only hope was that the old man's cupidity would lead him to consider me as his particular prize, and that he would make the attempt by himself, so as to save participation of profits with any one; and this hope was happily verified.

Our road lay along the banks of the Euphrates, which was now seen to the greatest advantage in the moonlight, broad shadows being thrown on his lucid bosom by the dependant landscape.

In a short time, we began the ascent of some hills, the crest of which we had not sooner gained than my guide laid himself down on the ground, and scanned the naked upland that now extended before us. I sat down in the meantime. When he had finished his survey, he slowly muttered the words, "No Arabs," as if he himself had not been one. He then came and placed himself by my side, in closer propinquity than was desirable, while he put forth his

hand to examine the steel buckles of my braces, (for I wore no waistcoat,) which shone like silver in the moonlight. In doing this, his hand trembled, and betrayed his intentions. I rose quickly, and seized a stone, he at the same moment lifting his club, and holding out his hand, rubbing the thumb and forefinger together—a significant manner of asking for money, common to many parts of the world. The indignation with which I regarded my antagonist was now at its height. It is true he was tall and bony, but he was aged, and not even active; his forehead "villanous low," his nose long, his eyes red and purulent. It was, however, for our mutual advantage that peace should be established; so, walking on and keeping all the time beyond the reach of the club,—retaining, moreover, possession of the stone for fear of renewed hostilities, we argued the matter over in a pleasing and edifying manner. First, he asked for money;—I told him I had none: then for my fex;—I said I could not expose my head to the sun: then for an Arab kerchief I had tied round my waist;—knowing the value he would set upon this, I determined to propitiate him, if possible, and gave it up. He then put his club in his waistband, and a temporary confidence was re-established.

We now turned down a ravine, and then crossed some low hills, when my guide again resumed the recumbent position—the usual reconnoitring posture of the Arabs. I advanced, and to my delight, for it was just break of day, found the river flowing below, with inhabited islands on its bosom, and between me and it a cultivated and peopled country.

My guide went no further than this spot; it was in vain to urge him: he was as much in dread of fellahs as he might have been of Turkish authorities; so I descended the hills by myself. But my mishaps had not quite terminated; for some fellahs labouring in an adjacent field observing me, hurried away at full speed to intercept me. They were armed with small hatchets, which they waved over my head. I told them that I had been robbed of everything on the hills, and they did not discredit the story, but contented themselves with the kerchief round my neck, without examining my person. It was the third and last I had to give.

Proceeding a short distance beyond this I came to some cottages. Here there were some Arab women, who received me most kindly, and gave me milk. From them I first learned, to my infinite joy, that the steamer was not far distant, behind one of the islands. This turned out to be the case; and I had not travelled many miles down the river, before I distinguished the funnel among the column-like date-trees.

On the side on which I was, however, there were no houses, and it was more than an hour before I could attract the attention of the Arabs on the island. This I had no sooner done than my arrival was made known on board the steamer, whence messengers had been despatched in search of me the previous night; a boat was sent, and in a few moments more I was safe on board. I was heartily received by my companions, after a day and a night's walk of upwards of fifty English miles, which afforded much that is illustrative of the true character of the Arab, who, with all his boasted hospitality and high-mindedness, will never lose an opportunity of robbing, when he can do it with impunity.—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

THE KING OF PRUSSIA, MRS. FRY, AND
THE CONVICTS IN NEWGATE.

BY F. L.

AMONGST the characters of eminence with whom his majesty came in contact there was one individual who, unheralded by official or accredited form, had visited Prussia for a purpose altogether without precedent amongst her sex, even in missionary annals, and to whose manner of pursuing it whilst in his dominions, his majesty, as well as all his people, had paid the tribute of their admiration. Unlike English and French lady-travellers, she sought not palaces, picture galleries, museums, or theatres, but went direct to the accomplishment of her pure—and what without impropriety may be termed her sublime mission—literally discharging the injunctions of the Author of our religion—visiting the prisoners and afflicted in every quarter where she penetrated; and undeterred by any of the causes which had hitherto frightened the least susceptible and the moderately delicate of her sex from the remotest contact with the objects of this lady's solicitude. The King of Prussia, held to be the most Protestant monarch of Europe, shewed himself on the occasion of our countrywoman's visit to his dominions, worthy of being the chief of this purest form of Christianity; for above the petty ceremonies which make the hearts of most sovereigns unapproachable to the best feelings of our nature, his majesty never omitted an opportunity of expressing his sense of the honour conferred upon Prussia by the visit of Mrs. Fry and her excellent brother.* The king looked in vain for this

lady amidst the circles of jewelled and coroneted dames who filled the palace, the theatres, and public places of amusement and gaiety into which his majesty was led; but he had not forgotten her visit to the prisons of Prussia, nor had the respect and admiration her persuasive counsels for their amelioration excited in his royal breast, subsided.

His majesty inquired for, and soon had an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with her. By the public papers, it appears that when his majesty saw Mrs. Fry in the Mansion House of the Lord Mayor of London, he exclaimed, "Oh, my good friend, I am delighted to see you!" and then took her hand in the most cordial manner.

The king, wishing to inspect the field of her labours, appointed a day, and was at the gaol of Newgate early on the morning of Sunday, 30th January, to meet the Ladies' Prison Discipline Society, (which numbers amongst its members Mrs. Pirie, the exemplary lady of the Lord Mayor, and wives of the wealthy, enthusiastically attached to Mrs. Fry,) who assembled to inspect the progress of the female prisoners in work and mental improvement, prior to embarking upon their long voyage from their native land, some for short exile, all for weal or woe. His majesty, accompanied by two noblemen of his suite, entered Newgate, and proceeded directly to the room wherein the female prisoners, neatly and uniformly dressed, were assembled round Mrs. Fry and her little band of Christian heroines. His majesty conversed with much feeling and spirit, and sat down by this lady's side on the common chairs of the prison, differing scarcely from the benches upon which the convicts who surrounded him were wont to be seated. Mrs. Fry read the twelfth chapter of Romans, amidst the profoundest silence: a better selection could not have been made; for in it are compressed in the logical and classic diction of St. Paul, the great cardinal points of Christian doctrine, in the most forcible manner of which language is capable. Those who have not heard the musical yet solemn, varied yet continuously-impressive tones—permitting not attention for an instant to flag—which characterize her reading of the Scriptures, or her extempore prayers, can only form an imperfect idea of the effect these weekly readings and discourses have upon the prisoners. They sit as spell-bound; breathlessly attentive; and frequently, as she affectionately proceeds with alternate advice, gentle reproof, and comfort for the broken repentant spirit, tears may be seen coursing each other down the pallid cheek of some who hitherto have been untameable by coercion and severest restrictions. After the reading, a prayer followed, and the absolute monarch

* Mrs. Fry is sister of Mr. J. J. Gurney, an author of whom any literature might be justly proud, and of whom a reviewer in the Quarterly observed, "If he had been a clergyman, instead of a Quaker, he would have deserved a bishopric for his book upon the Evidences of Christianity."

of the best-ordered, most prosperous, and of one of the largest nations in Europe, knelt down in that grated-windowed room—a sleeping-room for felons—by the side of a simple female, and repeated mentally the words that fell from the lips of this ecclesiastically unconsecrated minister of the gospel; at the same time around him in this small apartment were fifty female convicts, whose hope of immortality were as dear to them as to the monarch, and who joined in one prayer to their God for his welfare, as well as of that of the people committed to his charge. The excellent and indefatigable chaplain of the gaol, the Rev. Mr. Carver, the sheriffs, with the governor and deputy-governor of the gaol, were the only official persons present—the king being desirous of seeing quietly, for his own satisfaction, the actual results of the labours of one good woman and her coadjutors, in such an extraordinary and hitherto unfeminine sphere. His majesty's remarks were well worthy of being noted: all regret that no record was taken of his observations and opinions upon our prison discipline. It is to be hoped his majesty is fully impressed with one thing—that, for whatever credit England has gained amongst civilized nations for its superiority in every essential feature in the economy of her penitentiaries and gaols, it is to the unswerving efforts of one woman in the walks of private life, and of those of her own immediate relations, the Gurneys, Hoares, Buxtons, and Barclays—names imperishable in the annals of Christian charity and beneficence for the alleviation of the ills of our race in distant colony and native clime—that it is entirely due.

But the monarch, justly appreciating her virtues and the services she has rendered humanity, was resolved further to mark his sense of them by proceeding from the prison to her private dwelling, though several miles distant from London, expressly making his visit to the quiet home of this humble-minded female the sole exception to his round of visits; which, save this, were paid but to royal personages, great officers of state, and high public functionaries. The route his majesty had to pass from Newgate to Mrs. Fry's villa at West Ham, through Aldgate, White-chapel, Mile End, &c., is from one end to the other, the most forbidding outlet of the metropolis: but there can be no doubt that to a mind constituted like the King of Prussia's, partaking of the unpretending hospitality of one whom he so well knew how to esteem and admire, must have afforded him a gratification which, without any invidious comparisons, was as heartfelt and sincere as any of those gorgeous banquets prepared for him, where no aid, which the most costly refinement and luxury could give, was wanting to render the feast

worthy of the nation's honoured guest. History narrates similar homage paid by monarchs, conquerors, and statesmen, to the abodes of individuals renowned for holiness and purity of life; emperors who have turned aside from their march of triumph, to visit the cells of hermits and recluses, to ask a blessing on their arms; but this royal type of the enlightened spirit of Christianity and truth, openly and nobly proclaims by his acts his own estimation of the value of the good wishes and prayers of those who "practise the law of life." It may not be erroneous to conclude that the King of Prussia, in common with the Queen of Great Britain, considers that the active virtues of Mrs. Fry are more sanctified in the sight of God and man than all the severest self-mortifications and torturings of body of any hundred saints in the Roman-catholic calendar.—*St. James's Magazine.*

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

THE subject of the North-West Passage is likely to be renewed, through the exertions of Mr. Richard King, one of two officers despatched by the Government, in 1833, in search of Sir John Ross and his companions. At a lecture on Friday evening, the 11th inst., delivered by Mr. King, at the Royal Institution, the whole of the known boundaries of the Polar Seas were described, and a plan proposed for the completion of the unexplored portion. The lecturer, in 1836, offered to conduct an expedition over land to complete the delineation of the Polar coast, from Point Turnagain of Franklin to the Fury and Hecla Strait of Parry. The greater part of that coast has since been surveyed by Messrs. Dease and Simpson, but there still remains to be explored the space between the Fury and Hecla Strait and the Great Fish River Estuary, in order to complete the north configuration of America, and if the land of Boothia Felix is a part of the American continent, in addition, the western coast of that land to its northern limit. That the whole of this may be completed in the course of one summer, seems evident from the late surveys between the Mackenzie and the Coppermine, and the Coppermine and the Great Fish River, which were accomplished in both instances in less than six weeks of boat-navigation, and without the loss of a single life. Mr. King is of opinion that a practicable North-West passage exists, and that in all probability it will be found between the western land of Boothia Felix and that mass of coast laid down from its respective bearings, as Banks's Land, Wollaston Land, and Victoria Land. Not only geographical science, but commerce, may therefore be benefited by the complete survey of America at its

northern limit. Mr. King has submitted to the Government the following plan, at an estimated expense of 1000*l.*:—that an expedition, consisting of one officer and six men, should proceed from Montreal, in Lower Canada, to the Atholosa Lake; then due north to the source of a river, called the Fish River, in about lat. 64 deg. N. and long. 104 deg. W.; and after wintering there, reach the Great Fish River by one of its tributaries. By following the course of that stream to sea, and then the eastern boundary of the Great Fish River Estuary to the north or east, as the case may be, either the Fury and Hecla Strait will be reached, or, as Mr. King thinks more probable, the north-western termination of the land of North Somerset. In the former case, a passage will have been discovered, but one that is not practicable for commercial purposes; but if the latter should prove to be as Sir John Ross has described, and a broad sea should be discovered washing the western coast of Boothia, the grand problem of a practicable North-West Passage is at once solved!—*Spectator*.

DISCOVERY OF A ROMAN VILLA.

A most interesting discovery of Roman antiquities, evincing the industry and throwing light upon the habits of those remarkable invaders of our island, has recently been made at Comberton, near Cambridge.

Some workmen employed, a week or two ago, in digging gravel upon the land of Mr. Whittett, of Comberton, came upon a quantity of massive brickwork, and immediately communicated the fact to their employer. He caused the earth to be cleared away from the brickwork, which now presents an admirable specimen of the masonry of the Romans. It forms the foundation of a building of considerable area; the portion already cleared is twenty-four feet long by ten feet wide, and is in the direction of north and south. On the western side are two small compartments of different area, and the whole is paved with well-burnt tiles, fifteen inches long by ten and a half inches wide, finely embedded in the grout, or calcareous conglomerate, so much used by the Romans; upon these and in the small compartments are rows of piers, at irregular distances, each formed of ten bricks, one inch and a half thick and eight inches square. The exterior and other walls are three feet thick and three and a half feet high, and cemented together, with a fair surface, by the same enduring concrete. They, as well as the foundation, are composed of masses of stone, principally Ketton stone, chalk marl, and immense flints; this shews the industry and perseverance of the builders, for these sorts of stone are not found in the neighbourhood of

Comberton. Within the area, the space was filled with fragments of tiles and the peculiar Roman bricks, of various and beautiful patterns of stucco and fresco painting, exactly similar in thickness and composition to those discovered in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum: the colours are quite bright, and although in distemper, appear to be uninjured by the lapse of time. The tiles are of various forms and excellent workmanship; many of them are in the shape of those used in the sudatorium bath, and their interiors bear evident marks of the action of fire. Among the other articles discovered, are fragments of window-glass, and one portion of a drinking-glass; fragments of coarse sepulchral vases, and pottery of various forms and manufacture, some of them very curious; hair-pins, formed with much ingenuity of the Belemnite fossil; a piece of leaden pipe, cemented into a large brick; an iron instrument, somewhat like the skid of a carriage, the use of which has not been ascertained; quantities of oyster-shells of a species now little known, &c.

The extent of area, the fragments of window-glass, (an expensive rarity, only used in superior buildings,) and the painted fresco work, lead one to imagine that these interesting remains are those of a Roman villa of some pretensions; and this idea is further strengthened by the discovery of the tiles used in the bath.

For some time past, coins have been discovered on various occasions in the neighbourhood of Comberton; but in excavating the site in question only two have yet been found—one of the time of Septimus Severus (A.D. 125), and the other of Gordius, in good preservation (A.D. 238). Intermixed with the debris were several human bones, one of these being a sternum of singular formation; and on one of the square bricks there is a remarkably distinct impression of a wolf's foot, the imprint of the talons of which give one a clear idea of the size of that happily-extinct race of animals, once so formidable in this part of the country.

In the village, about a mile and a half to the north of this excavated villa, is still to be seen, in admirable preservation, the site of ancient games, the Maze, or Julian circle, in which, as described by Virgil, the Roman youths were exercised at a game called Troy-town. To the honour of the villagers, who look upon this spot with great respect, it is carefully cleaned and repaired every third year. From the existence of this Maze, the frequent discovery of Roman coins, pottery, and utensils of various kinds in the vicinity, the ruins of this extensive villa, and its proximity to the great Roman road, the conclusion may be drawn that Comberton was once a considerable Roman station.—*Ipswich Express*.

THORWALDSEN AND HIS WORKS.

NEVER has the north bestowed a nobler boon upon the south, than that which Denmark parted with in giving Thorwaldsen to Italy. His name, the greatest in his art since the death of Canova, is the only one by which his native country is at this moment known to the rest of Europe.

To learn something of this eminent statuary, therefore, is an object which few foreigners will neglect while here; nor will their curiosity be long ungratified; for his fame is a favourite theme with all the intelligent of Copenhagen, and in this city are to be found nearly all his best works.

The appearance of a sculptor from the ungenial north, was an event which might well excite wonder among those who had long believed that all genius of this description could be nursed only by the warm south. Many, however, to make the marvel greater, assign him a more northern birth-place than facts will justify—placing his cradle among the frozen peaks of Iceland, in place of the mild plains of Zealand. His *father* was originally from Iceland, but came in early life to Copenhagen, where he worked as a modeller and carver in the royal dock-yards. In this capital, accordingly, was Bertel (Albert) Thorwaldsen born, in the year 1770. Though sprung, as fame asserts, and, although aware too that he was sprung, by the mother's side, from one of the royal Harolds of old, the young Albert did not disdain his father's humble occupation, which he followed for a time with perseverance and success, the peaceful tenour of his days flowing undisturbed by any incident more romantic than a narrow escape from matrimony.

The first prize having been awarded him by the Copenhagen Academy of Arts, in which he was a pupil, Thorwaldsen, at a very early age, was enabled to proceed to Rome, on a course of four years' study. His progress there is said to have been at first very slow; he continued altogether unknown, until, at length, he produced the model of his now famous "Jason." This, too, seemed to be a failure: no one took notice of it, or, at least, none expressed a desire to have it executed in marble; a neglect with which the young sculptor was so deeply mortified, that he resolved to quit Rome for ever, and seek bread in his native land. But how slight are the seeming accidents by which our fate is decided! From some disappointment about his passport, his departure was delayed by a single day: that day was to determine his future career. Mr. Hope, the liberal patron of the arts, who had just arrived in Rome, saw the Jason, and was so much struck with its many beauties, that he instantly demanded the price at which the young sculptor was

willing to execute it. "Six hundred sequins," was the sum named. "You ask too little: I am willing to give eight hundred," was the generous answer; and, from that hour to this, except during occasional visits to Germany and Denmark, Thorwaldsen has remained in Rome, where we saw him the other day, in the enjoyment of an hourly-increasing fame, and in health as vigorous as if he had never quitted the fresh breezes of Scandinavia.

Few sculptors have been so fortunate in being employed on public statues. The statues of Poniatowski, Gutenberg, Schiller, &c., are all from his chisel. Beautiful as these works are, however, his basso-relievos are even still more esteemed, and have been so often repeated, that it is not necessary to do more than name the lovely Cupid weeping as he shews Venus his tiny finger newly stung by a bee—Bacchus giving Cupid wine from a cup—Minerva placing the butterfly on the figure formed by Prometheus—Hygeia giving drink to the serpent of Esculapius—Cupid trying to restore Psyche to life with his dart—the Muses dancing round the Graces to the sound of Apollo's lyre, &c.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the history of the great sculptor, who is justly the pride of Denmark. Most of his more celebrated works being preserved in the *Academy of Fine Arts*, (formerly the palace of Charlottenburg,) we did not fail to visit that flourishing institution, one large room of which is exclusively peopled by his creations; and an enchanting sight they are. We enjoyed them to more advantage from being accompanied by one of the professors of the university, most distinguished for taste, who is, at the same time, an enthusiastic admirer of his gifted countryman. The first work, after entering, is remarkable as the only piece in the collection finished by his own hand; all the others want the ripe gloss of the final touch of the master. It is the "Ganymede feeding the eagle of Jupiter," a performance as well known in England as it is in Italy. To bring himself down to the level with his winged charge, the youth gracefully bends on one knee, and with both hands, supports the goblet from which the gratified bird most eagerly feeds. Nothing can surpass the figure of the highly-favoured youth—life, grace, everything about it is matchless.

Close beside is another interesting piece—a square marble pedestal, to support a baptismal font, the copy of one executed in 1827, and—the warm south not forgetting the distant north—presented to the church of his native parish, (the books say, to Trolleborg in the island of Funen.) The basso-relievos on the four sides, are in the sculptor's best style, and the subjects most

happily selected. One represents the mother and child; then follows the baptism of our Saviour; next the scene of his touching "Suffer little children to come unto me;" and, lastly, three happy cherubs of the most exquisite beauty. It is well known that in this branch of the art, Thorwaldsen stands unrivalled in modern times: his basso-relievos are superior, even to those of Canova himself. Witness his beautiful performance "Alexander's entrance into Babylon," in the Pope's palace of Monte-Cavallo, at Rome, and some in the same style finished for Manich. Indeed his superiority is sufficiently attested by two of the lovely gems in this collection, of which the originals are in the possession of Prince Metternich and Lord Lucan. One represents "Night," a mother with babes sleeping in her arms; the other "Day," a matron full of life, and invigorated by rest, moving joyously through the air, with roses and flowers of every kind in her bosom, to scatter over the earth, and her now-wakened son, bearing sturdily aloft his gleaming torch, to light her way.

The well-known Graces are matchless; Canova's are cold and lifeless in comparison. Another group of them may be seen here as a basso-relievo, and it would be difficult to say which is most delightful. The "Shepherd Boy and his Dog"—the "Dancing Girl"—"Venus with the Apple"—"Mercury watching Argus"—the "Jason" already spoken of—"Ganymede pouring out nectar for the Gods," and many others, will not soon be forgotten by those who have seen them, even but for a moment.

Perhaps the most charming of all his works is, that simple figure in an upper room. It has no name—at all events none was assigned to it by our companions—but, it must be a Psyche suing for pardon. What lips! they do more than speak—they implore. What eyes! there is, then, life in cold marble. What an attitude! it is more than that of a suppliant—it moves, not only to grant but to weep. And then those eloquent hands! All is perfect. Nothing produced by art can surpass this most fascinating work.

These simple creations of the chisel have always appeared to me to show the triumph of the artist more completely than complicated works. This partiality may proceed from want of taste, to appreciate the highest efforts of art, but I am not ashamed to confess that the Magdalen of Canova, weeping, wasted, solitary—the Gladiator of the Capitol, his breast heaving with big thoughts of home, wounded and expiring, lonely in the midst of gazing thousands—and, here, this gentle unsupported suppliant—have moved me more than all the fierce agonies of Laocoon, or the perils of the Queen, shrinking from the uplifted hoof of the Farnesian toro.

Of the many other interesting objects scattered through the rooms of the academy, the sculptor's own bust is among the most interesting: the chin is classical, but the rest of the head, truly Scandinavian. That it is a faithful likeness we have since had ample opportunity of confirming, by a sight of the living original. During a visit to Rome, in the spring of 1837, we found that he is still most assiduous in his labours. His studio, by far the most attractive in the immortal city, is situated in a strange out-of-the-way place, among the mews, on the Quirinal, near the Barberini Palace. Here his works and his workmen are scattered through several old sheds, affording them but indifferent shelter from wind and weather. Yet one of these uncouth places contains as goodly a company as a man could desire to be introduced to—Byron, Schiller, and one, without whom both Byron and Schiller would have had little chance of obtaining such fame, as to render them subjects for the sculptor—Gutenberg, the inventor (as the Germans maintain) of printing. The Byron is probably well known in England, but as it may be to many as new as it was to us, we extract the note made about it on the spot, as well as that relating to the other two which are destined to European celebrity: "This is the best Byron we have ever seen—nothing lackadaisical about it, as in all the album and school-girl pictures of the noble bard: he is here a plain manly Englishman, just the figure of a man who, though he wrote good poetry ('good' is a cold word for *his* poetry,) was yet capable of swimming the Hellespont, and leading a battalion of Greeks. The poet is seated, holding a manuscript in his left hand, and a pencil, resting on the lip, in his right. The features are soft but not to an exaggerated degree; and the hands beautifully small, but natural. The figure is about the size of life. The modern surtout carelessly buttoned, and neckcloth as carelessly tied; the vulgar but inevitable *statuary* shoes, with tongue and latchet—the mantle thrown loosely over the shoulders and limbs,—complete a costume at once elegant and simple.

"Close beside Byron stands the colossal statue of Schiller (or rather the model) to be erected at Stuttgart—a noble performance—it arrests the attention at once by its sublime simplicity. The poet holds a volume in one hand, and appears to be in a contemplative mood, yet the fire and ardour which characterized his countenance are not altogether merged in his repose. Instead of the classic sandal, he wears the same kind of shoe as Byron. A mantle is also thrown round him. The work is to be cast in bronze in Germany; but misfortune seems to attend the attempt—the mould has

already broken twice in the hands of the founder. The colossal statue of Gutenberg has already been erected in his native city, Mayence, and is therefore well known to travellers. The expression is calm and dignified, yet not of such a high cast as to be out of character with the implements of his noble art, which he holds in his hand. The basso-relievos on the pedestal represent the printing-press, &c." — *Brenner's Excursions in Denmark, &c.*

LOWELL, THE MANCHESTER OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE most striking and gratifying feature of Lowell, is the high moral and intellectual condition of its working population. In looking over the books of the mills we visited, where the operatives entered their names, I observed very few that were not written by themselves; certainly not five per cent. of the whole number were signed with a mark, and many of these were evidently Irish. It was impossible to go through the mills, and notice the respectable appearance and becoming and modest deportment of the "factory girls," without forming a very favourable estimate of their character and position in society. The female operatives are generally boarded in houses built and owned by the "corporations" for whom they work, and which are placed under the superintendence of matrons of exemplary character, and skilled in housewifery, who pay a low rent for the houses, and provide all necessaries for their inmates, over whom they exercise a general oversight, receiving about one dollar and one-third from each per week. Each of these houses accommodates from thirty to fifty young women, and there is a wholesome rivalry among the mistresses which shall make their inmates most comfortable. A considerable number of the factory girls are farmers' daughters, and come hither from the distant states of Vermont and New Hampshire, &c., to work for two, three, or four years, when they return to their native hills, dowered with a little capital of their own earnings. The factory operatives at Lowell form a community that commands the respect of the neighbourhood, and of all under whose observation they come. No female of an immoral character could remain a week in any of the mills. The superintendent of the Boott Corporation informed me that, during the five and a half years of his superintendence of that factory, employing about nine hundred and fifty young women, he had known but one case of an illegitimate birth—and the mother was an Irish "immigrant." Any male or female employed, who was known to be in a state of inebriety, would be at once dismissed. * * * Many an aged father or

mother in the country, is made happy and comfortable, by the self-sacrificing contributions from their affectionate and dutiful daughter here. Many an old homestead has been cleared of its encumbrances, and thus saved to the family by these liberal and honest earnings. To the many and most gratifying and cheering facts which, in the course of this examination, I have had occasion to state, I here add a few others relating to the matter now under discussion. Mr. Carney, the treasurer of the Lowell Institution for Savings, has furnished me with the following particulars:—The whole number of depositors in this institution, on the 23rd July, was nineteen hundred and seventy-six; the whole amount of deposits was three hundred and five thousand seven hundred and ninety-six dollars and seventy cents. (about 60,000*l.*) Of these depositors, nine hundred and seventy-eight are factory girls, and the amount of their funds now in the bank is estimated by Mr. Carney, in round numbers, at one hundred thousand dollars.—*Sturge's Visit to the United States in 1841.* [Among the influences most potent in good operating in this establishment, the great moral cause appears to be the discipline of the boarding houses; and, as a consequence, "the jealous and sleepless watchfulness over each other of the girls themselves. The strongest guardianship of their own character, as a class, is in their own hands, and they will not suffer either overseer or superintendent to be indifferent to this character with impunity." How far a similar organization, at home, would produce a similar result, while unsupported by a vast improvement in the pecuniary resources of the operative, is very questionable; but the establishment of some combined system, providing for the habitations and domestic comforts of the manufacturing population, is within our reach; and it is without doubt an essential preliminary to any other effort, for amending a state of things disgraceful alike to the religion and the humanity of the country.—*Athenæum.*]

ADVANTAGES OF INTERCOURSE WITH MEN OF LEARNING AND REFINEMENT.

THE great Lord Clarendon says, that he attributes all the success and happiness of his life to his having always sought the society and conversation of persons more elevated, more learned, more virtuous, than himself; and he was fond of saying that he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man as when he was the worst man in the company; and so it was, he adds, that he acquired a taste for good learning, severity, and purity of manners, eloquence, propriety, and masculine expressions from Ben Jonson; an admiration of humanity

courtesy, and affability, of clear discourse, and the faculty of making hard things easy from Selden; of noble daring, a wonderful graceful behaviour, and a flowing courtesy and civility from Sir Kenelm Digby, and so on. But those were the days when there were giants in the land! We have all experienced the feelings of respect, and even of affection, with which we look up to those from whom we derive instruction, particularly if that instruction be conveyed in such a way as not to wound our self-love by the exhibition of any consciousness of superiority, or any assumption of authority on the part of our informant. Now I have constantly observed, among the visitors of our garden, that those, and they are many, who make inquiries respecting the names and qualities of the animals from the persons whom they think are likely to be better informed than themselves, express themselves as highly obliged when their curiosity has been gratified, and go away with the kindest feelings towards their informants. Shortly after our garden was open to the public. I observed two countrymen attentively examining a pair of wapitis (the great North American stag): one of them, after expressing some surprise not unmixed with terror at the enormous size of the beasts, and at the ferocity of the male animal, who frequently struck his horns violently against the railing of his inclosure, addressed me with great civility of manner, and asked "if the like of them would eat a man?" I said, "no; but he would strike, and even kill you, if he was angry, but he would not eat you; no animal with cloven feet and horns eats flesh." He pondered for a moment, and then, with something of a triumphant and knowing expression, said, "and wouldn't a pig eat flesh?" "O! Jemmy, Jemmy," exclaimed his companion, reproachfully, "where's your sense?—did you ever see a pig with horns?" "Well, that's true for you; you have me there, sure enough," (answered his friend.) "Sir, I heartily thank you," said he, turning to me, "you've told me what I never knew before; it's a great thing to have knowledge," and he went away soliloquising thus to himself, "well, well, that beats the world; if a beast has a cloven foot and horns with that, he won't eat a man or any other sort of flesh."—*Sir Philip Crompton's Lecture before the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland.*

The Gatherer.

When Gustavus III. of Sweden died of the wounds he received from Ankerstrong at the masked ball during Easter, in 1792, he left a large coffer and a small one to be placed in the hall of the University of

Upsal, the town in which the coronation of the Kings of Sweden is performed, with injunctions that they should not be opened until the expiration of fifty years from the day of his death. The fatal blow was given to him April 15, and he expired on the 29th, consequently, the stipulated period will have elapsed on the 30th of April next, when the mysterious depositories will be opened and inspected with all due solemnity.

The Niger Expedition.—From advices just received from Fernando Po, we learn the distressing intelligence, that the model farm established by the unfortunate Niger expedition has been finally destroyed; the blacks in charge of it having been murdered by the natives, and Mr. Carr, the superintendent, who had returned to the farm from Fernando Po, having been carried prisoner into the interior.

Statistics of Distress.—At a meeting of the Statistical Society of London, held on Monday evening,—Viscount Sandon, president, in the chair,—a paper by Henry Ashworth, Esq., one of the directors of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, was read, on the present depression of trade at Bolton, shewing the mode in which it affects the different classes of the manufacturing population, from which we find that the loss to the town by the partial or entire closing of mills amounts to 201,600*l.* per annum in the matter of wages alone; and, estimating the comparison of the comfort of the operatives by the year 1835, when they had full work, and wheat was 39*s.* 4*d.* per quarter, the increased cost of food must be added, which amounts to 118,960*l.*, forming a total of 320,560*l.*, equal to 1000*l.* for every working day. The people dread pauperism, and make all sort of shifts to live, by pledging and selling their furniture and clothing. In December last an inquiry was instituted by a committee of the inhabitants of the town into the condition of 1003 families, consisting of 5305 persons, and it was found that the net earnings per week amounted to 329*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.*, which, with deductions of rent, left 310*l.* for food, fire, clothing, &c., making an average of from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 2½*d.* per head per week. The number of families out of 1003 having beds were 950, and amongst all these were found 1553 beds and 466 blankets; 425 persons were sleeping on floors, 609 families had no change of linen, and 511 families were accustomed to pawn-ing. Among the 5305 persons visited, there were many whose earnings did not exceed 11*d.* per head weekly.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

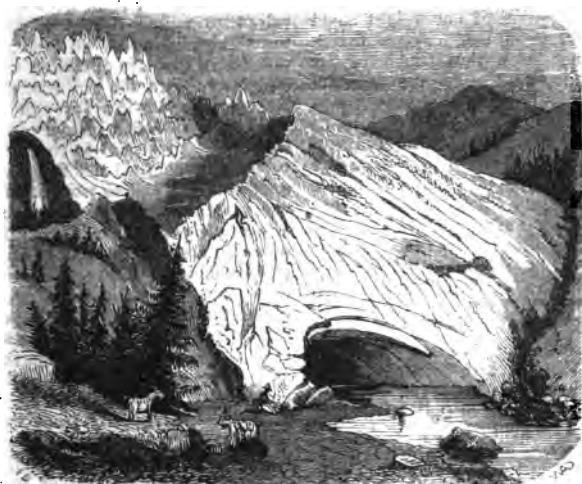
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 13.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1842.

[VOL. I. 1842.]



THE GLACIERS

Original Communications.

THE GLACIERS.

NATURE in her simplest and most uniform appearance never fails to awaken wonder and produce effect upon the mind of an attentive beholder; what must it then do when before the eye in all its grandeur, in all its wildness! The man who has never seen the glaciers—mountains covered with eternal snow, whose summit reaches the clouds, and whose forms are full of majesty, can have but a mean idea of the works of God.

The accounts given by travellers of foreign countries are generally exaggerated, but their description of the Alps is, on the contrary, meagre, for it is not within the power of language to do them justice.

On all sides are mountains of eternal snow, smiling valleys, delightful hills. Here a level country, finely cultivated, there rising hills with farms and villages, and over these a high ridge of mountains.

When we visited the glacier of Buet, in Savoy, the whole summit of the mountain

was covered with snow. It is hardly possible for words in any degree to explain what we felt, much less to excite emotions similar to those which we experienced. We were standing upon an immense extent of polished snow—white, unsullied. The air was pure, the sky deep blue, the sun shining, with the icicles sparkling in its rays. On reaching the summit of the glacier, we raised our heads and discovered the immense chain of the Alps, to an extent of at least fifty leagues. The view here was truly sublime: mountains peering over mountains, burying their heads in the sky. On one side was that large valley through which the Rhone flows, as far as Sion, the capital of the Valais, while on the others were mountains of ice and snow. A single glance over this immense quantity of ice would satisfy a spectator about the continual flow of the Rhone, the Rhine, the Po, and the Danube. These streams appeared like *threads* of water when compared to the

mountains of ice which surround them. The scene offered a most sensible picture of winter, and reminded us of the description given by voyagers of Spitzberg and Nova Zembla. It presented enormous heaps of ice, terminating in pikes and obelisks, from three to four thousand feet in height, and at the base pastures and harvests.

When gazing at the objects around, we discovered that we were standing upon a mass of congealed snow, which jutted over a most frightful precipice. This discovery caused a precipitate retreat; but on reflecting that the addition of our weight could have no effect upon that mass of frozen snow which had been thus supported for ages, we again went upon the frightful terrace. The mountain was very steep, and the projection of the ice carried us so far over the precipice, that if a cord had been let down from the point where we stood, it would have taken upwards of a hundred and seventy English yards to approach the nearest of those pikes which project from the side of the mountain. The eye met with no interruption till it reached the valley, a depth of not less than seventeen hundred yards.

The ice, in those parts where we were capable of discovering its dimensions, was at least full sixty feet in thickness, with huge icicles hanging from them. What a sight for the inhabitants of the plain!

Mont Blanc, which is three leagues distant, was entirely covered with a crust of ice from its base in the valley of Chamouni to its summit, resembling, in some places, a tempestuous sea, in others, the remains of antique towers and castles mouldering into ruins.

After remaining an hour and a half we began to descend. The sun had softened the snow, and we should therefore have found our descent difficult, but our guide, to shew us the method to adopt, placed his stick between his legs, and in a manner skated with great rapidity, regulating his movements, either quick or slow, by means of his heels.

A slight idea may be formed of the appearance of a glacier from the engraving prefixed to this article: it is that of Zermatt, in the canton of the Valais. In a future number we may return to this important subject, which embraces so much of the wonders of nature.

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

(Continued from page 179.)

THE caterpillars of the common ermine-moth (*Yponomeuta padella*) are gregarious,

and naturally construct a very fine close web, impenetrable by air, but easily detached from the trees. M. Habenstreet, of Munich, induced them to spin it on a suspended paper model, to which he gave the form and size he required: and he thus obtained square shawls of an ell width, others two ells long and one wide, a balloon four feet in height and two in horizontal diameter, and all of a much lighter fabric than the finest cambric; the balloon weighed less than five grains, and the flame of a single match held under it for a few seconds would raise it to a good height, whence it would not descend for half an hour; a shawl of the size of a square ell, when well stretched and blown into the air, resembled a very light smoke passing through the air; a whole lady's dress, with sleeves, but without a seam, he presented to the Queen of Bavaria, who mounted this fairy-like attire on another dress, and so wore it on many great occasions; a shawl of a square ell in size cost only eight francs. The caterpillars, two of which are able to produce an inch square of this delicate fabric, glue their threads close together while spinning, and to increase the thickness of the layer, if necessary, they were made to pass repeatedly over it; many were of course employed, and those parts of the model not to be covered were rubbed with oil, which prevented the caterpillars from working over them.* These caterpillars are very abundant in our own country, and their webs may be seen every summer in our hedges and gardens. No doubt the same thing might be effected with various other British caterpillars, if persons possessing leisure and ingenuity would make the interesting experiment.

Ray was the first to suppose that Pliny's *Cossus* (which was fattened for the table by the Romans) was the grub of some beetle; but, subsequently, having observed that the large caterpillar of the goat-moth has the power of retracting its prolegs within the body, so as to more nearly resemble a worm, he conjectured that the hexapod grub from Jamaica, (possibly in reality that of the well-known beetle, *Prionus denticornis*.) given him by Sir Hans Sloane, might possess the same power, and accordingly be the caterpillar of some species of moth.† Linnæus, seemingly taking a hint from Ray's opinion, supposed the goat-moth's caterpillar (the anatomy of which has been so wonderfully and thoroughly traced by the eye and pencil of the patient naturalist, Lyonnet) to be the ancient *Cossus*; and hence the goat-moth has acquired the name of *Cossus ligniperda*. There seems, however, to be a strong reason against its being Pliny's insect, for

* Newton's *Journal of the Arts*, December, 1837.

† Ray's *Wisdom of God*, ninth edition, p. 307.

the goat-moth caterpillar is a disagreeable, fetid creature, not very likely to tempt a Roman epicure, and it lives generally in the willow, whereas Pliny's resides in the oak. The Roman *Cossus* was, in short, probably a beetle.* Reaumur, speaking of the voracious caterpillars of the gamma-moth, (*Plusia gamma*), which committed serious ravages in France in the year 1735, suggests the eating of them as one good mode of diminishing their vast numbers,† This is the retributive system which the Irish peasantry adopted against the legion of cockchafer that troubled them in 1688.‡ Kirby and Spence pleasantly observe, that if they themselves were to take to eating caterpillars, they would follow the robin's example,§ and, accordingly, eat only those that are hairless. Amongst the delicacies of the Boshies-man's diet, Sparrman includes the caterpillars of butterflies.|| The Chinese, who wisely try to convert everything to some useful account, eat the caterpillars of a hawk-moth, (*Sphinx*—),¶ some of which tribe are, in Dr. Darwin's opinion, very delicious,** and they also eat the chrysalides of the silk-moth after they have wound the silk off the cocoons. The New Hollanders eat the night-feeding caterpillars of a singular species of moth. (*Nycterobius*—Mac Leay.) Bennett tells us, that on, and in the crevices of, the Bugong mountains, but only about the insulated and peculiar masses of granite, congregate vast multitudes of small moths, called *bugong* by the Aborigines, who, to procure them with greater facility, make smothering fires underneath the rocks on which the insects have settled, and thus suffocate them with smoke, while they sweep them off, frequently in bushels-full at a time. They then clear a circular space upon the ground, of a size proportioned to the number of insects obtained. On this space they burn a fire until the ground is tolerably hot. The fire is then extinguished and the ashes removed, and the moths are placed upon the heated circle, and stirred about until they lose their down and wings; and more effectually to separate these from the bodies, the broiled insects are placed on pieces of bark, and winnowed. The bodies are now eaten, or else placed in a wooden vessel, called a *walbin*, or *culbin*, and pounded by a piece of wood into masses or cakes resembling lumps of fat, or dough made of smutty-wheat mixed with fat. The body of the moth is large in proportion to the size of the whole insect, and contains a yellowish oil, resembling in taste a sweet nut. The baked masses or cakes (with which the "Netbuls" or "Zalabats" of the

native tribes are loaded during the season of feasting upon the bugong moths) will not keep above a week, and seldom even so long; but by smoking they are able to preserve them even for that time. The first time this diet is eaten by the native tribes it produces violent vomiting and other debilitating effects, but after a few days the people become accustomed to it, and thrive and fatten exceedingly upon it. So greatly do they esteem this insect food, that they assemble from all parts of the country to collect the moths on the mountains, the height of which from the base may be two thousand feet, and more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea. The quantity of moths which may be collected from one of the granite groups would amount, it is calculated, to at least five or six bushels. The largest specimen of the moth obtained by the traveller measured seven-eighths of an inch with the wings closed, the length of its body being five-eighths of an inch, with a proportionate circumference; the expanded wings measured one inch and three quarters across; their colour was dark brown, with two black ocellated spots upon the upper pair; the body was full of yellow oil and covered with down.*

* Bennett's *Wanderings*.

(To be continued.)

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

No. I.

DIDO AND ÆNEAS IN THE STORM.

THIS picture is the offspring of fabulous history, the subject being taken from the fourth book of the immortal *Æneis* of Virgil.

Dido, called also Elissa, daughter of the king of Tyre, married Sichæus, priest of Hercules, who was afterwards murdered by Pygmalion. The disconsolate widow left her country, and was wrecked upon the African coast. Her beauty gained her many admirers; among others, Iarbus, king of Mauritania, who threatened a war if she would not accept him in marriage. Dido begged three months to give a decisive answer, and during that time she erected a funeral pile, as if wishing, by a solemn sacrifice, to appease the manes of Sichæus. When all was prepared, she stabbed herself, and by this uncommon action was called Dido, which means, valiant woman.

Virgil, however, represents *Æneas* as living in the age of Dido, thus introducing an anachronism of about three hundred years. According to the poetical fiction, Dido becomes enamoured of *Æneas*, and Juno, observing the queen fettered in the chains of love, speaks soothingly to Venus,

* See *Mirror*, vol. xxxix. (1843), p. 70.

† Reaumur, vol. ii. p. 341.

‡ See *Mirror*, vol. xxxix. (1843), p. 70.

§ See Ray's *Letters*, p. 135.

|| Sparrman, vol. i. p. 201.

¶ Sir G. Staunton's *Voyage*, vol. iii. p. 246.

** Darwin's *Phytol.* p. 364.

who contrives a hunting excursion, in the midst of which—

A pithy cloud shall cover all the plain,
With hail and thunder and tempestuous rain.

The storm rages, and *Aeneas* is driven into a cave with *Dido*, where their marriage is supposed to have taken place.

From this Gaspar Poussin painted his *Dido and Aeneas*. In the middle ground the huntsmen and attendants are seen hurrying past, and within the cavern the figures of *Aeneas* and the Carthage queen. In front is a cupid holding the horse of *Aeneas*, two others are fluttering above, and high in the clouds *Venus* and *Love* triumphing. The composition is exceedingly poetical, grand, and spirited; but the colouring, unfortunately, is rather dark, owing to the dingy ground on which it was painted.

The family name of this artist was *Dughet*, but he took that of *Poussin*, in consequence of his sister being married to the celebrated French painter, *Nicholas Poussin*. It is stated that he was born in France

in 1600, but we have facts that convince us that he was born in Rome in 1613. In his early days he used to prepare the palette, pencils, and colours of *Nicholas*; and from this great painter imbibed a taste for that art of which he afterwards became one of the brightest ornaments. In point of landscape painting he has no equal, their effect bordering almost on the wonderful. Every tree shews a degree of agitation, and his leaves seem rustling in the gale. His distance recedes from the eye with perspective beauty, and his figures are so judiciously placed and proportioned as to create a pleasing deception. He is noted for the facility with which he executed his paintings, and it is asserted that he finished a large landscape within the space of one day. His colouring is full of truth, and no one can behold his landscapes without admiration. His human figures, however, were indifferently designed, and knowing this, he frequently prevailed upon his brother-in-law to paint them for him. He died at Rome in the year 1675.



DIDO AND *AENEAS* IN THE STORM.

Le Feuilletton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER IX.—(Concluded.)

ON approaching the chapel by the great *portail*, the effect is not striking; the *façade* displaying the different styles of architecture—Roman, Gothic, and modern, without order, and consequently, without grandeur; if, on the contrary, we arrive at the chapel by the *Chevet*, the result is otherwise. The high *abside* of the fourteenth century, in all its boldness and beauty—with the angle

of its roof, the rich workmanship of its balustrades, the variety of its *gargouilles*, the sombre hue of the stones, and its large, transparent windows—strikes the beholder with admiration.

Here, nevertheless, the aspect of the church—imposing though it be—is far from uniform. Between the *abside* and the *portail*, in a kind of cavity, the dome of *Otho III.*, built over the tomb of *Charlemagne* in the tenth century, is hid. However, we must say, if taken in the *ensemble*, the chapel of *Aix* is grand and magnificent. After a few moments' contemplation, a singular awe comes over us when gazing at this extraordinary edifice—an edifice which, like the great work that *Charlemagne* began, remains unfinished; and which, like his empire that spoke all languages, is

composed of architecture which represents all styles. To the reflective, there is a strange analogy between this wonderful man and this great building.

After having passed the arched roof of the portico, a white rotundo of two stories, in which all the *fantasies* of architecture are displayed, attracted my attention. On casting my eyes upon the ground, I perceived a large block of dark marble, with the following inscription in brass letters:—

"CAROLO MAGNO."

Nothing is more contemptible than to see, exposed to view, the bastard graces that surround this great Carolovingian name—angels resembling distorted cupids, palm branches like coloured feathers, garlands of flowers, and knots of ribbons, are placed under the dome of Otho III., and upon the tomb of Charlemagne.



The only thing here that evinces respect to the shades of that great man, is an immense lamp, about twelve feet in diameter, with forty-eight burners; and which was presented in the twelfth century, by Barberousse. It is of brass, gilt with gold, has the form of a crown, and is suspended from the ceiling above the marble stone, by an iron chain about seventy feet in length.

It is evident that some other monument had been erected to Charlemagne. There is nothing to convince us that this marble bordered with brass, is of antiquity. As to the letters, "CAROLO MAGNO," they are not of a later date than 1730.

Charlemagne is no longer under this stone. In 1166, Frederick Barberousse, whose gift, magnificent though it was, does by no means compensate for his sacrilege, caused the remains of the great emperor to be untoned. The church claimed the imperial skeleton, and has separated the bones, making each a holy relic. In the adjoining sacristy, a vicar shews the people that which I saw for three francs seventy-five centimes—the fixed price—the *arm of Charlemagne*—that arm which held for a time the reins of the world. Venerable relic! which has the following inscription, written by some scribe of the twelfth century—

"BRACHIUM SANCTI CAROLI MAGNI."

After that, I saw the scull of Charlemagne, that cranium which may be said to have been the mould of Europe, and which a beadle had the effrontery to strike with his finger.

These are contained in a wooden armory, painted grey, with a few angels, similar to those I have just mentioned, on the top. Such is the tomb of that man whose memory has outlived ten ages, and who, by his greatness, has shed the rays of immortality around his name. *Sanctus magnus* belong to him—two of the most august epithets which this earth could heap upon a human being.

There is one thing astonishing—that is, the largeness of the scull and arm. Charlemagne was, in fact, extraordinary with respect to size of body, as well as mental endowments. The son of Pepin-le-Bref was in body, as in mind—gigantic; of great corporeal strength, and of extraordinary intellect.

An inspection of this armory has a strange effect upon the antiquary. Besides the scull and arm, it contains the heart of Charlemagne; the cross which the emperor had round his neck in his tomb; a handsome *ostensoir* of the Renaissance, given by Charles the Fifth, and spoiled, in the last century, by tasteless ornaments; fourteen gold plates, richly sculptured, which once ornamented the arm-chair of the emperor; an *ostensoir*, given by Phillippe the Second; the cord which bound our Saviour; the sponge which was used upon the cross; the girdle of the Holy Virgin, and that of the Redeemer.

In the midst of innumerable ornaments, heaped up in the armory like mountains of gold and precious stones, are two shrines of singular beauty. One, the oldest, contains the remainder of the bones of Charlemagne, and which is seldom opened; the other, of the twelfth century, which Frederick Barberousse gave to the church, holds the relics that are exhibited every seven years. A single exhibition of this shrine, in 1496, attracted 42,000 pilgrims, and drew, in ten days, 80,000 florins.

This shrine has only one key, which is in two pieces, the one is in the possession of the chapitre, the other in that of the magistrate of the town. Sometimes, it is opened on extraordinary occasions, such as on the visit of a monarch. The present King of Prussia, when Prince Royal, expressed a desire to have it opened, which was not acceded to.

In a small armory, adjoining the one mentioned, I saw an exact imitation of the Germanic crown of Charlemagne. That which he wore as Emperor of Germany is at Vienna; the one, as King of France, at Rheims; and the other, as King of Lombardy, is at Monza, near Milan.

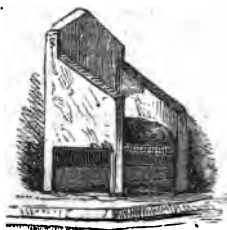
On going out of the sacristy, the beadle gave orders to one of the menials, a Swiss, to

conduct me round the church. The first object that fixed my attention was the pulpit, which is extravagantly ornamented and gilded, in the style of the eleventh century, and which was presented by the Emperor Henry the Second. To the right of the altar, the heart of M. Antoine Berdolet, the first and last Bishop of Aix-la-Chapelle, is encased. That church never had but one bishop, he whom Buonaparte named "*Primus Aquisgranensis Episcopus*."

In a dark room in the chapel, my conductor opened another armoury, which contains the sarcophagus of Charlemagne. It is a magnificent coffin of white marble, upon which the carrying off of Proserpine is sculptured. The fair girl is represented as making desperate efforts to disentangle herself from the grasp of Pluto, but the god has seized her half-naked neck, and is forcing her head against Minerva. Some of the nymphs, the attendants of Proserpine, are in eager combat with the *furies*, while others are endeavouring to stop the car, which is drawn by two dragons. A goddess has boldly seized one of them by the wing, and the animal, to all appearance, is crying hideously. This *bas-relief* is a poem, powerful and startling—like the pictures of pagan Rome, and like some of those of Rubens.

The tomb, before it became the sarcophagus of Charlemagne, was, it is said, that of Augustus.

After mounting a narrow staircase, my guide conducted me to a gallery which is called the Hochmunster. In this place is the arm-chair of Charlemagne. It is low, exceedingly wide, with a round back, and is formed of four pieces of white marble, without ornaments or sculpture, having for a seat an oak board, covered with a cushion



of red velvet. There are six steps up to it, two of which are of granite, the others of marble. This chair was at one time the resting place for the remains of Charlemagne. In his tomb he was seated on it, a crown upon his head, a globe in one hand, and a sceptre in the other; a sword by his side, a mantle over his shoulders, and the cross of Jesus at his breast, with his feet in the sarcophagus of Augustus. He remained upon this chair and in this attitude for three

hundred and fifty two years—from 814 to 1166; when Frederick Barberousse, desirous of having a chair for his coronation, entered the tomb. Barberousse was an illustrious prince and a valiant soldier; and it must, therefore, have been a moment singularly strange when this crowned man stood before the crowned corpse of Charlemagne;—the one in all the majesty of the empire, the other in the majesty of the dead. The soldier overcame the shades of greatness; the living became the despoliator of inanimate worth. The chapel claimed the skeleton, and Barberousse took the marble chair, which became the throne where thirty-six emperors were crowned. Ferdinand the First was the last; Charles the Fifth preceded him. The coronation of the German emperors now takes place at Frankfort.

I remained spell-bound near this chair, so simple, yet so great. I gazed upon the marble steps, marked by the feet of those thirty-six Cæsars who had there seen the bursting forth of their illustriousness, and who, each in his turn, had ceased to be of the living. Thoughts started in my mind, recollections flashed across my memory. When Frederick Barberousse was old, he determined, for the second or third time, to engage in the Holy War. One day, he reached the banks of the beautiful river Cydnus, and, being warm, took a fancy to bathe. The man who could profane the tomb of Charlemagne might well forget Alexander. He entered the river; the cold seized him. Alexander was young, and survived; Barberousse, an old man, lost his life.

In 1804, when Buonaparte became known as Napoleon, he visited Aix-la-Chapelle. Josephine, who accompanied him, had the caprice to sit down on this chair; but Napoleon, out of respect for Charlemagne, took off his hat, and remained for some time standing, and in silence. The following fact is somewhat remarkable, and which struck me forcibly. In 814, Charlemagne died; a thousand years afterwards, most probably about the same hour, Napoleon fell.

In that fatal year, 1814, the allied sovereigns visited the tomb of the great Carlo. Alexander of Russia, like Napoleon, took off his hat and uniform; Frederick William of Prussia kept on his *casquette de petite tenue*; Francis retained his surtout and round bonnet. The King of Prussia stood upon the marble steps receiving information from the prévôt of the chapitre respecting the coronation of the emperors of Germany. The two emperors remained silent. Napoleon, Josephine, Alexander, Frederick William, and Francis, are now no more.

My guide, who gave me these details, was an old French soldier, and has been for some time one of the appurtenances of Aix-la-Chapelle. Formerly, he shouldered his musket, and marched at the sound of

the drum; now, he carries a halbert in the clerical ceremonies before the chapitre. This man, who speaks to the travellers of Charlemagne, has Napoleon nearest his heart. When he spoke of the battles in which he had fought, of his old comrades, and of his colonel, the tears streamed down his eyes. He knew that I was a Frenchman; and, on my leaving, said, with a solemnity which I shall never forget—

"You can say, sir, that you saw at Aix-la-Chapelle an old soldier of the thirty-sixth Swiss regiment."

Then a moment afterwards added:—

"You can also state, that he belongs to three nations,—Prussian, by birth; Swiss, by trade; but his whole heart is French."

On quitting the chapel, I was so much absorbed in reflection, that I all but passed a lovely façade of the fourteenth century, ornamented with the statues of seven emperors. I was awoke from my reverie, by the sudden bursts of laughter which escaped from two travellers, the elder of whom, I was told in the morning by the landlord of the Emperors' Hotel, was M. le Comte d'A., of the most noble family of Artois.

"Here are names!" they cried. "Such, certainly, are the effects of the revolution. Le Capitaine Lasoupe, and Colonel Graindorge."

My poor Swiss had spoken to them, as he did to me, about his old captain and colonel, for they were so called.

A few minutes afterwards, I was on my way to the Hotel de Ville, the supposed birth-place of Charlemagne, which, like the chapel, is an edifice made of five or six others. In the middle of the court there is a fountain of great antiquity, with a bronze statue of Charlemagne. To the left and right are two others—both surmounted with eagles, half which are turned towards the grave and tranquil emperor.

The evening was approaching. I had passed the whole of the day among these grand and austere *souvenirs*; and, therefore, deemed it essential to take a walk in the open fields, to breathe the fresh air, and to watch the rays of the declining sun. I wandered along some dilapidated walls, entered a field, then some beautiful alleys, in one of which I seated myself.

Aix-la-Chapelle lay extended before me, partly hid by the shades of evening, which were falling around. By degrees the fog gained the roofs of the houses, and effaced the town steeples; then nothing was seen but two huge masses, the Hotel de Ville, and the chapel. All the emotions, all the thoughts and visions which I had during the day, crowded upon me. The first of the two dark objects was to me only the birth-place of a child; the second, was the resting-place of greatness. At intervals, in the midst of my reverie, I imagined that

I saw the shade of this giant, whom we call Charlemagne, developing itself between this great cradle and still greater tomb.

(To be continued.)

New Books.

Pictures of Popular People. G. Virtue, Ivy Lane.

THE two numbers now before us bid fair, and have that about them which merits praise. The author has, so far as he has gone, accomplished the task which he has undertaken—to bring within our notice "Pictures of Popular People," illustrative of human life. The opening article, entitled "The Happy Husband," points out the bliss arising from a smiling wife and a rosy-cheeked urchin. It draws our attention to the ideas generally formed of earthly felicity, then gives a deduction which does credit to the judgment of the author. "The greatest felicity," he says, "enjoyed on earth, apart from the happiness which has its spring in religion, is that which is derived from the uninterrupted and unrestrained interchange of domestic affections. In the bosom of that family in which virtuous principles prevail, and among whose members there exists a similarity of views and sympathy of feeling, happiness may be said, with peculiar propriety, to have taken up its abode." "The Affectionate Mother" is not only cleverly written, but is true to nature. "Street Musicians," "The Marriageable Man," "The Lord Mayor," "The Insolvent Debtor," and "The Milk Maid," are exceedingly good; and we can assure our readers that their perusal will not only afford amusement, but some wholesome information will be derived from it. Each article is accompanied by a very fair wood engraving. The work merits patronage, and has, therefore, our best wishes.

Miscellaneous.

BYRON, SCOTT, ROGERS, WORDSWORTH, &c.

A WRITER in *Fraser's Magazine* prefaces his excellent remarks on the new edition of Campbell's British Poets with the following retrospective view of the above-named poets:—

"Two-and-twenty years have elapsed since the publication of the first edition of Campbell's *Specimens*—a large section both of the life of man and the history of poetry. Byron was then lord of the ascendant—the "Napoleon of the realms of rhyme." His classic imagination, deep passion, and splen-

did descriptions of external nature, coloured the atmosphere of the Muses like a brilliant sunset, far extending and wide pervading. The whole, however, was not 'light from heaven.' A sort of melo-dramatic lustre accompanied even Byron's best appearances, and much of it has now 'faded into the common light of day.' His Oriental tyrants and corsairs—dark, mysterious personages—seem to us rather stilted and unnatural characters. We wondered at them in their day, admired and sought after them, as our ancestors did at Mariow's *Tamburlaine*, or at the *Almansors* and *Montezumas* of Dryden. But the spell is broken, though its influence is not departed. Old Lambro in *Don Juan* is the best of the family, and Haidée is Byron's finest female character. The poetic seclusion of the ancient pirate's residence, his love of streams and flowers, and the perfect innocence and beauty of his daughter, form a delicious cabinet picture that far transcends the more elaborate and ambitious productions of the great artist. Then the death of Haidée has a simple pathos and minuteness of painting that seem to rank it in our minds with the death-scene of Ophelia. True, she had lost her innocence, but it was lost almost without guilt, and may be forgiven without any after-repentance—

'His pity gave ere charity began.'

Childe Harold is great only when he loses his identity, and is merged in Byron. The traits of character peculiar to the Childe are harsh and unnatural. But in traversing the field of battle, sailing the ocean, or meditating among the ancient glories of art and literature, it is still the poet whom we recognise, not his hero. A mysterious interest accompanied his movements, and criticism was lost in wonder. Moore's life and Byron's journals have dissipated this romance. We have got a glimpse behind the scenes, and seen the working of the machinery. A true poet, Byron was—"bathed in the Thespian springs"—yet not altogether a bird of Paradise. His art was too much for his nature; he wanted universality as well as depth of sympathy; his style was false in principle, but rich and gorgeous in execution. Scott had been driven from the field of poetry by the success of Byron. Many fine things do Scott's Gothic epics contain,—bursts of enthusiastic patriotism and heroic ardour, a Spenserian breadth and copiousness of description, and touches of genuine tenderness and romantic feeling. He is deficient in energy and passion, and the world had become tired of his octo-syllabic tales of chivalry. Coleridge was at this time silent, or expending all his poetry in talk. Moore sparkled then, and he sparkles still, but the vintage has lost some of its rich, racy flavour: the gooseberry is sometimes substituted for the genuine champagne as the

banquet draws to a close. Rogers had not exhausted his pure, delicate vein; his *Italy* and *Human Life* are both superior to the *Pleasures of Memory*. Age seems to have enriched his imagination; and given a finer tone to his feelings and conceptions; his genius

"Blooms in the winter of his days
Like Glastonbury thorn."

The *Pleasures* contain no passage equal to the birth of the child, and the description of infancy and youth, in *Human Life*. Wordsworth was lost in the greater light of Byron. He is now rapidly ascending the scale, and cannot advance much higher. Extensive popularity he can never obtain, for his works do not aim at pleasing the multitude, and he has not that ethereal spirit which by one touch or drop can lighten up a scene or character. His solemn, diffuse style is original and impressive; it is, as Campbell says of Thomson's blank verse, 'the flowing vesture of the Druid.' The cast of his mind is also antique, and his imagery mostly drawn from nature, with now and then a happy classical allusion or illustration. His philosophy of human life is of a pensive and thoughtful character, not profound and searching like that of Shakspeare, nor lively and genial like that of the old dramatists. His sympathies have a limited range; he cannot project himself, as it were, out of his own consciousness and feeling. He stands still to moralize on the passing pageant of life, or to listen to the voice of nature in his own mountain solitudes. Admirably has that voice spoken to him in some of its finest and deepest tones, breathing true wisdom, a proud and virtuous self-reliance, and a soul-felt independence of thought and judgment. His worship of what he believed to be *true poetry*, in the midst of scoffing ridicule and cold neglect, is a noble example of the force of intellect and genius. He has triumphed at last because the seeds of genius were there, carefully sown, and sure to spring up some time from the adverse influences under which they were buried. The public, however, were not wholly to blame. The style of Wordsworth's prefaces and introductions piqued the pride of criticism. He was not content with founding what he considered a new school of poetry; he argued that it was the only right one, and that the world was all in the wrong as to the proper objects of poetry and the nature of poetical diction. Whatever he has achieved has been done in disregard of his own rules. His best pieces are admired because they approach closer than his other works to the style and manner of the old masters. His *Intimations of Immortality*, *Lycoris*, and *Tintern Abbey*, are noble poems; some of his sonnets are also exquisite, but they are written in no peculiar manner. They have more of sympathy with Nature

than poems of the Dryden and Pope school, but not more than those of Thomson or Cowper. Nay, Gray, whose choice and elaborate diction is proverbial, is as *natural* in his *Elegy*, in his *Ode on Eton College*, and his *Ode on Spring*; whatever of embellishment he has more is generally picturesque and graceful."

MENDICANTS.

THE habit of generalizing on all subjects is the result of impatience, indolence, or selfishness. The beggar, as he opens his wallet, and sees only hard crusts and mouldy meat, will, of course, *generalize*. All rich men to him are misers, tyrants, aristocrats, enemies of the poor, and worthy of death. The wealthy man, the man at his ease, or even the middling-classed man, looks upon all mendicants, whether honest or thieves, lame, halt, blind, deaf and dumb, paralytic or palsied; or whether hale and hearty, affecting diseases they never felt, and sorrows which never reached them; or whether the real bowed-down and infirm widow, or the mock imitator of her sorrows; or whether the shoeless, shirtless wretch who begs because he cannot work, from disease and lameness; or the forger upon human sympathy, who imitates a sorrow he knows nothing of,—yes, they look upon all these indiscriminately, and generally as thieves, vagrants, and impostors. Tell such a man that he generalizes too much, and that he should not involve multitudes of his fellow-creatures in his sweeping anathemas, and he will reply, "I have no time to examine, no opportunities for investigation; it may be as you state, that some are honest, sober, and unfortunate, but then the opposite class is much more numerous, and I must adopt a general rule." That rule, of course, is in accordance with the heart's own selfishness; and rather than decide in favour of human misery and calamity, the resolution is taken *never to relieve any*.

I had heard and seen much in the course of a long autumnal ramble of the sad state of the working classes; but my attention had been accidentally called to the condition of the *mendicant poor*. I found them a wholly different race of beings. They had signs of their own, a language of their own, plans and schemes of their own, houses of their own, or rather for their own class; barns and outbuildings reserved by compassionate farmers and landowners for them; they split society into factions, calculated with accuracy all their chances; and could tell in many cases, with tolerable nicety, how much they should receive in a week. I found them, generally speaking, distrustful of each other, living in a constant state of fear of arrest and imprisonment, concealing their own names even from their commonest

associates, and changing their announced plans and movements in less than a moment, as they saw with a prophet's eye a lion in their projected path.

But, then, how different were their classes. There was the systematic vagrant, whose life had been one of constant and unchanging mendicancy. There was the occasional vagrant, who begged after pea-picking season was over, or after hopping was terminated, or after the harvest was closed, in order to raise money to go back to London, or to the county to which they belonged. There was another class of occasional vagrants also, who, migrating from a district where poverty and misery assailed them to the place of their nativity, or of their former brighter fortunes, sought for halpence on their way to provide for their daily wants as they pressed onwards. There was another class of those temporary vagrants, likewise, who, being without employ, and hearing where work could be procured, far, far away, had set forth with their little all, and little indeed it was, to seek in the promised land the wherewithal to satisfy their daily wants. "I only ask for work," said a pale, half-starved mechanic, whose visage was not unknown to me in former years.—"I only ask for work, any work. I will drive the crows away; I will pick up stones; I will watch the cows and the sheep; I will collect and sweep up manure on the high roads; I will rise at four, and work all day and all night, if necessary, to earn my bread, and never ask another charity. But I cannot get work anywhere, and I must die or beg." That man's case was a specimen of that of thousands who now drag along their feeble frames on the high and cross roads of this country; and yet—they are vagrants!

The vagrants in large towns and cities, and principally in London, are the very worst classes. They are in eight cases out of ten, *impostors*. They go about with statements of losses by fire, shipwrecks, and accidents. They obtain counterfeit signatures of magistrates and clergymen to declarations of having lost their property by fire; and those who work "with the *slum* and *delicate*" (the brief, or statement, and book of subscriptions), often raise large sums of money, which they expend in vice and profligacy. The shipwrecked mariner's lark is one of the most frequent and successful. A person of this character, known by the nickname of Captain Johnstone, has followed the lark of a shipwrecked captain for many years. He has been several times over every county in England and Wales, and has obtained thousands of pounds. He is an excellent writer, and has a respectable appearance; so the unwary are deceived, and he is enriched. When any account of a shipwreck appears in the newspapers which seems likely to suit his purpose, he writes out a

new brief (*shaw*), and provides a new book (*delicate*), and sets to work with zeal to obtain subscribers. The trick generally succeeds, and for months the artful impostor preys upon the credulity of the public. There is a story current about him which is worth recording. A few years ago, during the time he was "working his lurk" in some of the northern counties, a vessel was wrecked off the coast of Scotland. Having read the account in one of the papers, and determined that it would exactly suit him, he prepared for work, and went to the house of a nobleman whose benevolence was proverbial in the neighbourhood. On applying to see his lordship, one of the servants informed him that he was in a summer-house in the park, on his road back. Johnstone walked to the summer-house, and found the nobleman reading a newspaper. The captain apologised for disturbing his lordship, informed him that he had just been shipwrecked, only a few days previously, and mentioned the name of the vessel, and all particulars of the disaster. The tale was well told. The nobleman could not doubt the facts, for he had just read a longer, but still wholly corresponding, statement of the same event in the newspaper before him, and FIVE POUNDS were at once subscribed and paid, as well as name given and signed in the book of subscriptions. With such a donation and such a name, Johnstone scoured the country round about, and not less than one hundred pounds were procured by him in a few weeks.

Polish noblemen, who have been driven from the land of their birth by Russian tyranny, are amongst the most successful impostors practised in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Bristol,—thus availing themselves of the well-known sorrows of men with whom the whole of this land and people sympathize, to extort for wretched impostors aims which would be well bestowed on the real sons of Poland.

"The victims of accidents," wholly counterfeit; "the sufferers from sickness," quite unreal; "the deaf and dumb lurkers," who dare to affect to be deprived of speech and hearing; "the servant out of place," who cajoles the domestics at gentlemen's houses, and works upon their sympathy; "the colliers who have suffered from the water suddenly bursting into a coal-pit," and yet who never saw a coal-pit in their lives; "the starved out weavers," who go about with printed papers, or small handbills, representing that they are out of employ, though they have never seen a loom; "the cotton-spinner's lurk," with their trick of leaving printed appeals, and calling again for them, and for alms, though they know as much of diamond-hunting as of cotton-spinning. One of these cotton-spinning lurkers is named "*Cheshire Bill*." He has been travelling

for some fifteen years in the capacity of a vagrant, but in various climates. Once he was a "shallow cove," and represented himself as a shipwrecked sailor. Then he was a "carpet-weaver in distress," and sung through the streets to obtain "browns and wedge," (halfpence and silver.) Then he was a cotton-weaver from Manchester, singing through the streets in company with others, having a clean white apron round him. Then he was on the collier's lurk, and carrying a written paper, stating that he had suffered from a dreadful accident at Bilston, in a coal-pit. Then he turned watchseller; afterwards a simple road-side beggar; and, finally, a cotton-spinner out of employ, selling cotton said to be of his own spinning, and out of which he contrived to make a profit of a hundred per cent.

"The callenderer's lurk" is another trick, and the doggerel poetry in which their appeal is made to the "kind and generous public" contains, amongst a variety of other verses, the following record of their own virtues and charity, when, as they pretend, they knew better days:—

"Where'er we saw one in distress,
We strove to help him through;
But now we cannot help ourselves,—
We have no work to do."

The systematic writers of begging letters are also much more common in London than in the country, and they rejoice in the nickname of "high-flyers." Year after year they invent new cases, with different hands; and sometimes their wives, or mistresses, where they are known themselves, present their "appeal," and thus avoid detection, and collect an abundant revenue for the sins as well as the necessities of existence.

Well would it be for society at large if the vagrants of Great Britain were confined to these impostors. The remedy would be easy. Their extinction by imprisonment and transportation would not be difficult. But, alas! mixed up with these untrue and unreal appeals to the sympathies of our nature, are thousands and tens of thousands of cases where sickness, accidents, death, want of work, inadequate wages, and the other ills of life to which sorrowing man is heir, have given to the squalid, starving, wretched, and abased applicants the right to ask for food, or to seek in the unions they so much abhor the gruel and the bread of existence.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

WHAT IS READING & WRITING, & WHAT ARE THE ADVANTAGES LIKELY TO ACCRUE FROM A KNOWLEDGE THEREOF?

WRITING is the act of describing certain figures symbolical of the sounds used by Man, as signs to convey his sensations, thoughts, and emotions, to others; reading,

the act of translating those figures into the sounds of which they are the symbols. What miracles are wrought in our simplest acts! How vulgar, and yet how marvellous, is writing! or "patting down words upon paper," as it is commonly called—words! which are without form and substance! impalpable as moonshine! thoughts wrapt in air! ethereal couriers from mind to mind! volatile as lightning! short-lived as an instant! and yet we transfix them, drag them from the air of which they are part, nail the very breath to paper, and render that which is by nature as transient as time, as permanent as space; giving figure to what the wildest imagination cannot conceive to be figured; sketching sound; making the voice visible, and the eye to hear. It is the distillation of thought! Even as we write, our mind runs liquid through our pen; the very ink grows eloquent, discoursing like the waters of a brook as it flows along the page; the quill (the sage's tongue) speaks like a living thing, and the clear paper mirrors each thought, as it flits across our brain, as a lake reflects each cloud that traverses the sky. Consummate art! that can give mind to matter, sense to the insensate. The dull sheet lies before us, blank as an infant's brain! A few magic marks are made upon its surface, and lo! it lives, it feels, it thinks! A human intellect speaks from out it; the mind is painted on it like a landscape; idea after idea glides pictured before our eyes; the diorama of thought—of thought, which (to use the words of D'Alembert) "sees so many things so distant, and yet cannot see itself which is so near."

Nor is the act of reading a whit less wonderful. We glance at a few fantastic figures, and the inmost recesses of another's soul are instantly revealed to us; the secret processes of his mind are laid bare to us, like so much clockwork: we see him think, and look, as it were, into his very conscience. We cast our eye along a series of grotesque ciphers, and lo! the absent are with us; the past becomes the present; the dead are brought to life. Space melts, and Time rolls backward: Death no longer kills. One word, and the gates of the grave are flung back, and the long-deceased start into life, as did Lazarus of old when Jesus spoke. See! here is what we call a book: what is it really—in itself—physically, what but a collection of sundry scraps of paper, tattooed with curious characters? Has it soul, voice, intellect, imagination? No! it is a dull lump of senseless matter—barren as so much granite—thoughtless as the rags from which it sprang. What is it mentally? What, when looked upon by those skilled in its magic mysteries? The works of William Shakspeare! the heart's historian! nature's evangelist! It is the sacred urn

treasuring that part of him which could never die—the manseum of his immortal mind. To lift back the cover is, as it were, to roll the stone from before the sepulchre, and to see him rise again in all his native glory. These leaves are but the scented ceremonies embalming his most precious fancy—these characters but so many mystic symbols telling of his high nobility. Here is a page covered with strange ciphers (ciphers which are in themselves only little lines of ink), and yet which, contemplated by the mind, become a garden of most beautiful flowers, in which dwell fairies, honey fragrance, and all the rosy riches of luxurious imagination. Cast but the eye on this, and you shall think as he thought, feel as he felt, dream as he dreamt, two hundred years ago. His spirit shall be with yours, and yours with his, mingling like two rivers. You shall fly with him beyond all space, and look into the bright world of fancy; you shall see with him the springs and movements of the human heart, even as you have, by similar means, seen with Newton the springs and movements of the planets. And yet what is there to connect us living with him dead? What but these mystic characters, and that wonderful little orb, the eye? These are the links which bind him to us—these the spells which can win him back to life and song, though the hand and all of him that penned them be crumbled into dust: nay, though part of that very dust be clinging, as if in fond remembrance, around the pages that it glorified.

"That system of perpetual transmigration, which was but a fable, as believed by Pythagoras, becomes reality," it has been happily remarked, "when applied to the soul and its feelings in connexion with literature. This is indeed the true metempsychosis by which the poet and the sage spread their conceptions and emotions from breast to breast; and so may be said to extend their existence through an ever-changing immortality."* That strange illusion, the mirror of ink, of which travellers in Egypt speak with so much wonder, and which, on being looked into, presents to the sight the apparition of whomsoever the Magi may command, is no longer a juggle, as shewn in that most common and yet most amazing of all arts, reading. There truly is the ink a magic mirror, in which we have but to look, not only to behold the form, but to hear the voice, nay, to imbibe the very passions of those whom the wizard writer would conjure to our view. In this the mother sees and listens to her absent child; in this, the lover gazes once more upon the darling features of her whom fate has severed from his sight; in this, the lonely widow looks,

* Dr. Brown's Lectures.

and hears again the kindly counsellings of him whose voice the grave has hushed; and, poring into this, the student sits and communes with the glorious dead, while the long train of past events, in shadowy procession, sweep before his eyes.

Such is the nature—the extraordinary nature, of those ordinary arts, reading and writing; nor are the advantages accruing from a knowledge of them of a less eminent or less surprising quality. These remain to be set forth. The principal, if not the sole benefit arising from an acquaintance with those arts, consists in the removal of the obstructions which space and time present to the communication, *vivâ voce*, of our thoughts and feelings to others. Speech is not only transient, but limited in its influence. It is a necessary evil attendant upon oral intercourse, that those to whom we speak must be both co-existent and contiguous. By the introduction of literary communion that evil has been remedied; and we are now able, by reading or writing, to transfer our sensations, thoughts, and emotions to others, or to have them transferred to us, though there be the distance of half the earth, or that more formidable barrier, the grave, existing between us. By the gift of speech man was eminently fitted to enjoy that social state which his philanthropy led him to desire; but, by the nature of that gift, not only was the extent of the society, but the term of the enjoyment of it, restricted to narrow limits. By the invention of the arts of reading and writing, these shackles have been cast off, and man (no longer fettered in his desire for communion with his fellow man) has become, as has been beautifully said, “the citizen of every country, the contemporary of every age.” By these simple, but glorious arts, the whole civilized globe has been drawn as it were into one family circle, and a companionship created between those even whom seas divide.

We hear much of the great benefits which our present facilities for local intercommunication have conferred upon mankind. Thus, indeed, has the distance which estranges man from man been abridged, and thus the whole human race have been made neighbours, if not kindred. By these means the blessings of each particular country have been rendered common to all, and the treasures of the most distant lands brought within the reach of the humblest individual in our own. Thus the person of our very pauper is clothed with cotton from the South; his morning meal cheered with tea from the East, sweetened with sugar from the West; while his winter's evenings are illumined with the combustion of the produce of the North. Such are the blessings of our improved means of intercommunication. Ships are fitted out, and the remotest

corners of the earth explored, to add to the pleasures even of the poorest amongst us. But eminent as are these benefits, how insignificant do they appear in contrast with those accruing from the arts which we at present contemplate. The same facilities as the steam-engine and the railroad have afforded to the interchange of commodities, have been given by reading and writing to the interchange of thought. *Steam only abridges space, whereas literature annihilates it altogether.* By the former we can cross the Atlantic (great marvel!) in a fortnight; by the latter, we can listen to the philanthropic eloquence of the wise and good Channing (greater marvel still!) without crossing it at all. What, though by the power of the one we can traverse the earth in half the time, can we not, by the magic of the other, sail round the world with Cook, and yet not stir from our seat; or follow Parry to the icy regions of the pole, while sitting by our fire-side; or visit with Park the burning plains of Africa, while our breath freezes on the window-panes at home? What, though the former has brought within the reach of even the humblest amongst us the produce of the richest and most distant quarters of the globe, has not the latter (as it has been truly observed) “given to all who will faithfully use it, the society, the spiritual presence of the greatest and best of our race? No matter how poor I am” (says he, whose writings are in themselves a brilliant instance of the blessings of this noble art),* “no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will come in and take up their abode with me, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called ‘the best society’ of the place where I reside.”

Another great benefit arising from literary communication is, that the mind has, by these means, become, like our manufactures, capable of exportation. We wrap up our thoughts in a sheet of paper, and transmit them, like a bale of goods, to some far distant land. Our ships are laden not only with the bounty of our soil and the produce of our factories, but with the workings of our brains and the outpourings of our hearts. Scarce a vessel quits our shores that has not its cargo of hopes and fears; of love, sympathy, and counsel; of golden dreams and penniless despair, as well as iron, cotton, and other articles of commerce. Nay,

* Dr. Channing on Self Culture.

by the happy invention of literature, the very mind has become an article of commerce; and intellect as much a matter of merchandise as cotton and iron themselves. Beautiful and noble thoughts are to be had for money now-a-days, as well as food and raiment. Indeed, for a few pence we may become the possessors of the practical philosophy of Franklin, the gorgeous fancy of Shakspeare, and the silver-toned philanthropy of Channing. Yea, for the matter of a penny a week, we may have our choice of a variety of large sheets, rich in the wonders of the heavens and the earth, and studded with the reflections and actions of the best and wisest of mankind.

But, perhaps, the grandest of all the benefits resulting from a knowledge of reading and writing, lies in the influence which those arts give us over time. By their means, the dark doom of oblivion seems to be annulled, and the changeful and evanescent course of nature rendered immutable and indestructible as truth. Thus, thought (the most volatile of all things in this most volatile world!) has become fixed as fate; and thus that strange, ubiquitous, little point of existence which we call the present; that breathless line, dividing what has been from what will be; that unsubstantial key-stone to the broad arch of time; that ever-shifting centre of eternity, which no sooner is than it was, has been rescued from the clutches of the past. By these simple arts we are enabled not only to dam up, as it were, the current of events, but to drive back the tide of that mighty principle whose very essence is progression. By literature, that which *was*—even as by science, that which *will be*—*is*. Nature stops. There is no past. The thoughts which were present to the mind of Plato two thousand years ago, are now, and, so long as the art endures, shall ever be present to the minds of the existing generation. "It is this permanent transmission of thought which" (it has been truly said) "constitutes the noblest of all the benefits conferred by literary art, giving as it does to each individual the collective powers and wisdom of his species—or rather, giving to every one who desires it, the rich inheritance of the accumulated acquisitions of all the multitudes who, like himself, have, in every preceding age, inquired, meditated, and patiently discovered; or who, by the happy inspiration of genius, have found truths which they scarcely sought, and penetrated with the rapidity of a single glance, those depths of nature which the weak steps and the dim torchlight of generation after generation had vainly laboured to explore." Nor is this all. It is this permanent transmission of thought which

gives us the power of extending our existence, as it were, through all the ages which have preceded us, and enjoying the communion of the noblest minds with which those ages were adorned. "We are often in the habit," says Seneca, in his *Treatise on the Shortness of Life*, "of complaining that our parents, and all the circumstances of our birth, are not of our choice, but of our fortune. We have it in our power, however, to be born as we please in this second birth of genius. Of the illustrious minds that have preceded us, we have only to determine to whom we wish to be allied, and we are already adopted, not to the inheritance of his mere name, but to the nobler inheritance of his wisdom and his genius."—*What to Teach and How to Teach it.*

THE PROUD LADY.

A CHAPTER FROM THE CHRONICLES OF
ADLEBSBERG.

My high-blown pride
At length broke under me.
Shakspeare.

THERE are few midwinter nights seemingly so long or so dreary as the one fragrant hour between a July moon-set and day-dawn was felt to be by one lonely watcher in the beleagured Tower of Adlebsberg, the aged and pious Cistercian Father Cyril. It was no light fear that could cause the good monk to quail and tremble with apprehension through that fairest and freshest of summer hours, when the dew, a natural rosary, hangs impearled upon the tree of the forest and the herb of the field, calling sinful souls to prayer and praise. No light or vain imaginings could so perturb his spirit; for he had been accustomed to sharp penances, being a man by nature of rebellious passions; one who, as folk have told, even certain of the aged brethren of St. Basil, his own convent, had in his time undergone fierce and frequent struggles with the evil one, loth to quit his hold upon so strong a heart: but what he thought, or what he felt, or what he feared, during that weary space when the sand passed once through the hour-glass as he knelt before the window looking out beyond the grim battlements of the tower, repeating again and again, with his lips, the Ave to which no effort could bend his mind—the desperate fear of that hour was sorer to abide than fast or vigil, haircloth or scourge, or the far harder conflict with the foe within, the worldly desires and revengeful promptings which had darkened the days of his hot youth.

"No sound of succour yet!" muttered he; "and scarce the faintest streak of day in the east! Oh, Holy Mother! bring on the dawn ere I perish of expectation! Conrad! Oswald! Methinks I hear a stir

* Dr. Brown's Lectures.

beneath the walls amongst our besiegers. They keep true watch; whilst our varlets—Conrad! I say; Oswald! Theodore! They heed me not, worn out, poor knaves, with the assault of yester-eve. An' Albert were here, he would have heard me! Oh, if this coming day bring not the landgrave to our aid, then, blessed Virgin! I dare not think of what will follow. Look down upon us, Mary, full of grace! Save this innocent maiden from the false Baron, who, partly to possess himself of her broad lands, partly to avenge her refusal of his proffered hand, hath set himself down before her castle, with mercenaries from far lands, bowmen from the Cantons, lancers from the Rhine—the swarthy sons of the south and the fair-haired Dane have joined the league—and swears—shame to knight-hood!—that ere the siege be raised the Lady Ermengarde shall sue to him, ay, on her bended knee, to plight the troth she spurned so haughtily, whilst he—— That noise again! It is too surely the tramping of feet, the clattering of armour, the bursting——Hark! What sound is that? Of a surety, the great gates be creaking on their hinges. The foe will be upon us ere I can warn the noble maiden, or gather her defenders around her." And, snatching up a huge sword, Father Cyril departed on his double errand of seeking the Lady Ermengarde and collecting the over-worn vassals and domestics, who, under the command of the seneschal, had hitherto held the besiegers at bay, expecting every day the relief which now seemed hopeless.

Trembling with age, and his own impatient spirit chafing at the wrong he lacked power to redress, the monk tottered through a long stone hall which pierced the castle from east to west, when he was stayed by a sight piteous to look upon. The Lady Ermengarde, worn by the watching and misery of this cruel and obstinate siege, (when was ever maiden beset so rudely for her broad lands and her strong towers?) had been seized by slumber; she, that coy and stately maiden, even in the open gallery chamber, where men-at-arms might be each instant passing to and fro. She had fallen into a rude chair, and was now as fast asleep as though the sister angels, love and peace, kept watch beside her pillow. Dolefully wan was her cheek, as if the pale maiden roses had been washed white with bitter tears, and her long yellow hair, all unbraided, hung round her like a veil. Her rich garments were disordered and stained. None who had seen her then would have called her by the name she had borne to her present undoing, the Proud Ladye of Adlersberg. None would have believed that such a title could have belonged to one so gentle and so sad! All the sadder seemed her sleep for the faint

smile that lingered round her lips. Few were in the castle save untrained lacqueys and rude grooms, sorry protectors, even had their numbers evened those of their assailants; whilst, without the walls, pressed onward that audacious Baron and his riotous soldiery, resolute to storm the castle and bear away the heir: and yet there she sat in her loveliness, drooping and pallid as a lily broken down by a summer shower; but with such a look of peace and love as if her cheek were resting upon her mother's bosom.

Father Cyril bent over that fair form. He could not pass her without a prayer; and the tears would fall from his aged eyes upon her slender hands, unconscious as she was of his presence or his sympathy. But the prayer and the tears were stayed by surprise; as, in spite of the close-coming peril—every passing instant making it clearer that the foe was astir beneath, the monk could not choose but start and bless himself as he bethought him of the waywardness of woman's will, whilst he gazed upon a quaintly-fashioned oaken cross nestled in the white bosom, which, if court gossips said truth, had disdained to wear a carcanet of ruby stones proffered by the hand of a king's son.

Now, there belonged to that small oaken cross the old tale of love repaid by scorn, of high-born beauty looking disdainfully at lowly faith, of patient service and insolent rebuke, which makes one of the darkest and thorniest pathways of the tangled labyrinth called life. And sure tale is it, and sad as true: the cabin looks across the valley to the castle, and says, We both contain human hearts; and the castle—Ah, well-a-day for woman's haughtiness, said I not that she was called the Proud Ladye of Adlersberg.

Albert with the raven locks was the son of the ladye's falconer, almost he might have been called her foster-brother, since, an orphan from her earliest days, his mother was the Ladye Ermengard's nurse. Nevertheless the boy was so much older than the fair girl as to bestow upon him the privilege of enacting the part of her protector, in the sports of their childish days. His father, old Heinrich, was, as I have said, the falconer of Adlersberg; what place the youth Albert filled were hard to tell. By his good leave, none but himself should have served his fair mistress. He alone tended her favourite hawks. The tassel gentil from Norway, that the emperor rode fifty leagues to see strike down her quarry, was of Albert's training: Albert held her greyhound in his silken leash; none save Albert taught her jeannet his paces, or held her bridle rein. The very pinks and galliflowers that grew in a nook beside the north bastion—Alack, the

hoofs of the war-horse hath trampled it low!—were of Albert's tending. He brought her a dappled fawn, whose dam had been killed by some Robin Hood of the Black Forest; and even whilst echoing her maledictions on the heartless churl who had orphaned her spotted favourite, he climbed the topmost bough of a stately beech to steal for her the golden couplets of the turtle dove—emblems too true of his despairing passion. In early youth, almost in boyhood, he had twice, so said the bower-woman, saved his fair mistress' life: once in the chase, when the boar stood fiercely at bay, and Albert came between the furious animal and the Ladye Ermengarde, and stretched the fierce and dangerous quarry dead at her feet; and again, when autumn rains had swollen the summer brook to a torrent, and her palfrey, borne along by the strong current, lost his footing, and was carried helplessly down the stream. Oh, how Albert plunged into those deep waters! how he grasped the rein and breasted the flood, and plucked the ladye from her sinking steed, and laid her safe, albeit trembling, upon the grassy bank!

Those were happy days for poor Albert. But boyhood glided rapidly into youth, and youth again passed into manhood. And then, weary of courtship and of suitors, and, perchance, the more severe with Albert, the humblest and faithfulest of all, he who dared to love but not to woo,—the severer outwardly with him and with herself, because, half conscious of some relenting softness in her inmost heart,—then it was that she earned, by bitter speech and haughty bearing, the title of the Proud Ladye of Adlersberg.

Curiously ready in handicrafts of divers sorts, as though the skill he had never learned were born with him, Albert was wont to beguile his lonely evenings, (for the good falconer, his father, and his mother, the nurse of the proud ladye, were dead and gone,) or to employ himself over the Christmas hearth, whilst old wives told old stories, and minstrels and troubadours chanted their virelays, with fashioning rosaries, and bowls and coffers, and such-like toys, to which the craft of the workman gives their price; and, amongst the rest of his trinketry, he had carved this humble crucifix from a fallen branch of oak, which he had one day lifted from his ladye's path, and had even dared to convey it into her bower, wreathed round with a garland of most rare flowers, some said arranged after the manner of the Turkish paynimis, whereby buds and blossoms are made to discourse love. Well did Father Cyril remember the wrath which had flashed from the maiden's eyes, and the angry words in which she had commanded that Albert should be chased from the

demeane, and the cabin where he dwelt razed to the ground; a warning, said she (and her lip curled as she spoke,) to suitors of all degrees, from the prince to the serf. Well also did he remember what was told by the bower-woman, of a pleading voice that was heard under the windows of the chamber; and that the Ladye Ermengarde had caused it to be proclaimed throughout the castle, that if that voice were again to disturb her slumbers the seneschal had it in command to loose the blood-hounds. And from that time forth nought more was said of Albert. But the ladye waxed prouder to all wooers, and sad and fitful in hall or bower. And now, behold, when years had passed, and Albert with the raven curls was well nigh forgotten, it was the scorned relic of his aspiring suit, the very oaken cross carved by his hand, which in that moment of extremity was found to be worn secretly in the icy bosom of that cold and haughty beauty. Brief space had Father Cyril to marvel at woman's changeful fantasy. Again the clash of armour below! again that fearful sound, as though the drawbridge were stealthily lowered, and the portcullis suddenly raised, and the great gate gently opened!

"I will not awaken her for yet a moment," said the good old man; and, grasping his weapon, he sallied forth to inquire what these noises might mean.

(To be continued.)

THE SLEEPING BOY;

OR, INFANCY AND MATURITY.

'Twas eight o'clock, and near the fire
My ruddy little boy was seated;
And with the titles of a sire,
My ears expected to be greeted.
But vain the thought; by sleep oppress'd,
No father there the child descried;
His head reclined upon his breast,
Or, nodding, rolled from side to side.

"Let this young rogue be sent to bed,"
More I had not had time to say;
When the poor urchin raised his head,
To beg that he might longer stay.
Refused,—towards rest his steps he bent,
With tearful eye and aching heart;
But claim'd his playthings ere he went,
And took up stairs his horse and cart.

For new delay, though oft denied,
He pleaded;—wildly craved the boon:
Though past the usual time, he cried
At being sent to bed so soon.
If stern to him, his grief I shared;
(Who hears unmoved his offspring weep?)
Of soothing him! half despair'd,
When all his cares were lost in sleep.

"Alas! poor infant!" I exclaim'd,
Thy father blushes now to scan,
In those complaints he lately blamed,
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret, the anguish brief,
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed;
Portray of man the idle grief
When doom'd to slumber with the dead."

And more I thought,—while up the stairs,
With "longing, lingering looks" he crept;
To mark of man the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept.
Thus mortals on life's later stage,
When Nature claims their forfeit breath;
Still sigh for wealth, in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death.

'Tis morn! and see, my smiling boy
Awakes to hail returning light;
To reckless laughter—boundless joy—
Forgot the tears of yesternight.
Thus, shall not man forget his woe?
Survive of age and death the gloom?—
Smile at the cares deplored below?
And, renovated, burst the tomb?

Oh! my Creator! when thy will
Shall stretch this form on earth's cold bed,
Let that blest hope sustain me still,
Till mem'ry, sense, life,—all are fled.
And, grateful for what thou mayest give,
No tear shall dim my fading eye,
That 'twas thy pleasure I should live,
That now thy mandate bids me die.

Many Coloured Life.

The Gatherer.

Too Much of a Good Thing.—A merchant advertised lately for a clerk *accustomed to confinement*. He received an answer from a person who had been seven years in gaol!

Severe Discipline.—The late Andrew Ducrow, whilst exhibiting with his father's equestrian company at Bath, fell and broke his leg. The audience were a few minutes afterwards alarmed by the screams of a boy. Old Ducrow was horsewhipping his son in the stable for having broken his leg!

Criticism.—A rustic being asked his opinion of a picture of three pigs feeding, painted by Morland, said, "Well, they be pure-loike, sure-ly," scratching his head; "but there be one fault, still." When asked what that fault might be, he replied, "Why, whoever seed three pigs a-feeding, without one on'em having his foot in the trou?"

Chantrey's first work when a Boy.—Chantrey, when a boy, was observed by a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Sheffield very intently engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife, and, excited by curiosity, he asked the lad what he was doing, when, with great simplicity of manner, but with courtesy, he replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this the gentleman asked to see what he had done, and pronouncing it to be an excellent likeness, presented the youth with sixpence; and this may perhaps be reckoned the first money Chantrey ever received for a production of his art. What effect the incident may have had on his future destiny let the philosopher or learned in such matters decide.—*Gentleman's Mag.*

Propheciad Earthquake.—It will hardly be credited that considerable alarm at present exists among credulous and superstitious persons in the metropolis that London will be destroyed by earthquake during the present year. It is said to be well known that many persons have left London to seek safety in the country. The following are the prophecies upon which this absurd apprehension is founded. The first professes to have been pronounced in 1203; the other by Dr. Dee, the astrologer, in 1598:—

"In eighteen hundred and forty-two
Four things the sun shall view;
London's rich and famous town
Hungry earth shall swallow down;
Storm and rain in France shall be,
Till every river runs a sea;
Spain shall be rent in twain,
And famine waste the land again.
So say I, the Monk of Dee,
In the twelve hundredth year and three."
Harleian Collection (British Museum),
8006, folio 319.

"The Lord have mercy on you all,
Prepare yourselves for dreadful fall
Of house and land and human soul—
The measure of your sins are full;—

"In the year one eight and forty-two
Of the year that is so new;
In the third month of that sixteen,
It may be a day or two between.

"Perhaps you'll soon be stiff and cold,
Dear Christian, be not stout and bold;
The mighty kingly proud will see
This comes to pass, as my name's Dee."
1598. *MS. in the British Museum.*

MAXIMS.

Has not fashion a considerable share in the charities of the age? Let every one who gives, carefully consider from what motives he acts.

If you have health, a competency, and a good conscience, what would you have besides? Something to disturb your happiness?

A clear conscience is better than a clear estate.

Forgive everybody rather than yourself.

If you have a well-disposed mind, you will go into no company more agreeable or more useful than your own. All is not well with those to whom solitude is disagreeable.

It is easy to live well among good people. But shew me the man who can preserve his temper, his wisdom, and his virtue, in spite of strong temptation and universal example.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"F. A. S.," "E. M.," "James," "T. R.,"
"*Striking Observations, &c.*," "*Fortune-Telling Facts*," declined, with thanks.

A packet is left at the Office for "*A Pedestrian*," and "*A Subscriber*."

Would "*E. H.*" send his address?
Received—"T. S. A.," "*Druid*," "*The Royal Navy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.*"

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM,
1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold
by all Booksellers and Newsmen.
T. C. Spill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 14.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



HANDEL'S MONUMENT.

Original Communications.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

Pope, who was no musician, asked Arbuthnot, who was, what he thought of Handel; the reply given was, "Conceive the highest you can of his abilities, and they are much beyond anything you can conceive." The praise which has been bestowed on Handel by his biographers and critics, seems just to be in proportion to their capability of enjoying and comprehending his sublime compositions.

There seems to be no necessary connexion

between those faculties which constitute a composer of music, and the powers of instrumental performance; on the contrary, the union of them in the same person, in the superlative degree, appears scarcely practicable; nevertheless, in the person of Handel all the perfections of the musical art were concentrated.

"In regard to his performance on the organ," says one of his critics, "the powers of speech are so limited, that it is almost a

[No. 1105.]

vain attempt to describe it, otherwise than by its effects. A fine and delicate touch, a volent finger, and a ready execution of the most difficult passages, are the praise of inferior artists; they were scarcely noticed in Handel, whose excellences were of a far superior description. His amazing command of the instrument, the fulness of his harmony, the grandeur and dignity of his style, the copiousness of his imagination, and the fertility of his invention, were qualities which absorbed every subordinate attainment.

"When he gave a concerto, his usual method was to introduce it with a voluntary movement on the diapasons, which stole upon the ear in a slow and solemn progression; the harmony close wrought, and as full as could possibly be expressed; the passages concatenated with stupendous art; the whole, at the same time, being perfectly intelligible, and carrying the appearance of great simplicity. This kind of prelude was succeeded by the concerto itself, which he executed with a degree of spirit and firmness that no one ever pretended to equal.

"Such, in general, was the manner of his performance; but who shall describe its effects on his enraptured auditory! Silence, the truest applause, succeeded the instant that he addressed himself to the instrument—silence, so profound, that it checked respiration, and seemed to control the functions of nature, while the magic of his touch kept the attention of his hearers awake only to those enchanting sounds to which it gave utterance."

He was a composer of great majesty and strength; even his elegance partakes of sublimity. From a singer, he requires more legitimate and genuine expression than any other master. In the hands of a common performer, his best pieces are heavy and fatiguing, but when they are heard from one who is alive to his subject, and whose expression is at all equal to the task, they awaken the noblest and best feelings of humanity. They produce a reverential awe for the power which they celebrate, while they elevate the soul into adoration and thanksgiving.

Handel's literary attainments were not very great; his professional studies occupied nearly all his time and attention. He was, however, well acquainted with the Latin and Italian languages. Of English he had knowledge sufficient to render him susceptible of the beauties of our poets; so that, in the multiplicity of his compositions to English words, he seldom stood in need of assistance in the explanation of a passage, for the purpose of suiting the sense with correspondent sounds.

The figure of Handel was large, and his general cast of countenance seemed rather heavy and sour; yet, when animated in conversation, his visage was full of fire and

dignity, and such as impressed the ideas of superiority and genius. The style of his discourse was singular; though he had resided fifty years in England, he pronounced English as the Germans do; but his phrase was exotic, and partook of the idiom of the different countries in which he had travelled, a circumstance which rendered his conversation both laughable and entertaining.

We are told that he had a great appetite, and indulged freely in the luxuries of the table; but he was a man of a large mould, and what would have been a sensual indulgence in most men, was with him, perhaps, merely a necessary stimulant to professional exertion. Upon the whole, he was a man of blameless morals, and throughout life he manifested a deep sense of religion. For several years before his death, he was afflicted with the total loss of his sight by cataract, but his professional ability remained unimpaired till within a few days of his death, which took place on the 14th April, 1759, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

He was interred in Westminster Abbey; Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, the Dean, assisted by the choir, performing the funeral solemnity.

Immediately above the place where he was buried, a monument was erected, which was designed and executed by Roubiliac, the last which that artist lived to finish. The figure, but more especially the face, is said to bear a nearer resemblance to the original than any of the portraits which were ever taken of the great composer. The left arm rests upon a group of musical instruments, and the attitude is finely expressive of enraptured attention to an angel playing on a harp in the clouds over his head. Before it lies his "Messiah," with that part open, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The inscription beneath is merely

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, ESQ.,
BORN FEBRUARY 23RD, 1684,
DIED APRIL 14TH, 1759.

M. ROUBILIAC

Was born at Lyons in 1695; he studied under Balthazar, of Dresden, sculptor to the Elector of Saxony. When he was twenty-five years old he came to London. The occasion of his arrival in the British metropolis is said to be this:—An English traveller happened to be strolling through a town in France, when some clay-sketches of a poetic character, in the humble studio of a nameless young artist, attracted his attention. He took the sculptor's address, but in the meantime pursued his journey. A year or two had passed on, when a friend requested the traveller's advice concerning a monument of value which he proposed to raise. During the discussion that followed concerning the merits of the living artists, the sculptor of Lyons was recalled to memory, and an invitation was given, and

promises of encouragement were held out, and Roubiliac came over. In his adopted country he proved a great reformer in the monumental and historical species of art, by abolishing literal fidelity, and establishing in its stead the poetic personifications of sentiment and feeling.

"Nothing," says Allan Cunningham, "could be more unlike the Gothic monuments which preceded his than the works which were destined to supplant them. The former were stiff, formal, calm, and devout; the latter were all action and flutter, the postures generally violent, and the expression strained; the former were too full of death, and inspired less of devout awe than of aversion and horror—everything about them called up the grave and the canker-worm, while the latter were much too lively and spirited—they talked of the grave only in the inscriptions—they were over-informed with motion—themen seemed all resolved to speak and the women to dance. More life in the one and more sobriety in the other would have been better."

He is also considered by many eminent artists to have been more skilful in single statues than in groups. Flaxman says "he did not know how to combine figures together so as to form an intelligent story." His individual figures, indeed, have many warm admirers, even among those who are best qualified to judge of excellence; among the most eminent of whom is Canova, who, when viewing the monuments in Westminster Abbey, is said to have been struck with the beauty of the statue of Eloquence, one of the figures on the tomb of the Duke of Argyll: he paused before it a considerable time, muttering his surprise and admiration in his own language, and then exclaimed to those around him, "That is one of the noblest statues I have seen in England!"

Roubiliac was a great enthusiast in his profession—one who believed that the maker of a fine statue was the noblest of all God's creatures. He laboured incessantly, but not so much to gain wealth as that his works should be admired by posterity. "His works," says the author of the 'Lives of British Painters and Sculptors,' "though outdone by the productions of Flaxman and Chantrey, have taken a lasting hold of the public admiration. That he is unequal, conceited, constrained in attitude, and too voluminous in his draperies, is true; but what is this to set against the justice and nature which he often exhibits, and the noble ardour of sentiment which animates those great works on which his reputation is mainly built? He spared no labour, was not afraid of strong reliefs, of deep and difficult folds and sinkings, and of attitudes which ate much marble and consumed much time in executing. If he has little

sedate beauty or tranquil thought, he has much elegance of action; and if he sometimes sacrificed nature and simplicity, he atoned for it by poetic energy. He dealt largely in abstract ideas, nor did he always use them wisely." But let those who are desirous of eminence in the difficult art of working marble till it looks like human flesh and raiment, study the heads and draperies of Roubiliac. He died on the 11th of January, 1762, and was buried in St. Martin's churchyard.

CONCATENATION OF LETTERS IN WELSH POETRY.

THE rigorous bardic metres amount to twenty-four in number, and are all distinguished by a peculiar alliteration of consonants, of which no other language in the world but the Welsh is thoroughly susceptible. It consists in making all the consonants in one hemistich of a verse correspond exactly to those in the other hemistich, while, at the same time, the terminal rhyme is maintained with the utmost rigour not only in sound, but also in orthography. An example of this species of versification may be seen in the following *englyn* :—

Agor dy drysor, dod ran—trwy gallwedd
Tra gelych i'r truan;
Gwell ryw awr goll i'r arian
Na chau'r godd a nychu'r gwan.

(Open thy treasure, give a portion through wisdom while thou art able to the wretched; better at any hour to lose the money, than to close the purse and starve the impotent.)

We observe, in the first place, an exact correspondence of rhyme in all the four lines of this quadruplet. We perceive in the first line that *drysor* rhymes with *agor*, being in accordance with the law of the metre, which demands either a rhyme of this sort, or a regular concatenation of consonants, as in the three following lines. We have, moreover, in this line, the consonants in *dy dr*, corresponding exactly with those in *dod r*, which is also required by the law of the metre. The separate hemistich, *trwy gallwedd*, rules the first hemistich of the following line, so that the letters in *tra gell* are made to alliterate with those in *trwy gall*. The other hemistich of the second line is independent of the law of alliteration, being subject only to the terminal rhyme. In the third line, the consonants in *gwell ryw awr* correspond exactly with those in *goll i'r ar*; and, in like manner, in the fourth line, the consonants in *na chau'r g*, alliterate with those in *nychu'r g*. The extreme rigour of the law extends, moreover, to the terminal letters of the several hemistichs in each line, which it requires to be different. Thus, in the fourth line—the first hemistich ends in *d*, and the second, in *n*. Had the first hemistich terminated in *n*, the verse

would have been incorrect. From this analysis, it will be easily perceived that no other European language, ancient or modern, is capable of such wonderful metrical nicety; and yet the example here given includes far less difficulties than many of the other bardic metres. To compose a lengthened poem in any or all of these metres without violating the laws of rhyme and alliteration is, certainly, a task beyond the power of every ordinary cobbler; but those who are tolerably acquainted with the poetical diction of the language, find but little trouble in flinging off a dozen or two of *englynion* extempore, with the most perfect adherence to the rules, as if they were merely subject to the terminal rhymes of other languages. Sometimes the law is carried to such extremity that only one kind of consonant is admitted throughout the whole verse. The following is an example of this sort:—

Oer yw yr eira ar Eryri.

(Cold is the snow upon Eryri, Snowdon.)

Here we have *oer yw yr eir* corresponding to *ar Eryri*, and, in both hemistichs, only one consonant, *r*, is found. It must be acknowledged, when this kind of tautologous alliteration is enforced, the difficulty of versification becomes very considerably increased, and almost insurmountable in any extent of composition. It is, however, common enough to strike off a few distichs in a style of this description. The power of the language may be stretched within certain limits, even to a few verses consisting entirely of vowels. The following is an example of this kind of exclusive vocalization—

O wiw a w a a i i a u a,
Ei wayw a i wae yw y la.

(Who from a pleasant breeze passes into winter, his colic and his misery is the ice.) We may safely assert that no other language on earth possesses a similar capability. The Welsh is often charged with having a superabundance of consonants, and the accusation is certainly just, as far as the orthography is concerned. But it should be remembered, that this is chiefly owing to the modern substitution of the Roman alphabet instead of the ancient Celtic characters, whereby many simple sounds are improperly represented by double letters. Thus,—*ch, dd, ff, ll, ph, th*, have all of them simple sounds in pronunciation, though they are double in orthography. A similar imperfection is observable in the English. The only modern language which carefully assimilates orthoepy to euphony, by neglecting all superfluous consonants, is the Italian. The Welsh is also declared to be particularly harsh in pronunciation. But it is impossible that it can be harsher than the Greek, the German, the Spanish, and the

Tuscan Italian; for each of these languages abounds with the guttural sound of *ch*, which in England and France is considered objectionable. It contains, indeed, the gingival, *ll*, which seems to be peculiar to itself, and not to be found in any other language in the world. This, however, does not differ materially from the Spanish *ll*, and the pronunciation of it is certainly very far from being difficult or disagreeable. It is possible enough to heap together designedly a mass of gutturals which would almost make the enunciation appear to proceed from the throat of a croaking raven, as may be seen in the following example:—*Hwch a whech o berchyll coehion brychion bach*, (a sow with six little red-spotted pigs.) But, on the other hand, it is equally possible to select a multitude of phrases as soft and melodious as can be found in any other dialect, ancient or modern. The following beautiful distich on the harp can hardly be surpassed in any language—

Mae mili o leisiau melusion
A mël ohyd ymmola hon.

(There are thousands of sweet sounds and honey perpetually in the belly of this.)

DRUID.

THE EMPEROR AND THE ABBOT.

(From the German of Bürger.)

I or an emperor am about to tell,
And of an abbot I shall speak as well:
Plain was the emperor—homely in his way,—
The abbot would his mighty lore display;
But still, alas! tho' learned he might be,
'Tis said his shepherd wiser was than he.

So active was the emperor, and bold,
Nor heeded summer's heat nor winter's cold;
Within his tent would oft in armour lie,
Of water fresh had oft a short supply;
Hunger and thirst, those piercing thorns, he bore,—
Black bread and sausage was his scanty store.

Not so the priestling, for he better knew
The art of living well, and lusty grew;
His table was with viands richly spread,
His rest he took upon a costly bed;
Like the full moon his face, so fat the man,
Three sturdy clowns could ne'er his belly span.

Piqued at the priestling was the emperor,—
Like this his wrath had ne'er been stirr'd before:
Now, as he pass'd, beneath a burning sky,
The little abbot there he chanc'd to spy,
'Midst pleasures (such as many an abbot loves)
Basking at ease beneath his shady groves.

"Well," thought the emperor, "now's the happy hour,—

(He us'd the softest language in his pow'r.)
"Good day, kind father, how's your health?" he said,
(And many a winning compliment he paid);
"Right well you seem, and I am well aware
That pray'r and fasting don't your health impair.

"Methinks full many a burden'd hour you know,
And pleas'd you'd be some little job to do;
If all be true, what oft the many say,
You are by far the keenest of your day;
So fine your senses, well enough we know
By you the springing grass is heard to grow!

Now for your jaws, since you're so nice a knack,
At once three noble nuts I give to crack;
Three months or moons the space of I propose
To solve these problems, which as each one knows,
You well can do, as you so oft have done,
And for your answer I'll return anon.

"First, then, I ask that you will quickly say
My sterling value when in rich array,—
When I upon my throne in glory sit,
With such attendance as is there most fit;
This sum I now request you'll rightly shew,
For to the very farthing I must know.

"And now, good sir, the second thing I ask,
(To you so learned 'tis an easy task,)
How long round this our world, which is so wide,
On my bold prancing steed 'twould take to ride?
Nor more nor less, but to a minute say,
To you as easy as mere children's play.

"Thirdly, O prince of prelates, (nothing less,)
You to a shade will please my thoughts to guess;
Then I to you will faithfully declare
These hidden thoughts of mine, whate'er they are;
But yet, however strange it seem to you,
Of these not e'en a tittle shall be true.

"But if these questions you shall fail to solve,
To you be't known—this is my firm resolve—
That you your abbacy shall cease to enjoy,
And for your shame I'll other means employ;
To make you mount an ass I will not fail,
And for a bridle you shall use his tail."

Off went the emperor, pleased enough to find
That he had thus succeeded to his mind,
While the poor priest was rack'd with mental pain,
That he his rights no longer should retain;
In sorer plight no mortal man could be,—
No wretched culprit e'er was rack'd as he.

Then to the schools he sent,—one, two, three,
four,—
To men as many, versed in ancient lore;
All fees and perquisites he gladly paid,
Yet none, alas! presented for his aid;
He sought in vain, 'twas all in vain to ask—
No learned doctor could perform the task.

Like a swift arrow rapid Time roll'd on,
So soon the hours, the days, the weeks, were gone;
Nay months, so fleet is time, were quickly past;
The great decisive hour approached at last—
Alas! poor man, for as it nearer grew,
Sad spectres oft before his eye-balls flew.

Pale with despair, in agonizing thought,
The wretched man the lonely desert sought;
And as thro' dreary wilds he chanc'd to stray,
Wand'ring about by many a devious way,
His shepherd there, Hans Benedick, he spy'd,
Feeding his flocks upon a mountain's side.

"What ails thee, father," cried Hans Benedick,
"So sad you seem—how long have you been sick?"
(Shock'd was the shepherd such a sight to see,)
"To a mere shadow you're reduced," said he:
"Alas! Oh say, what robs you of your rest;
Methinks some demon agitates your breast."

"Know then, good Benedick," the priest replied,
"A sad o'erwhelming fate does me betide:
The envious emperor all his pow'r employs,
And would at once deprive me of my joys—
Three questions he propounds, so hard and dry,
To which Beelzebub could scarce reply.

"First, then, he asks that I will shortly say
His sterling value when in rich array,—
When he upon his throne in glory sits,
With such attendance as his state befits;—
This sum he now requests I'll rightly shew,
And to the very farthing he must know.

"The second thing that he requests of me
(A question difficult, as you shall see,)
How long around the world, that is so wide,
On his bold prancing steed 'twould take to ride;—
Just to a minute I am bound to say,—
To me, he says, no more than children's play.

"Thirdly, O wretched prelate that I am!
He asks that I his very thoughts should name;
And that I should most faithfully declare
Those hidden thoughts to him, whate'er they are;
But yet, however strange it seem to you,
Of these not e'en a tittle shall be true.

"But if these questions I shall fail to solve,
To you be't known, this is his firm resolve,—
That I my abbacy shall cease to enjoy,
And for my shame he'll other means employ;
To make me mount an ass he will not fail,
And for a bridle I must hold his tail."

"He asks no more?" Hans Benedick replied,
(And did the task most heartily deride,)
"No longer fret—no more disturb your pate,
Leave all to me, I'll set the matter straight;
Your cap, your cross, your cowl, to me you'll lend,
I to these questions soon will put an end.

"Little of Latin do I understand,
Yet from the kennel can my dog command;
What by the learned is for money gain'd,
By me, a clown, was easily obtain'd;
And be it known, your honour, all I know
I to my poor unlettered mother owe."

Now like a playful goat the abbot skipt,
Hoping to see Hans Benedick equipt;
The cap, the cross, the mantle and the cape,
Were quickly brought and suited to his shape;
Thus richly deckt, he, like an abbot gay,
Straight to the courtly emperor made his way.

(To be continued.)

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELLS,

Author of "*A Natural History of Quadrupeds*," &c.

(Continued from page 195.)

It is probable that the Chinese were the first to apply silk to useful purposes; as the silk-moth (*bombyx mori*), whose caterpillar is objectionably called the silk-worm, is a native of their country. They say that they first began to use it some thousands of years before the birth of Christ. In the time of the Tsin and Han dynasties, letters were written upon silk cloth; and hence the characters for silk and cloth are component parts of the characters indicative of paper. In the time of Ho Te (A.D. 100), Isaac Lun began to take old silk of different kinds—fishing-nets, and hemp, and the bark of trees,—and boil them to rags to make paper of them; and which was used throughout the whole of the empire. Mr. Reeves states, that in some parts of China, silk-worms' cocoons are used for the same purpose.* The culture of the silk-worm, passing through the intermediate nations,

* In 1801, appeared an octavo volume, entitled *Historical Account of the Substances which have been used to Describe Events, and to convey Ideas from the Earliest Date to the Invention of Paper*; by M. Koop. The volume is printed on paper made entirely of straw; and has an appendix on paper made of wood.

was received from the Chinese, by the Persians; and the Greeks learnt its use from the latter, in the war of Alexander; but not the modes of producing and preparing it. Virgil is the earliest Roman writer who is thought to allude to the production of silk in China; and, if he really does so, the terms he employs shew how little was then known at Rome of the real nature of the article:—

"Velleraque ut foliis depectant tenuia seras."

(*Georgica*, lib. ii. l. 121.)

But, as Macculloch observes, it may be doubted whether Virgil does not in this line refer to cotton rather than to silk.* When the rest of the arts passed from the Greeks to the Romans, they received that of manufacturing silk likewise, in the imperfect state in which Greece then possessed it. The high price of silk among the ancients may be conceived from the fact of the Emperor Aurelian having refused to purchase for his wife a robe of purple silk, because it would cost more than twice its weight in gold. Possibly, however, the circumstance of its being *purple*, enhanced its value greatly. Lyman contends, that the first naturalization of the silk-worm in Europe was effected in the time of Justinian, who, seeing that much money went annually out of his dominions to the Persians for this article, sent, in the year 533, two agents into the country to learn the art of preparing silk, and to bring back the silk moths; but these insects dying upon their journey, his first attempts were frustrated. He sent other persons, however, who returned with the insects' eggs. At first, the success of the experiment was retarded by so many obstacles, that the culture of silk was not introduced to Sicily till the year 1130, in the reign of Ruger, who afterwards introduced it to his newly-acquired kingdom of Naples; from whence it was adopted in Italy, Spain, France, and Prussia.† In Europe, indeed, a great deal has been done towards improving the tending of silk-worms; and it is said that M. Hoffmann, of Munich, has successfully pursued a mode of managing them, whereby

* Macculloch's *Dictionary of Commerce*, article Silk. See, also, a note to Stawell's *Translation of the Georgics* (London, 1808), p. 364.

† Other writers give the following account of the introduction of the culture of silk to Europe:—Two Christian missionaries of the sixth century having travelled into China, beheld, with surprise, the common dress of the people, and the myriads of insects that supply the material for the manufacturer. On returning to Europe, they mentioned these circumstances; and, stimulated by the offer of a large reward, they revisited China, where they contrived to possess themselves of a quantity of the silk-moth's eggs, which they concealed in a hollow cane, and brought safely to Constantinople in the year 552. From the produce of these eggs, it is said, have emanated all the silk-worms now found in almost every country of Western Asia and the South of Europe.

he increases the thickness of the most valuable layer of silk on the cocoon. The French commenced the culture of silk in their own country about two centuries and a half ago; and more recently they have succeeded in the culture of them on trees exposed to the weather. In April, 1761, a French cultivator placed twelve hundred silk-worms, just past their first moulting, on some espalier mulberry-trees, and let them remain there exposed to the season, which was very cold in the beginning, and afterwards very stormy. They neither suffered, however, from cold, wind, rain, heat, thunder, nor were they attacked by any disorders; and it did not appear that the birds destroyed many of them. Five hundred and fifty cocoons, weighing two pounds and a half, Lyons' measure, yielded about three ounces of the finest silk ever obtained in France; only one cocoon was faulty, but none double, so that the operation requisite to wind off the silk was not attended with any waste. This method, therefore, appeared on calculation more advantageous, in regard both to the quantity and the quality of the silk obtained by it, than that usually followed of feeding them within doors.* In 1838, Mr. Beck, coach-maker, of Dumfries, in Scotland, had several silk-worms living, well and active, on the branches of a mulberry tree growing in Terraughty Wood.† About three years ago, Mr. William Felkin procured the eggs of the silk-moth from Italy, and hatched and nurtured about ten thousand caterpillars in a warehouse in the centre of the town of Nottingham, keeping the temperature of the room low, at seventy, or not more than seventy-five degrees. Some of them he fed at first upon lettuce leaves, the others entirely on mulberry leaves. None of them spun till eight weeks old, but those originally fed on lettuce did not spin until those fed entirely on mulberry leaves had done spinning, the latter setting about it three weeks before the former. Contrasted with some of the same year's produce received from Milan, Mr. Felkin's cocoons were but slightly inferior in size, weight, or compactness. They weighed at the rate of three hundred to a pound, being lighter than those of France or Italy, the best of which weigh two hundred and fifty to the pound. Mr. Felkin's experiments satisfactorily proved that silk of the best quality can, with proper skill and attention, be produced in England.‡ Whether it could be *profitably* pursued in England, or even in Ireland, is, however, doubtful, the cost of labour and of

* See *Memoires du Travailleur*, of Sept. 1762; or *Annual Register* (1762), p. 90.

† *Dumfries Courier*, July, 1838.

‡ Mr. Heathcote, of Tiverton, made some silk net from Mr. Felkin's raw material, which was found to answer extremely well.

land being probably too high in both countries to compete with the present suppliers of the silk market; but that it could be profitably conducted in the West Indies, and in our new colonies in the Pacific, is unquestionable. He asserts, that in Hindoostan* the cultivation of silk might be greatly improved in quality, and indefinitely increased in quantity, by proper enterprise and attention. Labour is there cheaper than anywhere else, and there is plenty of unoccupied and waste land perfectly suitable for the mulberry; so that if, instead of the cultivation of the silk being, as at present, confined to the marshy delta of the Ganges, the superior kinds of silk-worms and mulberry-trees (so long grown in the south of Europe, and recently in the United States of North America) were introduced into the more elevated and even mountainous parts of Hindoostan, &c., the whole world might be supplied with raw silk from India at half its existing cost,—which cost is now augmented by the demand greatly exceeding the supply, so much so as to have compelled us to pay four, instead of only three millions sterling a-year, during the last four years, for the same weight of material, and thus greatly to limit the extent, and even to risk the safety, of the silk manufacture itself.† In both North and South America the culture of silk is carried on to some extent. In 1840, Mr. Rhegni had four hundred thousand mulberry-trees growing in his silk grounds at Germantown, near Philadelphia, and on which he fed, during that year, two million silk worms. He was then about planting sixty more acres, and calculated on feeding fifteen million silk-worms in two years from that time.

(To be continued.)

* A Report on the Culture and Manufacture of Silk in India, was published in London, in 1836.

† For a long account of Mr. Felkin's experiments, see the *Gardener's Gazette* of September 28, 1839.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

NO. II.

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

THE painter of this beautiful *tableau*—Rembrandt, was the son of a miller, and born in 1606, at a village near Leyden. His real name was Gerretz, but on account of his spending the youthful part of his life on the banks of the Rhine, he obtained that of Van Rhin. His talent first displayed itself under his tutor, Jacob Van Zwanenburg, who was astonished and delighted with the works of his pupil. He afterwards became a scholar of Jacob Pinas, from whom, it is believed, he acquired a taste for that which he afterwards so happily cultivated—the strong contrasts of light and shade. Nature—the book in which genius

breathes and lives—became his study; and this is accountable for the truth and life which characterized his paintings. The incident that laid the foundation of the artist's fame and fortune was his taking, by the advice of a friend, his first performance to the Hague, where a dealer in pictures gave him a hundred florins for it. His style of painting in his younger days differed much from that of his more mature years. His early performances were neat and highly finished; afterwards, they assumed a strong and bold style of colouring. The invention of Rembrandt was fertile, and his imagination lively and active; but his composition, notwithstanding its remarkable strength of expression, is to a degree destitute of grandeur. His colouring is surprising, and his carnations are as true, fresh, and perfect, as those of Titian, with the difference, that the works of the latter will bear close inspection, while those of the former must, for effect, be viewed at a distance. His portraits are confessedly excellent, but, from his close study of nature, they want grace and dignity in the airs and attitudes: they are admirable, however, with respect to likeness and the appearance of life. Many of his heads display such a minute exactness as to shew the hairs of the beard, and the wrinkles of age; yet, when viewed at a distance, the whole has an astonishing effect, and appears as if starting from the canvas. Thus, a picture of his maid-servant, which was placed at the window of his house in Amsterdam, is said to have deceived the passengers for several days. He died at Amsterdam in 1674.

This beautiful production—"The Adoration of the Shepherds," is painted with that freedom of touch which characterizes the greater number of the works of this artist. The subject of the picture is the Divine Advent: "This shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger." The costume may not be that of Bethlehem, but there is a rusticity about this representation which is in perfect accordance with the scriptural records. The birth of the holy infant has taken place in a stable, and the pastoral group, having listened to the announcement of the angel, are entering. To shew that the event took place at night, an old shepherd brings a lantern with him. This, however, only acts as a secondary light in the picture, the principal one emanating from the new-born infant, which falls upon Joseph, Mary, and

a group of admiring rustics. An old shepherd, whose crook leans against his arm, is holding up his hands in devotion; and another, whose back is turned towards the spectators, is worshipping the newly-revealed deity.

This picture, which embraces so much of

the effects of the *chiaro-scuro* for which Rembrandt is so justly celebrated, and which is admirably adapted to the talents of this distinguished artist, cannot fail to excite the admiration of every lover of the works of art—of all who admire nature represented in its true and simple form.



THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER X.

COLOGNE.—THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.—
ANDERNACH.

August 11.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am angry with myself. I passed through Cologne as a fool would, having remained there only forty-eight hours. At first I purposed staying a fortnight, but the rain, wind, and fog, which were in abundance for the last four days, gave way to a sun which, shedding in beauty its rays upon the scenery of the Rhine, induced me to embrace the opportunity of seeing this classic stream in all its

riches, in all its loveliness, and with all its charms. I left Cologne this morning, left the city of Agrippa behind me, without seeing either the old pictures of Saint-Marie-au-Capitole, or the Crucifixion of St. Peter, painted by Rubens for the church in which he was baptized, or the bones of the ten thousand virgins in the cloisters of Urse-lines, or the silver sarcophagus of St. Cunibert, or the tomb of Duns Scotus, or the sepulchre of the empress Theophanie, wife of Othon II., in the church of Saint Pantaleon. In fact, the cathedral and the Hotel de Ville were all that I saw.

The sun had set when we reached Cologne. I gave my luggage in charge of a porter, with orders to carry it to an hotel at Duez, which is a little town on the other side of the Rhine, and is joined to Cologne by a bridge of boats, and then directed my steps towards the cathedral. I, rather than ask my way, wandered up and down the narrow streets, which night had all but

obscured. At last I entered a gateway leading to a court, and came out on an open square,—dark and deserted.

A magnificent spectacle now presented itself. Before me, in the fantastic light of a *crepusculaire* sky, rose, in the midst of a group of low houses, an enormous black mass, studded with pinnacles and belfries. A little further was another, not quite so broad as the first, but higher, a kind of square fortress, flanked at its angles with four long detached towers, and having on its summit something resembling a huge feather. At length I discovered that I was standing before the cathedral of Cologne.

What appeared like a large feather was a crane, to which sheets of lead were appended, and which, from the high tower, whispers, as it were, to the passers by, that this unfinished temple shall some day be completed; that the trunk of a belfry, and the church, so widely apart at present, shall, ere long, be united; that the dream of Engelbert de Berg, which became an edifice under Conrad de Hochsteden, shall, in an age or two, be the greatest cathedral in the world; that this incomplete Iliad sees Homers in futurity.

The church was shut. I surveyed the steeples and was startled at their dimensions. What I had taken for towers were the projections of the buttresses. Though only the first story is completed, the building is already nearly as high as the towers of Notre Dame. Should the spire, according to the plan, be placed upon this monstrous trunk, Strasburg would be, comparatively speaking, small by its side. It has always struck me that there is nothing that so much resembles ruins as unfinished edifices. Briers, saxifrages, and pellitories; indeed, all plants which fix their roots between the stones and at the base of old buildings, have besieged these venerable walls. Man only constructs what nature in time destroys.

All was quiet; there was no one near to break the prevailing silence. I approached the façade, as near as the gate would permit me, and heard the countless shrubs gently rustling in the night breeze. A light which appeared at a neighbouring window cast its rays upon a group of exquisite statues,—angels and saints, with a large open book before them, reading or preaching. Admirable prologue for a church, which is nothing else than the *Word* made marble, brass, or stone. The simple, yet curious masonry of the swallows, contrasted strangely with the architecture of the building.

Such was my first visit to the cathedral of Cologne.

But I have told you nothing of the road betwixt Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne. In fact, very little can be said; a green plain, with an occasional oak, and a few poplar

trees. In the villages, the old female peasants, enveloped in long mantles, walk about like a number of spectres, while the young ones, clothed in short *jupons*, are observable, if not walking, in a position equally interesting—on their knees, washing the door-steps. As for the men, they are decorated with a blue *sarrau*, and a tromblon hat, as if they were the peasants of a constitutional country.

Scarcely a single person was seen on the road; the rain, perhaps, was the cause. A poor strolling musician passed, a stick in one hand, and his cornet-a-piston in the other, clothed in a blue coat, a fancy waistcoat, and white trousers, with the bottom turned up as high as the legs of his boots. The *pauvre diable*, from the knees upwards, was fitted out for a ball: his lower extremities, however, were better suited for the road. In a little square village, in front of an *auberge*, I admired four jolly-looking travellers seated before a table, loaded with flesh, fish, and wines. One was drinking, another cutting, a third biting, a fourth devouring, like four personifications of voraciousness and gourmandism. It seemed to me as if I beheld the gods Goulu, Glouton, Goinfre, and Gouliat, seated round a mountain of eatables.

The following morning I again visited the dome of Cologne. I examined the windows of this magnificent edifice, which are of the time of Maximilian, and painted with all the extravagance of the German Renaissance. On one of them is a representation of the genealogy of the Holy Virgin. At the bottom of the painting, Adam, in the costume of an emperor, is lying upon his back. A large tree, which fills the whole pane, is growing out of his *ventre*, and on the branches appear all the crowned ancestors of Mary—David playing the harp, Solomon in pensiveness, and at the top of the tree, a flower opens and discloses the Virgin carrying the infant Jesus.

A few steps further on I read this epitaph, which breathes sorrow and resignation:—

"INCLITVS ANTE FVI COMES RMVNDVS,
VOCITATVS, HIC NEQVE PROSTRATVS, SUB
TEGOR VT VOLVI. FRISHEN, SANCTE,
MEVM FERQ, PATRE, TIBI COMITATVM
ET MIHI REDDE STATVM, TE PRECOR,
ETHEREVN HÆC. LAPIDVM MASSA
COMITIS COMPLECTITVR OSSA."

I entered the church, and was struck with the chœur. There are pictures of all epochs and of all forms; innumerable marble statues of bishops; chevaliers of the time of the crusades, with their dogs rubbing themselves lovingly against their feet; apostles clothed in golden robes; and tapestries painted from the designs of Rubens. Everything, it must be said, is shamefully demolished. If some one constructed the exterior

of the Cathedral of Cologne, I do not know who has demolished the interior. There is not a tomb entire, the figures being either broken off or mutilated. The flies revel on the venerable face of the Archbishop Philip of Heinsburg; and the man called Conrad of Hachsteten, who was the founder of this church, cannot at present crush the spiders that knit him, as the Lilliputians did Gulliver, to the ground. Alas! the bronze arm is nothing to the arm of flesh. I observed, in an obscure corner, the dismantled statue of an old man with a long beard; I believe it is that of Michael Angelo.

I omitted, till now, to mention the most venerable construction which this church contains—that of the famed tomb of the three wise men of the east.



The room is of marble, is rather large, and represents the styles of architecture of Louis the Thirteenth and Louis the Fourteenth. On raising our eyes, we perceive a *bas relief* representing the adoration of the three kings, and underneath the inscription:—

“Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna
magorum,
Ex his sublatum nihil est alibive locatum.”

This, then, is the resting-place of the three poetic kings of the east. I assure you there is no legend that pleases me so much as this of the *Mille et Une Nuits*. I approached the tomb, and perceived, in the shade, a massive *reliquaire*, sparkling with pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones, which seemed to relate the history of these three kings, *ab oriente venerunt*. In front of the tomb are three lamps, the one bearing the name of Gaspar, the other Melchior, and the third Balthazar. It is an ingenious idea to have—somehow illuminated—the names of the three wise men in front of the sepulchre.

On leaving, something pierced the sole of my boot. I looked downwards, and found that it was a large nail projecting from a square of black marble, upon which I was walking. After examining the stone, I remembered that Mary of Medicis had desired that her heart should be placed under the pavement of the Cathedral of Cologne, and before the tomb of the three kings. Formerly a bronze or brass plate, with an inscription, covered it, but when the French occupied Cologne, some revolutionist, or perhaps a rapacious brazilier, seized it, as

had been done to many others; for a host of brass nails, projecting from the marble, bespeak depredations of a similar nature. Alas, poor queen! She first saw herself effaced from the heart of Louis the Thirteenth, her son, then from the remembrance of Richelieu, her creature, and now she is effaced from the earth.

How strange are the fantasies of destiny! Mary de Medicis, widow of Henry IV., exiled and abandoned, had a daughter, Henriette, widow of Charles the First, who died at Cologne in 1642, in the house where, sixty-five years before, Rubens, her painter, was born.

The dome of Cologne, when seen by day, appeared to me to have lost a little of its sublimity; it no longer had what I call *la grandeur crepusculaire*, that the evening lends to huge objects; and I must say that the cathedral of Beauvais, which is scarcely known, and also unfinished, is not inferior, either in size or in details, to the cathedral of Cologne.

The Hotel de Ville, situated near the cathedral, is one of those singular edifices which have been built at different times, and which consist of all the styles of architecture seen in ancient buildings. The mode in which those edifices have been built forms rather an interesting study. Nothing is regular, no fixed plan has been drawn out, all has been built as necessity required.

Thus the Hotel de Ville, which has, probably, some Roman cave near its foundation, was, in 1250, only a building similar to those of our edifices built with pillars. For the convenience of the night-watchman, and in order to sound the alarm a steeple was required, and in the fourteenth century a tower was built. Under Maximilian a taste for elegant structures was everywhere spread, and the bishops of Cologne deeming it essential to dress their city-house in new raiments, engaged from Italy an architect, a pupil, most probably, of old Michael Angelo, and from France a sculptor, a friend of young Jean Goujon, who adjusted upon the blackened façade of the thirteenth century a triumphant and magnificent porch. A few years expired, and they stood sadly in want of a *promenoir* by the side of the Registry. A back court was built, and galleries erected, which were sumptuously enlivened by heraldry and bas-reliefs. These I had the pleasure of seeing; but, in a few years, no person will have the same gratification, for, without anything being done to prevent it, they are fast falling into ruins. At last, under Charles the Fifth, a large room for sales and for the assemblies of the citizens was required, and a tasteful building of stone and brick was added. Thus a *corps* of the thirteenth century, a belfry of the fourteenth, a porch and backcourt of the time of Maximilian, and a hall of

that of Charles the Fifth, linked together in an original and pleasing manner, form the Hotel de Ville of Cologne.

I went up to the belfry, and under a gloomy sky, which harmonized with the edifice and with my thoughts, I saw at my feet the whole of this admirable town.

Cologne upon the Rhine, like Rouen upon the Seine, Anvers upon the Escaut—in fact, like all towns through which a large current of water flows,—has the appearance of an arch, the river forming the line.

From Thurmehen to Bayenthurme, the town, which is built, for upwards of a league, on the banks of the river, displays a whole host of windows and façades. In the midst of roofs, turrets, and gables, the summits of twenty-four churches strike the eye, all of different styles, and each church, from its grandeur, worthy of the name of cathedral. If we examine the town *en detail*, all is stir, all is life. The bridge is crowded with passengers and carriages; the river is covered with sails. Here and there clumps of trees caress, as it were, the houses blackened by time; and the old stone hotels of the fifteenth century, with their long frieze of sculptured flowers, fruit, and leaves, upon which the dove, when tired, rests itself, relieves the monotony of the slate roofs and brick fronts which surround them.

Round this great town—mercantile from its industry, military from its position, marine from its river—is a vast plain that borders Germany, which the Rhine crosses at different places, and is crowned on the north-east by historic *croupes*—that wonderful nest of legends and traditions, called the “Seven Mountains.” Thus Holland and its commerce, Germany and its poetry—like the two great aspects of the human mind, the positive and the ideal—shed their beams upon the horizon of Cologne; a city, in itself, one of business and of meditation.

After descending from the belfry, I stopped in the yard before a handsome porch of the Renaissance, the second story of which is formed of a series of small triumphal arches, with inscriptions. The first is dedicated to Cæsar; the second to Augustus, the third to Agrippa, the founder of Cologne; the fourth to Constantine, the Christian emperor; the fifth to Justin, the great legislator; and the sixth to Maximilian. Upon the façade, the poetic sculptor has chased three *bas reliefs*, representing the three lion-combatants, Milo, of Crotona, Pepin-le-Bref, and Daniel. At the two extremities he has placed Milon de Crotona, who attacks the lion by strength of body; and Daniel, who subdues the lions by the power of mind. Between these is Pepin le Bref, who attacks the ferocious beast with that mixture of moral and phy-

sical strength which makes the soldier. Betwixt pure strength and pure thought is courage; betwixt the athletic and the prophet—the hero.

Pepin, sword in hand, has plunged his left arm, which is enveloped in his mantle, into the mouth of the lion. The animal stands, its claws open, in that attitude which in heraldry represents the lion rampant; he attacks it bravely, and vanquishes. Daniel is standing motionless, his arms by his side, and his eyes lifted up to heaven, the lions lovingly rolling at his feet. As for Milo de Crotona, he defends himself against the lion, which is in the act of devouring him. It is blind presumption, which has put too much faith in muscle, in corporeal strength. These three *bas reliefs* contain a world of meaning; the last produces a powerful effect. It is nature which avenges itself of the man, whose only faith is in brute force.

(To be continued.)

New Books.

Popularity, and The Destinies of Woman.

By Mrs. C. Baron Wilson. 2 vols. Post 8vo.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE, the subject of these tales, have been the theme of story-tellers ever since man was able to give expression to the feelings of his heart, and it is likely they will continue to be so, as long as human nature remains the same. There is danger, however, in an author who ventures upon this often-repeated and never-ending subject to tire his reader by drowsy commonplace, which he will invariably do, unless he narrates with liveliness, discovers tact in the management of his plot, and, above all, shews by his portraiture of character that he has observed and judged of man for himself and not through the medium of others. We think the above volumes give evidence that the author possesses a considerable share of these attributes. With characters that may be found every day in the fashionable world, Mrs. Wilson manages to interest the reader in their fortunes. In laying open the heart of the coquette she displays some subtlety in detecting the motives of her contradictory conduct. We recommend these volumes, especially to the young of the gentler sex, who will not only be amused, but may rise from the perusal with impressions that may be of use in after life.

Miscellaneous.

THE EARL OF MUNSTER.

ORIENTAL literature has suffered a severe loss by the death of this lamented nobleman, who for nearly twenty years has

been honourably distinguished by his labours in that extensive but neglected field, and his great zeal in facilitating the labours of others. During a brief period of military service in India, he applied himself diligently to the study of the Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic languages, and acquired considerable proficiency in each. He sought in these pursuits not the mere gratification of literary curiosity, but the means of understanding the intellectual and moral character of Eastern races; and particularly of those that are subject to British sway in India. Having been chosen, in 1818, to bring home the despatches announcing the termination of the Mahratta war, he travelled by the overland route, which was then rarely frequented, and published an account of his journey. He was soon after elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Asiatic Society; and from that hour his attention to the varied objects of that institution was unremitting; and his personal exertions were the means of procuring much important information on the geography, statistics, and natural productions of India. Of the Oriental Translation Committee he was a still more zealous and active member; he was the chief agent in uniting the continental with the British scholars, in procuring the translation of the most valuable Oriental works, and, during several visits to France and Germany, he had the chief share in removing the prejudices and jealousies which Schlegel's angry pamphlet had very extensively diffused. To the Earl of Munster must mainly be attributed the gratifying fact, that the annals of literature can exhibit no parallel to the unity, harmony, and co-operative zeal now manifested by the oriental scholars throughout Europe. He took an active part in the formation of the society for the publication of Oriental texts, and in organizing an association to procure information respecting the geography of the countries south of Egypt; but he was still more anxiously engaged in collecting materials for a Military History of the Mohammedan Nations, from the age of their Prophet to the present day. To this task he devoted several years of labour, and collected a mass of valuable materials, procured with great toil and cost, which we trust will not be permitted to be again dispersed. We are not aware that any progress was made in the actual composition of this work, but the circular which his lordship addressed to the chief Orientalists of Europe on the subject (see "*Athenæum*," No. 663,) excited great attention, and raised high hopes, which have been frustrated by his premature death.

His lordship was always anxious to afford any aid or information in his power to those whose literary inquiries led them directly or incidentally to Oriental researches.

It was his favourite maxim that eastern learning ought to be brought within the pale of general literature, and rendered as accessible as possible to every class of readers. His death will be severely felt by the Asiatic Society and the literary committees connected with it, and he will be sincerely lamented by every orientalist in Europe.—*Athenæum*.

BREAD AND VEGETABLE FOOD.

NOTHING is more false than to suppose that what is called fine white bread is better than the bread made of good wheat, ground into flour without abstracting from it the digestive principle contained in what is termed the husk, or skin. Nothing is more wholesome or so easy of digestion as this natural pure bread, when made of wheat of proper quality; and though the colour is more homely, still the taste is much superior to that of white bread.

It is a fact we have proved ourselves, by positive experience, that a less quantity of good brown bread will satisfy the stomach than of white, though some imagine that the white farina is alone the principle of nutriment, and that the husks or skin of grain is useless: and this fact is certainly important, as a branch of "useful knowledge," when so many of our poorer fellow-beings are suffering from privation. Persons who live temperately and eat good brown bread are never troubled with indigestion; they are never forced to swallow pills and drugs to keep them in good health; nor is it necessary to eat more than a few ounces, daily, of brown bread to regulate digestion; and yet so powerful are habits and the false ideas of refinement, that we hardly hope to see the day when good brown bread will be as much preferred as white unwholesome bread is now, though health would be as certain amongst temperate persons then as indigestion and pill doctors are at present in society.

Another great advantage in the use of good brown bread would be, that much less stimulant food of other kinds, and drink, would be required to satisfy the wants of nature. Half the quantity of flesh meat, with brown bread, will give as much real nourishment to the system as twice the quantity with white emasculated bread; so that health is married to economy in using bread as God has made it, of a compound nature, rather than according to our false ideas of refinement in dividing that which God has, in his wisdom, thus united. The stomach is so much oppressed by heavy simple bread, that double quantities of stimulants are necessary to relieve it from the burden, as a double quantity of labour is required to render clay as loose

and genial to the growth of plants as mixed and sandy soils. In fact, we might enumerate a great variety of natural analogies to illustrate the difference between the healthy properties of good brown bread and the unhealthy concentration or emasculation of white bread, exclusively composed of nutritive farina, without that necessary adjunct for digestion which has been allied to it by nature. We will conclude, however, by observing, that since we ourselves have been accustomed to prefer brown bread to white, we find, from positive experience, that a much less quantity of animal food, with hardly any wine or stimulant drink, suffices for our daily use, than when we eat white bread from habit and without attending to its properties. This is a fact, a very simple fact, of "useful knowledge," but of great importance with regard to health.

Oatmeal bread, in small quantities, is also very wholesome, but very small quantities should be used at first, as it is apt to generate acidity on weakly stomachs. Brown bread should also be used sparingly at first, until the palate and the stomach, which have been depraved by the use of white bread, become accustomed to the change.

In many parts of Europe the poor labouring people live entirely on common vegetable food, and are strong and healthy; and if plentiful varieties of vegetable food, of proper quality, were introduced to common use in other classes, with the best advantages of culinary art, we feel assured that health would be more general, and that the use of stimulants and animal food might be dispensed with to a certain extent, if not entirely. And that would be a great source of health, for half the illness now incurred arises from the use of harassed and diseased animal food, impure stimulants, and other dietary mixtures and unwholesome combinations, which are tolerated from long habit and false notions of refinement.—*Phalanx*.

THE PROUD LADY.

A CHAPTER FROM THE CHRONICLES OF ADLERSBERG.

(Concluded from p. 207.)

SHORT time was father Cyril thence. He won back speedily to the side of the Lady Ermengarde (still smiling faintly in her sleep;) and, made rough and hasty by the sure knowledge of instant peril, he seized her chill, pale hands, and raised her suddenly from the chair.

"Waken, poor maiden! Waken! All is lost! our last hope is gone!"

"What is this?" responded that sad lady, scarcely aroused from her pleasant dreams to the sense of present danger: "Gertrude! Oswald! where be ye? Lily-

bell not yet saddled? We ride forth to-day." But her words ceased on a sudden, for she read in the flashing eye, the quivering lip, and the changed bearing of the old man, well nigh bestraitened with fear and anger, that somewhat terrible had chanced; albeit, her wildest fantasy had pictured nought so terrible as his tidings.

"They have deserted us, vassal and menial, groom and man-at-arms. The page that served the cup in the hall, the tire-woman that decked thee for the banquet, all have forsaken us! Nay, that maketh but a portion of their treason. The defences of this thy place of strength—drawbridge, portcullis, even the iron gate—have they opened to the enemy, false traitors that they be, and then withdrawn their own base persons by the eastern postern. Alas! that I should live to see thee in such strait, and I have no power to aid or rescue. We two be alone in the castle."

The Lady Ermengarde bore a high heart, and refrained from womanish lamentations, from shrieks and tears. She clasped the crucifix to her bosom, no longer caring whether it was hidden or no.

"May the blessed Virgin look down upon us!" was all that she said. Then, after a pause, and in a firmer voice, she added,

"Was this treachery, father, or fear?"

"A mixture, perchance, of both, fair daughter. The seneschal I have misdoubted long. He, hoary traitor, hath sold himself, body and soul, for vile lucre; and cowardice and base terror seconding the false knave's persuasions, have corrupted the rest. Oh that I could meet that Judas! Old though I be—"

"Nay, nay, kind father, grasp not thy sword! We have more need of thy rosary. The noise thickens about us, clashing of armour and trampling of steeds; sounds, such as tell of strife and struggle. Seek not to drag me hence, Father Cyril. The courts must be filled with the rude soldiery. I will rest here and abide my enemy. Pray for us both, and let not thy voice falter. Saidst thou that all had forsaken me? that of the many who filled my halls none remained to defend his poor mistress?"

"Not so!" replied a voice from the threshold, as a young man stood there, with a sword ready drawn in his hand. "You have yet left one defender, Lady of Adlersberg, beside the good father and the holy saints; and thy foes shall bestride his dead body before a hair of your fair head shall be touched."

"Whoso spake these words?" cried the Lady Ermengarde, greatly troubled, staying herself against Father Cyril, to hinder her from falling: he, also, the good father, was strangely moved; for the speech sounded to both like a voice from the grave,

and they perceived that the speaker was none other than the falconer's son, Albert of the raven locks.

The young man remained on the threshold, looking away while he spoke.

"Remember you not, Ladye of Adlersberg, that I warned you that this day might come:—Remember you not that I besought you, in the day of your bitter scorn, to take heed how you trampled upon the true heart, that never would betray or forsake you, in sorrow or in peril? Remember you not the firebrand that laid waste the cottage of your father's ancient and faithful servant, of your own foster-mother? They were dead; but not the less should their dwelling—the dwelling of their only child—have been sacred to Ermengarde of Adlersberg. And those bloodhounds, remember you not them? and how, for a whole night, they tracked, as they might have tracked a murderer or a thief, one whose only crime was his admiration of your beauty? And will you not remember, when this dark hour hath passed, that it was he, the despised, the trampled on, the outcast, who returned to share your peril, to die at your feet? For, as God is my witness, I look to leave my corpse upon these stones; too happy so to die, loveliest, and most beloved! Forgive me these my ungenerous reproaches! Thrice blessed to die for thee!"

How fared it, now, think you, with the proud Lady Ermengarde? Fain would she have made reply; fain, by words or tears, have done honour to such exceeding constancy and nobleness; but she could not speak. She could only point with her finger to the crucifix upon her bosom.

Well might the youth Albert start to see his own poor love-token so richly graced; but no time was this for discourse or dalliance. The heavy tread of armed men echoed through the castle, sounding to that poor maiden like the death-knell; whilst her bold champion bent his gaze on the stair, up which the soldiery were crowding, and, standing a little aside, drew a long breath, and manfully grasped the sword in his hand.

"Speak to him for me, Father Cyril," murmured the ladye, half dead betwixt love, and shame, and fear, "Wilt thou let him die?" And she uplifted her voice, so as to be distinctly heard by him to whom she spoke.

"I entreat thee, kind Albert, for the love of heaven, I adjure thee by this blessed cross, stay not here to peril thy life for me! Dost hear me, Albert? Rather would I die, a thousand-fold!"

But Albert answered not, unless bending to kiss that token crucifix as Ermengarde held it in her hand, and then grasping the sword with a firmer clutch, and a look of high resolve, might be held for answer.

Nearer and nearer came that heavy tread—the tread of mail-clad men, mingled with hoarse voices and clang of arms; and that poor ladye already beheld mounting the stair, host upon host of strange rough visages, gleaming fiercely under their glittering helms. She shrank, shuddering, from the sight, and closed her eyes and tried to pray, clinging closely to Father Cyril, who would fain have been safely rid of his fair burthen, that he might have borne a manifold part in that fearful and unequal struggle.

Cheerily the warrior band advanced toward the gallery-chamber, as men who bring with them a sure welcome: but, as the foremost passed the arched portal, the ringing blow of a sword was followed by a low groan and the clang of armour, as one fell dead across the threshold. Then arose a fierce cry.

"Hew him down! Cleave him to the waist! Whoso dareth to bar the way of the Landgrave? Look up, bright lady, you are rescued!"

She heareth the voice, that proud ladye, she lieth to the portal; she throweth herself between her champion and his foes; she clingeth around his neck; she careth for nought but Albert; as the blood from a wound in his arm welled forth upon her white raiment. Little heeded Albert that wound; for, saved by the Landgrave's band from her rude assailants, who saw themselves enforced to flee in the very instant of that catiff seneschal's treachery; the Lady of Adlersberg cast away her pride, and, amidst tears and blushes, proclaimed her love for the falconer's son; bestowed upon him, that poor Albert, her hand and her rich domains; and caused the oaken cross, wreathed round with its garland of rare flowers, to be carved in stone on the keystone of every arch in the great gallery of Adlersberg.

DANISH LADIES.

THE display of beauty in the principal boxes was most dazzling. The attendance of the higher ranks, as is always the case when the royal family are present, was very numerous; and we must honestly admit, that in no part of Europe have we ever seen so many beautiful women assembled on one occasion. Oval faces and dark ringlets are not characteristics of Danish loveliness, yet even of these we saw more than we had expected. Good nature and amiability, which, after all, have much to do in influencing our judgments of beauty, beamed so generally among the fair young creatures around us, that, if the happy homes are frequent in Denmark, we shall have no more faith in our philosophy.

The high attractions of the Danish

ladies have already been adverted to. Agreeable features, softly but not tamely moulded—small, but well developed figures, aided by a carriage at once free and graceful—are qualities which amply compensate for the want of the classic features and stately forms of southern lands. Indeed, tall figures, which we had expected to find very common, are decidedly rare; the majority are of middling stature, but even such as are tall are finely proportioned. In complexion there is that happy mixture of “either rose” which the poet lauds in his mistress; though in general the aspect of ruddy health is more frequent than would please the admirers of pale beauty. Perhaps it is this prevailing freshness of tint that makes an assembly of Danish women on the whole so pleasing, even were there less of positive beauty. There is something pre-eminently feminine in their whole appearance and manner; the softness of their tones in conversation, their gentle, gliding movements, and the calmness of every gesture, make them a complete contrast to the deep-voiced, masculine beauties of Italy. Altogether, though their charms be not of that bold and striking character which at once commands homage, the unchanging gentleness now spoken of, combined with great cheerfulness, are probably, on a longer acquaintance, fully as dangerous as more showy graces.—*Excursions in Denmark, &c.*

THE JEWS' QUARTER AT FRANKFORT.

We went to-day to see the Jude Gasse (Jews'-street). Few things have produced such an impression on my mind as that strange quarter of the town, and its still more strange inhabitants. In going there, we passed through a wide, clean, and well-paved street, containing those luxurious and comfortable houses which characterize Frankfort more than any other German town I have seen; where the white walls, and green blinds, and gilt balustrades, all look as scrupulously clean as if the painter and gilder had just bestowed on them the last stroke of the brush; where beautiful flowers always adorn the windows, and a glimpse into the well-kept gardens may be had through the large porte-cochères.

From this cheerful and brilliant quarter of the town we passed suddenly into a dark, gloomy, narrow street, composed of wooden houses, with projecting stories, and high gable-ends. This sounds like many of the common old towns we see, and yet nothing could be more different. Indeed, it was as if we had been transported into another hemisphere. In the first place, the carved wood was as black as if it had often

passed through the fire. Then the houses (if such a comfortable sounding name can be applied to these strange abodes) had no doors. The first floor seemed all open; and near the large, wide gap, which looked a shade darker than the structure above, stood some of those living and breathing miracles, the true descendants of Israel.

Here, in the common attitudes of everyday life, might be seen that strange people, exemplifying, in their every action, the fulfilment of prophecy. Here they are still a bye-word, a wonder; their sallow complexions and strangely marked features exactly accorded with this most original scene; and never was I so much struck by the extreme difference of their appearance from all the rest of mankind; never did I so plainly perceive the peculiarity of that “separate people” so strongly stamped in every feature and in every movement.

All, from the old woman selling apples at a common stall, to the jewelled head of a young beauty leaning out of the window above—from the man in a ragged coat, drawing a wheel-barrow, to the two usurers gravely discussing some money transaction—all seemed to belong to one family. Indeed, the members of few Christian families resemble each other so closely as the Jews do each other. The words, “Come out, and be ye separate, and marry not the daughters of the land,” were plainly engraven on the countenances of all. Here, in their own home, they sought not either to disguise their names or appearances, or to imitate the habits of others.

There was something to me inexpressibly awful in thus finding myself among those living witnesses of the truth of our religion, of the fulfilment of prophecy; in seeing over the door of a common eating-house those same characters in which the commandments were inscribed, by the finger of God, on the tables of stone—in which was written the most ancient history that has been transmitted to us; in hearing from the lips of a dealer and his customer that language in which the Creator of all things, the great Jehovah, spoke to the father of his people.

In this lugubrious region, where the very smell and the atmosphere seem different from the rest of the world, old Mrs. Rothchild still lives. She is the mother of that powerful family whose very name expresses riches—who possess palaces in almost all the capitals of Europe, and hold in their hands the destiny of nations. Yet this ancient dame still resides in a house undistinguished from any of its sombre and dingy companions. It is said, the motive which induces her to do so is a superstitious one, in some way connected with the prosperity of her descendants. Poor woman! it seems rather hard, that when one of her sons pos-

sesses in this very town a residence that might excite the envy of a monarch, she should be doomed by superstition and prejudice to this gloomy abode.

It is probable, however, that the interior of the houses are better; their appearance indicates that it is still the failing or habit of that cautious people to appear wretched and mean. This part of the town is still as it existed in the fifteenth century, and is very well described in Spindler's novel of *Der Jude*.—*Lady Chatterton*.

The Gatherer.

The Electrical Eel at the Royal Adelaide Gallery died on the 21st ult. It was well known to all the visitors. It had been ill for a week, but it was not until Thursday week that there was any striking difference observable. It became very inactive, and this inactivity increased to torpor. The cause of its death was mortification. It was brought to this country from one of the many tributary streams of the river of the Amazons, about forty years ago, and was the only one of its kind in Europe. Its structure was very singular. The seat of the electric power lay between the shoulder and the tail, and between the head and the shoulder. Its food was small fish, which it could stun and stupify by an electric shock, at two feet distance. It always stunned and stupified these fish before it ate them. The most interesting and beautiful experiment performed by its electricity was in setting fire to a piece of silver paper in a glass cylinder. One end of a conductor was attached to the paper and the other to the eel, and by this means the paper was burnt. It was necessary that the eel should be irritated before it would send forth electricity. It was young when brought over here, and was blind for some time before its death.

The Gardener's Privileges.—The question was once asked by a very beautiful woman, Why is a gardener the most extraordinary man in the world? The reply given was as follows:—Because no man has more business on earth, and he always chooses good grounds for what he does. He commands his thyme, he is master of the mint, and he fingers penny-royal: he raises his celery every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him in a plum. He meets with more boughs than a minister of state, he makes more beds than the King of France, and has in them more genuine roses and lilies than are to be found at a country wake. He makes raking his business more than his diversion, but it is an advantage to his health and fortune which few others find it. His wife, moreover, has enough of heart's-ease, and never wishes

for weeds. Disorders fatal to others never hurt him; he walks and bustles, and thrives most in a consumption; he can boast of more bleeding-hearts than you can, and has more laurels than the Duke of Wellington: but his greatest pride, and the greatest envy of his companions, is, that he can have yew when he pleases.—*Evening paper*.

Extraordinary Sagacity of a Shetland Pony.—One day lately, when Mr. Shirreff, Sheriff-Substitute of Orkney, was returning in his drosky to Kirkwall from Rendall, where he had been on business, accompanied by his son, who rode a small Shetland pony, Mr. Shirreff was alarmed by the cries of his son. Upon looking back, he saw a large dog take hold of his son, a young boy about nine years of age, by the collar of his coat, and pull him off the pony's back, when little Trip (the Shetland pony) instantly seized hold of the dog by the neck with his mouth, kicked, bit, and shook him so severely, that he ran away howling. Mr. S., it is said, would not part with Trip for any consideration, he is so docile and attached to his young family, and they to him.—*John o' Groat's Journal*.

Vegetation Extraordinary.—The *Courrier de la Gironde* asserts that about eighteen months ago, a young man in eating an apple got one of the pips fixed in a decayed tooth, which occasioned him great pain, and was totally unable to be extracted, notwithstanding the use of all manner of toothpicks. At length the pip, by dint of pushing, was driven down below the tooth into the gum, and no more pain was felt. Six weeks ago, however, a swelling was perceived in the gum, and ultimately an abscess was formed; the medical men examined it, and found that the pip had begun to germinate. "The young man," adds the *Courrier*, "is in the habit of keeping cotton wool in his teeth, and this is supposed to have hastened vegetation. This remarkable phenomenon is still in his mouth."

Theatrical Attraction.—In a little town in Germany, the directors of the theatre, seeking to draw a house, advertised that in a melo-drama, which was to be performed, they would exhibit the head of a noted robber; and in order to effect this, one of the actors was placed in such a manner that the head alone was exhibited upon a table; but a wag, willing to have a laugh at the expense of the manager, slyly placed a small quantity of snuff in such a manner that it came in contact with the nose of the reputed robber, and caused it to burst into a violent fit of sneezing, to the great amusement of the audience.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.
T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

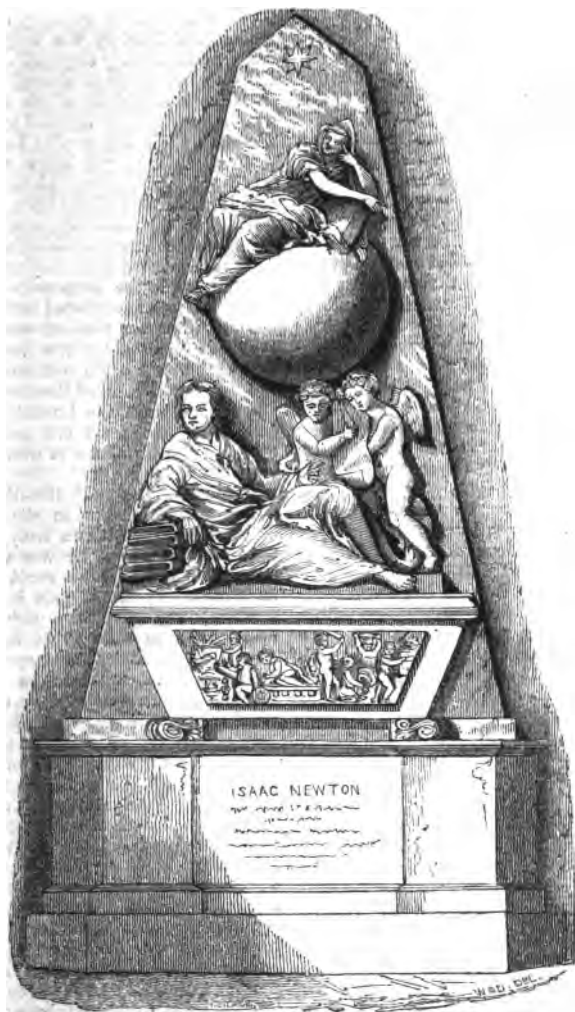
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 15.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1842.

[VOL. I. 1842.]



SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S MONUMENT.

Original Communications.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE law is all but universal, that men who have become great in a certain branch of human knowledge, have evinced in early life a strong predisposition to that particular branch. It was so with Newton, the greatest astronomer and mathematician that ever lived. When a mere child, he had provided himself with saws, hammers, and other instruments, which he employed with such skill and intelligence that he was able to construct models of many kinds of machinery; he also made hour-glasses acting by the descent of water, which marked the time with extraordinary accuracy. A new windmill of peculiar construction having been erected in the vicinity of his residence, he manifested a strong desire to discover the secret of its mechanism; and he accordingly went so often to watch the workmen employed in erecting it, that he was at length able to construct a model, which also turned with the wind, and worked as well as the mill itself; but with this difference, that he added a *mouse* in the interior, which he called the *mill*, because it directed the mill, and ate up the flour, as a real miller might do.

It was after he had for several years unfolded so marked a disposition of mind, that his mother, having taken him home from school, wished to employ him in the affairs of her farm. More than once he was sent on market days to Grantham, to sell corn and other articles of farm produce; but, as he was still very young, a confidential servant was sent with him to teach him how to market. On these occasions, however, the young philosopher, immediately after riding into the town, allowed his attendant to perform the business for which he was sent, while he himself retired to the house of his former schoolmaster, and studied till the hour of return arrived. At other times he did not proceed so far as the town; but stopping on the road, occupied himself with working problems, or modelling in wood with his knife, under the shelter of a hedge, till the servant's return. At length, however, one of his uncles having one day found him under a tree with a book in his hand, entirely absorbed in meditation, he took it from him, and discovered that he was working a mathematical problem. Struck with finding so serious and decided a disposition in so young a person, he urged Newton's mother no longer to thwart him, but to send him once more to pursue his studies at Grantham, which was accordingly done. He remained there till he was eighteen years old; when he removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gave early indications of a superior genius.

It is said that the three grand discoveries which form the glory of his life were conceived in his mind before the completion of his twenty-fourth year—viz., the method of fluxions, the theory of universal gravitation, and the decomposition of light.

He was several times asked the means by which he had arrived at his great discoveries; the answers given on these occasions were similar: at one time, he replied, "I keep the subject constantly before me, and wait till the first dawns open slowly, little by little, into a full and clear light." But the difficulty is to command the attention to a particular subject for a long period; indeed, the capacity of mind could almost be defined by the length of time it can remain actively engaged upon a subject that requires profound thought.

Towards the close of his life, when his surrounding friends testified to him the just admiration his discoveries had universally excited, he said, "I know not what the world will think of my labours, but to myself, it seems that I have been but as a child playing on the sea-shore, now finding some pebble rather more polished, and now some shell rather more agreeably variegated than another, while the immense ocean of truth extended itself unexplored before me." And Mozart, the great musical composer, is reported to have said, a few hours before his death, "Now I begin to see what might be done in music." Had these men visions of the advancement the human mind is destined to make in art and science, or were they but the phantoms of overwrought and troubled brains?

"Newton," says Fontenelle, "did not suffer much, except in the last twenty days of his life: it was truly judged from the symptoms, that he was afflicted with the stone, and that he could not recover. In the paroxysms of pain he uttered not a moan, nor gave any signs of impatience; and as soon as he had a moment of relief, he smiled, and spoke with his usual gaiety. Hitherto he had always employed some hours every day in either reading or writing. On Saturday, the 18th of March, he read the papers in the morning, and conversed for some time with Dr. Mead, the physician who attended him, having then the perfect use of all his senses and his understanding; but in the evening he entirely lost them, without again recovering, as if the faculties of his mind were not destined to linger by degrees, but at once to vanish. He died at the advanced age of eighty-four. His corpse lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey. The funeral ceremony was numerously attended. The pall was supported by six peers; and every honour was paid to his remains."

The family of Newton, justly sensible of

the distinction derived from their connexion with so great a genius, erected, at considerable expense, a monument to his memory, in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, on which he is represented in a recumbent posture, his right arm leaning on four folios, entitled—*Divinity, Chronology, Optics, and Phil. Prin. Math.*, and pointing to a scroll supported by two cherubs. Immediately above him, projecting from behind a pyramid of black marble, is a large globe, on which is delineated the course of the comet in 1680, with the signs, constellations, and planets. On the globe sits the figure of Astronomy, in a contemplative attitude, with her book closed. Underneath the figure of Newton is a curious bas-relief, representing the various labours in which that great philosopher chiefly employed his time; such as discovering the cause of gravitation, settling the principles of light and colours, and reducing the coinage to a determinate standard. The device of weighing the sun by the steelyard has been thought at once bold and striking, and, indeed, the whole monument does honour to the sculptor.* The inscription on the pedestal is as follows:—

H. S. E.

ISAACUS NEWTON Eques Auratus,
Qui animi vi prope divinâ,
Planetarum Motus Figuras,
Cometarum semitas, Oceanique Æstus
Sua Matheâ faciem præferente,
Primus demonstravit;
Quas nemo antea vel suspicatus erat, pervestigavit
Naturæ, Antiquitatis S. Scripturæ
Sedulus, sagax, fidus Interpretes
Dei O. M. Majestatem Philosophia asseruit
Evangelij Simpliciter Moribus expressit,
Sibi gratulentem Mortales,
Tale tantumque extitisse
HUMANI GENERIS DECUS.
Nat. XXV. DEC. A.D. MDCLXII.
Obiit. XX. MAR. MDCCXVI.†

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "*A Natural History of Quadrupeds*," &c.
(Continued from page 215.)

MR. SWAINSON, noticing the number of valuable economic matters that are neglected,

asks why the cultivation of the silk worm has not been undertaken in the Antilles, instead of leaving this enormous trade in the hands of the Asiatics? Spix says that in the capitania of St. Paulo, in Brazil, the bishop, Don Matheus de Abreu Pereira, used to amuse himself in his garden in breeding silkworms, which readily multiply there, and produce an extremely beautiful thread. As the mulberry-tree comes to great perfection in that climate, it may be confidently expected that the culture of silk will be carried on there with great success.† At St. Helena, where the mulberry-tree thrives well and luxuriantly, there was, in August 1827, two hundred and eighteen thousand silkworms in very healthy condition, and about to commence spinning. In 1827, the first perfect specimen of raw silk produced on that island arrived in England, and was found to be of very fine quality, and entirely free from any disagreeable odour, a circumstance much in its favour.‡ M. Vallier, who observes that the system of mulberry planting adopted by the English, in their extensive mulberry orchards, on the borders of the Ganges, and by the Chinese, as well as the people of the United States, would be highly beneficial to France, says that the climate of Africa offers every resource to European industry and agriculture, as it not only produces grain, trees, plants, and rare flowers, but opens an astonishing enterprise for the breeding of silkworms, as the country abounds with mulberry trees of a superior growth, that only want the hand of the horticulturist to render them highly lucrative. The mulberry trees are, at present, however, planted there a little too late. They, as well as other trees, should be planted before Christmas, so that they may derive the benefit of the winter and spring rains. The mulberry tree of the Phillipine is thought the best for the feeding of the silkworm, which it enables to produce a superior kind of silk, which can be drawn to the finest degree, and is much greater in weight and quantity. It may be accepted as a general rule, that wherever the mulberry tree will grow, which is the most beneficial food for the silkworm, there silk may be produced, and of a finer quality than when any other diet is given to these insects. Lyman says that silkworms will feed on the leaves of the elm, lettuce, dandelion, cichory, and nettle;§ and Bellonius says that in Ethiopia they feed upon fig-leaves, but then the silk is weaker, and the caterpillars themselves have a languid, unhealthy appearance, and fre-

* Swainson's *Discourse on Natural History*.† Spix's *Brazil*.‡ *Quarterly Journal of Science*, April 1828, p. 499.§ *Natural History of the Silkworm*, by John Lyman, published in the *Amanitates Academicæ*, vol. v. p. 553.

* M. Rysbruck, who is the sculptor of many of the monuments yet to be introduced. Some particulars will be given of him in a future number.

† By a spirit almost divine, he solved, on principles of his own, the motion and figure of the planets, the paths of the comets, and the ebbing and flowing of the sea; he discovered the dissimilarity of the rays of light, and the properties of colours from thence arising, which none but himself had ever thought of. He was a diligent, wise, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the Holy Scriptures; by his philosophy he maintained the dignity of the Supreme Being, and by the purity of his life, the simplicity of the gospel. How much reason mortals have to pride themselves in the existence of so great an ornament to the human race! He was born Dec. 25, 1642, and died March 20, 1726.

quently die. Some years ago, experiments were made in the neighbourhood of Montpellier to feed silkworms on the leaves of the *Scorzonera*, a plant which can be easily raised. The attempts perfectly succeeded, for out of one hundred and fifty silkworms, only three or four died, and the cocoons were of the same weight and odour as those of caterpillars fed on mulberry-leaves. M. Turck, of Plombières, having proposed the employment of the leaves of *Scorzonera* to feed silkworms, Mademoiselle Coge, of Epinal, tried the experiment with complete success. This new food did not in the least degree derange their vital functions nor their habits. The silk produced was not inferior to that produced by silkworms fed on mulberry-leaves; and it was not only better than that obtained from others fed on lettuce-leaves, but in quantity was at least double.*

* Extract from *Le Journal de la Société d'Emulation*, &c., quoted in Gill's *Technological Repository*, vol. v. p. 212. I have not unfrequently read in newspapers and other journals of silk-worms having suddenly appeared of their own accord on trees in our orchards and other plantations, but in such cases I have no doubt that some other species of silk-spinning caterpillar is mistaken for the common silk-worm. Probably they were the caterpillars of the beautiful ermine-moth, (*Yponomeuta Euonymella*), or of some other species which are gregarious, and like them, feed upon the spindle, which were taken for silk-worms in the following instance, which I quote from the *Leinster Journal* of June 16, 1829:—"We have just heard of a voluntary colony of silk-worms having settled in this Irish county, in the demesne of Mount Loftus, the seat of Sir Nicholas Loftus. On that demesne there are no mulberry-trees, but there are several European spindle trees, (*Euonymus Europæus*), and of these the silk-worms have taken possession. One tree is literally weighed down with them, and, it is supposed, there are not less than half-a-million of them actively spinning upon it. They appear to be in vigorous health, but, as in Italy the silk-worm is fed within doors, we fear that here the moths will perish, even if the weather should enable the caterpillar to live and eat its way out of the cocoon." Now, as the caterpillars of the ermine-moth make their appearance on the spindle-tree in immense numbers, and spin a considerable quantity of silk, a careless unsuspicious observer could easily be deceived into the notion that they were genuine silk-worms. By the way, I may observe, that Bertezen's *Thoughts on the Food given to Silk-worms*, (London, 1789,) is a book which may be usefully consulted on this subject.—J. H. F.

THE EMPEROR AND THE ABBOT.

(Concluded from p. 213.)

HIGH on a splendid throne the emperor sat,
With crown and sceptre, in imperial state;
"Father," said he, "I now appeal to you
To give your answer—mind you tell me true—
At once, how much I'm worth you'll quickly shew,
For to the very farthing I must know."

"For thirty silver pieces Christ was sold
I dare to say, altho' you think me bold,
With all your state, (excuse this hint of mine,)
Not one doit more you're worth than twenty-nine;
For surely you'll allow yourself to be
In value worth one guilder less than he."

"Right," said the emperor, "you reason well,
In this, I own, you certainly excel;
Convinced am I,—to mind your answer brings,
How base and worthless is the wealth of kings;
And tho' imperial honour 's something more,
Never so little did I seem before."

"Now reckon up, good man, and rightly say,
(You've answer'd well, and well again you may,)
How soon around the world, that is so wide,
On my proud prancing steed 'twould take to ride;
Nor more nor less, but to a minute say!
To you is this no more than children's play?"

"Now, if you'll quickly mount your prancing
steed,
And with the sun will keep unceasing speed,
By cap and cross, at once I boldly say,
Around the spacious world you'll make your way;
You've only *but* to keep a steady pace,
And just in twice twelve hours you'll end the race."

"Well done, good man," the emperor laughing
said,
"With *ifs* and *buts* your ambling steeds are fed;
He who by *ifs* and *buts* can make his way,
Is sure of fortune, and must win the day;
And he who has such helpers for his use,
From vilest dross can purst gold produce."

"Thirdly, I pray, you will yourself bethink,
Or to the ass you're destin'd in a twink;
My hidden thoughts to me you'll quickly shew,
Whate'er they are,—those thoughts I wish to
know,—
What think I false? At once disclose my mind,
Yet, prithee, leave your *ifs* and *buts* behind."

"You think that I'm the abbot of St. Gall,—
'Tis true! but from the truth you grossly fall.
Attend, my lord, and you shall quickly see
His humble shepherd I am known to be;
Your eyes deceive you,—Benedick am I,—
The truth is this, and this my last reply!"

With wonder struck, exclaim'd the emperor,
"What!
You say to me the abbot you are not?
Well done, good Benedick, well pleased am I,
I'll well reward you for your prompt reply;
And be it known that you shall henceforth be
In rank and power a man as great as he."

"With staff and signet I will you invest,
Lade you with honours, treat you with the best;
While the poor priest, your predecessor, there,
The sad opprobrium of the ass shall share!
And be it known, *quid furis* you must know,
If reap you would you're surely bound to sow."

"Forbear, my lord, you know my humble state,
I'm undeserving to be made so great;
To read, to write, to sum, unapt am I,
Nor one small word of Latin can supply;
Unused in youth to con the learned page,
To learn unable at a riper age."

"Alas!" the emperor said, "since thus you say,
I'd fain reward you in some other way;
Some other grace I'd grant to let you see
How sweet your pleasant joke has proved to me;
To you a debt of gratitude I owe,
And would at once a special favour shew."

"Nothing I crave, no special favour want,
Nor wish for aught your majesty can grant;
But if from you I must some token take,
I'll do it merely for my master's sake;
For him I'll plead, nor other boon receive,
Than that you will at once his fault forgive."

"Right well, good fellow, now I plainly see
How charmingly your head and heart agree;
All you desire to you I'll freely give,—
Your master shall of me the boon receive;

To him will I my gracious pardon grant,
And see that henceforth he shall never want."

Thus far the tale—there's little more to tell,
Than to the abbot we will bid farewell ;
No more shall Benedick the sheep attend,
The abbot e'er shall prove his constant friend ;
Him shall he nurse and cherish here beneath,
And load with plenty till his happy death.

T. S. A.

NOVEL INVENTION.

We have received from a correspondent the following account of a recently invented instrument, which seems likely, in conjunction with electro-metallurgy, to prove a powerful auxiliary in the extension of the fine arts.

"Mr. Smith, of the Snuff-box Manufactory, Machine, Ayrshire, has just invented a cutting instrument, with which he can take any number of copies in wood, stone, or ivory, from an electrotyped figure. He is now endeavouring to apply it in a variety of ways, and in every case yet attempted, has succeeded. He first takes a profile of any one who may choose to sit to him; from this profile he makes a *model* in plaster of Paris, or in white wax; from this last, he makes a mould in plaster of Paris, this he gets electrotyped, and then submits it to the instrument, which has been brought to such perfection as to cut six at a time. The figures leave the instrument in a finished and perfect state, and when the ground is made blue or black, to relieve the white bust, they look like a beautiful cameo. He has done some large subjects, containing upwards of twenty figures, such as the 'Entombment of Christ'; but as the electrotypes for these are expensive, and he has few purchasers at present, busts of eminent men are preferred, such as those of Byron, Scott, Watt, Shakespeare, &c. Recently, he has been engaged taking portraits of some of the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and has succeeded in making capital likenesses in ivory, which I consider to be the prettiest material yet subjected to the instrument. Mr. Smith's well-known genius and tact in dealing with such instruments, and the success which has attended his former inventions, are a strong guarantee for the practical result to be expected from the present curious contrivance."

NATIONAL GALLERY.

No. III.

ST. AMBROSIOUS REFUSING TO ADMIT THE EMPEROR THEODOSIUS INTO THE CHURCH AT MILAN.

The subject of this highly-finished painting, by Vandyck, is taken from an historical fact. The Christian Emperor of Rome, Theodosius, hearing that the people had murdered Botheric and several of his prin-

cipal officers, in a fit of anger, gave instant commands that the blood of his lieutenant should be expiated by that of the populace. After he had despatched the messengers of death, leaning towards the counsels of clemency rather than to those of revenge, which his bloodthirsty minister, Rufinus, had instilled into his mind, he attempted, when too late, to countermand the order. The people of Thessalonica were treacherously invited, in their sovereign's name, to attend the games of the circus. As soon as the assembly was complete, the Barbarian soldiers who were appointed to commit the deed, on receiving the signal, began the general massacre, which continued for three hours, without respect to age, to country, or to sex; the number slain was not less than seven thousand. When Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, was informed of the massacre of Thessalonica, he was filled with horror at the enormity of the crime; and shortly after, despatched a private communication to Theodosius, representing the extent of the crime, which the tears of penitence could alone efface. The emperor was deeply affected by the reproaches of his spiritual father; and after bemoaning the irreparable consequences of his rashness, proceeded, in his accustomed manner, to perform his devotions in the great church of Milan. When he arrived at the porch, he was stopped by the archbishop, who, in the tone and language of an ambassador of Heaven, declared that private contrition was not sufficient to atone for a public fault. Theodosius humbly represented, that if he had committed homicide, David, the man after God's own heart, had been guilty not only of murder, but of adultery. The undaunted Ambrose replied, "You have imitated David in his crime; imitate him, then, in his repentance."

The principal figure—that of the emperor—is drawn with all the justness and taste of this celebrated artist, who, in gratitude to the immortal Rubens, has, in the face of Theodosius, introduced the portrait of his master. This *tableau* is from a magnificent picture, life size, by Rubens, with some alterations, and is supposed to be equal, if not superior, to the original.

Sir Anthony Vandyck was born at Antwerp, in 1598. His father was engaged in mercantile pursuits, but his mother distinguished herself by her genius in painting flowers. Anthony was first placed with Henry de Balen, and afterwards with Rubens, under whom he progressed so much as to become of great service to his master. While at this school the following anecdote is related of him:—Rubens one night left a picture unfinished, and, contrary to his usual habits, went out. His scholars, like schoolboys of our own day, profiting by the absence of their master, began their fun, and that which often re-

sults from it—mischief. In the midst of their pranks, one of them, while striking his companion with a maul-stick, knocked the picture down, which, not being dry, was unfortunately damaged. What was to be done? Vandyck, who was at work in the adjoining room, was prevailed upon to repair the mischief. Rubens, on entering the room the following morning, went, as is customary with painters, to view his picture at a distance. After contemplating it for some time, he exclaimed—"Why, I had no idea that it was so good; I certainly like it much better than I did last night." Rubens, discovering the amiable temper and talent of his pupil, took a pleasure in teaching him that which he had only gained by long experience. He strongly advised him to devote his whole attention to portraits, for in them he was sure to excel, and to make the tour of Italy, where he would have an opportunity of extending his studies. Vandyck, in the spirit of gratitude, made Rubens a present of three historical paintings, with a portrait of his wife, and set out for Genoa, where he painted many excellent portraits. From thence he went to Venice, where he imbibed so much of the tints of Titian that he is allowed to approach nearer to the carnation of that master than even Rubens. Soon after his arrival at Rome, he exercised his abilities upon the portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, which is justly esteemed the most perfect of the kind that ever came from his pencil. After visiting Genoa, and leaving works of intrinsic merit in the Balbi, Durazzo, and other palaces, he went to Antwerp, and shortly after to England, as he had heard that Charles the First was a patron of the fine arts. On his arrival he lodged with a

painter named Geldorp, expecting to be introduced to the king; but this was not accomplished, and he returned to Antwerp, greatly chagrined by his disappointment. Charles, learning that a painter of great celebrity had been within his reach, and who desired an introduction, ordered Sir Kenelm Digby, who had sat to Vandyck, to invite him over—an invitation which was immediately accepted, and he was lodged with the king's artists, at Blackfriars. Charles was so pleased with his works that he conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, and, the following year, granted him a pension of two hundred pounds per annum, with the title of Painter to his Majesty. Though Vandyck shone in historical composition, his strength lay in portraiture, and no painter ever exceeded him in the knowledge of the chiaroscuro. In his portraits nature abounds; the expression is inimitable; for the very soul of the person represented is, as it were, visible in the picture. The extremities of his figures are true, graceful, and exact, and the hands are designed in the greatest perfection—beautiful in form, and delicately exact in their proportions. In several departments of painting, Vandyck is acknowledged to have surpassed his master; his touch being more delicate, his ideas more chaste, and his expression more true. His landscapes are, if anything, not inferior to Rubens, and the portraits of his earlier time are allowed to be equal to those of Titian, and superior to those of all others who have appeared since the revival of the art of painting. This celebrated painter finished his glorious career in Blackfriars, on the 9th of December, 1641, and was buried in St. Paul's cathedral, near the tomb of John of Gaunt.



ST. AMBROSIOUS REFUSING TO ADMIT THE EMPEROR THEODOSIUS INTO THE CHURCH AT MILAN.

Le Feuilletton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE, ETC."

LETTER X.—(concluded.)

As I was about to leave this spacious building—this dwelling, rich in legendary lore as well as in historical facts—the Town House, a man, in appearance older than he actually was, crooked from disposition more than from the influence of age, crossed the yard. The person who conducted me to the belfry, in pointing him out, said—

"That man is a poet: he has composed several epics against Napoleon, against the revolution of 1830, and against the French. The last, his *chef d'œuvre*, beseeches an architect to finish the church of Cologne in the same style as the Pantheon in Paris."

Epics! granted! Nevertheless, this man, or poet, is the most unwashed-looking animal that ever I put eyes upon. I do not think we have anything in France that will bear a comparison with the epic-poet of Cologne.

To make up for the opinion which this strange-looking animal has formed of us, a little old man, with a quick eye, came out of a barber's shop, in one—I do not know which—of the dark and obscure streets, and guessing my country from my appearance, came to me shouting out—

"*Monsieur, Monsieur, fous Français! oh, les Français! ran! plan! plan! plan! ran, tan, plan! la guerre à toute le monde! Prafes! Prafes! Napoleon n'est-ce pas? La guerre à toute l'Europe! Oh, les Français, pien Prafes, Monsieur. La paionette au qui à tous ces Friens, eine ponnea quilpité gomme à lënd. Prafo les Français! ran! plan! plan!*"

I must admit that this harangue pleased me. France, in the recollection and in the hopes of these people, is great. All on the banks of the Rhine love us, I had almost said, wait for us.

In the evening, as the stars were shining, I took a walk upon the side of the river opposite to Cologne. Before me was the whole town, with its innumerable pinions and steeples figuring in detail upon the pale western sky. To my left rose, like the giant of Cologne, the high spire of St. Martin's, with its two towers; and, almost in front, the sombre abside-cathedral, with its many sharp-pointed spires, resembling a monstrous hedgehog; the crane previously mentioned forming the tail, and near the base two lights, which appeared like eyes sparkling with fire. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the night but the waters softly rustling at

my feet, the heavy tramp of a horse's hoofs upon the bridge, and the sound of a blacksmith's hammer. No other noise floated over the Rhine. A long stream of fire that issued from the forge caused the adjoining windows to sparkle; then, as if hastening to its opposite element, disappeared in the water.

From this grand and sombre *ensemble*, my thoughts took a melancholy turn, and, in a kind of reverie, I said to myself, "The *germaine* city has disappeared, the city of Agrippa is no longer, but the town of Saint Engelbert still stands. How long will it be so? Decay, more than a thousand years since, seized upon the temple built by Saint Helena; the church constructed by the archbishop Anno will fall. This town is demolished by its river. Scarcely a day passes but some old stone, some ancient relic, is detached by the commotion of the steam-boats. A town is not with impunity situated upon the great artery of Europe. Cologne, though not so old as Treves or Soleure, has already been thrice deformed and transformed, by the rapid and violent change of ideas to which it has been subjected. All is changing. The spirit of *positivism* and *utilitarianism*—for which the grovelling of the present day are such strong advocates—penetrates and destroys. Architecture, old and reverential, gives way to modern "*good taste*." Alas! old cities are fast disappearing.

LETTER XI.

APROPOS OF THE HOUSE "IBACH."

Andernach.

My friend! my friend! what nature does perhaps nature knows; but one thing is certain, and I am not the only one who says so, that men know not what they do. Often in confronting history with the material world, in the midst of those comparisons which my mind draws between the events hidden by God and which time and creation partly disclose, I have secretly shuddered, when thinking that the forests, the lakes, the mountains, the sky, the stars, and the ocean, are things clear and terrible, abounding in light, and full of science, which look, as it were, in disdain upon man—that haughty, presumptuous thing, whose arm is linked to impotence—that piece of vanity, blind in his own ignorance. It seems to me as if the tree were conscious of its fruit; but surely man knows nothing of his destiny.

The life of man and his understanding are at the mercy of some divine power, called by some, Providence, by others, *le Hasard*, which blends, combines, and decomposes all; who conceals his workings in the clouds, and discloses the results in open day. We think we do one thing, whilst we do another, *vrceus exit*. History affords copious proofs of it. When the

husband of Catherine de Medicis and the lover of Diane de Poitiers allowed himself to be drawn near Philippe Duc, the handsome *Piémontaise*, it was not only Diane d'Angoulême that he engendered, but it brought about the reconciliation of his son Henry the Third with his cousin Henry the Fourth. When Charles the Second of England hid himself, after the battle of Worcester, in the trunk of an oak, he only thought of concealment—something more was the result; he named a constellation "*The Royal Oak*," and gave Halley the opportunity of detracting from the fame of Tycho. The second husband of Madame de Maintenon in revoking the edict of Nantes, and the parliament of 1688 in expelling James the Second, brought about the singular battle of Almanza, when, face to face, were the French army, commanded by an Englishman, Marshal Berwick, and the English army, commanded by a Frenchman, Ru-vigny, Lord Galloway. If Louis the Thirteenth had not died on the 14th of May, 1643, it would never have struck the old Count de Fontana to attack Rocroy, and an heroic prince of twenty-two would not have had that glorious opportunity which made the Duke d'Enghien the great Condé. In the midst of all these strange and striking facts, which load our chronologies, what singular and unforeseen occurrences! what formidable counter-blows! In 1664, Louis the Fourteenth, after the offence done to his ambassador, Cregui, caused the Corsicans to be banished from Rome; a hundred and forty years afterwards Buonaparte exiled the Bourbons from France.

What shadows! but still what light appears in the midst of the darkness! About 1612, when Henry of Montmorency, then about seventeen years of age, saw among the servants of his father a pale and mean-looking menial, Laubespine de Chateauf-neuf, bowing and scraping before him, who could have whispered in his ears that this page would become under-deacon, that this under-deacon would become the lord keeper of the great seal, that this keeper of the great seal would preside at the parliament of Toulouse, and that at the expiration of twenty years, this "deacon-president" would surlily demand from the pope permission to have him decapitated—him, his master, Henry the Second, Duke of Montmorency, Marshal of France, and peer of the kingdom. When the president of Thou so carefully added his clauses to the ninth edict of Louis the Eleventh, who could have told the father that this very edict, with Laubardemont for a handle, would be the hatchet with which Richelieu would strike off the head of his son?

In the midst of all this chaos there are laws; confusion is only on the surface, order is at the bottom. After long intervals

similar frightful facts which caused our fathers to open their eyes, come again, like comets, in all their terror, upon ourselves; always the same ambushes—the same misfortunes, always foundering upon the same coasts. The name alone changes—the deeds still continue. A few days before the fatal *pâque* of 1814, the emperor might have said to his thirteen marshals—

"Amen dico vobis quia unus vestrum me traditurus est."

A Cæsar always cherishes a Brutus; a Charles the First prevents a Cromwell from going to Jamaica; a Louis the Sixteenth throws obstacles in the way of a Mirabeau, who is desirous of setting out for the Indies; queens, whose deeds are characterized by cruelty are punished by ungrateful sons: all Agrippas beget Neros, who destroy those who gave them birth; a Mary of Medicis always engenders a Louis the Thirteenth, who banishes her.

You, without doubt, remark the strange turn my thoughts have taken from one idea to another—to these two Italians—to these two women, Agrippina and Mary de Medicis, who are the spectres of Cologne. About sixteen hundred years ago, the daughter of Germanicus, mother of Nero, connected her name and remembrance with Cologne, as did, at a later date, the wife of Henry the Fourth and mother of Louis the Thirteenth. The first, who was born there, died by the poniard; the second expired at Cologne from the effects of poison.

I visited, at Cologne, the house in which Mary of France breathed her last—the house Ibach, according to some, and Jahach, according to others; but, instead of relating what I saw, I will tell you the thoughts that flashed across my mind when there. Excuse me for not giving you all the local details of which I am so fond; in fact, my friend, I am afraid that I have, ere this, fatigued you with my *festons* and my *astragales*. The unhappy queen died here, at the age of sixty-eight, on the 3rd of July, 1642. She was exiled for eight years from France, had wandered everywhere, and was very expensive to the countries in which she stopped. When at London, Charles the First treated her with munificence, allowing her the three years she resided there a hundred pounds sterling per day. Afterwards,—I must say it with regret,—Paris returned that hospitality to Henrietta, daughter of Henry the Fourth and widow of Charles the First, by giving her a garter in the Louvre, where she often remained in bed for want of the comforts of a fire, anxiously expecting a few louis that the *coadjuteur* lent her. Her mother, the widow of Henry the Fourth, experienced the same misery at Cologne.

How strange and striking are these details! Marie de Medicis was not long dead,

when Richelieu ceased to live, and Louis the Thirteenth expired the following year. For what good was the inveterate hatred that existed between these three mortal beings? for what end so much intrigue, quarrelling, and persecution—to die, all three, almost at the same hour? God alone knows.

There is still something remaining of a mysterious nature about Mary de Medicis. I have always been horrified at the terrible sentence that the President Henault, probably without intention, wrote upon this queen:—

"Elle ne fut pas assez surprise de la mort de Henri IV."

I must admit that all this tends to shed a lustre upon that admirable epoch—the glorious reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The darkness that obscured the beginning of that century contrasted admirably with the brilliancy of its close. Louis the Fourteenth was not only, as Richelieu, powerful, but he was majestic; not only, as Cromwell, great, but in him was serenity; Louis the Fourteenth was not, perhaps, the genius in the master, but genius surrounded him. This may lessen a king in the eyes of some; but it adds to the glory of his reign. As for me, as you already know, I love that which is absolute, which is perfect, and therefore have always had a profound respect for this grave and worthy prince, so well-born, so much loved, and so well surrounded; a king in his cradle, a king in the tomb; true sovereign in every acceptance of the word; central monarch of civilization; pivot of Europe, seeing, so to speak, from tour to tour, eight popes, five sultans, three emperors, two kings of Spain, three kings of Portugal, four kings of Denmark, one queen of England, three kings of Sweden, one queen and two kings of Poland, four kings of Muscovy, appear, shine forth, and disappear around his throne; polar star of an entire age, which, during seventy-two years, saw all the constellations majestically performing their evolutions.

(To be continued.)

New Books.

Ainsworth's Magazine, No. III.

THE two principal tales, "*The Miser's Daughter*," and "*The Fight of the Fiddlers*," go on buoyantly, increasing in interest as they proceed; and George Cruikshank seems actually to be out rivaling his former exquisite performances. Besides these more prominent features of the Number, there is a host of excellent articles, such as, "*The Play Behind the Scenes*," by Uncle Sam; "*Legends of the Monte-Dores*," by Louisa Stuart Costello; "*A Visit to Persepolis*,"

by W. Francis Ainsworth; "*Strawberry Hill Re-Visited*," by Dudley Costello, with illustrations by W. Alfred Delamotte, &c. Interspersed is much good poetry, from which we cannot refrain quoting that

"Written in the Fly-Leaf of an old edition of Isaac Walton's 'Complete Angler.'"
By C. S.—p. 155.

As fondly these discolour'd leaves I turn,
Outsteal, methinks, sweet breathings of the May,
And flower-embroider'd fields, and new-mown hay,
And sound of oaten pipe, and "trotting-burn,"
And lark and milkmaid's song. Among the fern
And blue-bells, once again I seem to lie,
A happy child:—my father angling nigh,
Intent, as 'twere our daily bread to earn,
On his mute pastime. In that quiet nook
Nestling, o'ershadow'd by a pollard beech,
And poring, dear old Isaac! on thy book,
Lessons I learnt, the schools can never teach—
Lessons that time can ne'er efface—nor age—
Nor worldly schooling, from the heart's warm page.

England in 1841. By Von Raumer. 2 vols.

A REVIEW of the political changes which have taken place in this country during the last five or six years, by an impartial and acute-minded foreigner, cannot fail to be instructive to those who do and those who do not attend to politics; and even to the statesman. In examining a subject, Von Raumer places the various opinions which have been entertained of it in juxtaposition, before he proceeds to pass his own opinion; which renders the perusal of these volumes very satisfactory. As an example of his manner of handling a subject, we quote part of his chapter on

THE POOR LAWS IN ENGLAND.

In my letters of the year 1835,* I described, so much in detail, the ancient institutions as well as the motives and the substance of the new ones, that it is unnecessary to repeat what has been already said; but it is instructive to hear what form opinion has taken of late years, and whether the new institutions have corresponded with the expectations which were entertained of them. Since the general oppression of greater evils, which induced the majority to desire their abolition, has in a great measure vanished, attention is now directed, with double energy, to the defects and desiderata of the new law. The most violent complaints have been made, both in and out of Parliament, though, properly speaking, nothing was alleged which had not been already mentioned and refuted on the enactment of the law. The new law, it is said, is a cruel, heartless, selfish, unchristian law, made to dispense the rich from payments to which they are in duty bound, and to rob the poor of their just claims to indispensable support. The saving is much less than

* England, i. letter 15.

was prophesied and expected. It can only be attained by harshness and injustice, and will therefore soon entirely vanish. In the place of a free existence, the prison of the union workhouse is substituted; and for local authorities, the intolerable, tyrannical power of officers who are strangers, and live at a distance. The old salutary self-government of the parishes is undermined by the great unions, and by the interference of heartless commissioners. He who deprives the people of their self-government, and introduces central boards, acts in opposition to English manners, rights, and feelings; and the poor would rather starve than separate from their families, and suffer themselves to be confined in those English bastilles, the workhouses or houses of correction. While the commissioners prove to a workman that he can subsist on six shillings a-week, they are themselves extravagantly paid, and occasion useless expense to the country. Tobacco, tea, sugar, brandy, (which in our days are necessities to everybody) are withheld from the poor in the workhouse; nay, religious consolation is denied them, which every one is entitled to demand, according to his conscience and his creed. If relief were judiciously given out of the workhouses, these costly tyrannical institutions would be wholly unnecessary. But, unhappily, Russell, Peel, and Inglis, all join in support of these wrongs and absurdities, and thereby secure to themselves an immortality of infamy.

Such a union of the leaders of all parties in defence and support of the law, is of itself calculated to inspire the most favourable opinion of the measure;—let us, however, hear their arguments:—

I.—Lord John Russell. Let the law be amended, but not abolished. It has reduced the poor-rates, and not compelled the poor to go into the workhouse, but rather to labour, and to be economical.

II.—Mr. Hume. The evils are diminished, the law is on the whole liked, and everybody, except the ginshop keepers, has gained.

III.—Mr. Alston and Mr. Cripps. The new poor-law is the greatest benefit to the lower classes, and, in the end, they too will profit by the reduction of the poor-rates.

IV.—Mr. Roebuck. Every industrious poor man is better off than before. The management of the poor must be considered as a national concern, and therefore must not be left to the local authorities.

V.—Lord Hatherton. The law has had a most beneficial effect on the welfare and the moral character of the people, and the system of the boards and the administration has proved good.

VI.—Mr. Gally Knight and Lord Howick. Formerly, even great abuses were concealed, now the very least are denounced.

In spite of all declamation, nobody is able to propose anything better—none has the courage to recommend a return to the old system.

VII.—Sir Robert Peel. The Parliament must give its moral support to those officers on whom obnoxious duties are imposed. The chief advantage of the new arrangements is, that they have improved the morals of the poor, promoted their independence, and raised their position in the scale of society.

VIII.—The Duke of Wellington. The new arrangements have exceeded all the expectations which I had formed of their salutary effects. Formerly there were in every individual parish abuses a hundred times greater than those which are now complained of in so many petitions. I find that the administration has perfectly sufficed for the task imposed on it; and the poor-law commissioners are, in my opinion, the most important part of it. The abuses of the former management were so numerous and manifold, and at the same time so deeply rooted, that it was not possible to overcome them without a central board, which superintended the execution of the new law, and took care that its enactments should be nowhere violated or evaded.

IX.—Lord Brougham. The sum saved is considerable, and yet the enjoyments, the situation, and the character of the working classes are improved.

These and similar arguments appeared so convincing, that Mr. Fielden's motion for the abolition of the new poor-law was rejected by a majority of 309 to 17.

Objections like the above were also repeatedly made out of Parliament, especially in some journals, and the refutations of them are equally numerous. Before I enter upon them, however, I must give some extracts from the instructive Reports of the Commissioners. Already, in the year 1837, it is remarked, the applications for admission into the poor-houses are not so numerous as was apprehended. The allowances having been done away with, the able-bodied workmen are more diligent and active, and the old, infirm, and sick, can be better provided for than before; yet great savings have already been made.

When the poor-house is full, and a sudden stagnation in certain works and employments occurs, relief is granted out of the houses; but, on the whole, activity and wages increase, and the lower classes, both in and out of the poor-house, were even at that time better off than formerly. Accordingly, Mr. Woolley, one of the tithe commissioners, said, "Our new poor-law has saved the country. I am quite disgusted with the cry raised against it, and especially its pretended inhumanity." Another exclaimed, "Gentlemen, you have performed

miracles with the new poor-law; you have healed the sick, and the lame have learned to walk and the blind to see."

In the Report for 1838 and 1839, it is granted that individual instances of harshness and abuse occurred; but they could not be wholly avoided in such an extensive and intricate administration, and the less so, because many local, partly inadequate, arrangements were not to be attained by the new law. The poor-rates have remained, since 1834, about 2,300,000*l.* below the former amount; and yet the new management had to contend with very great difficulties. The two first years passed on in establishing the system. In the third, there was an unusually severe winter. In the fourth, there was a crisis in trade and manufactures. In the fifth, a failure in the crops. Yet the law has proved good in practice, and has overcome the evils; for though out-door relief has been granted to factory workmen suddenly thrown out of employment, the pernicious system of allowances in aid of the daily wages has never been returned to.

The fifth very detailed report of the poor-law commissioners contains, in substance, the following statement:—A central board is now, and will continue to be, necessary, in order to obtain a general view of the state of the poor, to prevent deviation from the law, to counteract false indulgence and undue severity, to decide disputes, to carry general regulations into effect, &c. Their position is not contrary to the spirit of the constitution, which has likewise approved and introduced general boards for the army, the navy, the taxes, the post-office, &c.; nor is their power too great, since in every place the rate-payers choose guardians who have now the appointment of all paid officers, and the distribution of the relief. Nay, the entire management is, properly speaking, in their hands, while the poor-law commissioners have only the superintendence. In truth, the activity and the influence of local and general boards are hereby advantageously connected.

The poor-law commissioners, who might easily gain favour by neglecting their duties, have never gone beyond their rights, nor even strictly enforced them. Sometimes it is complained that they interfere too much, sometimes too little, and they are made responsible for instances of mistakes for which very different persons are to blame. It is certain that, in former times, incomparably more arbitrary power was exercised, against which recourse was seldom had to complaint or publicity, as is now the case; but, indeed, every restriction of arbitrary power excites opposition, and numerous interests are affected by the new poor-law, and the possibility of diverting the money intended for the relief of the poor

into other channels for the benefit of certain persons is prevented. The rhetoric of the journals and the agitators represent all these things in a false and partial light.

I will mention some points which are particularly complained of:—

First complaint.—Little or no provision is made in the workhouses for religious instruction and the performance of divine service.

As soon as a union workhouse is established, care is taken to appoint a clergyman of the Church of England. But it is impossible to provide a separate clergyman for every individual who belongs, or pretends to belong, to a particular sect. Nay, men and women, who were permitted to go out of the workhouse on Sunday to attend, as they alleged, the chapel of their own denomination, went instead to the public-house, and were brought back in a state of intoxication.

Second complaint.—The regulations respecting illegitimate children are contrary to the laws of God and of nature.

Answer.—Infanticide has not increased. The expense of maintenance, as well as the number of illegitimate children and forced marriages, has, on the contrary, decreased.

This is the proper place to introduce the following letter of the respectable clergyman of a large parish. He writes—"I have, perhaps, more opportunities than many inspectors to form a well-founded opinion of the effect of the law on the character of the female sex in the lower classes. The good effects of these much-abused regulations have, in my parish, perfectly answered the expectations that were formed. The number of illegitimate children has greatly diminished, and the conduct of young women of the lower classes has much improved. Formerly, there was good reason to suspect the whole of them of want of chastity; whereas now, out of more than twenty-five there are not more than three or four who are liable to suspicion. I also feel a great relief, as a clergyman, from being no longer obliged to officiate at forced marriages, on which, during the old poor-law, the local authorities frequently insisted, in order to get rid of the burden of providing for such persons. Often a man was conveyed directly from the prison to the church to be married. The handcuffs were not taken off till he got to the door. The turnkeys and jailors remained as witnesses, as I was obliged to pronounce a benediction on a union which has no meaning nor value, when a free choice founded on affection is wanting."

Third complaint.—To confine innocent persons in a workhouse is evidently unjust, and the separation of families an infraction of the law, "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

Answer.—Workhouses cannot be converted into poor-houses, nor must a hope be excited in old, and still less in young and healthy people, that they need not provide for themselves and their future subsistence. The inmates of the workhouse eat, drink, live, and lodge freer from care than out of it; therefore there must be, in its strictness and order, and the deprivation of liberty, something repulsive, that every one may do his utmost, and not wish and require to be admitted, without real and urgent want.

It is impossible to receive men and women into the workhouse, and to give to each couple a separate room. The law, What God has joined let no man put asunder, is wholly misapplied here. There is no idea of separation of man and wife; but voluntary or legal separation takes place daily in the case of soldiers, sailors, criminals, and persons under sentence of capital punishment. Children under seven years of age are not separated from their mothers, and longer experience alone can decide whether more strictness or more indulgence will be necessary in the workhouse, to lessen the desire or the fear of admission.

Fourth complaint.—Relief is not given in proportion to the necessity of the case. It ought to be graduated according to the number of the family.

Answer.—This would gradually lead to all the evils of the allowances in aid of daily wages, and a premium to idleness. A numerous family should be an inducement to prudence and exertion; but the prudent and diligent ought not to be placed in a less favourable situation. Unequal treatment appears worse, and more oppressive, than harsh treatment. Relief in the poor-house is more definite, effectual, and cheaper; whereas, out of the house, no limit can be discovered, nor is it possible even to define what a numerous family and its wants are.

Miscellaneous.

ENTRY OF THE PRUSSIANS AND COSSACKS INTO DUSSELDORF.

It was on the 13th of November, 1813, that the last of the French army passed the Rhine; and the same day, about noon, I learned from some countrymen, whom I met in a wine-house, that bands of Cossacks were hovering about in the fields, at no great distance. Now, we had not been taught to think too highly either of the self-denial or the honesty of the Cossacks; and I confess that the intelligence rendered me very uneasy, on account of my mistress and the female domestics of the family. I therefore hurried home, warned my poor mistress—whose husband had gone from home—of the danger that menaced, and gave her all

the aid which I could furnish, in guarding against it. The first thing done, was to direct the cook to have an abundant supply of provisions ready: the next, to get up from the cellars wine and spirits, enough to cheer the hearts of half a regiment. After this, I persuaded the Baroness to retreat with her children and nurses up stairs into one of the bed-rooms, and to barricade the door on the inside, so as to hinder it from being easily opened. Then, having seen matters arranged, as far as circumstances would allow, I strolled out, partly to ascertain how far danger really threatened, partly to gratify the sort of nervous curiosity by which all men, so situated, are apt to be affected.

It was night when I entered the streets, throughout the whole compass of which not a living thing shewed itself. The shops were all closed, every window was dark, and not so much as the stroke of a hammer broke in upon the death-like silence. I wandered on and on, seeing nothing, and hearing nothing, except the clank of my own footsteps on the pavement. At last, I turned towards a public-house, which I had been in the habit of frequenting; and, finding the door shut, I knocked. For a considerable space no notice was taken of the signal; but I knocked again and again; and in the end, the sound of the bolt withdrawn from its socket reached me. By-and-bye the door creaked on its hinges, and mine host stood in the very narrow aperture, holding a candle in his hand, by the flame of which I could perceive that he was pale as ashes. "What's the matter, Boniface?" cried I; "has anything happened?" "Oh, nothing at all," replied he, drawing a deep breath; "I only thought it might be the Cossacks." From this I learned that the arrival of these people was momentarily expected; so, having drunk a glass of wine, and conversed for a few moments with mine host, I hurried home.

It might be about nine o'clock when the first straggling party of Cossacks entered Dusseldorf. Their advance was conducted with extreme caution; for they no sooner passed one gate, than they put their horses to the speed, and galloped helter-skelter through, emerging by the gate opposite. Having thus satisfied themselves that there was no garrison in the place, they returned to the gate through which they had first shewn themselves, and there formed. They marched next to the market-place, where they halted. But though the inhabitants, perceiving but a handful of men, ventured to come forth and invite them into their houses, not one of these wild and wary warriors would quit his station. They sat down, to be sure, to the tables, which were soon spread for them in the open air, and ate and drank as savages are accustomed to

do, who have long fasted. But though they vociferated their delight as often as a cry arose, "Long live the Emperor Alexander," they steadily refused to enter beneath a roof.

Throughout the whole of that night the Cossacks continued to receive, by twos and threes, a fresh accession of numbers. At first, not more than twenty or thirty had entered the town; when day broke, about two hundred occupied the square; and they were soon afterwards reinforced by about five hundred Prussian Lancers. These proceeded, without delay, to obtain billets upon the inhabitants; and taking quiet possession of the apartments that were allotted to them, they exhibited no disposition to molest or offer injury to their entertainers. The case was very different when, a few hours later, a battalion of Russian infantry, with a regiment of horse, entered the town. They did not so much as go through the form of applying for billets; but, spreading themselves through the town, they took possession by parties of whatever domiciles seemed to attract their notice, or hold out the prospect of agreeable quarters. Neither did they stop here. Whole families were turned into the street; the grossest outrages perpetrated on the women; horses put up in the very drawing-rooms, and the costliest articles of furniture broken up for fire-wood. As to the work of plunder, that went on without the smallest interruption, and no human being appeared to blush for it. Among others, our house was visited by two officers of cavalry and a troop of their men. They knocked furiously at the gate; and though I lost no time in opening it, they overwhelmed me with abuses because I had kept them waiting. They demanded quarters for themselves and a superior officer. I shewed them into a couple of rooms in the lower story, where beds had been purposely prepared; and replied to their orders concerning dinner, that it should be forthcoming immediately. And thanks to the bravery of my countrywoman the cook, who refused to retreat with the rest of the female servants, and stood to her utensils all day, I was enabled, within ten minutes, to set before them a sumptuous meal.

The Russians expressed themselves both surprised and pleased at the rapidity with which their wants were supplied. They drank copiously, too, from a magnum of white Burgundy, which, having no good Rhenish in the house, I set before them as choice Markobruner, and, desiring that tea might be ready in a couple of hours, they walked abroad. And now began my troubles with the men. So long as the officers continued on the spot the privates bore themselves with some show of moderation; but moderation was now at an end. They clamoured for food, drink, everything of which

they fancied themselves in need, and made a rush to storm the kitchen, which the cook defended with great resolution. At last, however, by dint of expostulation and entreaty, I prevailed upon them to desist; and a bountiful supply of black puddings and gin soon restored them to good humour.

Meanwhile, flying portions of these savages had wandered all over the house, trying every door, and entering every apartment to which they found access. Among others, they had twice or thrice lifted the latch of that behind which my mistress and her family lay; but finding it fastened, they did not burst through, very much to the relief of the parties within, who were well nigh killed with terror. They were not, however, so delicate in their dealings with our horses? these they turned out of the stalls into the streets, putting their own under cover, and feeding them with our forage. In short, it was a day and a night of extreme anxiety even to me; of agony and terror to the rest. Nevertheless, it passed by with perhaps less of suffering than might fairly have been expected. And on the morrow, my mistress, perceiving that no personal violence was likely to be offered to her, ventured to quit her place of refuge.

Her first step was to wait upon the officers, who chanced to be at breakfast, and to remonstrate with them against the treatment which her horses had received. They did not so much as rise when she entered the apartment; but, asking with a sneer, whether she thought her horses or those belonging to the Emperor of greater worth, they told her, point blank, that things should remain as they were. She instantly withdrew, and burst into tears. But tears were of small avail in such a situation as that into which the fortune of war had brought her, and she was condemned in consequence, throughout a space of four whole days, to sustain, as she best might, the wrongs and insults to which foreign soldiers subjected her.

During four whole days this state of things continued, and Dusseldorf was the scene of indescribable misery. Each new hour brought an accession to the numbers of the troops that filled it, till by-and-by not fewer than from 10,000 to 12,000 must have taken up their quarters there. As a matter of course, the inhabitants were expelled from one apartment after another, to make way for men and horses. The streets, also, were strewn with fragments of broken furniture, beds, chairs, curtains, cooking utensils; and the noise of revelry rose above sounds which told of outrage suffered and feelings lacerated. But the most curious figures in that strange scene were the Cossacks: for a Cossack accounted for war bears as little resemblance to a human being as it is possible to conceive. His at-

tire consists of an accumulation of rags of all sorts, fastened about his trunk and limbs, with ropes or bands of straw: his cloak is not unfrequently a bear-skin, with a hole cut, in order to let his head pass through; over which again is drawn a red woollen night-cap, so closely, as to leave no part of his countenance visible, except the small, piercing, red eyes, or the sharp cheek-bones. Moreover, the Cossack is so enveloped in swaddling-clothes, that each limb appears as thick as an ordinary man's waist, and each waist like a goodly pollarded oak. As to his arms and appointments, these consist always of a lance, long and stout, and headed with steel; often of a bow and a quiver full of arrows, as well of pistols stuck in profusion round his body. His horse, again, is as rough as a polar bear, small of stature, yet exceedingly hardy; and as to the saddle, according to the height of that, you may judge of each man's personal wealth; for a Cossack never stuffs his plunder anywhere but in the croup of his saddle, which, as he is a capital forager, grows higher and higher, till, towards the end of the campaign, its shape is portentous. Finally, a Cossack never undresses till the campaign has ended, nor thinks of sleeping in a bed. He is, accordingly, a moving mass of filth and vermin: yet, withal, hardy, active, acute, and brave—a very locust to the land over which he sweeps as a conqueror, a very hornet to the flying enemy, whom it is his business to harass.—*United Service Magazine.*

“THE LIBERTIES” OF DUBLIN.

THERE is a district of Dublin that possesses many remarkable and peculiar features; it is still called “the Liberties”—a spacious western tract in the most elevated and airy part of the city. It derives its name from certain privileges and immunities enjoyed by the inhabitants, having manor courts of their own, with seneschals to preside in them; but that of Thomas Court and Donore is properly confined to the liberties, and is that from which it takes its name. This court is of very ancient foundation, being held under the charter of King John. It contains within its precincts forty streets and lanes, called the Earl of Meath's Liberties, and a population of about 40,000 souls. It has no criminal jurisdiction; but its authority in civil matters, and the amount of sums to be recovered, is unlimited. In all cases under forty shillings the seneschal decides alone; when the sum is greater, he is assisted by a jury. He has a court-house to sit in, and a prison to confine debtors.

The present state of this once flourishing region forms a strong contrast to its former;

but it still retains many evidences of what it has been. In passing along its desolate streets, large houses of costly structure everywhere present themselves. Lofty façades adorned with architraves, and mouldings to windows, and door-cases of sculptured stone or marble; grand stair-cases with carved and gilded balustrades; panelled doors opening into spacious suits of corniced and stuccoed apartments—all attest the opulence of its former inhabitants. They are now the abode only of the most miserable. As they were deserted by the rich, they were filled by the poor; and as they decayed, they became the resort of the more abject, who could find no other shelter. So crowded were they at one time, that 108 persons were found in one house lying on the bare floor, and in one room seven out of twelve were labouring under typhus fever.

It sometimes happens that a sudden stagnation of employment among the poor manufacturers still lingering there causes a pressure of great temporary distress, and then they descend in masses to beg for relief in the lower and more prosperous parts of the city. They resemble an irruption of some strange and foreign horde. A certain wildness of aspect, with pallid faces and squalid persons, at these times, mark the poor artisans of the liberties as a distinct and separate class from the other inhabitants of the metropolis.

It is singular that the tide of wealthy population in Dublin has taken a contrary direction from that of London. They have deserted the high, airy, and salubrious site at the west end, which is now desolate, and selected the flats and swamps of the east. Thus, by a strange perversion of taste, the elevated site and wholesome air are left to the poor, while the rich have emigrated into the unwholesome morass.

During a recent visit to “the Liberties,” an incident occurred to us that may, perhaps, interest the reader. “Did you never see a hand-loom at work?” said our friend and guide. “Come in here, then.” We followed down a few damp steps, narrow and dirty, with hardly room for one at a time to descend, until we heard the *clank-clank* of the passing shuttle, which, during our sojourn in the north, we had learned to distinguish from every other sound. The room was light enough, and tolerably clean; for which, when we observed a Temperance medal hanging to the loom, we could readily account. There was no squalid poverty; nothing of that apparently wasting misery which glares from sunken eyes, and speaks without the aid of words from pallid lips. Clean poverty is disarmed of half its bitterness—and, as we have said, everything was tolerably clean. A gentle-looking little girl was seated by the fire, feeding a sickly

infant; and a boy, barefooted, barelegged, and hardy, held his book in his hand, but stared, with all his eyes, at "the quality." The loom (it was an old-fashioned tabbnet loom) stood, of course, as near to the spattered window as possible; a bed was raised a few inches from the damp earthen floor by means of transverse boards, but destitute of anything like curtains to hide the four thin posts and iron rod, which shewed that curtains had either been, or were intended to have been, there; there were two chairs, a stool, a wooden cradle, and sundry pieces of crockery-ware, on an old dresser—broken in general, but more abundant than usual in a "small" mechanic's chamber. The tea-pot looked black and shiny; and a woman's bonnet and shawl hung upon one of the posts of the poor bed; a bird, in what had once been a gay cage, rested against the window; it was standing in the bottom of its cage—we could not, therefore, tell what bird it was. "Well, Michael," said our friend, "how goes it? your little maid keeps your room nicely. Why, Mary, your tea-pot shines like jet!" Mary replied with a smile and a curtsy; and the weaver laid by his shuttle, and answered that, "glory be to God, he was better—better than ever he expected to be, and easier in himself." The next question was as to the education of his children; the boy, he said, went to school, but Mary could not be spared from the baby, it was so delicate: "I teach her myself, now and again, but she'd rather be bustling, like her poor mother, (God be good to her!) about the house, than at the book. Mary hasn't the making of a scholar in her." "If she is as good a woman as her mother, she will do very well, Michael, for all that," observed our friend. "The Lord above bless you for that true saying! She will do very well, as I know, to my blessing and my loss: I haven't been able to feel so as to move them yet," he said, pointing to the bonnet and shawl; "they stay there just where she left them the morning she took her death. It's a fine thing to have great faith, sir, for surely it's sorely tried. I know the removal was for her good; but when I look round on this lonesome room, it's very hard to think it for mine."

"You may feel this at first," we said, "but we hope you may be brought to feel, as well as to say, 'God's will be done.'"

"She was from the country," continued the poor man, whose heart was evidently full of the one subject, "and the day I married her she was just sixteen, and had never been near a town, or seen a soldier, only spent her days in the open fields, hay-making and milking, and tending her uncle's sheep. He was a man well to do; but she was the eldest of five orphans, that he brought up with his own sister's children,

poor things! and he made no differ in them, only she loved me, poor girl, and I told her, with all the courage I had, that Dublin was a dark place for the poor. She laughed at that, and 'deed I've since thought she did not know what darkness was—*then*; anyhow, I had a better room to bring her to than this, though *this* is not bad; it's a palace to many. She was so light-hearted, she made every place lightsome; but I remember how seriously she asked me one day if 'the sun ever shone in Dublin.' It is not to say that she never gave me an uneasy word; but she never gave me one that wasn't a blessing; even when I took a drop too much of a Monday, she'd strive to make me at peace with myself, while she'd wind round to the moral of everything, so that I might not do it again. No one ever said she was a beauty, yet I never looked off my work into her face that I didn't think her an angel. Somehow, she never throve here, though she lingered with me for eight years, poor girl! She'd smile and shake her head when they called this 'the Liberty.' She had some notion, when I told her I lived in the *Liberty* of the city of Dublin, that it was a fresh, country sort of place; she had more innocent turns in her head than her own child. Why, she'd burst out crying at a handful of daisies, and keep the bit of bread out of her own mouth to buy a half-penny bunch of primroses. But I beg your honour's pardon," continued the poor weaver, "only when I think of her my heart seems so full that I am thankful to any one that 'll listen to me."

We observed that the frame of his loom was stuck over in many places with ballads; indeed, we have seldom entered a weaver's room without perceiving a similar display; and the songs so fixed are generally pretty sure indexes to the opinions of the owners. In Dublin such scraps were chiefly political; in the north they were more general, and a number of old Scottish songs were to be found in the most prominent situations.

"I used to take great delight in them once," said the man, seeing that we noticed them; "but, somehow, I don't mind them now: the little girl puts up a new one now and again, but I don't care about them."

"Father!" exclaimed little Mary, suddenly, "father, there's something ails the bird." In an instant the cage was opened, and the bird struggling, in a fit, on his hand. "It's not dying, father, is it?" she inquired, in a voice of deep anxiety; sure mother's bird ain't dying, father?" she repeated. The poor little fluttering thing (a grey linnet) gave one or two more struggles, its little beak opened, and then it lay, stiff and cold, upon its master's hand. "Don't cry, Mary; there; go mind the child; don't cry, darlint; sure we've lost a dearer bird than that—ay, and a singing-bird too: your

little sister's wanting ye, Mary." The man looked on the dead bird for a minute without speaking, and the tears that had gathered in his eyes rushed down his face; he turned away to hide his emotion, and then placed it softly in its cage, while the little girl sobbed aloud.

"It's nothing but a bird, a poor common bird, I know," he said; "and there are thousands like it sporting through the green woods; and it isn't that its little breath is gone I'd care for; but my poor woman, when she went home to see her people, about four months before the babby was born, brought back the bird with her, and the word she spoke was so strange! 'Michael,' she says, 'it will sing for you when you're at your work; and, maybe, when I'm not here to sing for you, it will.' And so it did, both night and day, poor little thing! but, like herself, it will sing no more—no more." He covered his face with his hands, and wept bitterly.

In the Liberties, almost entirely reside the artisans who have made the Irish tabbnet famous throughout the world, for its supremacy has survived all attempts at rivalry; and the beautiful fabric is everywhere esteemed and admired. The manufacture, which is exclusively confined to Dublin, was introduced into Ireland by certain French refugees who settled there after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There are, as nearly as we could ascertain, between six hundred and seven hundred persons employed in its production; but the estimate includes weavers, warpers, winders, and dyers. They are principally heads of families, and earn from ten shillings to twenty-five shillings a week (the higher wages being obtained by the weavers employed in producing brocaded or figured poplins, and who are, necessarily, the most skilful and ingenious workmen.) There are not more than two hundred looms at work in the city and neighbourhood of Dublin; and, as we have intimated, there is not one in any other part of Ireland. The average produce of each loom is four yards per day (of the plain tabbnet); but each loom employs three persons. The trade, and the profits derived it, are consequently limited; yet it is, strictly speaking, the only national manufacture, if we except that of linen.—*Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Ireland.*

The Gatherer.

Never too Late to Learn.—Numerous instances are on record of persons attaining the knowledge of languages &c. late in life. Cato was eighty years old when he began to learn Greek; and Plutarch was about the same age when he acquired a knowledge of Latin. Theophrastus was upwards of ninety

when he sat down to write his admirable work on the Character of Men. In his old age Socrates began to learn Music and play on various instruments. Ludovico Monaldesco was 115 years old when he wrote the celebrated memoirs of his own times. Dr. Johnson, the year before his death, acquired a perfect knowledge of the Dutch language. The celebrated lawyer, Accorson, when asked why he began the study of the law at so advanced a period of his life, answered, that indeed he began it late, but should therefore master it the sooner. We have an instance in our day of a great man, the Marquis of Wellesley, cheering and consoling his old age by writing verses &c. of singular merit.

Pithy Appeal.—A well-known reverend gentleman in London, having to preach a charity sermon the other day, said nothing on the subject until the sermon was ended. He then told the congregation that this was a mere matter of business, and as such he would talk of it. They knew as well as he that they had certain poor to provide for, who looked to their purses. He then merely read the text—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;" and added, "If you approve of your security, down with your money."

British Residents on the Continent.—According to the late returns made to the Prefect of Police at Paris, the entire number of British residents in France was estimated at 54,000; but the thousands of continental tourists who pass through France are not included in this estimate. The number of British settled in the Netherlands, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, is now supposed by far to exceed 100,000.

Long Suit.—The longest law-suit ever heard of in England was between the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other, respecting certain possessions in Walton-under-Hedge, in the county of Gloucester. It commenced at the end of the reign of Edward IV. and was pending till the reign of James I., when a compromise took place, it having lasted above 120 years.

When the celebrated Arnault, the author of the "Art of Thinking"—an admirable work, published by the Port Royal Society,—wished his friend Nicoll to assist him in a new work, which the latter declined, saying, "We are now old, is it not time to rest?" he made this memorable remark, "Rest! have we not all eternity to rest in?"

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 109, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 16.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]

Original Communications.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—No. IV.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.

THIS finished landscape, by the distinguished artist Domenichino, commonly called Zam-pieri, represents a wild and secluded scene, with no other habitation, or sign of human abode, than a distant castle on a rock; except the few white specks in the distance be intended for the tents of those wandering Arabs who, from the earliest period, have made this part of Asia their occasional resi-

dence. The subject of the painting is taken from fabulous history—the book of Tobit, in the Apocrypha. Young Tobias was about to set out on a distant excursion. A guide was requisite, and while seeking one, he met a man, or rather, an angel disguised as a man, who consented to accompany him on his excursion. They proceeded on their journey, and at length came to the river Tigris, where



TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.

Tobias went to wash himself. While in the act of bathing, a fish attacked him, and would have devoured him, but Raphael, the angel, said, "Take the fish; and the young man seized it, and drew it to the land." Domenichino seems to have had but an imperfect knowledge of the Apocrypha, for he has painted the angel with wings, who, we are informed in the Writ, assumed the disguise

of Azarias, son of Ananias the Great. Tobias, in the painting, is covered with drapery, a circumstance rather at variance with the Apocrypha, which asserts that the young man was bathing in the Tigris when the fish attacked him.

We must admit that Domenichino is not the only artist who has affixed wings to the disguised Raphael. Perhaps the piety of

the painters deterred them from representing an angel without wings; or, perhaps, they might think that that which had no wings could not be an angel. Critics assert that the time represented is morning, but the coolness and freshness of Domenichino's tints might well deceive a close observer. However, if the artist intended it for morning, it is another inadvertency on his part, for the Book expressly says—"As they went on their journey, they came in the evening to the river Tigris."

This justly-admired artist (Domenichino), whose family name was Zampieri, was born in the year 1581, at Bologna. Denis Calvart was his first instructor; afterwards, he became a disciple of Caracci; and remained in that school for a lengthened period. He, unlike most other great painters, evinced no precociousness; for his talent did not unfold itself till he had reached the age of manhood. In his early days he was studious, thoughtful, and diligent—which was mistaken for dullness by his companions, who called him, from his general movements and the slow manner with which he executed his work—the sloth; but the quick-sighted and intelligent Annibale Caracci prophesied that, notwithstanding his apparent slowness in parts, he would one day be considered an honour to the art of painting. Few artists ever had the perseverance of Domenichino; and still fewer have made the advances that he did, by dint of application. De Piles asserts that Domenichino was a painter ranking as high as Caracci, Niccolo Poussin, and Leonardo; but he will not admit that this artist was a *genius*. The man who painted the Death of Saint Agnes, at Bologna—a picture displaying both judgment and just reflection—might well be considered one of those who deserve such an epithet. In correctness of design, in the expression of the passions, and in simplicity and variety in the style of his heads, he is allowed to be little inferior to Raffaele;—and yet, his attitudes are but moderate, his draperies rather stiff, and his pencil heavy. However, as he advanced in years and experience, he proportionately advanced in merit, for his latest compositions are the best. One of Domenichino's chief excellences in his landscapes, is the natural and simple elegance of his scenery. His figures are peculiarly expressive, and are generally admired for their truthfulness. This distinguished artist was not only a painter, but a musician; and often, in solitude, to which he was rather partial, the pencil gave place to the sounds of heaven—music—

"Stealing upon the senses, assuaging grief,
And regaling us with moments of celestial bliss."

He was of a mild temper and courteous deportment, and though generally loved, there were still some who, from envy and

malice, persecuted him from the basest motives, and helped to throw thorns and obstacles in his path, which tended to mar that felicity which a man so constituted as he was richly merited. He died, some say, from poison, in the year 1641.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

No. I.

FORMERLY, cases of deafness were generally confided to the care of village doctresses, who had each some nostrum of her own; and, if active disease supervened, it most frequently was left to run its own course; the consequence of which was, either the death of the patient, or the total destruction of the sense of hearing; for the remedies applied by medical men of that period, in the majority of instances, were more injurious than beneficial. By degrees, a few men of talent and education professed to relieve persons labouring under a diminution of the sense of hearing, if the cases were of a certain description; consigning all others to utter hopelessness, as cases of nervous deafness. As an example, a surgeon at Mons obtained great celebrity, and patients flocked to him from all parts of Europe; he confined his treatment to the extraction of indurated wax from the auditory passages, and dismissing all others as incurable. At the present day, it would be disgraceful for any practitioner of aural surgery not to relieve a case of this description. Some practitioners perform this operation in less time, more adroitly, without inconvenience or pain to the patient, and the result more satisfactory, as to the benefit and permanence of the cure, than others in the same department. These cases often obtain for country general surgeons a considerable degree of notoriety in their little circle; but for want of knowing how to proceed in the commencement and subsequently, much disappointment frequently occurs, through a worse species of deafness coming on.

It is calculated that about one out of every fifteen persons is more or less afflicted with some diminution of the sense of hearing, or disease of the organ. This malady prevents many from entering the army and navy; and if it come on after they have done so, it is often a bar to promotion, or even obliges them to quit the service, of which numerous instances might be given; and thus, many who would have been the defenders of their country, are lost to those professions which they otherwise could have ornamented—in one class, by their discoveries of new lands; or in the other, by their valour. Yet, with all this constantly before the eyes of the legislature, in their public and private capacity, brought home to them, even the most exalted, in their own families, there is no

school where young surgeons can learn the method of performing the most simple operation in aural surgery; neither is there any hospital which has a professor of this branch of science attached to it.

W. WRIGHT.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuilletton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER XII.

A FEW WORDS RESPECTING THE WALLRAF MUSEUM.

Andernach.

BESIDES the cathedral, the Hotel de Ville, and the Ibach House, I visited at Schleis Kotten the vestiges of the subterranean aqueduct, which, at the time of the Romans, led from Cologne to Travers. Traces of it are at the present day to be seen in thirty-two villages. In Cologne I inspected the Wallraf Museum, and am almost tempted to give you an inventory of all that I saw, but I will spare you. Suffice it to know, that if I did not find the war-chariot of the ancient Germans, the famed Egyptian mummy, or the grand culverin founded at Cologne in 1400, I saw a very fine sarcophagus, and the armory of Bernard, Bishop of Galen. I was also shewn an enormous cuirass, which is said to have been the property of Jean de Wert, a general of the empire; but I sought in vain for his sword, which measured eight feet and a half; his immense pike, likened to the pine of Polyphemos; and his large helmet, that, as it is said, took two men to raise it.

The pleasure of seeing all these curiosities—museums, churches, town-houses, &c., is alloyed by the everlastingly extended hand—*pay, pay*. Upon the borders of the Rhine, as at other places much frequented, the stranger is obliged to have his hand in constant communication with his pocket. The purse of the traveller—that precious article—is to him everything, since hospitality is no longer seen receiving the weary voyager with soft words and cordial looks. I will give you an idea of the extent to which the stretching out of the hand system is carried on among the *intelligents naturels* of this country. Remember, there is no exaggeration—only the truth.

On entering a town, an understrapper ascertains the hotel that you intend putting up at, asks for your passport, takes it, and puts it into his pocket. The horses stop, we look round, and find that we are in a court-yard, that our present journey is terminated. The driver, who has not exchanged a word with any one during the journey, alights, opens

the door, and offers you his hand with an air of modesty—"Remember the driver." A minute elapses: the postillion presents himself, and makes an harangue, which signifies, "Don't forget me." The luggage is uncoiled; a tall, fleshless *drôle* sets your portmanteau gently upon the ground, with your night-cap on the top of it; so much trouble "must be rewarded." Another animal, more curious perhaps than the latter, puts your chattels upon a wheel-barrow, asks the name of the hotel you have fixed upon, then runs before you, pushing his shapeless machine. No sooner arrived at the hotel than the host approaches, and begins a dialogue, which ought to be written in all languages upon the doors of the respective *auberges*.

"Good day, sir."

"If you have a spare room, I should like to have it."

"Very well, sir. Thomas, conduct the gentleman to No. 4."

"I should like something to eat."

"Immediately, sir, immediately."

You go to No. 4, where you find your luggage has arrived. A man appears; it is the person who conveyed the luggage to the hotel. "The porter, sir." A second makes his appearance; what the devil does he want? It is the person who carried your luggage into the room. You say to him—

"Very well; I shall pay you, on leaving, with the other servants."

"Monsieur," the man replies, with a supplicating air, "I don't belong to the hotel."

There is no alternative—"disburse."

You take a walk; a handsome church presents itself; you cannot think of passing it. No, no, you must go in, for it is not every day you meet with such a structure. You walk round, gazing at everything; at last a door meets your view. Jesus says, "*Compelle intrare*;" the priests ought to keep the doors open, but the beadle shut them in order to gain a few sous. An old woman has perceived your embarrassment, comes and shews you a bell by the side of a small wicket; you ring, the wicket is opened, and the beadle stands before you.

"Can I see the interior of the church?"

"Certainly," the old man replies, a sort of grim smile lighting up his grave countenance.

He draws out a bunch of keys, and directs his steps towards the *portal*. Just as you are about to enter, something seizes you by the skirt of your coat; you turn round; it is the obliging old woman, whom you have forgotten, ungrateful wretch! to reward—"pay!" You at last find yourself in the interior of the church; you contemplate, admire, and are struck with wonder.

"Why is that picture covered with a green cloth?"

"Because," the beadle replies, "it is the most beautiful painting that is in the church."

"What!" you say, in astonishment, "the best picture hidden! elsewhere it is exposed to view. Who is it by?"

"Rubens."

"I should like to see it."

The beadle leaves you, and in a few minutes returns with an old pensive-looking individual by his side; it is the churchwarden. This worthy personage presses a spring, the curtain draws, and you behold the picture. The painting seen, the curtain closes, and the churchwarden bows significantly—"Pay, pay." On continuing your walk in the church, preceded by the beadle, you arrive at the door of the choir, before which a man has taken up his stand in "patient expectation." It is a Swiss who has the charge of the choir. You walk round it, and, on leaving, your attentive *cicerone* graciously salutes you—"Only a trifle." You find yourself again with the beadle, and soon after pass before the sacristy. O wonder of wonders! The door is open. You enter, and find a sexton. The beadle retires, for the other must be left alone with his prey. The sexton smiles, shews you the urns, the ecclesiastical ornaments and decorated windows, bishops' mitres, and, in a box, a skeleton of some saint dressed as a troubadour. You have seen the sacristy, therefore "must pay." The beadle again appears, and leads you to the ladder that conducts to the tower. A view from the steeple must be truly delightful. You decide on going up. The beadle pushes a door open, you climb up about thirty steps, then you find that a door which is locked prevents your proceeding further. You look back, and are surprised that the beadle is no longer with you—that you are alone. What's to be done? You knock; a face appears; it is that of the bellman. He opens the door, for which kind action—"Pay." You proceed on your way—are delighted to find yourself alone—that the bellman has not followed. You then begin to enjoy the pleasure of solitude, and arrive with a light heart at the high platform of the tower. You look about, come and go, admire the blue sky, the smiling country, and the immense horizon. Suddenly you perceive an unknown animal walking by your side: then your ears are dinned with things that you know, and, perhaps, care little about. It turns out to be the *explicateur*, who fills the high office of explaining to the stranger the magnificence of the steeple, the church, and the surrounding country. This man is ordinarily a stutterer, sometimes deaf; you do not listen to him; you forget him, in contemplating the churches, the streets, the pinions, the trees, the rivers, and the hills. When you have seen all, you think of descending, and direct your steps to the top of the ladder. The bellman is there before you—"Pay."

"Very well," you say, fingering your

purse, which is momentarily dissolving; "how much must I give you?"

"I am charged two francs for each person, which go to the church revenue; but, sir, you must give me a *trifle* for my trouble."

You descend; the beadle makes his appearance, and conducts you with respect to the door of the church. *So much trouble cannot fail to be well rewarded.*

You return to your hotel, and have scarcely entered, when you see a person approaching you with a familiar air, and who is totally a stranger to you. It is the understrapper who took your passport, and who now returns with it—to be paid. You dine, the hour of your departure comes, and a servant brings you in the bill—*Pay*; also a *consideration* for the trouble of taking the money. A stableman carries your portmanteau to the diligence—*must remember him*. You get into the vehicle; you set off; night falls; you begin the same course tomorrow.

Let us recapitulate—something to the driver, a trifle to the postillion, the porter, the man who *does not belong to the hotel*, to the old woman, to Rubens, to the Swiss, to the sexton, to the bellman, to the church revenue, to the beadle, to the passport keeper, to the servants, and to the stableman. How many *pays* do you call that in a day? Remember, every one must be silver; copper is looked upon here with the greatest contempt, even by a bricklayer's clerk.

To this ingenious people the traveller is a sack of crowns, which the good inhabitants, in order to reduce the bulk as soon as possible, are ever shaking. The government itself occasionally claims a share of the spoil; it takes your trunk and portmanteau, places them upon its shoulders, and offers you its hand. In large towns the porters pay to the royal treasure twelve sous two liards for each traveller. I was not a quarter of an hour at Aix-la-Chapelle before I had given my "*trifle*" to the King of Prussia.

LETTER XIII.

Andernach.

I STILL write to you from ANDERNACH, where I have been stopping for the last three days: it is an ancient municipal town, situated upon the banks of the Rhine. The coup - d'œil from my window is truly charming.



Before me, at the foot of a high hill, which obscures from my view part of the blue sky, is a handsome tower of the thirteenth century; to my right the Rhine, and the charming little white village of Leutersdorf, half-hidden among trees; and to my left the four steeples of a magnificent church. Under my window children are playing, the noise of their prattlings mingling with the quacking of geese and the chuckling of hens.

I visited the church on the day of my arrival, the interior of which is, notwithstanding the hideous manner that some one has plastered it, rather handsome. The Emperor Valentinien, and a child of Frederick Barberousse, were interred in this church, but no inscriptions nor tombstones indicate the place where they were buried. Our Saviour at the tomb; a few statues, life size, of the fifteenth century, and a chevalier of the sixteenth, leaning against a wall; several figures, the fragments of a mausoleum of the Renaissance, were all that the smiling humpbacked bellringer could shew me for a little piece of silvered copper which passes here for thirty sous.

I must tell you a little adventure which I had; an incident that has left on my mind the impression of a sombre dream.

On leaving the church I walked round the city. The sun was setting behind the high hills that, in seeming pride and pristine glory, look down upon the Rhine, on the imperial tomb of Valentinien, on the abbey of St. Thomas, and which now see falling, stone by stone, the old walls of the feudal town of the electors of Treves.

I pursued my way by the side of the moat that skirts the dilapidated walls, the fallen stones of which serve as seats and tables for half-naked urchins to play upon, and in the evening for young men, aided by the moon's beams, to tell their fair *bergères* the aching of their wedded hearts. The formidable castle, that was once the defence of Andernach, is now an immense ruin; and the court, once the seat of war, is now covered with grass, upon which women bleach in summer the cloth that they have woven in winter.

After leaving the outward gate of Andernach, I found myself upon the banks of the Rhine. The night was calm and serene, and nature had lulled itself to sleep. Shepherdesses came to drink from the clear stream, then in mirth ran away to hide themselves among the osieries. Before me a white village was all but lost in the distance, and towards the east, at the extreme border of the horizon, the full moon, red and round, like the eye of a Cyclope, appeared between two clouds.

How often have I walked thus, unconscious of all, save the beauties which nature presented, alive only to that *dame* which has so great a sway over the sensitive mind. I

knew not where I went, where I was straying; and when I awoke from my reverie, I found myself at the foot of a rising ground, crowned at the summit by some stonework. I approached it, and was somewhat startled on finding a tomb. Whose was it? I walked round, trying to discover the name of the person whom it memorialized, and at last perceived the following inscription in brass letters:—

“L'armée de Sambre et Meuse à son général en chef.”

Above these two lines I saw, by means of the moon, which was shining brightly, the name—HOCHÉ. The letters had been taken away, but had left their imprint upon the granite.

That name, in this place, at such an hour, and seen by such a light, had a strange, an inexpressible effect upon me. Hoche was always a favourite of mine; he, like Marceau, was one of those young men who preluded Bonaparte in an attempt which was all but successful. This then, I thought, is the resting-place of Hoche, and the well-remembered date of the 18th of April, 1797, flashed across my memory.

I looked around me, endeavouring, but in vain, to identify the spot. To the north was a vast plain; to the south, about the distance of a gun-shot, the Rhine; and at my feet, as the base of this tomb, was a small village.

At that moment a man passed a few steps from the monument. I asked him the name of the village, and he answered, while disappearing behind a hedge, “Weiss Thurm.”

These two words signify White Tower. I then remembered the *Turris Alba* of the Romans, and was proud to find that Hoche had died in an illustrious place. It was here that Cæsar, two thousand years ago, crossed, for the first time, the Rhine.

It is impossible for me to tell you my inward feelings while contemplating the tomb of this great man. Compassion seized my heart. Can such be the resting-place of this illustrious warrior, seemingly forgotten by his countrymen, unheeded by the stranger? This tomb, built by his army, is at the mercy of the passer by. The French general sleeps in a bean-field far from his country, and Prussian bricklayers make whatever use it pleases them of his tomb!

It seemed to me as if I heard a voice coming from the heap of stones, saying, “France must again possess the Rhine!”

(To be continued.)

New Books.

The Polytechnic Journal, No. IV. Vol. IV.

THIS number is full of important and well-written articles. That entitled *The British*

Institution is by an accomplished man; one who is thoroughly acquainted with the principles of art. His critiques on the principal paintings admitted into the gallery are prefaced by a paragraph of just indignation against the heartless indifference to the encouragement of British art evinced by the directors and patrons of

The British Institution.

"The establishment of the British Institution in the beginning of the year 1805, marked the second epoch in the history of the Fine Arts in this country, of which the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768 was the first. Seven-and-thirty years have just elapsed since the Institution first opened its doors for 'promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom,' and still there are the same three small 'cabin-cribbed rooms, in which the truly great and patriotic Budgell exhibited his works from Shakspeare. To the most casual thinker it must be apparent that these rooms, however adequate to the wants and demands of art then, would very soon prove insufficient—insufficient indeed they have been for some years past, as many an aching heart and oppressed mind can testify; and to confirm all, and still add gall to wormwood, the managers coolly announce in 1842, the astounding preface, that they 'have been under the necessity of returning upwards of 300 pictures for want of room!' 'Upwards of 310' pictures rejected!—a number nearly as large as those admitted, the amount of the latter being 452. It is really hardly possible to conceive that we are existing in the nineteenth century, and living in the 'first city in the world'—that we possess good government at all, or that our aristocracy is the richest and proudest in Christendom. These are questions which we naturally ask ourselves, as if just awakening from a dream. Any man possessing the slightest regard for the honour and credit of his country, the rank which she ought to hold amongst existing nations of the civilized world, must feel as we feel, and that is, the greatest indignation and scorn for the delegates of those noblemen and gentlemen who have the management of an Institution for 'promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom,' and year after year heaping insult upon the entire body composing our British schools. For what is it but insult annually to invite artists to send their works,—works that, however good or indifferent, must have occupied some time, and engaged no small degree of mind,—and then with the greatest *nonchalance* inform them and the world that there is 'no room!' But why this delegation? Assuredly not the less are the acknowledged patrons accountable; and were directors of the British Institution composed of all the crowned heads in Europe, our

opinion would still be expressed as sincerely and explicitly.

"We have thus expressed ourselves strongly on behalf of the rejected; let us enter the portal, and see what measure of justice has been awarded to those who have been so fortunate as to be received. Here we find that some excellent works are hung in 'most obscure corners,' the contrary has been the case with works very far inferior.

"Nothing can more clearly prove the inconvenient smallness of these exhibition rooms than the oppressiveness with which everything strikes the spectator as he first enters; the eye is painfully dazzled by a glare of colours and gold frames; some of the pictures are so large that sufficient distance can scarcely be obtained to view them properly. Of works in the highest class of art, there are, unfortunately, for the credit and honour of our school, but one or two specimens only, and those must be taken more in the light of what we may hereafter expect than as finished ones. In works of fancy and composition, we think the gallery is about as rich, if not more so, than in former years, although some great R.A.'s have not condescended to honour the present collection. Of landscape and general subjects there are, indeed, some very beautiful and pleasing examples; in fact, we question whether art could be carried further in point of expression and execution. The largest picture in the gallery is No. 14, 'A Hero, and the Horse which carried him in his greatest battle, imagined to be on the field again twenty years after'—B. R. Haydon. Would that the execution of this picture were as good as its conception. Mr. Haydon is an artist of whom the world expected much, not only by what he really did when first entering life, but from the promises, so often repeated in the numerous pamphlets with which he has favoured the public. Mr. Haydon, as an artist, is controversial; even in his paintings, however excellent and effective, there are sure to remain parts highly objectionable, as if done for the mere sake of provoking an argument. Thus, for instance, in the present subject,—which the reader must understand is a full-length size of life portrait of the Duke of Wellington and his charger, on the field of Waterloo, as it is at present,—assuming to be so great a master of drawing and all the first-rate elements of art, why the deuce did Mr. Haydon give his Grace so entire and Hercules-like a body, arms, and shoulders? Surely, he never could have seen in any living model—excepting in one deformed—so outrageous a swelling of the right side. And so violent are the reflected lights on the back and coat skirts of the Duke, either supposed to come from the horse or from the ground,

that, instead of looking like anything which, we humbly suppose, the painter intended, it looks, for all the world, as if his Grace had been unfortunately dragged through some quagmire on his back. Mr. Haydon wants repose and refinement in all his works; there is a redundancy of passions always perceptible in everything he does; he lacks calmness and depth of soul—intensity of feeling; he fails in making the observer feel. Mr. Haydon evidently intended the subject to have been a poetical one; but, good luck! the poetry is nowhere to be seen; the head of the Duke is bordering on the caricature, and the only good thing in the picture is the horse. In all the little, but very essential, matters of detail, the roof of the farm-house on the left, the farmer's waggons and horses, and the Belgian mound, with the ugly lion, and broken cuirasses, swords, cannon-balls, &c.,—they are all, individually, as loosely executed and badly drawn as they can well be. This is to us a melancholy conclusion to draw of an artist who, at one time, promised the highest hopes, and bid fair to uphold the character of the British school of art in its loftiest walks.

"Nos. 112, 327, 380, 420, are works from the pencil of Mr. Müller, an artist who may now be classed amongst our most eminent in his line. Though short the time since he first appeared as an exhibitor in the metropolis, it is apparent that his previous course of study has been one of unremitting observation of nature, and intense application to the minor details of mechanical execution. In treating of his works, only one feeling can be excited, and that is of unmixed gratification; he has carried art as far as it is possible to be accomplished, and the richest stores of nature are, apparently, ever ready at his command. We are assured Mr. Müller is too sensible a man to suppose for a moment that we are flattering him; the mind perceptible in his works must be of too high a tone not to be able to distinguish between sincere praise and mere common-place eulogium, and it is our hope that he may be long spared to enrich our school of art. No. 112, 'Gillingham, on the Medway' is a masterly painting, but hung much too high; there is a power and depth of tone, a freedom and atmospheric effect about it, which we see produced by no other landscape-painter of the day; it strongly reminds us of Richard Wilson. No. 380, 'The Slave Market, Cairo,' proves the versatility of Mr. Müller's genius; it represents a scene which, we trust, the march of civilization will, ere long, efface, and leave as one of those events which 'have been,' to live only in history. Whether for admirable grouping, vigorous and correct drawing, quiet yet harmonious colouring, this work, in reality, is a triumph of art. The painter has reached that much wished

for goal, to know when he has done enough—consequently, we see no indication of studied effort nor exaggerated effects; there is not a touch nor bit of colour out of place, there is barely a positive tone of colour in the picture. What a lesson this should be to some artists, who imagine 'colouring' means *bonâ fide* positive colour, but which only proves their utter ignorance of nature. No. 420, 'The Nile, with Village of Beni Hassan in the distance, looking towards Cairo.' The same beauties of the artist are here apparent; the foreground is composed of an Arab tent, camels and their masters; in the distance, the Pyramids, those stupendous monuments of a once yet more stupendous human power, dimly seen through the haze of a scorching eastern sun; in the centre flows the Nile, the mystic Nile, on whose periodical overflowing the lives of millions depend. Need we say that all these objects, treated as Mr. Müller has treated them, form a picture of surpassing brilliancy and power, bringing back to our minds the recollection of some of Turner's magnificent effects before he commenced burlesquing nature and abusing his art? But Turner is like a wanton child; he can paint when he likes; he can embody poetry of the highest class out of the simplest objects, such as his 'Fighting Temeraire, bound to her Last Home'; and he can out-Herod Herod—witness his 'Jessica,' more commonly known as the 'Lady in the Mustard-pot.' No. 327, 'Sketch for a Picture of the Good Samaritan. As a sketch, it is one of the most powerful and masterly things ever painted. We do not hesitate to say that the genius here displayed is not to be surpassed, much less equalled, by any living artist in the English school. We are sure, not only the honours of the Academy, but the admiration of all men of taste and refinement, must soon elevate him to the highest rank in the profession.

"Nos. 187, 206, 'The Braw Wooer,' from Burns, and 'The Landing of Jeannie Deans at Roseneath,' are the works of Mr. Alex. Johnston. The figures of the wooer and the wooed are admirably portrayed; in expression, they come up fully to the pithy lines of Burns: there is a simplicity and breadth about this picture highly effective. The same remark will apply to No. 206. Whether we look to the drawing and grouping, expression and general arrangement, with the characteristic and beautiful background of this picture, there can be but one opinion of its merits, that it is a highly meritorious work, and deserving of a much better situation in the hanging. Some of our contemporaries have complained about the tameness and rawness of colouring in Mr. Johnston's works. We hope he will not be seduced into any other style, for all that; depend upon it, he is in

the right path. They may look tame, perhaps, but that is produced by being so surrounded by works notorious for being overcharged in colour, just to be up to exhibition key."

Miscellaneous.

BEAU VILLIERS'S RESIDENCE.

BEAU VILLIERS'S residence looked upon Saint James's Park, and had a small garden attached to it. It was by no means a large house, but exquisitely furnished; the whole of the internal decorations being French, and in the gorgeous taste of Louis the Fourteenth. The visitors were admitted by a couple of powdered footmen, in sumptuous liveries, and, passing a large, snow-white French poodle of a peculiar breed, lying on a rug near the door, traversed a hall crowded with busts, statues, bronzes, and large porcelain jars. A page, in a fanciful costume, who might have played a part in one of Watteau's pictures, met them at the foot of the stairs, and mounting before them, ushered them along a corridor to the entrance of a chamber, before which stood two grinning Africans, arrayed in oriental habiliments, and wearing great brass ear-rings, and large muslin turbans with brazen crescents upon them. One of them threw open the door, and the two visitors entered a waiting-room, in which a number of persons were assembled.

The Beau's Levee.

Most of these were known to Trussell, and he very courteously returned their salutations.

"Ah, *mon ami* Desmartins," he said, to a little bowing and cringing personage, very ill dressed, (as tailors are apt to be,) from whose pocket depended a measuring-tape, while he carried a pattern-book under his arm, "how are you? This is my nephew, Desmartins. I have told him he must put himself under your skilful hands."

"Proud to undertake him, Mr. Trussell, —*enchanté*, —" replied the Frenchman. "Your nephew has a very fine figure, *ma foi*! But his dress is not at all à-la-mode. Very clownish—what you call it?—countrified—ha! ha!"

"So I told him, Desmartins," replied Trussell. "We shall look in upon you to-day or to-morrow, and put that to rights."

"Enchanted to see you, Mr. Trussell, and you, sare," replied the tailor, bowing to Randolph.

"Ah, Mr. Penrose, is that you?" pursued Trussell, turning to a slight, effeminate-looking young man with a paper box, and a casket under his arm; "I suppose you have got a new importation of gloves

and perfumes—tuberose, orange, jasmine, essence d'Espagne—eh?"

"I have just invented a new scent, sir," replied the perfumer, "and am come to solicit Mr. Villiers' permission to give it his name."

"And if he grants it, your fortune is made," replied Trussell. "The bouquet à-la-Villiers will carry all before it. Ah, Chipchase," turning to a little fellow, whose stunted figure, velvet cap, boots, and other equipments, left no doubt as to his being a jockey, "what news from Newmarket? Has Lord Haversham won the cup, or Sir John Fagg?"

"Neither, sir," replied the jockey. "Mr. Villiers is the winner."

"Bravo! bravissimo!" cried Trussell, clapping his hands. "That's famous! Why, your news is worth twenty pounds to me, Chipchase. I took Mr. Villiers against the field, though,—I may now say it,—without a notion he would win, but merely out of compliment to him."

"The knowin' 'uns has been taken in this time, that's certain, sir," replied the jockey, with a sly wink. "Sir John thought himself safe, but he now finds he's on the wrong side of the hedge. I hope your honour will allow me the pleasure of drinking your health."

"That I will," returned Trussell, taking out his purse, and giving him a piece of money; "and in a crown bowl of punch too. Ah, Ned Oglethorpe," he added, passing on to another person in a white flannel jacket, and with an open collar; "how are the rackets? My nephew, Randolph, Ned. We will come and play a match at tennis with you, one of these days. Let me know when the next main is to be fought at the cockpit. Captain Culpepper, your most obedient. Nay, don't walk away, Captain, I'm not going to dun you for the few crowns you lost to me at trick-track, at the British. Randolph, this is Captain Culpepper, as brave a man as ever drew a sword, or brought off his friend from a street row, or," he added, in a lower tone, "ever revenged a secret quarrel. Egad, at Mr. Villiers' levées one is sure to meet all one's friends. Here, nephew," he added, addressing a lithe, active-looking man, in a close-fitting linen dress, with a couple of foils under his arm, "here is the first master of fence in the world—Mr. Hewitt. You must have a few lessons in carte and tierce from him."

While Randolph was returning the fencing-master's bow, the door of the inner room was opened by Mr. Cripps. On discerning Trussell and his companion, the valet immediately hastened towards them, and entreated them to step in to his master, who, he affirmed, had been expecting them for some time.

His Dressing-Chamber and Breakfast-Room.

The apartment into which they were ushered was the beau's dressing-chamber,—that part of it, however, devoted to the toilette-table and its appliances being separated from the rest by a magnificent Indian jappaned screen. It was furnished with the most refined and luxurious taste. Rose-coloured curtains drawn across the windows subdued the light, and threw a warm tint on all around, while the air was loaded with delicious perfumes. A very diminutive monkey, clothed in a scarlet coat, and wearing a bagwig and a little sword, played its diverting tricks in one corner, while a gaudily-plumaged macaw screamed in the opposite angle. Choice flowers in pots added their fragrance to the artificial odours; and a couple of exquisite little spaniels of Charles the Second's breed, with the longest and silkiest ears imaginable, and large gazelle-like eyes, occupied a cushion on the hearth. At a table, covered with the whitest and finest linen, and glittering with silver of the rarest workmanship, together with a superb service of china, sat, or rather reclined, in the easiest of easy chairs, Beau Villiers. He did not rise on the appearance of his guests; but moving slightly and graciously to them, though with somewhat, Randolph fancied, of a patronizing air, motioned Mr. Cripps to set them chairs. He was quite in dishabille; his graceful figure being enveloped in a loose dressing-robe of the richest brocade, while the place of a peruke was supplied by a green silk cap, very becomingly put on. His shirt was open at the throat, and decorated with a profusion of lace at the bosom and wrists. Pink silk hose and velvet slippers completed his costume. There were two other persons present: Sir Singleton Spinke, and a very portly gentleman with puffed-out, inflamed cheeks, who was introduced as Sir Bulkeley Price, and whom Randolph concluded must be the hero of the story he had just heard related by the barber—a circumstance which gave him a peculiar interest in his eyes. Meanwhile, Mr. Cripps, who, together with the page, officiated at breakfast, proceeded to do the honours, and twirling the mill of a richly-embossed silver chocolate-pot, poured out two well-frothed cups of the unctuous beverage, and handed them to the new comers.

A small modicum of a Strasbourg pâté, washed down by a cup of green tea and a glass of claret, constituted the beau's breakfast. Sir Singleton Spinke took chocolate, picked the wing of a chicken, and wound himself up with a glass of usquebaugh. Ample justice was done to the cutlets, the broils, and various other dishes with which the covers were filled, by Sir Bulkeley Price; nor did Trussell or Randolph come

far behind him, notwithstanding the preliminary breakfast of the latter. Just before the introduction of the usquebaugh, Sir Bulkeley, after looking round and coughing significantly, said, in a low tone, to the chief valet, "I suppose, Mr. Cripps, there is no ale in the house?"

"No what! Sir Bulkeley?" rejoined Mr. Cripps, staring as if he could not possibly imagine he had heard aright.

"Ale, rascal—ale!" replied the knight, emphatically, and rather angrily.

"No, Sir Bulkeley," replied Mr. Cripps, bowing; "there is no ale, but there is toasted cheese,—if that will serve your turn."

Angry as he was, the knight could not help laughing at the valet's impertinence; and a glass of usquebaugh, in which he pledged the old beau, entirely appeased him. The conversation during the meal was lively enough, and was chiefly maintained by the beau and Trussell, their discourse running on all sorts of fashionable topics, scandal, women, play, and public amusements; in which, as he knew so little about the matters discussed, Randolph took no great interest.—*The Miser's Daughter.*

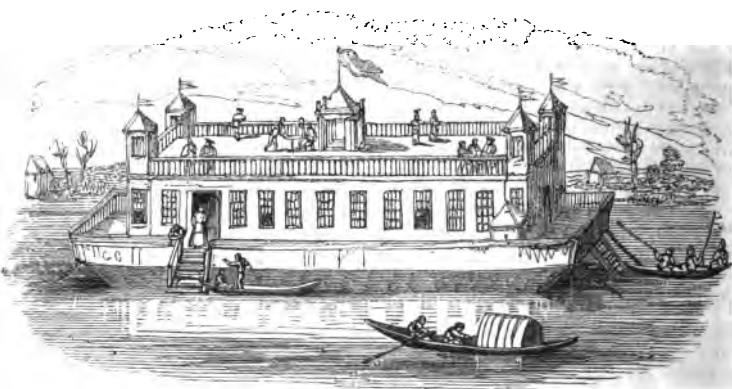
THE FOLLY ON THE THAMES.

THE Folly on the Thames, whither Beau Villiers and his party were steering their course, was a large floating house of entertainment moored in the centre of the stream, immediately opposite Old Somerset House. It was constructed in the latter part of the reign of Charles the Second; and thither the merry monarch, who was excessively fond of aquatic amusements of all kinds, would frequently repair with his courtiers and frolic dames. Thither, also, Queen Mary, the consort of William the Third, repaired on the occasion of a grand musical entertainment; and the place continued in vogue for many years, until at length, degenerating in its character, it became the haunt of a very disreputable part of the community. The Folly resembled a large one-storied house, very long in proportion to its width, built upon an immense barge. There was a platform at the top, defended by a strong wooden balustrade, and flanked at each corner by a little wooden turret with a pointed top, surmounted by a small streamer. These turrets constituted small drinking and smoking rooms, and were fitted up with seats and tables. In the centre of the structure was a sort of open belvedere, covering the main staircase leading to the roof. On this a large flag was planted. The Folly was approached from the water by steps on three sides. It was lighted by a range of large and handsome windows, and entered by two doors, one at the end, and

the other at the side. Within, it contained a long music-hall, with a frescoed ceiling, gilded and painted walls, an orchestra, and the necessary compliment of benches, chairs, and small tables. There was, moreover, a bar, where all sorts of liquors, materials for smoking, and other tavern luxuries, were dispensed. The rest of the structure was divided into a number of small apartments for private parties, and, in short, boasted every sort of accommodation afforded by a similar place of entertainment on shore. In summer it was delightful,—the view of the Thames from its summit being enchanting. The coolness and freshness, combined with the enlivening influences of beauty, wine, and music, must have made it, on its first establishment, a charming place of recreation; and it cannot be wondered that the merry monarch, and his merriest court, found it so much to their taste.

As the party approached the aquatic hotel,

they perceived a number of persons, of both sexes, seated on the roof, and in the little turret parlours, smoking, drinking, or otherwise amusing themselves; while lively strains of music proceeded from within. Several small craft were landing their passengers, and from one, a tilt-boat, there issued a very pretty young woman, though of rather bold appearance, who, as she took the hand of a young man in her ascent of the steps, displayed a remarkably neat foot and ankle. On reaching the deck, she turned for a moment to survey the scene, and her eye alighting on Randolph, his good looks appeared to rivet her regards. This fascinating creature seemed to be about twenty; had very regular features, auburn hair, a brilliant complexion—whether wholly undebted to art might be questioned—but there could be no question as to the natural brilliancy of her hazel eyes; and wore a pink silk hooped gown, made very



THE FOLLY ON THE THAMES.

low in front so as to display her beautifully formed and radiantly white neck and shoulders. Her sleeves were very short, probably so contrived with a view of exhibiting her rounded arms, and edged with lace. A white silk apron embroidered with silver, a pretty fly-cap, and a necklace of precious stones, from which depended a diamond cross, completed her attire. The young man by whom she was attended, had a slight, thin figure, and sharp, disagreeable features, with rather an apish expression. He was dressed with much smartness, but had by no means the air of a gentleman, and seemed to be regarded with indifference, almost amounting to contempt, by his female companion.

"Who is that young lady?" asked Randolph of Sir Singleton, who happened to sit next him.

"Let me see," exclaimed the old beau,

placing his glass to his eye. "Ah! gad zooks! 'tis the delicious creature I mentioned to you,—the little Haymarket actress, Kitty Conway!"

"Kitty Conway! where is she?" cried Trussell, who heard the remark, but whose back was towards the object of their admiration.

Sir Singleton pointed her out, and upon the instant every eye was directed towards her. Whether unable to stand so fierce a fire, or whether, as is more probable, dragged away by her companion, who did not appear to relish the notice she attracted, it is needless to inquire, but pretty Kitty suddenly vanished from their sight.

"Well, isn't she delicious?" cried the old beau to Randolph. "Egad! you have made a conquest of pretty Kitty, my boy. I saw the parting glance she gave you over her shoulder as she whisked through the door.

Don't lose sight of her. You can soon put the city beau by whom she is attended *hors de combat*."

Further remarks were interrupted by the arrival of the boat at the steps. A strange, black-muzzled fellow, in a Guernsey shirt, with bare arms and bare legs, and who was a regular attendant at the Folly, helped them to disembark; and his request to "be remembered" by the Beau being met with a very munificent rejoinder, he well-nigh lost his balance in his glee, and got a tumble into the water.

The party then entered the music-hall, and just as they passed through the door, Randolph, chancing to look behind him, perceived that the stranger had likewise landed, and was mounting the steps. The novel scene, however, before him so completely engrossed his attention, that he could think of little else. Upwards of a hundred persons of both sexes thronged the room; many of the ladies were masked, and a good deal of freedom marked their conduct. They talked and laughed loudly and recklessly. At one end of the hall the benches were taken aside to allow Kitty Conway and her companion, with some other couples, to perform the cushion dance. At the upper end of the room stood the musicians. The party made their way towards the dancers, and the Beau and Sir Singleton praised Kitty's beauty in tones so loud, and in terms of admiration so strong, as would have occasioned confusion to any young lady troubled with a more oppressive sense of bashfulness than she was. Her partner did not know whether to look pleased or annoyed. He was evidently overpowered by the presence of Beau Villiers, whom he regarded with a species of awe; and as these applauses of Kitty gave a fancied consequence to himself, he was weak enough to be gratified by them. Towards the close of the figure, a particular step, executed by the pretty actress, elicited more than usual rapture from Sir Singleton, and he called to Randolph—"Look at her, Mr. Randolph Crew. Is it not delicious?"

At the sound of this name, Kitty's partner started, and stared so hard at Randolph, that he could scarcely finish the dance.

"Upon my word, Philip Frewin, you are a very stupid partner," said the actress to him. "If you do not exert yourself more, I shall ask that pretty young fellow, who is ogling me there, to take my hand in the next set."

"I am quite fatigued, Kitty," replied Philip, confusedly; "let us have refreshment—a little rack punch, or a glass of champagne."

Kitty Conway consented, and they moved off to one of the side tables, where a waiter speedily placed glasses before them, and opened a bottle of champagne. It must be

confessed—unwilling as we are to admit it,—that Randolph was not altogether proof against the undisguised admiration of the pretty actress, and that he could not help returning the tender glances she shot towards him.

Meanwhile, the performances went forward; an Irish jig followed, in which Randolph and Sir Singleton joined; this was succeeded by some comic songs; and Mr. Villiers, who did not altogether relish the entertainment, walked forth, and was soon after followed by the others. As they all stood leaning over the sides of the bark, laughing at what had occurred, and admiring the gaiety of the scene, a wherry, impelled by a vigorous rower, as was evident by the progress it made, and containing a young female, wrapped in a black silk scarf, and with raven tresses, scarcely covered by the small bonnet, floating in the breeze, rapidly neared them. Various speculations were put forth as to whether this young female would prove as pretty on a nearer inspection as she looked at a distance; but in these Randolph took little part. To speak truth, his thoughts were running upon the fair syren within, and happening to cast his eyes towards the platform above, he perceived leaning over the balustrade and gazing at him, the stranger!

At this juncture, Philip Frewin came forth to see whether his boat was in readiness, and admonished the watermen, one of whom was philandering with a buxom damsel, who was leaning over the side of the deck, that he should start immediately. He had scarcely, however, issued the order than his eye fell upon the boat containing the young female before mentioned, and which was now close at hand. He started as if an apparition had met his gaze, ducked down, and would have made his escape into the music-hall, if Kitty Conway had not placed herself in his way. Retreat was now impossible, and Philip's distress was heightened by the fair actress, who exclaimed, somewhat pettishly, "Why do you leave me here, sir? Why don't you hand me to the boat?"

Philip was almost at his wits' end. The boat containing Hilda and Jacob, both of whom he had too clearly recognised, though he could not account for their appearance, unless it were a trick of the fiend to convict him, was so near, that if he complied with Kitty's request, discovery would be inevitable. A plan suddenly occurred to him, by which he hoped to free himself from risk, and place Randolph, whom he had reason to regard as a rival, in an awkward dilemma. Without apprising her of his intention, he drew the pretty actress forward, and, bending down as low as he could to elude observation, said to Randolph—"Will you have the kindness, sir, to hand this lady

into her boat? You will do me an infinite favour; I have dropped a pocket-book in the music-hall, and must go back to search for it?"

Randolph was a good deal surprised by the proposal, but he unhesitatingly assented; and taking Kitty's hand, which she very graciously accorded, rewarding his attention by a slight squeeze, led her down the steps. All this occurred to the infinite amusement of Trussell, who stood a little back near the door, ogling a rather pretty damsel, and to the no slight chagrin of Sir Singleton, who, guessing the intention of Philip Frewin, had pushed forward to offer his services, but found himself supplanted. But these were not the only witnesses of the scene. By this time, the boat containing Hilda had come up, and with a pang of jealous feeling, neither to be accounted for nor controlled, she beheld Randolph handing the pretty actress, whose character she could scarcely mistake, down the steps. Jacob saw what was passing as well as herself, but, having no jealousy to divert his attention from other matters, he detected Philip Frewin even in his disguise, and, resting on his oars, exclaimed—"Look! miss, look!—there is your cousin Philip. Is that the dress he wore yesterday? I told master he wasn't what he seemed. Look at him, I say."

But Hilda was too much agitated to heed these exclamations. She could see nothing but Randolph and the pretty actress. Nor was she without embarrassment on her own account; for Mr. Cripps, having recognised her, pointed her out to his master, and the Beau, being much struck with her beauty, favoured her with a very insolent stare. But if Randolph had been guilty of disloyalty towards the object of his affections, his punishment was not long delayed; for, as he handed Kitty into the boat which was steadied by the black-muzzled Jack before-mentioned, his gaze encountered that of Hilda, and he was instantly filled with confusion. He tried to disengage himself from the actress, who, however, sportively detained him, and, unable to retreat, he cut a most ridiculous figure. Indeed, he was not a little relieved, though he felt how much he should sink in her esteem, when he saw Hilda bend forward, and order Jacob, who continued resting on his oars, to pass on. He continued gazing after the boat till it was out of sight; but Hilda did not look back.—*The Miser's Daughter.*

MARY'S STORY.

SOME three or four miles nearer to Dublin is the singular church of St. Doulough; forming, with its holy well and its stone cross, an assemblage of relics of antiquity, which rank among the most remarkable and interesting in Ireland. The church is one

of the few remaining stone-roofed structures, which Dr. Ledwich considers to have been erected by the Danes, but to which other antiquaries assign a date much more remote.

As we alighted to view the old church of St. Doulough, on our road from Malahide castle, where we had enjoyed the hospitality of its noble lord and his estimable lady, the carriage was surrounded by a troop of beggars—three women, two men, and a due proportion of children; a halfpenny to each sent them cheerfully away, and left us free to examine the churchyard without interruption. You may journey many a mile in England, and the people you will meet are in their manner and deportment so much alike, that they appear, if not members of one family, to have been all educated in the same school. It is otherwise in Ireland; everywhere there is some national characteristic, the ramifications of which are various and numerous. The English pauper is at once bowed down by misery, and murmurs and complains under its endurance from first to last. The Irish beggar wrestles with distress; he can exist upon so little food as to seem almost able to live without it; but he cannot do without his jest;—there are moments when the heart beats lightly, even in his starving bosom. The poverty of the English, except at stated times, is sullen; the poverty of the Irish is garrulous: the Englishman takes relief as a right; the Irishman accepts it as a boon. You may aid half a dozen English paupers without receiving thanks; you cannot relieve an Irish beggar without being paid in blessings.

On proceeding to the churchyard, our attention was arrested by a young woman, whom we at once perceived to be "no beggar." She was seated near a humble tombstone. Sorrow had evidently saddened her soft expressive face. She was very decently clad, and her straw bonnet, trimmed with a broad band of crape, betokened widowhood. A bright-looking child was placed, according to the custom of the country, on her back, under the folds of her ample cloak—its little face and chubby arms just visible above its mother's shoulders. The little creature was lost in admiration of its fingers, which it expanded and contracted with instinctive delight in newly-discovered power; its round black eyes sparkling, and its young voice crowing forth its glee. The thoughtlessness of the young child—too young to know what grief meant, and conscious of nothing save the joyous vibrations of its own heart—was, indeed, a contrast to the mournful aspect of its parent, whose features appeared subdued by the wearing anguish of bereaved affection; her eyes filled with tears which she wiped away patiently; there were no sobs, no violent emotions, but the

round drops welled as if their source were in her heart. The tomb she sat by was near the corner of the grave-yard, and to avoid disturbing her, we were going round by the other side. She saw this, rose up, courtied, and said, "I beg your honours' pardon, if I'd seen I was in the way, I'd have moved long ago; but the trouble blinded my eyes: the way's clear now. Sure it's wet your feet you would, in the long grass." Her voice was as sweet to hear, as her gentle face to look upon; and a word or two, expressive of the sympathy it was impossible not to feel, drew forth her story, which truly had but little story in it, and, in her own words, ran thus:—

"I am a lone woman now, though I'll not be in my twenty-one until next Candlemas. If I live to see it, it will be in a far land. My husband was a fine workman; and both my noble lord and my lady, up at Malahide Castle, kept him in constant work; God bless them for their good hearts! and every one said I was the lucky girl to have such a boy; and, indeed, I knew it, and always thought him too good for me; and sure I was right; for if he wasn't I'd have had him still. The thirteen months he was left with me, he never gave me an aching heart, or as much sorrow as made me shed a tear.

"One Sunday morning—we'd been to mass, and I was a little tired after the walk, for this craythur at my back had not come into the world then,—and he says, 'Mary, darling, (sure 'darling' was the hardest word ever came out of his lips to me, but what need I say that, for the sound of his voice would make hard words like honey,) I'll just go down to the Bay for a bit, to meet one or two of the boys, and have a walk upon the sand, and be back for the cup of tea you always make of a Sunday.' So I said, 'Very well;' and he kissed me; and then, after he went out at the door, he looked in at the window and came back again. 'And, jewel,' he says, 'maybe you'd rather I'd not go; and if you would, say so. And, God help my foolishness! I said, 'go;' though somehow whenever he went out of my sight I felt as if I should never see him again. And I thought to myself how fond the neighbours were of unlacing a boat of a Sunday afternoon, and taking a spell upon the water; and so I put on my shawl, and sure enough, when I got down on the strand, he and three others were just moving up and down—this way—as I move this feather, up and down, on the little shining waves, that looked like crystal for clearness, and yet were as blue as the heavens above them.—'Are you afraid for your husband, Mary aroon?' said one of the young girls that was down on the strand. 'Not afraid, Nancy,' I made answer; 'for the good Lord is above us all; but the ocean's mighty treacherous.' 'Well,' she said, turning her

face and hiding it on my shoulder, for her sweetheart was in the boat as well as my husband, 'I'd rather James wasn't in it, but I did not like to say so before the other young girls, because they'd be laughing at me.' So we two sat together, holding each other's hands, and watching the bit of a boat, until it danced on a sunbeam out of our sight. Presently I felt a little breeze of wind cold on my cheek, and it made me shrink.

"'What ails ye?' says Nancy. And I answered, 'Nothing,' for I was ashamed; but again it came, stronger than before, yet not strong, only like the sigh of the wind, and the sky and sea as quiet as ever; but I could stay no longer on the strand, thinking I'd see farther if I was on the cliff; and Nancy at first didn't like to follow me, because of the others laughing; but she grew so anxious that she left them at last, never heeding; and, sure enough, they did laugh, and sing, and dance on the strand, to the music of their voices, and the waters, and their own light hearts, while we sat watching the sea from above, as before we had watched it from below. And boat after boat, and sail after sail, came and went but not the one we looked for; until at last we saw it, and clasped our hands, and thanked God; and I never took my eyes off it. And I had just said that we'd go down to the strand again, and be ready to meet them, when I saw they were trimming a sail. In another minute it was up, and I trembled then worse than ever; for I thought of the sudden gusts of wind, and just as I thought, it gave a whirl and a flap, like the wing of a wounded sea-bird. Oh, my God! they were gone!

"I don't know what followed. The last thing I saw, I have told you; *there*, in the sight of my eyes—and *gone*! The next thing I remember was waking up as from a dream, and finding my dead husband in the little room, and a live baby on my bosom; and they wanted me not to go near him; but I did. I laid his baby on his arm, and looked at them both together; and then, for the first time, I rained down tears, as well I might, and after that I prayed. I laid him there," she added, "and James is next to him. Poor Nancy has never been rightly herself since; and to-day I came here, maybe for the last time, for my father is going to emigrate, and I am going with him. That's his grave," she added, pointing out one that was distinguished from the rest by a new stone cross at the head, and a small stone at the foot. "It looks clean and cheerful for a grave," she said, with a faint smile, "and the sun is beaming on it, as it would on a flower-garden; and he's buried in his own land, among his own people. But I—but I—" and her feelings overpowered her. She fell upon her knees on the turf, and, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, poured

forth a few broken words of prayer to the Almighty, that, go where she would, endure what she might, he would permit "her bones" to be laid beside his, and that in death they might not be divided. She uttered her petition in strong agony of mind; then flung herself upon the grave in the abandonment of sorrow, and embraced the very clay. The baby looked terrified; and as the mother placed it on the grave, speaking as if it could remember where its father lay, its little hand clutched a tuft of grass, and plucked it up. Again her tears burst forth, while she carefully folded up the memorial gathered by the unconscious infant, and placed it in her bosom.—*Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Ireland.*

ORIGIN OF RHYME.

CONTENDING theories long divided the learned world. One party asserted that the use of rhyme was introduced by the Saracenic conquerors of Spain and of Sicily, for they had ascertained that the Arabian poets rhymed; the other, who had traced rhyme to a northern source among the Scandinavian bards, insisted that rhyme had a Gothic origin; and as rhyme was generally used among the monks in the eighth century, they imagined that in the decline of ancient literature the dexterous monks had borrowed the jingle for their church hymns, to win the ear of their Gothic lords: both parties alike concurred in condemning rhyme as a puerile invention and a barbarous ornament, and of a comparatively modern invention.

The opinions of the learned are transmitted, till by length of time they are accepted as facts; and in this state was rhyme considered till our own days. Warton, in the course of his researches in the history of our poetry, was struck at the inaccuracy of one of these statements; for he had found that rhymed verse, both Latin and vernacular, had been practised much earlier than the period usually assigned. But Warton, though he thus far corrected the misstatements of his predecessors, advanced no further. No one, indeed, as yet had, pursued this intricate subject on the most direct principle of investigation; conjecture had freely supplied what prevalent opinion had already sanctioned; and we were long familiarised to the opprobrious epithet of "Monkish Rhymes." The subject was not only obscure, but apparently trivial; for Warton dismisses an incidental allusion to the origin of rhyme by an apology for touching on it. "Enough," he exclaims in his impatience, "has been said on a subject of so little importance;" and it is curious to observe, that the same vexatious exclamation occurred to a French literary antiquary. "We must not believe," said Lenglet

da Fresnoy, "that we began to rhyme in France about 1250, as Petrarch pretends. The romance of Alexander existed before, and it is not probable that the first essay of our versification was a great poem. Abelard composed love-songs in the preceding century. I believe rhyme was still more ancient; and it is useless to torment ourselves to discover from whom we learned to rhyme. As we always had poets in our nation, so we have also had rhyme." Those two great poetical antiquaries in England and France had been baffled in their researches, and came to the same mortifying conclusion. They were little aware how an inquiry after the origin of rhyme, could not be decided by chronology.

The origin of rhyme was an inquiry which, however unimportant Warton, in his despair, might consider it, had, though inconclusively treated, often engaged the earnest inquiries of the learned in Italy and in Spain, in Germany and in France. It is remarkable that all the parties were equally perplexed in their researches, and baffled in their conclusions. Each inquirer seemed to trace the use of rhyme by his own people to a foreign source, for with no one it appeared of native growth. The Spaniard Juan de la Enzina, one of the fathers of the Spanish drama, and who composed an "Art of Poetry," (*Arte de Trovar*, as they expressively term the art of invention,) fancied that rhyme had passed over into Spain from Italy, though in the land of Redondillas the guitar seemed attuned to the chant of their Moorish masters; but in Italy, Petrarch, at the opening of his epistles, declares that they had drawn their use of rhyme from Sicily; and the Sicilians had settled that they had received it from the Provençals; while those roving children of fancy were confident that they had been taught their artless chimes by their former masters, the Arabians! Among the Germans, it was strenuously maintained that this modern adjunct to poetry derived its origin and use from the Northern Scalds. Fauchet, the old Gaulish antiquary, was startled to find that rhyme had been practised by the primitive Hebrews!

Fauchet, struck by discovering the use of rhyme among this ancient people, and finding it practised by the monks in their masses in the eighth century, suggested for its modern prevalence two very dissimilar causes. With an equal devotional respect for "the people of God," and for the monks, whom he considered as sacred, he concluded that "possibly some pious Christian by the use of rhyme designed to imitate the holy people;" but at the same time holding, with the learned, rhyme to be a degenerate deviation from the classical metres of antiquity, he insinuates, "or perchance some vile poetaster, to eke out his deficient genius

amused the ear by terminating his lines with these ending unisons." He had further discovered that the Greek critics had, among the figures of their rhetoric, mentioned the *homoteleton*, or consonance. The abundance of his knowledge contradicted every system which the perplexed literary antiquary could propose; and impatiently he concludes—"Rhyme has come to us from some part of the world, or nation, whoever it may be; for I confess I know not where to seek, nor what to conclude. It was current among the people, and the languages which have arisen since the ruin of the Roman empire."

Since the days of ancient Fauchet, no subsequent investigators, even such great recent literary historians as Warton, Quadrio, Crescimbeni, and Gray, Tiraboschi, Sismondi, and Ginguené, have extricated us by their opposite theories from these uncertain opinions. It was reserved for the happy diligence of the learned Sharon Turner to explore into this abyss of darkness. To defend the antiquity of the rhyming Welsh bards, he pursued his researches through all languages, and demonstrated its early existence in all. His researches enable us to advance one more step, and to effect an important result, which has always baffled the investigators of these curious topics.

Rhyming poems are found, not only in the Hebrew, but in the Sanscrit, in the Pehli, and in the Chinese poetry, as among the nations of Europe. It was not unknown to the Greeks, since they have named it as a rhetorical ornament; and it appears to have been practised by the Romans, not always from an accidental occurrence, but of deliberate choice.

To deduce the origin of rhyme from any particular people, or to fix it at any stated period, is a theory no longer tenable. The custom of rhyming has predominated in China, in Hindustan, in Ethiopia; it chimes in the Malay and Javanese poetry, as it did in ancient Judea: this consonance trills in the simple carol of the African women; its echoes resounded in the halls of the frozen North, in the kiosque of the Persian, and in the tent of the Arab, from time immemorial. RHYME must therefore be considered as *universal as poetry itself*.

Yet rhyme has been condemned as a "monkish jingle," or a "Gothic barbarism;" but we see it was not peculiar to the monks nor the Goths, since it was prevalent in the vernacular poetry of all other nations, save the two ancient ones of Greece and Rome. Delighting the ear of the man as it did of the child, and equally attractive in the most polished as in the rudest state of society, rhyme could not have obtained this universality had not this concord of returning sounds a foundation in the human organisation influencing the mind. We

might as well inquire the origin of dancing as that of rhyming; the rudest society as well as the most polished practised these arts at every era. And thus it has happened, as we have seen, that the origin of rhyme was everywhere sought for and everywhere found.—*Amenities of Literature*.

THE BLACK BIRD'S GRAVE.

THIS is a celebrated point on the Missouri, and a sort of telegraphic place, which all the travellers in these realms, both white and red, are in the habit of visiting: the one, to pay respect to the bones of one of their distinguished leaders; and the others, to indulge their eyes on the lovely landscape that spreads out to an almost illimitable extent in every direction about it. This elevated bluff, which may be distinguished for several leagues in distance, has received the name of the "Black Bird's Grave," from the fact, that a famous chief of the O-ma-haws, by the name of the Black Bird, was buried on its top, at his own peculiar request; over whose grave a cedar post was erected by his tribe some thirty years ago, which is still standing. The O-ma-haw village was about sixty miles above this place; and this very noted chief, who had been on a visit to Washington city, in company with the Indian agent, died of the small-pox, near this spot, on his return home; and whilst dying, enjoined on his warriors who were about him, this singular request, which was literally complied with. He requested them to take his body down the river to his favourite haunt, and on the pinnacle of this towering bluff, to bury him on the back of his favourite war-horse, which was to be buried alive, under him, from whence he could see, as he said, "the Frenchmen passing up and down the river in their boats." He owned, amongst many horses, a noble white steed, that was led to the top of the grass-covered hill; and, with great pomp and ceremony, in presence of the whole nation, and several of the fur traders and the Indian agent, he was placed astride of the horse's back, with his bow in his hand, and his shield and his quiver slung—with his pipe and his *medicine-bag*—with his supply of dried meat, and his tobacco-pouch replenished, to last him through his journey to the "beautiful hunting grounds of the shades of his father"—with his flint and steel, and his tinder, to light his pipes by the way. The scalp that he had taken from his enemies' heads, could be trophies for nobody else, and were hung to the bridle of his horse—he was in full dress and fully equipped; and on his head waved to the last moment his beautiful head-dress of the war-eagle's plumes. In this plight, and the last funeral honours having been performed by the *medicine-men*, every

warrior of his band had painted the palm and fingers of his right hand with vermilion, which was stamped, and perfectly impressed on the milk-white sides of his devoted horse. This all done, turfs were brought and placed around the feet and legs of the horse, and gradually laid up to its sides, and at last, over the back and head of the unsuspecting animal; and last of all, over the head and eagle plumes of its valiant rider,—where all together have smouldered and remained undisturbed to the present day. This mound, which is covered with a green turf, and spotted with wild flowers, with its cedar post in its centre, can easily be seen at the distance of fifteen miles by the *voyageur*, and forms for him a familiar and useful landmark. — *Cadlin's Letters.*

ON THE LAUNCH OF A FIRST-RATE.

(From *Campbell's Glencoe.*)

ENGLAND hails thee with emotion,
Mightiest child of naval art,
Heaven resounds thy welcome; Ocean
Takes thee smiling to his heart.

Giant oaks of bold expansion
O'er seven hundred acres fell,
All to build thy noble mansion,
Where our hearts of oak shall dwell.

'Midst those trees the wild deer bounded
Ages long ere we were born,
And our great-grandfathers sounded
Many a jovial hunting-horn.

Oaks that living did inherit
Grandeur from our earth and sky,
Still robust, the native spirit
In your timbers shall not die.

Ship to shine in martial story,
Thou shalt cleave the ocean's path,
Freighted with Britannia's glory,
And the thunders of her wrath.

Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee,
Threat'ning havoc to their deck,
When afar they first descri thee,
Like the coming whirlwind's speck.

Gallant bark! thy pomp and beauty
Storm or battle ne'er shall blast,
Whilst our tars, in pride and duty,
Nail thy colours to the mast.

The Gatherer.

Mental Alienation, according to the best authorities, appears to occur more frequently in Great Britain than in any other country except Norway—the proportion in England being one insane person to every 783 inhabitants, and in Scotland one in 573, whilst in Norway the ratio is one maniac in 551 of the population. Mania seems to increase as man recedes from the warm or southern countries bordering the Mediterranean, and approaches the colder regions

of the north. In Italy the scale descends so low, as to give not more than one insane person to every 3785 inhabitants.

Ancient Highland Dungeon.—The road over the stone bridge here is at present undergoing repair, and on Saturday last the workmen threw open the vault built in one of the arches, which was formerly used as a jail, and afterwards as a cell for maniacs. It was truly a “double dungeon” made by “wall and wave.” About a foot below the surface of the road, they came upon a small iron door, from which a flight of stone steps led down to the damp and miserable chamber. An iron grating or air-hole lighted the place, which was found to be about twelve feet long, nine feet wide, and six feet high. There were no indications of a fire-place; a hole on the floor was used for letting down a pitcher for water; and it is scarcely possible to conceive a more wretched or horrid receptacle for human beings. The situation of the captives, with the river rolling below them, and the sound of horses and vehicles passing over the roof of the cell, is strongly calculated to impress the imagination. In winter, when the river is in flood, or during a storm, a sort of wild and fearful sublimity must have been added to the scene. The last inmate of the cell was half devoured by rats! Thank God, we have in some things improved upon “the wisdom of our ancestors.”—*Inverness Cour.*

College Extravagance.—There was a clergyman, by no means a rich man, who, hearing sundry rumours of his son's bills, came to Cambridge, and declared that he would not leave the place while his son owed a farthing in it. This was chivalrous at least, and the clergyman left the place 2000*l.* poorer than he came to it; 1500*l.* was for wine alone, though the young man had not resided there two years. We remember another instance—the son of a man of rank, saying, over his cups, “My father sent me here because my brothers were so extravagant at Oxford; I hope he likes it. I have spent 10,000*l.* since I came here.” And we knew well the son of positively a poor man—one who could barely afford the necessary college expenses—whose bill for cigars in one year was between sixty and seventy pounds!—*Westminster Review.*

Honey-moon.—The origin of the Honey-moon is from a custom of the Teutones, an ancient Gothic people of Germany, who drank mead, or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after the wedding.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM,
1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold
by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 17.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.



GARRICK'S MONUMENT.

Original Communications.

DAVID GARRICK.

THIS great actor gave early indications of a passion for, and a capability of excelling in, theatrical representation. The strolling players, who sometimes visited Lichfield, where he and his family resided, first awakened the powers of the future Roscius. It is not unlikely that it was soon after he

had witnessed an exhibition of one of these itinerant companies, his fancy being full of the subject, that he engaged, when only eleven years old, a set of his schoolfellows of both sexes to undertake the several parts of the Recruiting Officer. Having drilled his young company by frequent rehearsals,

the play was performed before the parents of the children in such a manner as far to exceed their expectations. Garrick appeared in the character of Serjeant Kite, and acquitted himself with so much ease, vivacity, and humour, as to be long afterwards remembered with pleasure by the audience.

David was intended for the law, and entered a student of Lincoln's Inn, in 1736; he was for some time also a partner of his brother's in the wine trade; but he was of too volatile a disposition to give his attention to the business of the one or the other. His mind was theatrically led, his attendance at the theatres was constant, and he was frequently in company with the most celebrated actors of the day. Accordingly, when he found himself free from all restraint by the deaths of his father and mother, he determined to adopt the stage as his profession. Under the name of Lyddal, he performed a variety of characters with great applause in Ipswich in the summer of 1741, when twenty-five years old. In the autumn of the same year he performed before a London audience for the first time, at the theatre in Goodman's Fields. He made choice of the character of Richard the Third on that occasion.

His easy and familiar, yet forcible, style in speaking and acting at first threw the critics into some hesitation concerning the novelty, as well as the propriety, of his manner. They had been long accustomed to an elevation of the voice, with a sudden mechanical depression of its tones, calculated to excite admiration and to entrap applause; to the just modulation of the words, and concurring expression of the features from the genuine workings of nature, they had been strangers, at least for some time; but after he had gone through a variety of scenes, in which he gave evident proofs of consummate art and perfect knowledge of character, their doubts were turned into surprise and astonishment, from which they relieved themselves by reiterated shouts of approbation. They were more especially charmed when the actor, after throwing aside the hypocrite and politician, assumed the warrior and the hero. When information was brought to Richard that the Duke of Buckingham was taken, Garrick's look and action, when he pronounced the words—

"Off with his head!
So much for Buckingham!"

were so significant and important, from the visible enjoyment of the incident, that several loud plaudits proclaimed the triumph of the actor and the general satisfaction of the audience.

Pope remarked to Lord Orrery, who had persuaded him to see Garrick in the first dawn of his fame, that he was afraid the young man would be spoiled, for he would have no competitor; a convincing proof

that the poet had a good opinion of the actor's merit.

Davies, one of his biographers, says—
"Mr. Garrick shone forth like a theatrical Newton; he threw new light on elocution and action; he banished ranting, bombast, and grimace; and restored nature, ease, simplicity, and genuine humour."

During the time he was engaged at the theatre in the city, he drew after him the most fashionable people of the town; their coaches filled up the whole space from Temple Bar to Whitechapel; Drury Lane and Covent Garden were literally deserted.

The great success of Garrick was rather mortifying to the actors of established reputation. Quin, who had been esteemed the first actor in tragedy, could not conceal his uneasiness. After he had been a spectator of Garrick's manner in Richard the Third, he declared that "if that young fellow was right, he and the rest of the players had been all wrong;" and upon being told that Goodman's Fields Theatre was crowded every night, he said, that "Garrick's was a new religion; Whitfield was followed for a time; but they would all come to church again."

Garrick, who had a happy talent in turning an epigram, gave this reply to Quin's bon-mot:—

"Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains that heresy infects the town;
That Whitfield-Garrick has misled the age,
And taints the sound religion of the stage:
'Schism,' he cries, 'has turn'd the nation's
brain;
But eyes will open, and to church again!'
Thou great infallible! forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are revered no more;
When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not heresy, but reformation."

In his person Garrick was low, yet well shaped and neatly proportioned; his deportment was easy and engaging; his complexion was dark, and the features of his face were pleasingly regular, and animated by a full black eye, brilliant and penetrating; his voice was clear, melodious, and commanding, capable of giving most unequivocal meaning to all the passions that can animate the breast, and so distinct as to be heard at the most distant parts of the theatre, whether in gentle whispers of murmuring love, or the sly aside speech in comedy or farce; but his most wonderful power was the great variety of expression his features would assume at his bidding—rage and ridicule, doubt and despair, transport and tenderness, compassion and contempt, love, jealousy, fear, fury, simplicity, even the wrinkles of old age and the bloom of youth. An idea of the command he possessed over his countenance will, however, be better conveyed by the narration of an anecdote.

Not long before Mr. Garrick left Paris, in 1765, several persons of the first dis-

tion, of both sexes, English and French, met by appointment at the hotel de —. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick and Mademoiselle Clairon were of the party. The conversation turned for some time on the belles lettres, in which the merits of several eminent writers were discussed with equal judgment and candour. Many critical observations were made on the action and elocution of the French and English theatres, and at the request of this brilliant circle, La Clairon and Garrick consented to exhibit various specimens of their theatrical talents, which produced great entertainment. This friendly contest lasted for a considerable time, with great animation on both sides; and the company loudly declared their approbation, in the strongest terms, of the two exhibitors.

It was remarked that the French gave the preference to Mr. Garrick, and that the English, with equal politeness, adjudged the victory to Mademoiselle Clairon; but as the greater part of the former were but little acquainted with the English language, Mr. Garrick was induced to relate a certain fact, and afterwards to exhibit it by action, which happened in one of the provinces of France at the time he was there, and of which he had been an eye-witness. A father, he said, was fondling his child at an open window, from whence they looked into the street; by an unlucky effort the child sprang from his father's arms, fell upon the ground, and died upon the spot. What followed, he said, was a language which everybody understood, for it was the language of nature; he immediately threw himself into the attitude in which the father appeared at the time the child leaped from his arms.

The influence which the representation of the father's agony produced on the company, in the silent but expressive language of unutterable sorrow, is easier to be imagined than described; let it suffice to say that the greatest astonishment was succeeded by abundant tears.

As soon as the company had recovered from their agitation, Mademoiselle Clairon caught Mr. Garrick in her arms and kissed him; then, turning to Mrs. Garrick, she apologized for her conduct, by saying it was an involuntary mark of her applause.

His admirers have asserted it to be impossible to say in what particular department of the histrionic art he was greatest, that the picture of him by Reynolds, between the tragic and comic muse, was no more than a just emblem of his universal power. But it has been generally admitted that his great strength lay in giving expression to deep passion; in the enunciation of calm sentiment he has had several superiors.

In his capacity of manager he was liberal and gentlemanly both to players and authors; with the more respectable of the latter he was

always on good terms, and many of them acknowledge that their dramas had received important and beneficial alterations from his pen. It is to be confessed, however, that sometimes he shewed to less fortunate writers an unbecoming sense of his own importance and their insignificance. His principle foible was vanity, which made him as inordinately fond of adulation as he was impatient of censure or ridicule. Goldsmith, who had a plentiful share of that weakness, has strongly marked this feature in Garrick's character in these lines—

"Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please."

This propensity also rendered him jealous of rivals, and talents from which he feared competition he endeavoured to smother.

His literary acquirements were respectable; he composed some smart epigrams, many well-adapted prologues, entertaining but rather farcical dramatic pieces, and a great number of lively and humorous poems; and, although he sometimes passed a judgment on works submitted to him, which in the issue proved to be erroneous, in his alteration of old plays he generally shewed a good judgment and a thorough knowledge of stage effect.

No man of his profession in this or in any other country could ever boast of so numerous and so respectable a body of friends and acquaintances, whom he retained through life; which proves that his society was not courted merely for his entertaining qualities, but that his own character was highly respectable. His detractors called him avaricious; but the truth is, he was afraid of being outwitted by imposition; he thought it would imply a degradation of his judgment, for he was of a very charitable disposition; no man in London, Dr. Johnson often said, gave away more money than David Garrick.

He died on the 20th of January, 1779; his disease was said to be a palsy in the kidneys. His body was attended to the grave by persons of the first rank; and by men illustrious for genius, and famous in science. He was interred in Westminster Abbey. In 1797, a monument was erected to his memory by a friend; which represents Garrick throwing aside a curtain, which discovers a medallion of Shakspeare, in allusion to his vivid personifications of the characters of the great dramatist. Tragedy and comedy are assembled with their respective insignia, to witness and approve the scene. Webber, fecit. Beneath, are these lines by Pratt:—

"To paint fair nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,

A Shakspeare rose,—then, to expand his fame,
Wide o'er this "breathing world" a Garrick
came.

Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,
The actor's genius bade them breathe anew;
Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick call'd them back to-day;
And till eternity, with power sublime,
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary time,
Shakspeare and Garrick, like twin stars, shall
shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine."

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.
(Continued from page 228.)

It has been said that Henry II., of France, wore, at the marriage of the Duchess of Savoy, the first silk stockings that were made in France; but De Serres tells us, that owing to the dearth of silk, but "especially from modesty," that king "would never wear silke stockings although that in his time the use of them was then received in France.* The use of silk in England began in the thirteenth century; but for more than four hundred years it was used almost exclusively by the upper classes, and it is only in recent times that it has formed a part of the dress of the middle and lower classes. It is recorded that silk mantles were worn by some noblemen's ladies at a ball in Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire, in 1286, being the fifteenth year of the reign of Edward the First.† Silken articles are said to have been first manufactured in England in 1504, being the twentieth year of Henry the Seventh's reign. Howell says "that great and expensive prince, Henry the Eighth, wore ordinarily cloth hose, except when there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings." It was in 1534, or the twenty-sixth year of his reign, that the English clergy first wore silk. King Edward, his son, Howell relates, "was presented with a pair of long Spanish silk stockings by Thomas Gresham, his merchant, and the present was much taken notice of." Both Stow and Howell tell us, that in the third year (1560) of Elizabeth's reign, one Mistress Montague having presented the queen with a pair of black silk knit stockings, she was so delighted with them that she never would wear cloth hose after them. The value of such an article at that time may be conceived from a letter which James the First wrote, while he was King of Scotland, to the Earl of Mar, telling that nobleman that the Spanish ambassador

was to be presented at court, and begging the loan of his stockings for the occasion, accompanying the request with this touching appeal to his loyalty and good nature—"Ye would na sure that your king should appear as a scrub before strangers." It appears from an inventory and estimate of the effects of Sir Thomas Boynton, of Barmston, taken on February 28, 1581, (the twenty-fourth year of Elizabeth,) that he possessed no less than "eleven pair of silk stockings, with thirteen pair of Jernsey (? Guernsey) stockings," which altogether were valued at fifteen pounds, or more than twelve shillings a pair.* At this period it would seem, therefore, that they were not articles of great rarity.

The broad silk manufacture from raw silk was introduced into England in 1620. In the reign of Charles the Second it appears, from a statute passed in 1666, that the silk manufacture in England gave employment to 40,000 persons; and after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, about 50,000 refugees fled to England, a large proportion of whom settled in Spitalfields, and introduced several new branches of the art. In 1734, Sir Thomas Lambe erected a curious mill for the manufacture of silk on an island in the Derwent, near Derby. It was at the hazard of his life that he brought the model, the only one of the kind in the kingdom, from Italy. His mill was deemed so important that, at the expiration of his patent, parliament voted him fourteen thousand pounds in recompence for the risk and expense he had incurred in its completion. When we contrived to import with facility the raw silk of India, then the manufacture of it in England became a matter of much greater national concern. Most of the machines and processes known on the continent are now adopted in England, and many of them have been materially improved. The plain silk goods of English manufacture are now superior to those of France; and, although the ribbons, figured gauzes, and light fancy goods of France, excel ours, yet, even in these articles, we have made very great advances; and if we were more attentive to colouring and designing, we might not despair of rivaling in brightness and lustre the Lyonesse fabrics. British silk goods are generally dearer than the French; but the preference for the latter is becoming less general, for the fact is now pretty well known, that the greater proportion of silks professedly brought from Lyons and Marseilles are direct from Spitalfields or Manchester.

ORDER VI.—DIPTERA. About the lakes of Mexico there abounds a species of two-winged fly, which the natives call *arayacal*,

* *The Perfect Use of Silk-worms, with the Planting of Mulberry-trees*, by D'Olivier de Serres; done into English by Nicholas Giffie, with a discourse of his own on the Means and Sufficiency of England for to have Abundance of fine Silk by feeding Silk-wormes with the same, (London, 1607,) p. 2.

† *The Tablet of Memory*, (London, 1807,) p. 147.

* See Poulson's *History and Antiquities of Holderness* (1841).

and the eggs of which, being deposited in immense quantities upon the rushes and corn-flags, form large masses, which are taken up by the fishermen to sell in the market; this sort of caviare, called *ahuauihli*, has much the same taste as the caviare of fish, and is now a common dish among the Spaniards as it was among the Mexicans, who eat not only the eggs but the flies themselves mixed up in a mass and prepared with saltpetre.* In England, this order, consisting entirely of two-winged flies, contributes slightly to the food of man, for we all know that many Englishmen are fond of eating *hoppers*, which are the maggots of the cheese-fly (*Piophilæ casei*); the reader will, perhaps, exclaim with Scopoli, *Quibus has delicias non invidio*!† (I envy them not these dainties!) Nevertheless, some persons are very fond of these hoppers, and I heard one epicure, in reply to a remark that they must taste very cheeseey, assert that they had a flavour of their own, although he preferred the double-Gloucester hoppers to the Stilton and Parmesan breed. Some call them *jumpers*, and say they should be worshipped by the religious sect in America who practise jumping and other gymnastic exercises at their devotions, that they may, as they say, frighten out of themselves that much-abused gentleman, the devil.

A small grub of another British two-winged fly (*Chlorops pumilionis*), which is hatched in the acrospire of growing corn, does much towards increasing the produce of the plants which it might have been supposed, from its devouring the plumule, it would irreparably injure; the tillering of wheat is much favoured, however, by such an attack on the germinating grain, and the number of culms is considerably increased.‡

(To be continued.)

* *Encyclopædia Londinensis*, article *Asayacatl* li.

† Scopoli's *Carniola*, p. 337.

‡ Burnett's *Lecture at King's College*, London, March 14, 1832, p. 24; and Rennie's *Insect Transformations* (1830), p. 261.

THE BOY'S FIRST LESSON OF LIFE.

THE half man's span is pass'd away,
Yet seems it but the other day
That out upon this window-sill,
In childhood's waywardness of will,
I stretch'd an eager hand, to try
And learn experimentally,
Its taste, that lay, so wondrous white,
Thick drifted in the winter night,
Although I saw a warning smile
Upon a mother's lips the while.
Scarce grasp'd, the dazzling phantom fled,
And drops like tears down fell instead;
Oh! then her hand upon my head
Did that fond mother lay;
"E'en so, my child," she said, "be sure
As bright, as briefly to endure,
But ah! not stainless thus and pure,
Will dreams as unsubstantial lure
Thy manhood—to betray."

REINELM.

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE, ETC."

LETTER XIII.—(concluded.)

ANDERNACH is a lovely place; I was truly delighted with it. From the top of the hills the eye embraces an immense circle, extending from Siebengeburge to the crests of Ehrenbreistein. Here there is not the stone of an edifice that is not a *souvenir*, not a single view in the country that has not its beauty and its graces; and, moreover, the countenances of the inhabitants have that frank and open expression which creates delight in the heart of the traveller. Andernach is a charming town, yet Andernach is a deserted place. Nobody goes there, for people prefer visiting Coblenz, Bade, and Mannheim; they go not where history, nature, and poetry abound—at Andernach.

I went a second time to the church. The byzantine decoration of the steeples is rich, and of a taste at once rude and exquisite. The chapitres of the southern portal are very curious; there is a representation of the crucifixion still perfectly visible upon the pediment, and on the façade a bas-relief, representing Jesus on his knees, his arms wildly extended; on all sides of him lie scattered about, as if in a frightful dream, the mantle of derision, the sceptre of reeds, the crown of thorns, the rod, the pincers, the hammer, the nails, the ladder, the spear, the sponge filled with gall, the sinister profile of the hardened thief, the livid countenance of Judas: in short, before the eyes of the divine Master is the cross, and at a little distance the cock crowing, reminding him of the ingratitude and abandonment of his friend. This last detail is beautiful; there is depicted that moral suffering which is worse than the physical. The gigantic shadows of the two steeples darken this sad elegy. Round the bas-relief the sculptor has engraved the following expressive words:—

"O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus. 1538."

There is another handsome church at Andernach, of Gothic structure, which is now transformed into an immense stable, guarded by Prussian soldiers with drawn sabres. By the half-open door we perceive a long row of horses, which are lost in the shadows of the chapel. Above the portal are the words—"Sancta Maria ora pro nobis."

LETTER XIV.
THE RHINE.

St. Goar, Aug. 17.

You know, as I have often told you, that I love rivers, for they do more than bear merchandize—ideas float along their surface. Rivers, like clarions, sing to the ocean of the beauty of the land, the culture of the fields, the splendour of cities, and of the glory of man.

I have also told you, that of all rivers I prefer the Rhine. It is now a year since I first saw it, when passing the bridge of boats at Kehl. I remember that I felt a certain respect, a sort of adoration for this old, this classic stream. I never think of rivers, those great works of nature, which are also great things in history, without emotion.

You remember, my friend, the Rhone at Valserine: we saw it together, in 1825, in our pleasant excursion to Switzerland, which is one of the sweet recollections of the happy moments of my life. We were then only twenty years of age. Do you remember with what noise, with what ferocious bel-
lowing, the Rhone precipitated itself into the gulf, whilst the frail bridge upon which we were standing was shaking beneath our feet? Ah! well, since that time the Rhone brings to my mind the idea of a tiger, the Rhine that of a lion.



The evening that I saw the Rhine for the first time I had still the same idea. For several minutes I stood contemplating this proud and noble river—violent, but without fury; wild, but still majestic. It was swollen, and was magnificent in appearance, when I crossed it, washing with its yellow mane, or, as Boileau says, its “slimy beard,” the bridge of boats. Its two banks were lost in the twilight, and though its roaring was loud, yet it was tranquil.

Yes, my friend, it is a noble river—feudal, republican, imperial—worthy, at the same time, of France and of Germany. The whole history of Europe is combined within its two great aspects—in this flood of the warrior and of the thinker—in this superb river, which makes France bound, and whose profound murmur causes Germany to dream.

The Rhine is unique: like the Rhone, it is rapid; broad, like the Loire; encased, like the Meuse; serpentine, like the Seine; limpid and green, like the Somme; historical, like the Tiber; royal, like the Danube; mysterious, like the Nile; spangled with gold, like an American river; abounding with phantoms and fables, like a river in Asia. Before the commencement of history, perhaps before the existence of man, where the Rhine now is there was a double chain of volcanoes, which on their extinction left heaps of lava and basalt lying parallel like two long walls. At the same epoch the gigantic crystallizations formed the primitive mountains; the enormous alluvions of which the secondary mountains consist were dried up; the frightful heap which is now called the Alps grew gradually cold, snow accumulated on them, from which two great streams issued; the one flowed towards the north, crossed the plains, encountered the sides of the extinguished volcanoes, and emptied itself into the ocean; the other took its course westward, fell from mountain to mountain, flowed along the side of that block of extinguished volcanoes which is now called Andechse, and was finally lost in the Mediterranean. The first of those streams is the Rhine, and the second the Rhone.

The first people that history records who took possession of the banks of the Rhine, were the half-savage Celts, who were afterwards named Gauls by the Romans. When Rome appeared in all its glory, Caesar crossed the Rhine, and shortly afterwards the whole of the river was under the jurisdiction of this great empire. When the twenty-second legion, which had encamped under the olives where Jesus had suffered, returned from the siege of Jerusalem, Titus sent it to the banks of the Rhine, where it continued the work of Martius Agrippa. The conquerors required a town to join Melibocus to Taunus; and Moguntiacum, began by Martius, was built by the legion, then enlarged by Trajan, and embellished by Adrian. Singular coincidence! and which we must note in passing. This twenty-second legion had brought with it Crescentius, who was the first that carried the word of God into the Rhingau, and founded the new religion. God ordained that these ignorant men who had pulled down the last stone of his temple upon the Jordan, should lay the first stone of another upon the banks of the Rhine. After Trajan and Adrian came Julian, who erected a fortress upon the confluence of the Rhine and of the Moselle; then Valentinian, who built a number of castles. Thus in a few centuries, Roman colonies, like an immense chain, linked the whole of the Rhine.

At length the time arrived when Rome was to assume another aspect—when it was

overwhelmed by, what was called, the invasion of the barbarians, and about the sixth century the banks of the Rhine were strewed with Roman ruins, as it is at present with feudal ones.

Charlemagne cleared away the rubbish, built fortresses, and opposed the German hordes; but notwithstanding all that he did, notwithstanding his desire to do more, Rome died, and the physiognomy of the Rhine was changed.

Already, as I before mentioned, an unperceived germ was sprouting in the Rhingau. Christianity, that divine eagle, which began to spread its wings, had deposited amongst the rocks an egg that contained a world. Saint Appollinaire, following the example of Crescentius, who, in the year 70, preached the word of God at Taunus, visited Rigomagum. Saint Martin, bishop of Tours, had catechised Confluentia; Saint Materne, before visiting Tongres, had resided at Cologne. At Treves, Christians began to suffer the death of martyrdom, and their ashes were swept away by the wind; but these were not lost, for they became seeds. These seeds were germinating in the fields, though, during the passage of the barbarians, nothing was seen of them.

After an historical period the Rhine became connected with the marvellous. Where the noise of man is hushed, nature lends a tongue to the nests of birds, causes the leaves to whisper, and the thousand voices of solitude to murmur—where historical facts cease, imagination gives life to the shadow and to the dream. Fables took root, grew, and blossomed in the voids of history, like the weeds and brambles in the crevices of the ruins of a palace.

Civilization, like the sun, has its nights and its days, its plenitudes and its eclipses; it disappears, then comes back again.

As soon as civilization again dawned upon Taunus, there were upon the borders of the Rhine a whole host of legends of fabulous stories. Populations of mysterious beings who inhabited the now dismantled castles, had held communion with the *belles fées* and *beaux chevaliers* of the place. Spirits of the rocks; black hunters, crossing the thickets upon stags with six horns; the maid of the black fen; the six maidens of the red marshes; Wodan, the god with ten hands; the twelve black men; the raven that croaked its song; the devil who placed his stone at Teufelstein and his ladder at Teufelsleiter, and who had the effrontery to preach publicly at Gernsbach, near the Black Forest, but happily, the word of God was heard at the other side of the stream; the demon Urian, who crossed the Rhine at Dusseldorf, having upon his back the banks that he had taken from the sea-shore,

with which he intended destroying Aix-la-Chapelle, but being fatigued with his burden, and deceived by an old woman, he stupidly dropped his load at the gates of the imperial city, where that bank is at present pointed out, and bears the name of Loosberg. At that epoch, which for us was plunged into a penumbra, where magic lights were sparkling here and there, the rocks, the woods, the valleys were tenanted by apparitions; mysterious encounters; infernal castles; melodious songs, sung by invisible songstresses; and frightful bursts of laughter, emanating from mysterious passengers. These, with a host of other adventures, shrouded in impossibility and holding on by the heel of reality, come and go in these legends.

At last these phantoms disappeared, as day burst in upon them. Civilization again resumed its sway, and fiction gave place to facts. The Rhine then assumed another aspect: abbeys and convents increased; churches were built along the banks of the river. The ecclesiastic princes multiplied the edifices in the Rhingau as the prefects of Rome had done before them.

The sixteenth century approached—in the fourteenth the Rhine witnessed, not far from it, the invention of artillery; and on its left bank, at Strasbourg, a printing office was first established. In 1400 the famous cannon, fourteen feet in length, was cast at Cologne; and in 1472, Vindelin de Spire printed his Bible. A new world was making its appearance, and, strange to say, it was upon the banks of the Rhine that those two mysterious tools with which God unceasingly works out the civilization of man, took a new form—the catapult and the book—war and thought.

The Rhine, in the destinies of Europe, has a sort of providential signification. It is the great moat which divides the north from the south. The Rhine has seen the forms and reflected the shadows of almost all the warriors for thirty ages, who tilled the old continent with that share which they called a sword. Cæsar crossed the Rhine in going to the south; Attila crossed it when descending to the north. It was there where Clovis gained the battle of Tolbiac; and it was at the Rhine where Charlemagne and Napoleon figured. Frederick Barberousse, Rodolph de Hapsbourg, and Frederick the First, were great, victorious, and formidable, when there. For the thinker, who is conversant with history, two great eagles are perpetually hovering over the Rhine—that of the Roman legions, and the eagle of the French regiments.

(To be continued.)

New Books.

MARY OF ELTHAM.

In the recently published volume called *Many Coloured Life*, which has been so generally noticed, and so warmly praised by the press, we find that, besides the playful varieties of an annual, there are two historical novels — “Tarakanoff,” and “Mary of Eltham.” The *dénouement* of the latter has been considered very remarkable. Our limits will not admit the whole tale, but we will endeavour, by description and quotation from the conclusion, to furnish a correct and animated miniature of it.

The hero of the story, with his parents, find themselves foreigners and strangers in the village of Eltham, in the year 1610. A mystery is connected with them, and all wonder who the Rossiters (they are so called) can be. The mother dies in wild despair, and the father soon joins her in the grave. On their first coming, they were received into the abode of a farmer, whose amiable daughter, Mary, is much interested for the family, and especially its surviving member. He notes it, and warns her that he cannot—he must not love. This he solemnly and repeatedly urges. They agree to be friends, and never to assume any other character. Acting on this determination, they live tranquilly, till Gamaches, a French Curé, arrives, who, some years before, had been the farmer's inmate, and had kindly noticed Mary, then a child. On his being announced, Rossiter, evidently much disturbed, withdraws from Eltham. Gamaches makes improper advances to Mary, and is twice restrained and chastised by the ever-watchful Rossiter. He at length returns to France, and Rossiter again lives under the same roof with Mary.

A legacy, left to her mother, compels Mary to wait on Gamaches, at Calais, to receive it. She craves the protecting companionship of Rossiter. He reluctantly consents to go with her, and, after various adventures, when danger appears at an end, through the movements of Gamaches he is arrested, and proved to be the brother of Ravallac, the murderer of Henry the Fourth, whose inhuman sentence doomed all his relatives to exile and to death, if, under certain circumstances, they returned to their native country. This is the general course of the narrative; but the incidents are too many to be included in our “bird's eye view” of the novel. The mayor of Calais is obliged, though most unwillingly, to order the prisoner's execution, and the tale proceeds:—

The prisoner attempted no reply; and Gamaches looked first at Mary and then at Rossiter, with an air of exultation no pencil could paint.

Rejoicing in the thought that his victim would be put to death in the morning, he withdrew.

“One favour,” said Rossiter, addressing the mayor, who appeared affected, even to tears, “I would implore—it is, that I may have free speech with the blameless companion of my journey.”

“Your suit is granted, with the proviso that it must be in my presence.”

The court or apartment in which this proceeding had been so suddenly instituted, was then cleared, and the prisoner availed himself of the permission conceded, in the following terms:—

“My bursting heart, my burning brain, have so disordered me that I scarcely know where I am, or what has passed since I have been here; but I have an impression on my mind that I am about to be put to death, and under that I would speak.

“I am, indeed, the brother of that unhappy being who madly assailed the life of his king. The dreadful sentence which doomed him to have his flesh torn from his breast, his arms, and his thighs, with red hot pincers—hot lead to be poured on his wounds, and, finally, his limbs and body to be reduced to ashes,—the same sentence, I say, banished my parents, and caused them and me to appear in a foreign land, under circumstances which you have not forgotten. The madness of my mother, the death of my father, soon followed. It was the appalling facts now disclosed, which I would not inflict on you. That you might never risk being permanently associated with ignominy and sorrow, prompted me, at an early period of our friendship, to declare, coarsely perhaps, but honestly, when I marked your growing kindness, that I never could be your lover.

“But for that there was another reason, which it boots not now to mention.

“When Gamaches came to Eltham, the moment I saw him, I recollected his person well. At Paris, I had seen him after the most horrid tortures of the *brodequin* had been repeatedly applied to my suffering brother—I had seen the monster approach, not to soothe the fainting victim, but bitterly to reproach, while he sought, by every insidious hint, to urge him to perjury. Holy men of other days have, with pious care, so ordered it, that the offender to whom death was awarded should, in his last hour, be assisted by a minister of religion, to the end that the departing spirit might feel in some degree purified from its earthly stains, and fitted to enter into that glorious immortality which divine mercy holds out to the truly repentant sinner. This charitable boon, in the case of my poor relative, was converted into an instrument of torture more tremendous than all the rest.

In those moments, when his maddening pangs might be expected to shake reason from her throne, was he tempted, by the offer of an instant respite from pain, to accuse, being on his oath (for, before the rack was applied, he was solemnly sworn), others of his name as partners of his crime. For his sake, I rejoice that he passed through this sad ordeal with the resolution of a martyr. I marked, with horror and disgust, the alacrity with which the servant of Heaven, as he presumes to name himself, advanced to prompt crime, in the preliminary process to which François was subjected. With like cheerfulness, and on a public scaffold, this same person repeated his barbarous persuasions, in the last stage of my brother's dreadful sufferings, at the *Place de Grève*.

"From this I formed my judgment of Gamaches. Mary, was I right? Did he act as the friend of your father, or did he seek to betray you to shame?"

"He proved himself a wretch!" said Mary. "But for your generous interference, I know not what outrage his baseness would not have offered."

"The explanations I have given you will now bear to your father. Unmask the Judas, that, when I am no more on earth, he may not dare again to approach the humble, but peaceful abode of innocence.

"I will detain you no longer. Pray for me while I depart; my dying blessing shall be yours, Mary—my friend."

"I thank you, sir, for your indulgence," he added, looking towards the magistrate, "I would now pass to my cell."

"Cruel Rossiter!" said Mary, "why, why did you not sooner trust me with your secret? why did you not tell your reason for wishing to put to sea, in despite of the storm? I would have gladly thrown myself on the troubled deep, have listened with pleasure to the bursting thunder, and wooed the blue lightning's most vivid glare, had I known that braving these might save my protector from peril."

"Your story," said the mayor, "is sad. I would it were mine to give you comfort. For this helpless female, I will regard her safety. To night she shall rest in the house of the master of a ship, who sails in the morning. His wife is kind and trustworthy, and will shew every attention in her power."

The prisoner was then removed, and Mary conducted to the residence of the mariner. The moment of separation was sad—Rossiter was calm; but to look on the fearful eye of Mary, with a consciousness that in this world they could meet no more, and not experience the deepest affliction, was impossible.

The care of the mayor was extended to the property which Mary had in her keeping. He followed her at a late hour to the

quiet retreat to which, by his orders, she had been taken. There he saw the master, and after some conversation with him, both left the house. When they returned it was nearly midnight. Mary was weeping.

There was in the looks of the magistrate something indicative of cheerfulness, and he reproved the stranger for her deep despondency, which he remarked could do no good.

"I am aware of that," Mary replied; "tears cannot remove calamity, but to refrain from shedding them beneath its most fearful pressure, is impossible. Can you say ought to dry them? If you can, I am sure you will. Is there no hope for the prisoner?"

"'While there is life,' according to the old proverb, 'there is hope.' I fear to wake expectation, yet this would I say—whatever may transpire, whatever you may hear from any one, even from me, of a disheartening tendency, still try to keep up your courage, and should a secret be confided to you, faithfully keep it."

He took his leave—Mary made some inquiries of the master, but gained no information that could console. She learned from him that preparations were making for an execution, and that a gallows had already been set up in the market-place.

Mary did not seek sleep that night. In her small chamber she counted the hours as their departure was successively announced from the Clock-Tower, till the hour of eight was sounded. She was then invited down to breakfast, but took no refreshment. Mary was still resisting the friendly invitations of her hostess, when the mayor entered.

"I could not rest," said he, "without enquiry after your health this morning. Your mind, I hope, is now made up to all that may have chanced. Do you wish for any particular information that it may be in my power to supply?"

"I would ask," said Mary—"if—if—" and here her tongue faltered, unable to complete the sentence.

"You would ask of Ravallac. With him all is over."

"Is he no more on earth?"

"He is departed."

"May Heaven have mercy!"

Mary covered her eyes with her hands, but offered no remark. Grief seemed to have wholly withdrawn the faculty of speech.

"I wish not," said the mayor, "to afflict you with details. My task, I need not say, was not voluntarily assumed. It is past, and nothing remains but to comfort you. This good man will leave for Dover in two hours, and any assistance you may require for your security or convenience on your voyage, or after your arrival, scruple not freely to claim."

Mary bowed with a look of gratitude, but her heart was too full to admit of speech.

Subsequently, she was told that, before day-break, Rossiter had been taken to the market-place. There the ceremonial of death was gone through, and when the inhabitants arose at their accustomed hour, a corpse, suspended between earth and heaven met their view.

At the time fixed, Mary found herself on board the vessel. She had borne in mind the words of the mayor on the preceding night—"whatever you may hear, even from me, keep up your courage, and if a secret be confided to you, faithfully keep it." She laboured not to give way to despondency, but her face was repeatedly suffused with tears.

To the most retired part of the cabin she withdrew to escape observation. The weather had become calm, and nearly all the passengers were on deck. One, however, kept near her the greater part of the voyage. She scarcely looked at him, till finding himself quite alone, he approached her side. Then it was that she recognised with horror the vengeful Gamaches.

She turned away with indignation. He applied himself to appease her. In the humblest terms, he excused the course he had pursued towards Rossiter, as growing on the excess of his love.

"Mine," said he, "is a nature that admits of no medium between love and hatred. The rival who had insulted me is no more. Let Mary now consent to be mine. I for her am prepared to risk, nay, to sacrifice all—my fortune—my country—nay, heaven itself."

"The last," Mary answered disdainfully, "you have not *now* to lose."

"Accept, then, my offered love. That is no less ardent than my rage is deadly. The wretch, Rossiter, as he called himself, learned to know the latter could not be scorned with impunity."

"What further course of crime you contemplate," said she, "I know not; but even though your might were equal to your malice, I would brave all its fiercest exertions against me, rather than endure one hour's deceitful kindness from the wretch I know you to be."

"Beware!" he solemnly exclaimed. "Danger may be where it is least suspected."

Mary left the cabin to avoid her hateful companion. Approaching Dover, the ship could not make the harbour. A boat put off from the shore. It was dusk when it reached the vessel. Gamaches officiously pressed forward to assist Mary when she was about stepping into the boat. A man who had been seated at the bottom rose to receive her. It was Rossiter.

Amazement seized her. She involuntarily rushed towards him. Gamaches strove to restrain her, but in that moment he saw the never to be forgotten features of his sup-

posed victim, and his hands dropped nerveless by his side. The sudden start which Mary had made was fatal to him. It had drawn him to the vessel's edge, and in the horror and consternation of the moment he could not recover himself. He fell—the sullen plunge was heard by those on board, and a cry was raised to save him, but to no purpose. After a frantic scream, and a feeble effort to contend with the waves, Gamaches sank, never to rise again till the graves give up their long-forgotten inmates.

His last words—"Danger may be near when it is least suspected," still rung in Mary's ears. She trembled equally from joy and terror. Scarcely could she believe her senses when she saw, in the same moment, her friend, supposed to be dead, restored to the living; her heartless persecutor numbered with the dead.

Rossiter and Mary landed in safety, and proceeded to the inn where Rossiter had been waiting her arrival.

"To see you safe, Mary," said he, "in your native land, is happiness, but I fear you have suffered much on my account. You no doubt were informed that I had been put to death. Of the ingenuity which saved my life, till now, I could not apprise you."

"The jailer to whose keeping I was confided, had marked the grief of the mayor at being called upon to act so stern a part, and thought that he should recommend himself to the favourable notice of that functionary, by suggesting what might save me. Walking near the port, he had stumbled over the corpse of a seaman which the raging waves had thrown ashore. The dead man, it struck him, was nearly of my size, his dress was the same; the jailer in consequence waited on the mayor and requested to see him alone.

"The mayor confessed that he would gladly save my life if it were possible. With his assistance the jailer thought it would not be difficult. The execution might be ordered to take place at an early hour in order to prevent popular excitement, and the dead sailor could be substituted for the living prisoner. The mayor at first thought the jailer mad, but his benevolence soon prevailed, and he came into the scheme.

"Before day-break the magistrate was at the prison door, and with my hands bound, I was placed in a cart, by the side of a stone-cold, dead body. None of the prison attendants were allowed to follow—the mayor and jailer alone accompanied me. At that time not more than two or three wanderers were lingering near the market place. These, when we drew near, concluded we were but the workmen sent to complete the preparations. In the next moment the dead man was suspended from the fatal tree, and I was at liberty."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Mary, with deep emotion.

"I thought," he resumed, "my last hour was come, when I found that I was free. My head turned round. It seemed a dream, and my confusion would probably have betrayed the cheat, had not the mayor prudently hurried me on board a ship, and binding me to secrecy, left me there."

"Now," cried Mary, "do I understand the words he addressed to me last night, 'Whatever you hear, keep up your courage; and should a secret be confided to you, keep it faithfully.'"

"It will be faithfully kept," said Rossiter. "Would that a life so wonderfully preserved were worth the saving."

"And is a friend so constant and sincere as you have proved, of no value?"

"Of little, very little. I breathe, but that is all. Yet, Mary, shall I say it?—I am different from what I was."

"I hope not, for I would see you ever the same."

"A friend, only a friend?"

"It were to break our compact to speak, to think of love."

"True! My secret is now known to you. Why I lived in concealment has been explained. I wished not to become a lover, because I would not join you to a name on which indelible disgrace had been stamped."

"That disgrace was none of yours. You participated not in the deed of your relations. Cruelty akin to that which included you in his sentence, could alone desire to make you suffer for your relationship—for your birth, not for your acts—for the will of your Creator, not for your own misdoings."

"Far from approving of that dreadful act which caused my brother's fate, my parents and myself were among the most loyal subjects of King Henry. His liberality of soul was the theme of our daily admiration, and François had long been at variance with us, because we were all of the reformed religion."

"I have heard you say that no possible event could make you content to think of love, as the decree of Heaven itself had for ever interdicted you from assuming the character of husband."

"True—it was madness, the madness of my brother, which I regarded as a family disease. That alone would have forbidden me to marry. The witness brought last night to identify me, removed the objection. He proved what I had never heard, that the insanity of François was caused by a concussion of the brain in his youth—that his malady was the result of accident, instead of being constitutional."

While he spoke he pressed the hand of Mary with tenderness; she smiled and asked—

"What may this mean? Pause before

you go further, or I shall suspect you of love."

"You may more than suspect it. Behold me now, a Lazarus restored to life. If, knowing the misfortune of my family and my name, with all my numerous demerits, Mary can so far condescend as to deem him whom she has saved worthy to live for her, the homage of a fond faithful nature I offer, and am her's for ever."

How she replied to such an appeal—how farmer Brown listened to the tale of her adventures, and what was his decision on the claim preferred to his daughter's hand, it were needless to relate. A wedding was soon celebrated in the village, and the blushing bride was Mary of Eltham.

The secret confided to Mary—that of the mayor and jailer of Calais—was faithfully kept. More than two centuries had passed from the period identified with her story, before the narrative now furnished was permitted to see the light.

Miscellaneous.

ABODE, DENS, CAGES, SUBJECTS OF VAST IMPORTANCE IN MENAGERIES.

THE stone pavements of the carnivora in the Zoological Society's gardens are first to be objected to, injuring, as they do, the palms and plants of the animals; being, moreover, good conductors of heat, and therefore very cool and uncomfortable during the winter. Taking it altogether, the eagles, conturs, and hawks, (those princes of the volatiles,) are perhaps the most to be lamented dwellers of our menageries. Any one who has seen them soaring at the height of 18,000 feet in the Swiss Alps cannot but deeply commiserate them, confined as they are with us in such narrow, dirty, and dusty places. Their life is but a string of continual inanition, poor, beautiful creatures as they are. I therefore believe that it would be worth trying to build for them some large wire cages, in which, probably, several of them could be kept together. In all cases where animals are kept on the natural ground, I have found that those places are most dirty, and, above all, dusty. It is certainly very fine to see a small drove, as it were, of elephants; but the view is dimmed by the dust they are covered with, and which they gather together and project on the spectator. The ostrich in the Royal Zoological Gardens (beautiful fellow as he is) labours under the same predicament. I should therefore recommend that some siliceous or other solid fine gravel should be placed on the floor of all such places situated on the main ground, and that it be at convenient intervals sprinkled over with water.

There are animals which have bathing tanks in their places; those of the elephants

and bears in the Royal Zoological Gardens are, however, very stinking ones; yet there is no straw, or dry leaves or rushes, where these poor animals could dry and warm themselves after such baths, objects with which they have been amply provided in their wild state.—*Polytechnic Journal*.

CLEANLINESS—ANIMAL TOILETTE.

Just the same as the intelligent savage has good teeth without using brush and powder, so the animal in its savage state is clean and sleek by its own thorough health; but nature and art are, and always will be, different things, and it is man's task to resort to art whenever nature has been abandoned. In this respect, certainly, much is to be desired in our menageries. I must state, in the first instance, that animals in distant countries are more beset by epizoa than may be believed; and I have found in Australia the daceus full of puliers, as well as several species of birds full of pediculi. But in the state of nature a hundred expedients may be resorted to, which captivity is deficient in. If we look at the many meagre, emaciated, filthy—nay, scurvy specimens of our menageries, we must confess that a great reform in this respect is required; in fact, most of the woolly animals have an aspect of complete uncomfartableness, uneasiness, and gloominess. Several animals, however,—for instance, the lion, hyæna, &c.,—will never bathe on their own account, even if water were at hand. Artificial washing, and still more grooming, of such animals is to be resorted to. The instances of animals which seemed to me in need of such help are very numerous. Several antelopes of the Zoological Society's gardens were most filthy when I saw them, and were continually scratching and rubbing themselves against the poles of their prison; nearly in the same state was the beautiful *Auchenia paco*. But our readers may ask me with surprise whether I really mean to say that even the tiger, the hyæna, and such-like, ought to be groomed and washed? Certainly I do; there can be no doubt that most of the herbivora will submit to this operation quite cheerfully; and as to the savage carnivora, a sort of strait waistcoat will have to be used, although I will shew by-and-bye that such, after all, may not be needed. In some instances animals may require to be assisted in their toilette, and any one will know that our domestic cats bestow considerable pains on themselves in that respect. Speaking, however, seriously and practically, we have to say that in the summer of 1839 the *Camelus dromedarius* of the Zoological Society was much in want of having his eyes washed, which neglect may, in many cases, occasion blindness, as several animals of those gardens, for in-

stance, the *Ursus arctor*, were blind. I would just state, in conclusion of this section, that the monkeys ought to be combed or groomed, without any question; and that in the many cases where birds (or any other animals) are full of vermin, they ought to be washed with a decoction of tobacco leaves.—*Polytechnic Journal*.

THE SURF AT MADRAS, AND THE MASSOOLAH BOAT.*

THE city of Madras, though reared on an arid spot, with a brackish stream in the rear, and a lashing surf in front, nevertheless presents a brilliant aspect from the roads, and one, to our then youthful mind, more correspondent to the Grecian splendour of the imagination, than anything we had till then met with. There was the formidable citadel between the Black town and the Nabob of Arcot's princely grounds, with noble buildings, spires, columns, colonnades, minarets, and porticoes, of polished chunam; while the dazzling sandy beach, alive with groups of people of all colours and vestments, the tall trees, the garden-house villas backed by the interior hills, and heightened in effect by the clear blue sky and transparent sea, all combine to render the aspect of Madras imposing and grand. Everything appears to display the prosperity, wealth, and dominion of the capital of the second Presidency of our Eastern empire, save and except its most ill-adapted site. The circumjacent plain is sterile, the vegetation scant, and the soil—except in the gardens of the White inhabitants—produces little for general use. The action of the sun upon the sand promotes excessive heat; and the place is likewise exposed to a burning wind, loaded with suffocating dust and clouds of flies and musquitoes, nor are scorpions, toads, centipedes, and legions of ravenous ants and cockroaches, wanting. To these evils must be added the disadvantage of a commercial mart without a harbour, whose coast runs in nearly a straight line, on which a raging surf breaks in three distinct foamy ridges, each nearer to the shore than the other. The reader may ask—What induced the occupation of so incommodious a spot? The answer will be, that all-pervading passion which prompted Alexander, *per contra*, to destroy a city,—for it was Love! Sir William Langhorne fixed upon the site, not for its eligibility, but because of its contiguity to the dark-eyed object of his amorous vows, then dwelling in the Portuguese citadel of St. Thomas, about three miles to the southward,—at least it is so logged in the legends of the Carnatic.

The high and dangerous surf we have

* See Nos. 8 and 9 of the present volume.

mentioned induces the necessity of using the massoolah, a very singular sort of vessel, as a means of communication between the ships and the shore; and it is worthy of note that every place has the peculiar embarkation best adapted to its locality, whence the diversity of construction in beach vessels, notwithstanding an obvious resemblance in principle.

The massoolah is a light, large, and flat-bottomed boat, without ribs, keel, or other timber, the broad planks of which are sewed at the edges with kyar, or line made from the outer fibres of the cocoa-nut, and filled in between the seams with the same material; iron being utterly excluded throughout the whole fabric. By this construction they are rendered lithe and buoyant enough to meet the violent shocks which they receive from the toppling, dashing, roaring surges they encounter; and they yield to the percussion of the waters, so as, by diminishing the resistance, to be thrown up high-and-dry on the beach, without breaking by the concussion. The management of them requires great dexterity and experience, for the crews are bred from their infancy to the perilous calling. If the poet thought the first boatman who ventured from Mediterranean shores had threefold armour, he must have become truly Pindaric to express his admiration of the man who led the way through the Coromandel surf. The massoolahs are impelled by broad elliptical paddles; and the tindal, or coxswain, chants a wild but not unpleasant song, to the cadence of which his clashees keep time, quickening or retarding the motion of the boat as may be necessary to evade or encounter the stroke of the billows. Thus they approach the European boats, which are obliged to anchor at the back of the surf at a prescribed distance, and receive their passengers and lading. They then return, and on entering the outer line of breakers—which on a first passing are enough to appal a stoutish heart—the rowers simultaneously pause, and the song is suspended; but the instant the surf has tumbled over, a refrain of loud yellah-yellahs bursts forth, and the most skilful and strenuous efforts are made to meet the next surge, towards which the limber craft is whirled with indescribable shocks and tremors, till she is beached.

The massoolah is almost invariably attended by little rafts, called catamarans, of which we shall presently speak, and should the former be capsized, they aid in rescuing the passengers and bearing them to the shore. This is a service which demands an almost amphibious race, and is singularly dangerous; for though, fortunately, the sharks keep mostly to the roads, yet the surf is infested by a ravenous enemy called the ground-shark. The men are

therefore required to be active, able, and intrepid; and we, who have witnessed the bold agility with which the Sandwich islanders gambol in violent surfs also, yet cannot but pronounce the Madras men to be their superiors.

Such being the physical incommmodation of the coast, it has been a wise policy to patronise those who distinguish themselves by rescuing drowning persons; and medals are awarded to those who particularly exert themselves in the surf. Some desperately wise sages regard these donations as mere trumpery baubles; we, however, differ widely from them, and we well remember the fecundity of tongue and truly Oriental gesticulation with which one of these "Catamaran Jacks" was displaying a decoration he had just received for having been instrumental in saving some of the men belooming to the Java, a ship apparently doomed. This unfortunate frigate had just been captured in Batavia Roads, and brought to Madras, where she was commissioned into our service; but hardly was her pendant hoisted, when her first lieutenant, purser, boatswain, carpenter, and three fine seamen, were drowned by the upsetting of the massoolah they had embarked in. The ship herself was lost, with every soul belonging to her, on her first voyage in the British service, having run foul of the sinking Blenheim, it is supposed; at least, neither ship was ever heard of after. The name itself is, however, typical of ill luck in the seaman's ear. Another prize frigate—the *Renommée*—was sent to sea under the name of Java, with a new complement, and in less than four months fell to an American of far superior bulk and force; and this was but the prelude of our giving up the island of Java itself, the noblest and most integral of all our Eastern conquests.

In very rough weather the whole line of the shore becomes sublimely terrific, and the massoolahs cannot venture off. All intercourse with the shipping would then be stopped, except for the means afforded, by that simple and singular contrivance, the catamaran. This is used by fishermen, and consists of two or three logs of light wood lashed together, the outer ones being seven or eight feet long, by six or eight inches diameter, with the centre piece rather longer. It is rounded off at one end for the convenience of progression through the water, and paddled by one and sometimes two men, squatted on their knees in apparently a most uneasy position. The surface is flat, and of course, when the man is duly perched, is even with the water, which continually washes over it; yet, in this painful posture, and on so slippery a fabric, will these men continue for hours together. It is very common for them to be washed off the catamaran, which, unless a shark

happens to be handy, they regain by swimming, and remount with expert agility. And with means so seemingly inadequate do these men even convey the letters they are charged with safe and dry through the breakers to the ships in the roads; the papers are usually placed in their skullcaps, enveloped with a kind of turban, which with a rag round the middle, are the only articles of dress required in their vocation.

Such is the surf at Madras, or rather along the whole shore of the Carnatic; and it is matter of note that it is frequently the heaviest in calm weather. Hence the dreadful losses in life and property that have befallen us; and though the outer roads are deemed good holding-ground, they are everywhere strewn with parted anchors and fragments of wreck. Indeed, these losses have often placed our Oriental supremacy at stake. In the spring of 1749, part of Admiral Boscawen's fleet was surprised at anchor off Fort St. David, when, besides the general damage, the *Pembroke*, of sixty guns, with 330 of her crew, was lost; and the *Namur*, a man-of-war of the then important class of seventy-four guns, with above 500 men. Again, on the 1st of January, 1761, Admiral Stevens was caught by a storm on Pondicherry Roads, which in its consequences was a spring of hilarity to M. Lally, the besieged French governor of that place. Some of the squadron cut their cables and stood out to sea, and some, by cutting away their masts, rode out the conflict. The *Newcastle*, of fifty guns, *Queenborough* frigate, and *Protector* store-ship, were driven ashore and totally lost; their crews, however, were mostly saved. But the ill-fated *Duc d'Aquitaine*, of sixty-four guns, Capt. Sir William Hewitt, and the *Sunderland*, of sixty, commanded by the Hon. James Colville, foundered at their anchors; and their crews, amounting to 1100 men, perished, excepting seven Europeans and as many *Lascars*. And in 1782, Sir Edward Hughes — after having fought four battles on this coast in eight months without taking or losing a ship, though 297 men were killed, and upwards of 1100 wounded — was visited by a furious gale in Madras Roads, which would have placed the French Admiral de Souffrein in the ascendant, but that fortunately the hardest blasts of the storm blew from off the shore. Yet it was a scene of great horror and distress; several vessels foundered at their anchors, others drove out to sea, and the whole shore was covered with the bodies of the dead and dying.

We have cited these instances to exemplify a moral conclusion, for the beach-masters have since established so systematic a discipline among the *clashes*, and created such vigilance, that, though disaster will occasionally happen, the loss of life in recent

cases bears no proportion to that of a former day. On the 2nd of May, 1811, Madras was visited by a storm of such fury as to create both destruction and sorrow. Before the commotion of the elements began, 120 ships and vessels proudly rode at their anchors; in the morning, all these — including H.M. ships *Dover* and *Chichester* — either bilged or foundered, and were strewn in fragments along the shore. Fewer lives were sacrificed than could have been expected, considering the extent of the calamity, and that numbers of the vessels sunk at their anchors; but neither of the men-of-war lost a single man. It is, however, quite frightful to ponder on the extent to which our naval means would probably have been destroyed, had this storm come on sooner. But ten days before, the expedition had sailed for Java, with a strong squadron of men-at-war, twelve Company's cruisers, and sixty transports, with 12,000 soldiers on board, all of which must have been wrecked!

How the Old Lady of Leadenhall-street would have quaked, had she been aware of this! — *United Service Magazine*.

ALISON'S CHARACTER OF NEY.

NEY is another hero whose deeds shone forth with such lustre during the whole revolutionary war, that a separate delineation of his character seems called for. Born on the 10th January, 1769, in the same year as Wellington and Napoleon, in a humble station, the son of a common soldier who had served in the Seven Years' War, and who afterwards became a cooper, he raised himself to be a leading marshal of the empire, Prince of Moskwa, and won, by universal consent, the epithet of "the bravest of the brave." He was no common man who, even during the turbulence of the Revolution, rose in such a manner and acquired such an appellation. In early youth, at the age of fifteen, Ney had a presentiment, as most men reserved for ultimate greatness have, that he was destined to distinction; and, in spite of all the tears of his mother, and remonstrances of his father, who had made him a miner, and wished him to remain in that humble sphere, he entered the army at Metz, on the 1st February, 1787, as a private dragoon. His military air, address on horseback, and skill in the management of the sabre, attracted the notice of his comrades, and procured for him the dangerous honour of being selected to challenge the fencing-master of another regiment in the garrison, who had given a real or supposed insult to his corps. The commission was accepted with joy by the young soldier, the ground chosen, and the sabres crossed, when the whole party were seized by their officers;

and as duelling was then punished with death, it was with no small difficulty, and by the intervention of a long captivity only, that he was saved from the scaffold.

No sooner, however, was he liberated from prison, than the long-suspended duel was renewed in a secret place; and Ney, victorious, inflicted such a wound upon his adversary in the hand, that it disabled him from continuing his profession, and soon reduced him to poverty. Ney, having afterwards risen to greatness, did not forget the adventure, nor the calamitous consequences with which it had been attended to his opponent; he sought him out, and settled a pension on his old antagonist. Like all men of real elevation of mind, he not only was no ways ashamed of, but took a pride in recounting the circumstances of his early life; and when some young officers, after he was made marshal, were decanting on their descent, and the rich appointments which they enjoyed from their families, he said, "Gentlemen, I was less fortunate than you; I got nothing from my family, and I esteemed myself rich at Metz when I had two loaves of bread on the table." When he was made marshal, a splendid party were assembled at his hotel, among whom were the chief dignitaries of the empire. Amidst them all he made his way to an old captain, who stood behind the crowd at a respectful distance. "Do you recollect, captain," said he, "the time when you said to me, when I gave in my report, 'Go on, Ney, I am content with you; you will make your way?'" "Perfectly," replied his old commander; "one does not easily forget having commanded a marshal of France." His father, who tenderly loved him, lived to see his highest elevation, and was never informed of his tragic fate; the weeds of his family alone informed him in 1815 that some mournful event had taken place: he never again pronounced his name, and died twelve years after, at the age of a hundred, without ever having been informed of his end.

The distinctive characteristic of Ney was his perfect calmness and self-possession in the midst of danger, and the invincible energy with which he pursued his object, notwithstanding the most formidable obstacles with which he was opposed. Showers of grape-shot, the onset of cuirassiers, even the terrible charge of the English bayonets, were alike unable to deter his resolution, or disturb his steady gaze. When one of his officers asked him if on such occasions he never felt fear, "I never had time," was his simple reply. This extraordinary self-possession in danger, accompanied as it was in his case with the practised eye which discerns the exact moment of attack, and measures with accuracy the probable resistance that may be anticipated, rendered him an invaluable auxiliary to a commander-in-

chief; and when Napoleon, after his glorious march across the Dnieper, near Krasnor, in 1812, said, "I have three hundred millions in the vaults of the Tuilleries; I would willingly give them all to save Marshal Ney," he only expressed a sentiment which long experience of his vast services had suggested, and which the unexampled heroism with which he had headed the rearguard during the whole of that calamitous retreat had amply confirmed. It was when danger was greatest, and success most doubtful, that his courage was most conspicuous, and his coolness most valuable; and if these qualities could have ensured success, Napoleon would have found victory in the last attack, headed by this heroic marshal, at Waterloo.

Nevertheless, Ney was far from being either a general of the first order, or a man of character capable of withstanding the severest trials. "He was the bravest of men," said Napoleon; "there terminate all his faculties." Notwithstanding his great experience, he never was able to comprehend, in complicated cases, the true spirit of his instructions, and was indebted for many of his most important successes to the admirable sagacity with which his chief of the staff, General Jomini, divined the Emperor's projects, and put his chief on the right course for their execution. It was the able counsels of this accomplished general that enabled Ney to complete the investment of Mack at Ulm, and his prompt succour which extricated him from impending ruin at Jena. The diverging directions which he gave to his corps had well-nigh proved fatal to the French army in the mud of Pottusk; and a clearer perception of the vital importance of the movement with which he was entrusted might have re-established the throne of Napoleon on the field of Bautzen. In separate command he seldom achieved anything worthy of his reputation, and when placed under any other general than the Emperor, his unseasonable jealousy and over-bearing temper were often attended with the most injurious results.

But these errors, serious as they were, affected his intellectual powers only; his subsequent vacillation on a political crisis, and unpardonable violation of his fidelity at Fontainebleau, and of his oath during the Hundred Days, have imprinted a darker stain on his memory, and prove that if his physical courage was above, his moral firmness was below, the ordinary average of human beings. Yet, even in that melancholy catastrophe, the reflecting observer will discover the grounds for individual forgiveness and general condemnation; he will contrast the weakness, under worldly temptation, of the brightest characters of the Revolution, with the glorious fidelity,

under severer trials, of La Vendée, Saragossa, Moscow, and Tyrol; and conclude that, if the white plume of Murat was sullied by defection, and the glorious forehead of Ney stained by treason, we are to ascribe these grievous blots to the vices of the age in which they lived, rather than their own individual weakness; and conclude that the utmost efforts of worldly greatness fall short of the constancy in misfortune which religion inspires, or the superiority of temptation which virtue can bestow.

The Gatherer.

Value of Land at Sydney.—The Broughton estate, lately brought to the hammer, realized 12,952*l*. One lot was disposed of at the rate of 52*l*. per foot.

Gratitude of a French Lady.—Mademoiselle de la Champagne, a French lady of property, who recently died in the town of Avranches, in Normandy, bequeathed 1200*l*. to the British nation, in grateful acknowledgment of the liberality and kindness which she had experienced from the Government and people of England during her residence there as an emigrant at the time of the revolution. The Mayor of Avranches solicited permission of Sir Robert Peel for the application of the money towards building a ward in the town hospital, to be appropriated to the relief of British sailors shipwrecked on the coast, or of other destitute English persons. The Premier consented. This spirit we should ever wish to see cultivated by both nations.

Newspaper Statistics.—A morning paper gives the following list of the number of newspapers at present published in different parts of the world:—In Spain there are 12 newspapers; in Portugal, 17; in Switzerland, 36; in Russia and Poland, 84; in Holland, 150; in Great Britain, nearly 300; in Prussia, 288; in the other Germanic States, 305; in Australia, 9; in Asia, 27; in Africa, 12; and in America, 1138. The total number of newspapers published in Europe is 2148.

All depends on the Stomach.—In a paper read by Sir Henry Marsh, Bart., at the last reunion of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Dublin, he states the brain sympathizes with remote parts, and with the digestive organs in particular, and we feel to what extent our reasoning powers and memory are influenced by the state of the stomach, and attributes the disasters of Napoleon immediately antecedent to the battle of Leipsic, and the loss of that battle, in a great degree, to a mess of greasy soup eaten by him a few days before the battle, which produced a great derangement of the stomach.

The Orange.—In the eighteenth year of King Edward the First, 1290, a large Spanish ship came to Portsmouth, out of the cargo of which the Queen bought one frail of Seville figs, one frail of raisins or grapes, one bale of dates, and two hundred and thirty pomegranates, fifteen citrons, and seven oranges. The last item is important, as Le Grand d'Aussy could not trace the orange in France to an earlier date than 1333; but here we find it in England in 1290, and it is probable that this was not its first appearance. At all events, it appears certain that Europe is indebted to the Moorish conquerors of Spain for the introduction of the orange, and not to the Portuguese, who are said to have brought it from China.—*Turner's Manners of England.*

The Scottish Political Martyrs.—It gives us pleasure to observe that the monument to Muir, Palmer, Gerrald, and the other Scottish martyrs in the cause of Parliamentary reform, is to be instantly proceeded with. In aid of the sum subscribed in Scotland, a considerable sum has been remitted by the London committee, constituted several years ago, for the erection of monuments to Scottish martyrs in London and Edinburgh. Those who regard the memories of these heroic sufferers for the good cause with veneration, but have hitherto delayed subscribing, should send their contributions immediately to the treasurer. A site has been granted for the monument on the Carlton Hill; and it is very desirable that the erection should, in point of size and elegance, be worthy of the locality.—*Scotsman.*

Maxims of Bishop Middleton.—Persevere against discouragement. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity, without the appearance of pride: manner is something with everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse—attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing to conduct unimportant and indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practise strict temperance; and in all your transactions remember the final account.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

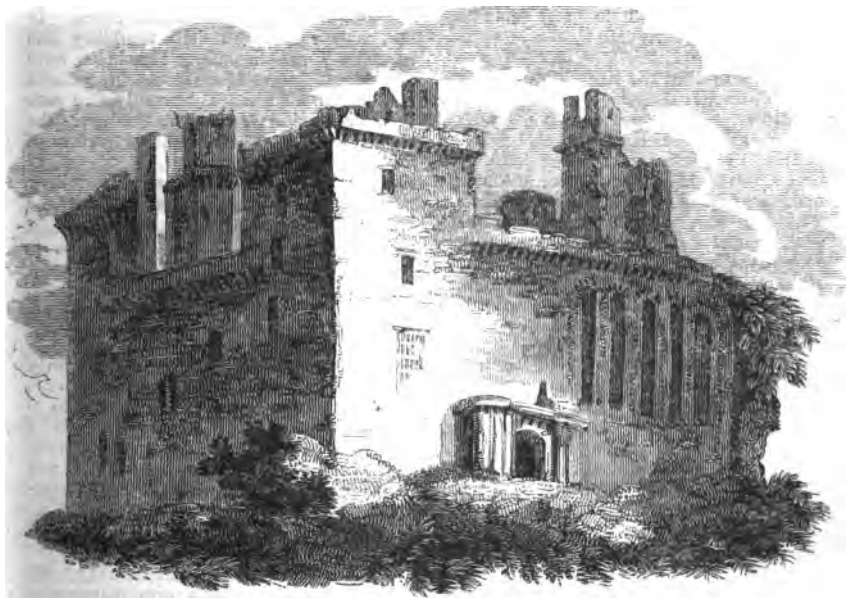
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 18.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



LINLITHGOW PALACE.

Original Communications.

LINLITHGOW PALACE.

In our excursion to Scotland, after visiting a few of the principal antiquities with which it abounds, we arrived at Linlithgow, a picturesque town situated upon a lake, or lin, from which it is supposed the town took its name. Night was fast approaching, but that, coupled with the fatigue of a day's journey, did not prevent us from having an immediate view of the town and its antiquities. We first bent our steps towards the venerable ruin of Linlithgow Palace, which is situated upon a rising ground on

the south side of the lake. Edward the First was the founder of this castle, and made it his residence for a whole winter. At the death of this prince, it was taken by a Scotsman of the name of Binny, by whom it was demolished, and it is not known who rebuilt it.

We entered. The interior is richly embellished and sculptured, and over a gate are niches that in former times held the statues of a pope and a cardinal, and which, if we give credit to the legend, were erected

by James the Fifth, in compliment to his holiness for a present of a consecrated sword and helmet. On an outward gate, detached from the building, are the four orders of knighthood which his majesty bore—the Garter, Thistle, Holy Ghost, and Golden Fleece.

The square within the palace is rather handsome, but has one thing which helps slightly to mar the effect—one side more modern than the others. The window pediments are neatly carved, and bear the date of 1619.

We entered a spacious room about ninety-five feet long, thirty feet six inches wide, and thirty-three feet high. At one end is a gallery with three arches. After visiting several chambers, we at length came to one, which was pointed out to us as being that in which the unfortunate Queen Mary first drew breath.

We next visited the church, at the south-east corner of the palace, which is rather handsome, were it not for its disgraceful floor. It is, nevertheless, a noble piece of Gothic architecture, 182 feet long, 100 broad, and 60 high, with a spire at the west end, ornamented by an imperial crown. The man who performed the duty of *cicerone* pointed out the spot where the personated apparition appeared to James IV. while meditating the fatal expedition to England; and which apparition, as Lindsay states, "vanished like a blink of the sun or a whiff of a whirlwind." As the story which he relates is brief, and as it is told with true simplicity, we will take this opportunity of inserting it in our columns:—

"The king came to Linlithgow, where he happened to be at the time for the council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this meantime there came a man clad in a blue gown in at the *hirk door*, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth; a pair of bottrikins on his feet to the great of his legs, with all other hose and close conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head, but syde red yellow hair behind, and on his hoffsits, which was down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two and fifty years, with a great pike staff in his hand; and came first forward among the lords, crying and spearing for the king, saying he desired to speak with him; while at the last he come where the king was sitting in the desk at his prayers; but when he saw the king, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down groffings on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner as after follows:—'Sir King, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass at this time where thou art purposed; for if thou dost, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that

passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee mell with no women, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.'"

We left the chapel. The sun had disappeared, leaving behind it ruddy streaks, which gave a sombre hue to the dilapidated walls. We stood for several minutes contemplating the grandeur of the scene, while the events of the sixteenth century flashed across our memory. Mary of Guise had, like the victims of the Reformation, passed away; and Scotland's queen, she for whom blood had flowed, who brought with her turmoil and devastation, was like the works of man, short lived. It is singular, that out of so much anarchy, so many assassinations and foul murders, peace should come. In that very castle, now daily tumbling into ruin, Mary of Guise might be said to have engendered crime. Mary Stuart engendered peace, and that which is heavenly, the pure spirit of religion; James the Sixth was the result of the fatal, yet fortunate, union of Mary and Darnley.

On our way to the inn we saw the gallery where Hamilton stood when he shot the Regent Murray.

New Books.

New Monthly Magazine, April, 1842.

AMIDST a number of amusing and cleverly written articles, this number contains one, by the author of "Peter Priggins," that is not only interesting, but gives sketches of character which the mind fondly dwells upon, they are so amiable, so devoted, and noble. The following is the most interesting portion of the story; it is entitled

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

Among the arrivals of students at Oxford, at the commencement of a term, many years ago, a plainly, but respectably dressed lady, of the name of Pauperly, and her son,—a young man, whose pale cheeks and wan appearance proclaimed the invalid, or the overwrought student,—entered the Mitre Hotel. Before the author, however, proceeds with his story, he gives a history of the younger days of the lady, who had incurred the displeasure of her wealthy parents by marrying a minor canon.

"Mrs. Pauperly had but one child—a son; upon him, of course, she doted. Pauperly, as soon as the boy was old enough, knowing the errors of the home system of education, sent him to the Cathedral school, where he made such rapid progress in his learning, and shewed such a decided superiority over those of his own age, that he resolved to send him to college, and for that

purpose stunted himself and his wife, who readily submitted to the deprivation of every luxury, and of many of the necessities of life.

"In the midst of these his plans for the future welfare of his son, he was suddenly cut off. A violent cold, caught by doing duty in a damp country church, being neglected, terminated fatally. Mrs. Pauperly was left a widow, with a son of seventeen years of age, and fifty pounds per annum. This sum was augmented by a pension of thirty pounds from the Widow's Fund, and a sum of sixty pounds, which she purchased as an annuity, with the amount of the insurance on her husband's life, and the sale of his furniture and effects.

"With this 140*l.* per annum, she resolved to carry out the plans which her husband had laid down for his son. She consulted the Dean on the best means of doing so. He wrote to his friend, the Principal of — Hall, on the subject. He received an answer from that kindhearted man, recommending the mother to come up and take lodgings for herself and son in Oxford, where they could live cheaply together, as James Pauperly could not have rooms in — Hall, while it was undergoing certain repairs.

"Thus, I have briefly accounted for the appearance of Mrs. Pauperly and her son at the Mitre Inn, and for the request made to the landlady to seek for a respectable lodging for them. A sitting-room and two bed-rooms were provided, in a small house in one of the back-streets, of which possession was taken that very evening. On the Monday following, James Pauperly was matriculated and admitted a commoner of — Hall.

"I have said that he looked pale and delicate. The fact is, that he was constitutionally strong and healthy, but he had been reading very hard—indeed, unnecessarily so—to prepare himself for college. The noble sacrifice made by his mother for his advancement in life made such an impression upon him, that he resolved to requite it by the most strenuous exertions. He was determined to succeed in gaining the highest honours in the university, if those honours were to be obtained by perseverance. He rose early, and late took rest. The hours that ought to have been dedicated to exercise and recreation were devoted to study. The consequence may easily be foreseen. The bloom left his cheeks, his eye lost its brilliancy, and his brow became contracted. His appetite failed. He was nervous and dyspeptic.

"The Dean saw this, and though he appreciated his close application to his books, he warned him that the very method he had adopted to acquire fame as a scholar, would be the surest means of defeating his wishes.

He told his mother also, and wrote to the Principal of — Hall to the same effect. Dr. —, therefore, before he allowed him to attend a single lecture, called in a medical man, and requested him to lay down a system of alternate study and exercise suited to his bodily health, or, rather, want of health.

"This kindly effected, Pauperly was introduced to his tutor, Mr. Pensive, a quiet, gentlemanly man, and exactly suited for the management of a youth of his habits and temperature. Mr. Pensive was a laborious student, and had made himself a sound scholar, more by rigid application than by natural ability. He still read, and read very hard. He took a certain measured quantity of exercise and food daily. He allowed himself but one indulgence—that was a newspaper. In this, however, his habit was peculiar, for he never read one until he had finished the preceding. As he sometimes had not time to look at a paper for a week together, he got behind-hand in his reading; still he went plodding on, and filing them as regularly as if they were new ones, and certainly found quite as much entertainment from the perusal of them, though they were in 'arrear.'

"Pauperly was not aware of this peculiarity in his tutor's character, until one day, while he was sitting with him, he looked up from his paper and very gravely observed—

"'Bless me! what a shocking fire!'

"'Indeed, sir; where?'

"'Why, Drury-lane Theatre is burnt down,' said Mr. Pensive.

"'What, *again*, sir?' inquired Pauperly, 'it was burnt down about two years ago.'

"'Yes,' said Mr. Pensive, 'that is just the date I've got to.'

"Pauperly, upon inquiry, was fully informed of the system upon which his tutor read the newspapers, and ceased to wonder at the *old news* which sometimes formed the subject of his lighter conversation.

"Dr. — and Mr. Pensive both offered to introduce Pauperly to some of the best men in the Hall, but he respectfully declined the offer, assuring them that he had neither the means, nor the time, nor the inclination, to enter into society. His only companion was his mother—his kind, his devoted mother.

"After reading up and attending his lectures, he walked with her for a certain time. They then returned to their humble meal. After dinner Pauperly pursued his studies, and for one hour in the course of the evening, sought the assistance of Mr. Pensive in getting up his sciences. This assistance was willingly given, though not paid for—as the tutor knew that his pupil could not afford to pay for private lectures. The only recompence he would receive was

from Mrs. Pauperly, who performed certain little offices with her needle for him, such as hemming handkerchiefs and marking linen, which are really valuable to a college tutor.

"In his seventh term, Pauperly went up for his little-go, as the first examination is termed; as it consists principally of an inquiry into, or investigation of, the candidate's knowledge of grammar and logic, or mathematics, he found but little difficulty in securing his *testamur*, and the thanks of the examiners—the masters of the schools—for the efficient manner in which he had got up his books.

"At this period, a scholarship, or, more correctly speaking, an exhibition, of thirty pounds per annum, to last for four years, was left, by will, to—Hall, by one of its former members. An advertisement appeared, calling upon all young men, under a certain standing in the university, who chose to do so, to come forward as candidates. A list of seventeen names was sent in to the Principal: among them appeared that of James Pauperly.

"The nature of the examination intended to be adopted was explained to him by Dr. — and Mr. Pensive; and as he knew his books tolerably well, he devoted the intervening time to practising prose Latin writing and versification.

"The day arrived. Pauperly, with an agitated manner, left his mother, who spent the day in prayer for her son's success. She could do nothing else, had she felt so inclined, for he was her all, her only hope, and on his success, in the event of anything befalling her, his future support depended. The clock struck four, the hour when the examinations were to terminate, and the name of the successful candidate to be announced. Mrs. Pauperly placed her chair near the window, to watch for her son's coming, in order that she might learn his success or failure from his looks, ere he entered the house. A long, tedious, almost unendurable hour elapsed. The clock struck again, but still he came not. The shades of night had fallen on the deserted streets, and the mother left the window, despairing of her son's success, as she knew he would hasten to communicate the joyful tidings to her before any one else. The chimes from New College tower announced the hour of six. The feelings of the widowed parent were wrought to such a painful height, that her heart beat violently and audibly; her pulses throbbed; and her breathing was impeded. She poured out a glass of spring-water, and was raising it to her parched lips, when she heard a rapid, joyful step approaching. The glass fell from her hand. She knew it was the footstep of her son, and she felt that he was successful. Her tears burst forth, and relieved the oppres-

sion on her heart and lungs, and, ere she had time to finish a thanksgiving to the great Protector of the widow and orphan, her son was embracing her. He could only say—'Dearest mother, I have triumphed,' before he sank on the sofa, exhausted with fatigue and joy.

"When he was sufficiently recovered, and had partaken of some slight refreshment, which his mother insisted upon his doing, he explained the cause which had delayed his return. It appeared, at the termination of the examination, that the papers and *viva voce* of himself and one other candidate were judged to be so nearly upon an equality that it was difficult to decide between them. It had been resolved by the examiners to put them on in one more book, and to give them one more paper each. The work was done and handed in. In half an hour—a most painful half hour to both the men—Dr. — announced that Mr. Pauperly was the successful candidate for the exhibition; but that Mr. Ploddington, his opponent, had passed so excellent an examination, that he could not allow him to leave the Hall without thanking him publicly, and begging his acceptance of a few books.

"What a happy, joyful evening was that to the mother and her son—the widow and her orphan child! All the sacrifices made by the one were more than recompensed; all the painful applications—the nights and days of toil spent by the other, were forgotten—blotted out of his memory. They were too happy to talk, but sat holding each other's hand, and expressing, by their looks alone, the joy, the gratitude that filled their hearts. Just as their feelings began to border on the painful, from their intensity, a knock was heard at the door, footsteps sounded on the staircase, and Mr. Pensive was ushered in by the maid, palpitating from the unusual speed at which he had hurried from the Hall, to congratulate his pupil and his mother on the event of the day.

"'And, I am happy to add,' said Mr. Pensive, 'that the French have been beaten at Talavera.'

"'Why, that, sir, is more than two years and a half ago,' said Mrs. Pauperly.

"'Very likely, my dear madam, very likely; but I am only just come to it in the papers.'

"Mr. Pensive having thus accounted for his arrears of news, intimated a wish to be allowed to take his tea, and spend the evening with his pupil and his mother.

"'He felt,' he said, 'there could be no impropriety in it, though it was not usual for college tutors to visit widows; but then her son was present—there could not be anything wrong in it.'

"Mrs. Pauperly smiled, and assured him that there could not.

"The evening was passed in laying down plans for the future. Pauperly had resolved to try, not only for a first class in classics and mathematics, but for the prizes offered by the university for the best Latin and English essay, and for the best Latin and English verses. In this he was encouraged by his tutor, who knew that the gaining of these public honours advanced a young man's interest in life more, by a great deal, than any one thing again. His mother did not discourage him; though, when she heard the list of books necessary to be read and got up, to ensure only one first-class, she feared that his health would be injured, and his strength fail him.

"When Pauperly commenced his course of study, his mother longed to be able to assist him. But how could she do it? she, who knew nothing of Latin or Greek. She was resolved to try. She saw that much time was consumed in looking out words in dictionaries and lexicons, and, by practice, she soon acquired the ability to do so. She made herself acquainted with the Greek character, and to her son's great surprise, afforded him much assistance.

"She could also aid him in another way. When he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Greek text and construction of his plays, he read them off to her in English, translating them as freely as possible, while she compared his rendering of them with some able English version.

"He was also greatly assisted in his labours, especially in the mathematics, by his rival for the — Hall exhibition, Mr. Ploddington. This young man, though annoyed at being beaten by Pauperly, was so much pleased with his manners and conduct during the examination, that he made further inquiries respecting him. The answers to those inquiries were so satisfactory that he determined, albeit he was a Ch. Ch. man, and a younger scion of a good family, to make of him an acquaintance, and, if possible, a friend.

"He called on him, and invited him to his rooms. Pauperly declined, and modestly assigned his reasons for so doing—'he was too proud to accept invitations which he was too poor to be able to return.' Ploddington endeavoured to reason away the objection in his case, but Pauperly was firm, and his mother applauded his firmness. At the same time, she told him that she should be happy to see his new acquaintance at their lodgings, whenever he was disposed to favour them with his company.

"Ploddington, finding it was useless to argue the matter further, was glad to consent to this arrangement; and, knowing that they could mutually benefit one another, he spent many of his evenings at Pauperly's. Several baskets of game, poultry, and fish, came, directed to Mrs. Pauperly; and,

strange to say, she could never find out by whom they were sent. Pauperly had his suspicions, but he thought it unnecessary to give vent to them, and so deprive his mother of such little luxuries as her income could not allow her to indulge in, and also deprive the sender, who he knew could afford the expense, of the gratification of seeing her enjoy them.

"At his intimacy with Mr. Ploddington, both Dr. — and Mr. Pensive were greatly pleased, as they trusted that, at the end of his university career, it might be the means of introducing him into good society. They both felt that his success, of which they doubted not, would justify him in seeking it.

"During the long vacation, while Ploddington was absent from Oxford, and reading with a private tutor in the country, Pauperly again devoted so much time to reading, that his health, unperceived by his mother, began to fail him. He felt that he was ill—really, seriously ill—not so much by his rapid pulse, failing appetite, and sleepless nights, as by the disrelish he began to feel for his books, and the different views he entertained of the value of academical success. He almost resolved to give up the pursuit of fame—to take a common-pass degree, and retire from Oxford, unknowing and unknown. The sight of his mother, however—the knowledge that she would be greatly and grievously disappointed at the failure of the hopes and expectations which she had formed of him, urged him on—on—on, until human nature could bear no more. His hands trembled, his eyes became dim. his voice lost its cheerful tones, and one day, as he sat reading to his mother, a giddiness attacked his brain, his eyes lost the power of vision, and he fell back, fainting, in his chair.

"His mother, in great alarm, sent for the physician who had previously attended him by the advice of Dr. —, who, with Mr. Pensive, was spending the recess at the sea-side. On his arrival, he informed her of the cause of her son's relapse, and insisted on his taking daily rides in a gig at first, and afterwards on horseback, into the country, until he had recovered his health. Mrs. Pauperly promised that his orders should be strictly attended to; but while she was absent for a few minutes, her son told the physician that he could not consent to the plan, as his mother's income was too small to enable her to bear the expense.

"'Nobly spoken,' said the doctor; 'and as I ride out daily, and shall be glad of a companion, you shall accompany me.'

"'But my mother? I must not leave her.'

"'Plenty of room in the carriage,' said the doctor. 'She shall ride, too; it will do her good.'

"By the kind and judicious attention of the good-hearted physician—who refused to take a single fee from the widow and orphan—Pauperly was sufficiently restored to enable him to do what he had long determined on—to try for the English prize poem, known as 'the Newdigate,' and to write an English essay. The very change from reading philosophy and history, in the dead languages, to the less burdensome task of writing and composing in his native tongue, was a great relief to him. He found the truth of

'Mutatis studiis, levior sit labor.'

"When the long vacation was over, and Ploddington returned to college, his first act was to call on his friend. He was shocked to see the change which illness had effected in him. He left him, and having learnt from the widow the name of the physician who had attended him, he called on him and begged him to tell him truly the state of his friend's health, and the means best calculated to restore it.

"The doctor told him that less study, a little port wine, with plenty of air and horse exercise, would speedily renovate his frame.

"In a few days a hamper of port came down by the London waggon directed to Mrs. Pauperly, and by some extraordinary chance two horses were sent up to Oxford for Mr. Ploddington; and as he could only ride one at a time, he begged of Pauperly as a great favour to mount the other, just to keep him in exercise.

"Pauperly saw through the scheme, squeezed his friend's hand, and mounted.

"The physician's words came true. The sick and weakly student was restored to health and strength. The Principal was delighted; and Mr. Pensive, in the excess of his joy, assured them that the allies had taken Badajos by storm, which had surrendered some three years before, though he had 'only just come to it in the newspapers.'

"Winter passed, and its frost melted before the sun of spring. Nature put on her new gown of green to greet him. Oxford began to fill with strangers—lions and lionesses, as the young men call them. Colleges and halls were visited, the broad walk promenaded, and carriages rolled along, conveying their fair burdens to see the beauties of Blenheim and Nuneham. The commemoration was at hand.

"The morning of the day—a genial day of June—dawned bright and beautiful. Not a cloud shewed itself to throw a gloom upon the important business which was to be transacted at the theatre. Soon after nine o'clock, crowds of graduates and undergraduates were seen wending their way from all parts of Oxford to the common centre of attraction. Broad-street was filled with car-

riages, which, creeping along one after the other, deposited their elegantly-dressed contents at the front gate of the theatre. These ladies were admitted at once, and took their seats in the lower circle. Shortly after these seats were filled, other doors were opened to admit the masters and the male visitors to the area. In a few minutes more the remainder of the gates were thrown open, and in rushed the undergraduates, pushing, squeezing, and thrusting each other up the staircases, amidst shoutings, bellowings, the rending of gowns, and cracking of caps, anxious to gain a good seat in the upper gallery. As half an hour had to be passed, of course it was better to let it pass merrily. Cheers were given for 'the ladies,' mingled hisses and groans for 'the proctors.' Approbation or disapprobation of the conduct of the respective 'heads of houses' followed, and though last, not least, a very plain and marked opinion on the various political characters of the day.

"Amidst all this din and uproar—at which the ladies always laugh—God bless them!—for it is the din and uproar of high-spirited young gentlemen—the great doors were thrown open, the organ gave vent to its solemn peal, and the Vice-chancellor, preceded by the beadles, bearing the insignia of their office, and followed by a long train of doctors, the rear being brought up by the proctors, passed through the alley made for him in the area, and took his seat in the chair appropriated to him. As he and the heads of houses and the proctors filled their hitherto vacant places, the shouts of applause, and the hisses of disapproval, were renewed with such superior vigour and force, as proved that the shouts antecedent to their appearance had been a mere rehearsal.

"The honorary degrees were, in the first place, conferred, after the opening of the convocation, in due form, by the Vice-chancellor, upon those individuals whom the university deemed worthy of so distinguished a mark of her favour. As each newly created D.C.L., *honoris causâ*, took his seat among the doctors, he was greeted with the warmest cheers from all parts of the theatre.

"When this was finished, the Public Orator, and the Professor of Poetry, went through the parts assigned them, making long Latin speeches, much to the edification of the undergraduates, who would not listen to them, and of the ladies, who did not understand one word that was uttered. Then came the Latin and English essays—next, the Latin verses, recited by Ploddington, the winner of the prize. All these successful candidates for university honours were received, both at the commencement and termination of their exercise, with the loudest and most heart-cheering applause.

"When Ploddington had retired from the

rostrum, all eyes were turned to it in anxious expectation of seeing the successful candidate for the most popular of all the prizes, the Newdigate English verse. A delay, an unaccountable delay took place. Five minutes had nearly elapsed when Ploddington returned, and led into the place which he had just before quitted, a tall, pale young man, who seemed too weak and too ill to go through the duties which his success had imposed upon him. He bowed to the Vice-chancellor, and cast an imploring glance, as if for succour, upon all around him. A burst of applause shook the building. Again and again it was renewed, and would have been prolonged to a painful length, had not the Vice-chancellor risen, and waved his hand for silence. The shouts subsided, and the assembly was as still as some deserted charnel-house.

"Pauperly—for it was he—commenced the recitation of his poem in a voice melodious, but so subdued, that the first line or two were scarcely heard. As he warmed with his subject, however, the tones of his voice increased, and his confidence in himself was restored. He delivered his fifty lines, on a popular subject, in a way at once so manly and impressive, that every heart was affected, every eye was moistened. When he concluded, the plaudits were renewed, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs to express their pleasure and delight,—all but *one*—a lady dressed in a widow's mourning-suit—who fainted at the close of the recitation.

" ' Bless my soul,' said Mr. Pensive, ' it is Mrs. Pauperly—his mother. It puts me in mind of what I read in the paper to-day about Lady Pumpkin, who fainted at the opera, and was carried off by two dukes.'

" ' Why that was three years and a half ago,' said the M.A. to whom he had spoken.

" ' I should not wonder,' replied Pensive, ' but that is just where I am come to.'

" Joy seldom kills. Mrs. Pauperly soon recovered, and was conveyed by her son to the dining-room in — Hall, where Dr. — had invited a large party to take refreshments, and where, as a reward for his success and general good conduct, he, before the assembled company, presented Pauperly with thirty pounds' worth of useful books.

" Pauperly was thus instigated to study on, under the care and superintendence of his kind physician. Thrice more did he appear in the rostrum of the theatre as a prize-man, and once too with his friend Ploddington.

" When he went up for his final examination he was successful. He was sitting with his mother and Mr. Pensive waiting for the class list to come out. Ploddington rushed into the room with it in his hand, and pointed to his own name and that of his friend, which appeared together in the

first class, in *litteris humanioribus*, as well as in *mathematicis et physicis*. The curtain must fall upon the scene that ensued.

" Years have passed, reader, since the events I have recorded took place. Where, you may ask, is Mr. Pauperly now? How did his painful but successful course of study profit him? Were his toils rewarded?

" If you can gain access some day during the sitting of parliament to the House of Lords, do so. Stand behind the bar, or in the gallery, and cast your eyes on the benches to the right of the throne. They are the seats appropriated to the bishops, as lords spiritual. You may observe a tall, pale prelate, with a benevolent countenance and an eye beaming with talent. That tall, pale man, in the becoming dress of his order, was James Pauperly, the poor exhibitioner of — Hall, Oxford; now he is James, by divine permission, Lord Bishop of —.

" The noble lord who has just crossed the house, and is shaking hands with him, is now Baron —. He was Ploddington of Ch. Ch.; he sits as a retired judge.

" And where is Mrs. Pauperly?

" If you feel disposed to call at the parsonage in the parish of —, in the county of Kent, you will see an aged but hale lady, sitting with solemn face and pretending to listen to the divine, her husband, who is reading with great gusto a newspaper five years old. Need I say that their names are Mr. and Mrs. Pensive, or that a mother's joy and gratitude conquered the regrets of a widow, and induced her to become for the second time—a wife?

" So successfully terminated '*the struggle for fame*.'"

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

NO. II.

I HEARD the late Sir Astley Cooper state to a distinguished personage, in the presence of an eminent physician, that, in his opinion, there was no hospital or general surgeon who was at all acquainted with the proper treatment of diseases of the organ of hearing; and in corroboration of his opinion may be adduced the horrible case of a boy, aged seven years, who, being taken to Bartholomew's Hospital, in November, 1830, in consequence of a *supposition* that he had put the round head of a nail into his left ear, died in a few hours after the violent attempts made to extract it. On a careful dissection, no vestige of a nail could be found; but the whole of the bony part of the auditory passage had been torn away piecemeal during the operation! (*Vide Lancet*, No. 380, p. 380.)

August 19, 1835, a little girl, about five years old, died at the London Hospital, through having put a pebble into her ear

while at play. Inflammation of the brain came on through the attempts to extract it. (*Vide Weekly Dispatch*, Aug. 23, 1835.)

At another metropolitan hospital, a boy died from cerebral disease, brought on by the *maladroit* endeavours used to extract a cherry-stone from his ear.

At the Lincoln Infirmary, a girl was dismissed, in 1825, suffering great pain in consequence of having the head of a pin in her ear, which the surgical officers of that institution were unable to extract.

Some years ago a boy was taken to a provincial infirmary with a cockchaffer alive in his ear, and died there in the greatest agony.

Now, if at these institutions there existed a competent knowledge of aural surgery, such cases could not have occurred; but even the proper method of examining the ear, the primary step, is unknown.

When any substance obtains admission into the ear, parents sometimes, in their nervous state of excitement, do much mischief in the endeavour to extract it, and often force the stone, or whatever may be the extraneous matter, down into the bony part of the canal; and incompetent practitioners do even worse by violent endeavours to remove it; the safest plan is to let the substance remain until competent assistance can be obtained; for if the ear be not irritated, little mischief will be occasioned for days, weeks, months, or even years. As instances,—I have a small shell I extracted after it had been in the ear four years; a pea which had been there four years and a half; the head, part of the body, and wings of a wasp, in the same situation, five years; and numerous other substances.

A girl four years and a half old was taken to the Charing Cross Hospital, August, 1838, with a stone in her ear; the surgeons failed in extracting it; but forced it across the passage. The director, who first called my attention to the Bartholomew's Hospital case, sent the child to me; I found the ear tumefied and sore; ordered a lotion of the subacetated liquor of lead to be applied frequently warm, and next morning extracted the stone without the least difficulty or pain: it is of an irregular triangle shape, three-eighths of an inch long, and each side of the base a quarter of an inch broad.

It is nearly impossible to give rules for the extraction of substances from the auditory passage; but, generally, I find hooks of various kinds and sizes, passed down flat-wise between the substance and the integuments of the ear, and turned when beyond it, the safest and best.

It is a vulgar error in this country to suppose that earwigs have any propensity to get into the ear more than any other cavity; all insects will do so when the au-

ditory passage is dry. The attempts they make to escape are very annoying and irritating, but easily remedied: let the ear be filled with warm water, in which some white soap has been dissolved, and have the ear syringed; or, if the insect be large, fill the ear with warm oil of almonds, or olive oil, which will speedily destroy the life of the intruder; which may then be extracted by any competent person, at a subsequent period.

Some few years ago, the case of a young man in Ireland was mentioned in the *Morning Herald*, who had had a horse leech extracted from his ear; but died in an hour and a half afterwards. Now, in this instance, common salt would have destroyed the life of the reptile; whereas, by forcibly removing it, inflammation of the brain was induced, and the man lost his life.

About twenty-five years since, a gentleman had forty maggots extracted from his ear, in consequence of his having crushed a large blue-bottle fly in that cavity, which had entered it. I extracted from the ear of a merchant, at Bristol, the outer skin of a maggot, which had no doubt dropped into his auditory passage while he was in his store of salted and dried provisions. The insect was in a chrysaline state when it entered; and the fly attaining maturity, passed out, leaving the shell behind; for he never experienced any pain, and only consulted me in consequence of a trifling deafness and rattling noise on that side.

W. WRIGHT.

(To be continued.)

NATIONAL GALLERY.

No. V.

JOHN THE BAPTIST PREACHING.

THE subject of this fine painting, by Pietro Francesco Mola, is from the gospel of St. John, which mentions that the Jews sent persons into the desert to inquire of John the Baptist who he was. The narrative also says, that "they who were sent were of the Pharisees." This—from the figures represented—has been the idea of the painter; for he has grouped together a well-dressed woman, a turbaned Pharisee, and a man of scarcely inferior grade, who seem listening attentively to the somewhat novel, yet divine doctrine. At the distance of some fifty yards or so, towards the right, we behold the Saviour approaching; and the Baptist, from his gesture, appears to be giving utterance to the remarkable apostrophe—"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me, for he was before me." This *tableau* is an instance of

Mola's successful combination of the two branches of painting—landscape and figure—which are in perfect unison, and have a fine mellow tone pervading the performance.

This artist was, according to some writers, born at Lugano, in 1609; others assert that he was a native of Coldra, in the district of Colma, and born in the year 1621. After minute research, we give credence to the former statement, having every reason to believe that it is correct. He first received instruction from Guiseppe d'Arpino, and afterwards distinguished himself under Albano. Observing the grand effect of the colouring of Guercino, he applied himself with renewed zeal, went to Venice, studied the works of Titian, Tintoretto, Bassan, and Paola Veronese, and formed for himself a style, at once elegant, bold, and beautiful. The name of Mola soon spread through Italy, and his talent as a painter was acknowledged even by his rivals. At Rome,

several churches and chapels were enriched with historical paintings, designed from the sacred writings; and for Pope Alexander VII. he painted the history of Joseph and his Brethren, for which, besides a noble recompence, he received the greatest encomiums.

Mola, though successful as an historical painter, shewed a greater degree of genius in his landscapes; for his trees are admirably designed, his distances well calculated, and his scenes in the *ensemble* having the look of nature, life, and truth. As a designer, few could excel him; and his figures, particularly those introduced into landscapes, are in good taste, with a free expression. In point of imagination, he was lively, ready of invention, and in his pencilling shews great spirit and freedom. He died in 1665, whilst preparing for a journey to Paris, having been appointed painter to the Court of France.



JOHN THE BAPTIST PREACHING.

Le Feuillet of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER XIV.—(Concluded.)

THE Rhine, that noble flood, which the Romans named *Rhenus superbus*, bore at one time upon its surface bridges of boats, over which the armies of Italy, Spain, and France poured into Germany, and which, at a later date, served the hordes of barbarians

when rushing into the ancient Roman world; at another, floated peaceably the fir-trees of Murg and of Saint Gall, the porphyry and the marble of Bale, the salt of Karlshall, the leather of Stromberg, the quicksilver of Lansberg, the wine of Johannisberg, the slates of Coab, the cloth and earthenware of Wallendar, the silks and linens of Cologne. It majestically performs its double function of flood of war and flood of peace, having, without interruption, upon the ranges of hills which embank the most notable portion of its course, oak-trees on one side and vine-trees on the other—signifying strength and joy.

For Homer the Rhine existed not; for Virgil it was only a frozen stream—*Frigora Rheni*; for Shakspeare it was the "beautiful Rhine;" for us it is, and will be till the day when the Rhine will be the grand question of Europe, a fashionable and picturesque excursion, the promenade of the unemployed of Ems, of Baden, and of Spa.

Petrarch visited Aix-la-Chapelle, but I do not think he has spoken of the Rhine.

The left bank of the Rhine belongs naturally to France; providence, at three different times, gave it the two banks, under Pepin le Bref, Charlemagne, and Napoleon. The empire of Pepin le Bref comprehended, properly speaking, France, with the exception of Aquitany and Gascony, and Germany, as far as Bavaria. The empire of Charlemagne was twice as large as that of Napoleon.

It is true that Napoleon had three empires, or, more plainly speaking, was emperor in three ways,—immediately and directly of France, and by his brothers, of Italy, Westphalia, and of Holland. Taken in this sense, the empire of Napoleon was at least equal to that of Charlemagne.

These emperors were Titans: they held for a moment the universe in their hands, but death caused them to relax their hold, and all fell.

The Rhine has had four distinct phases—first, the antediluvian epoch, volcanos; second, the ancient historical epoch, in which Cæsar shone; third, the marvellous epoch in which Charlemagne triumphed; fourth, the modern historical epoch, when Germany wrestled with France—when Napoleon for a time held his sway.

And now, to terminate by a last observation. The Rhine—providential flood—seems to be a symbolic stream. In its windings, in its course, in the midst of all that it traverses, it is, so speaking, the image of civilization, to which it has been so useful, and which it will still serve. It runs from Constance to Rotterdam; from the country of eagles to the village of herrings; from the city of popes, of councils, and of emperors, to the counter of the merchant and of the citizen; from the great Alps themselves, to that immense body of water which we call the ocean.

LETTER XV.

THE MOUSE.

Saint-Goar, Aug.

On Saturday last, it rained the whole of the morning. I had taken my passage to Andernach by the Stadt Mannheim; but had not proceeded far up the Rhine, when suddenly—I do not know by what caprice, for ordinarily upon the lake of Constance, the south-west winds, the Favonius of Virgil and of Horace bring storms—the immense

opaque cloud which *pended* over our heads, burst, and began to disperse itself in all directions. Shortly after, the blue vault appeared resting upon the horizon; and a warm ray of noon caused the travellers to leave the cabin and hurry to the deck.

At that moment we passed, with vine on the one side, and oak trees on the other, before an old and picturesque village on the right bank of the river. It was that of Velmich, above which rose, almost vertically, one of those enormous banks of lava that resembled the cupola in its immeasurable proportions, or the fissure of the trunk of a tree when half-chopped by the hatchet of the woodman. Upon this volcanic mound stands the ruin of a superb feudal fortress. On the borders of the river, a group of young women were busily chatting and beating their linen in the rays of the sun.

This sight was too tempting. I could not pass without paying the ruin a visit; for I knew that it was that of Velmich;



the least esteemed and least frequented upon the Rhine. For the traveller, it is difficult of approach, and some say, dangerous; for the peasant, it abounds with spectres, and is the object of frightful tales. It is infested with living flames, which hide themselves by day in subterranean vaults, and at night become visible on the summit of the round tower. This enormous turret is an immense pit which descends far beneath the level of the Rhine. A Seigneur of Velmich, called Falkenstein,—a name fatal in the legends,—threw into this aperture, unshriven, whomsoever he pleased; it is now the troubled souls of those that were thus murdered who inhabit the castle. There was, at that epoch, in the steeple of Velmich, a silver bell, which was given by Winifred, Bishop of Mayenne, in the year 740,—memorable time, when Constantine the Sixth was emperor of Rome, at Constantinople. This bell was once rang for the prayers of forty hours, when a lord of Velmich was seriously ill, and his life despaired of. Falkenstein, who did not believe in God, and who even doubted the existence of the devil, being in want of money,

cast an envious look upon the handsome bell. He caused it to be taken from the church and brought to him. The prior of Velmich was much affected at the sacrilege; and went in sacerdotal habiliments, preceded by two children of the choir bearing the cross, to demand the bell. Falkenstein burst into a fit of laughter, crying—

“Ah, ah, you wish to have your bell, do you. Well, you shall have it; and I warrant it will never leave you more.”

Thereupon, the bell was tied round the priest's neck; and both thrown into the pit of the tower. Then, upon the order of Falkenstein, large stones were thrown into the pit, filling up about sixty yards of it. A few days afterwards, Falkenstein fell suddenly ill; and when night came, the doctor and the astrologer who were watching, heard with terror the knell of the silver bell coming from the depths of the earth. Next morning, Falkenstein died. Since that time, as regularly as the years roll over, the silver bell is heard ringing under the mountains—warning the inhabitants of the anniversary of the death of Falkenstein. Such is one of the legends.

On the neighbouring mountain—that on the other side of the torrent of Velmich—is the entire tomb of an ancient giant; for the imagination of men—those men who have seen volcanos, the great forges of nature—has put Cyclopes wherever the mountains smoked; thus giving to every Etna, a Polyphemus.

I began to ascend the ruins between the *souvenir* of Falkenstein, and that of the giant. I must tell you, that the best way was pointed out to me by the children of the village, for which service I allowed them to take some of the silver and copper coins of those people from my purse; things the most fantastic, yet still the most intelligible in the world.

The road is steep, but not at all dangerous, except to people subject to giddiness; or, perhaps, after excessive rains, when the ground and rocks are slippery. One thing sure, is, that this ruin has one advantage over others upon the Rhine; that of being less frequented. No officious person follows you in your ascent; no exhibitor of spectres asks you to “remember him;” no rusty door stops you on your way; you climb, stride over the old ladder, hold on by the tufts of grass; no one helps, nor no one annoys you. At the expiration of twenty minutes, I reached the summit of the hill; and stopped at the threshold of the ruin. Behind me, was a steep ladder formed of green turf; before me, a lovely landscape; at my feet, the village; round the village, the Rhine; round the river, sombre mountains crowned by old castles; and round and above the mountains, a bright blue sky.

After having taken breath, I began to ascend the steep staircase. At that instant, the dismantled fortress appeared to me with such a tattered aspect,—an aspect so wild and formidable, that I would not have been the least surprised to have seen some supernatural form carrying flowers; for instance, Gela, the betrothed of Barberousse; or, Hildegard, the wife of Charlemagne, that amiable empress who was well acquainted with the occult virtues of herbs and of minerals, and whose foot often trod the mountains when she was in search of medicinal plants. I looked for a moment towards the north wall, with a sort of vague desire to see between the stones a host of hobgoblins, which are all “*over the north*,” as the gnome said to Cunon of Sayn; or, as the three little old women sang in the legendary song:—

“Sur la tombe du géant
J'ai cueilli trois brins d'orties;
En fil les ai converties
Prenez ma sœur ce present.”

But I was forced to content myself without seeing or even hearing anything except the notes of a blackbird perched upon some adjoining rock.

I entered the ruins. The round tower, although the summit is partly dismantled, is still of a prodigious elevation. On all sides are immense walls with shattered windows, and rooms without doors or roofs; floors without stairs, and stairs without chambers. I have often admired the carefulness with which solitude keeps, encloses, and defends that which man has once abandoned. It disposes and thick-sets with care, on the very threshold, the strongest briers, the most stinging plants, nettles, brambles, thorns—in fact, shewing more nails and talons than there is in a menagerie of tigers.

I forgot to tell you that this huge ruin is called the Mouse. I will inform you how it received that appellation:—

In the twelfth century, there was nothing here but a small borough, which was always watched, and often molested by a strong castle called the Cat, situated at the distance of a league. Kuno de Falkenstein, to whom this paltry borough fell by heritage, razed it to the ground; and built a castle much larger than the neighbouring one; declaring that, “henceforth, it would be the mouse that would eat the cat.”

He was right. The mouse, in fact, although now in ruins, is still a redoubtable godmother, with its haunches of lava and of basalt, and even entrails of that extinguished volcano, which, with seeming haughtiness, support it. I do not think that any person has ever dared to laugh at that mountain which brought forth a mouse.

I wandered about the ruins; first, in one room, then in another; admiring at one time the beautiful turret, then descending

into some cave, groping my way through some subterraneous passage; then finding myself looking through an aperture which commanded a view of the Rhine.

The sun at last began to disappear; which is the hour for spectres and for phantoms. I was still in the ruins. Indeed, it seemed to me as if I had become a wild schoolboy. I wandered everywhere; I climbed up every acclivity; I turned over the large stones; I eat wild mulberries; I tried by my noise to bring the supernatural inhabitants from their hiding-places; and as I trod among the thick grass and herbs, I inhaled that acerb odour of the plants of old ruins, which I so much loved in my boyhood.

As the sun had descended behind the mountains, I was about to follow his example, when I was startled by something strange moving by my side. I leant forward. It was a lizard of an extraordinary size, about nine inches long, with an immense belly, a short tail, a head like that of a viper, black as jet, and was crouching slowly towards an opening in an old wall. That was the mysterious and solitary inhabitant of this ruin—an animal, at the same time real and fabulous—a salamander which looked at me with mildness as it entered its hole.

LETTER XVI. *St. Goar, Aug.*

I COULD not leave this ruin; several times I began to descend, then I ascended again. Nature, like a smiling mother, indulges us in our dreams and in our caprices.

At length, when leaving the Mouse, the idea struck me to apply my ear to the basement of the large tower. I did so, trusting to hear some noise, yet scarcely flattering myself so much as to imagine that Winifred's bell would deign to awake itself for me. At that moment, O wonder of wonders! I heard—yes, heard with mine own ears—a vague, metallic sound, an indistinct humming of a bell, gliding through the crepuscule, and, seemingly, coming from beneath the tower. I confess that this strange noise brought vividly to my memory the lines of Hamlet to Horatio; but suddenly I was recalled from the world of chimeras to that of reality. I soon discovered that it was the Ave Maria of some village, floating over the evening breeze. It mattered not. All that I had to do was to believe and say that I heard the mysterious silver bell of Velmich ringing under the mountain.

As I left the north moat, which is now a thorny ravine, the tomb of the giant suddenly presented itself. From the point where I stood, the rock figures, at the base of the mountain, close to the Rhine, the colossal profile of a head, hanging backwards, with open mouth. One is apt to say that the

giant, who, according to the legend, lies there, crushed under the weight of the mountain, was about to raise the enormous mass, and that, on his head appearing between the rocks, an Apollo, or a St. Michael, put his foot upon the mountain, and crushed the monster, who expired in that posture, uttering a fearful shriek, which is lost in the darkness of forty ages; but the mouth still remains open.

I must declare that neither the giant, the silver bell, nor the spectre of Falkenstein, prevents the vine and weeds to mount from terrace to terrace, near the Mouse. So much the worse for the phantoms of this country of the grape; for the people do not hesitate to destroy the vine that clusters round their dismantled dwelling to procure themselves the wherewith to make wine.

But the stranger, even the most thirsty, must be cautious how he plucks the fruit, to him forbidden. At Velmich, we are in the duchy of M. de Nassau, and the laws of Nassau are rigorous respecting such *country sports*. The delinquent, if caught, is forced to pay a sum equivalent to the depredations or "delights," of all those who were lucky enough to escape. A short time ago, an English tourist plucked and ate a plum, for which he had to pay fifty florins.

Wishing to proceed to St. Goar, which is upon the left bank, I inquired my way of a mountebank of the village, who gave me directions in a gibberish which, of course, I did not understand; for, instead of going by the road which runs by the river, I took that which led to the mountain. After walking for a considerable time, I at length came in view of the Rhine; then, through the fog, I saw a group of houses, with faint lights glimmering in the windows—it was St. Goar.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

THE TUITION OF ANIMALS IN MENAGERIES.

EDUCATIONAL tuition of animals has to begin (like that of man himself) by means of the two higher senses, the sight and hearing. Animals understand very nicely the expression of the human eye, and a dog may be expelled a room by the mere eyeing of his master, no motion of the hand or use of the voice being required. The animal tutor ought, therefore, first to fix the eye of his pupil with his own. Animals of some natural capacity—for instance, my favourites the black felis of Ceylon, or the solar bear—possess this quality in an eminent degree; but when I endeavoured to fix the eye of several of the tigers, lions, or hyenas, it would not do. They either paid no atten-

tion at all to my nodding, or they blinked and blinked, and declined, as it were, any further communication. Still, I am convinced that this could be overcome in a few days, especially by the person who feeds, and waters, and attends them. After the dulness and shyness of the animal eye is changed for the better, or even conjointly with it, education by the sense of hearing is to be resorted to. On that account every animal in a menagerie ought to receive its own name, even so far down as the tortoise, and certainly all birds, except where so many are kept together in one cage that it would create confusion. Animals in contiguous cages also ought not to receive the same names, as this would mar the efficacy of the aim to be attained. The reason of giving names to our most intimate friends of the animal kingdom, I mean dogs and horses, is one based on deep grounds; and I myself succeeded in the Brazils in speedily taming a horse, whose education had been greatly neglected, by accustoming it to my voice, and giving it a certain name, which was applied to it in an angry or kind manner, according to its deeds. The easiest way to impress a name on the memory of an animal is by calling it so when food is given to him, which, if always done by the same person, will greatly accelerate the intended operation. I consider any one a fool who permits a stranger to ride a horse which he requires to use on perilous occasions, whereas I have found that a horse attached to his master will obey him with unbounded confidence.

When I visited the Paris menageries several years ago, the public were excluded from the carnivora at the time of their being fed, which was probably done for the reason, that a nation, some of whom had committed such horrors as those perpetrated during the raging of the revolutionary fever, should not witness scenes of animal voracity, the tearing of bloody flesh, &c. If we, however, consider that cases have lately occurred in London which, albeit individual, border on the atrocities of the above period,—for instance, acts of assassination and suicide in the midst of day and the open street,—the expediency of admitting the public to those scenes of dilaniation and rapacity may, after all, be called into question.

However this may be, the feeding is the period when the taming and educating all wild animals can be most efficaciously undertaken. I have found, however, that the attendants, instead of acting on that principle, tease, exasperate, and still more ferocise the animals, when they hand them their food. It is obvious that such behaviour is the cause (either mediate or immediate) of some of those dreadful accidents which happen at times with the large carnivora,

either in menageries or other public exhibitions. I believe therefore, that, taking all the above into consideration, it would be highly expedient and advantageous if owners of menageries would give a yearly price or prices to such of the attendants as have succeeded best to tame and educate animals under their care; provided also, that by so doing they should not unnecessarily encounter any risk to themselves, or force it by any but appropriate means, the nearer qualification of which is matter of detail.

But if the keeping of most animals had not been effected hitherto but in a manner either negligent or even cruel, the keeping of one species of animals has completely failed with us, because we have considered that as a mere animal which certainly (even according to Lamarck) is more than an animal, or is different from the animal—I mean the orang-outang and chimpanzee. It would be out of place to recite the different deeds performed by different individuals of that order, as they are to be found in French books, of even a most popular kind. Yet we cannot but repeat what Isidore de St. Hilaire says—"Un adolescent d'impie jépet que n'ent certainement pas aussi raisonnable que l'ont un chimpanzee de trois ans." The orang-outang being therefore a superior animal, will never prosper or live with us if not treated as such, if not educated as such. The first specimen of the kind I ever saw, and saw cruelly and infamously murdered, was that in the gardens of the Zoological Society. If any nurse or tutor should have studied hard to kill a child by nervous spasms and hysterics, they could not have done better than the attendant of that poor creature did. He or she (I don't know which) had been accustomed to cover itself with a blanket, either for the sake of cold or fancy. By continually taking this blanket away, and perhaps other means, (unknown to me,) that human beast had succeeded in working the poor individual up to such a pitch of rage and excitement, that it madly threw itself on the straw, and rebounded, as it were, in its nervous fits. Soon after I saw it thus it died. With the exception of the torturing of negroes in the Brazils, I never saw a scene so revolting as this. The other one, lately of the Royal Zoological Gardens, died broken-hearted on his friend and guardian being separated from him. It can be therefore considered as granted, that, under present circumstances and present management, none of them will live amongst us—a superior animal not to live amongst men, because they are not advanced enough to treat it appropriately. If chance, therefore, should cast another of these individuals amongst us, another way of proceeding ought to be adopted. The best would, perhaps, be to give him up to the charge of some intelligent, good lad,

youth and flexibility being allied. He ought to be instructed to treat him as he would a little child, to try to improve and educate him gradually. There can be no question that any orang will learn a variety of manual performances and attainments, as they have been known already to fetch water, light a fire, &c. Consequently we can stop here, without expatiating upon what the orang will do more.—*The Polytechnic Journal*.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE—ITS BEAUTY AND ANTIQUITY.

THE Irish is a language very rational and beautiful in its philosophy, and far less difficult to learn than is imagined, its grammar being reducible to a few simple elements, which are capable of very extensive application. The alphabet originally consisted of sixteen simple elements, and in this respect, as well as in the form of several of the characters, bore the impress of its Phœnician descent, in common with the Celtiberian, the Etruscan, and the Cadmean Greek. The letters have a relative position different from those of all other alphabets. The Irish is certainly the best preserved, as it is the purest of all the Celtic dialects. It contains written remains, transmitted from so remote an antiquity, that the language has become nearly altogether unintelligible; MSS. of a date so old that they had become ancient in the fourth and fifth centuries, and required a gloss, which gloss has since become nearly as obsolete as the work which it was designed to expound. To the archæologist, to those who would inquire into the origin, the descent, and the affinities of the older nations of western Europe, it is of the highest value; its utility has long been acknowledged by some of the most eminent writers of this and of the neighbouring continental nations; Camden, Usher, Bochart, Menage, Aldret, Leibnitz, Lhuyd, Dr. Johnson, Vallancy, and Betham, have amply testified by their eulogies their appreciation of a language which once pervaded a large portion of Europe. "The Ibero Celtic," says Bochart, "contains more pure Celtic than the Welsh, Armoric, or Basque, and approaches more to the Celtic of the Scythes." "I am of opinion," writes Leibnitz, "that for the completion or the sure promotion of Celtic literature, a knowledge of the Irish language must be diligently preserved." Testimonials of this description might be multiplied manifold. Yet against this language, so prized, the policy of the English mediæval government was for centuries directed in unceasing hostility. Its use was prohibited by severe penalties; which, however, so far from proving effective, seemed but to spread that "degen-

racy" amongst the Anglo-Norman settlers, which finally gave them the character of being more Irish than the Irish—"Hibernicis Hiberniores." Queen Elizabeth, with a good sense not participated in by her chief minister, although that minister was the great Burleigh, saw that in giving that education to the people which she intended when she founded Trinity College, her purpose would be aided through the medium of their spoken language, and suggested the appointment of an Irish professorship. But the idea found no favour with her premier. "What!" said Burleigh, "encourage a language more nearly allied to canine barking than the articulation human!" and he illustrated his most calumnious assertion by pronouncing, as a specimen, the cacophonous alliteration, "Dibh, dubh, damh, obh, amh," pronounced Div, duv, dar, ov, av, i.e., "a black steer drank a raw egg." The unhappy phrase lost to the University the intended professorship, and to literature such benefit as might have resulted from it. But against a weapon of this description, no language would be invulnerable. The English tongue itself should be doomed for giving utterance to such a Pierian gargoyle as "strange straggling steers struggled in strenuous strife."—*Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Ireland*.

HORSE CHARMING.

EVERYBODY has heard of Thomas the Whisperer, who used to subdue the wildest and most ungovernable animals by (it was imagined) whispering to them. The secret, it is supposed, has come accidentally to light, and any man may now break in and subdue his own horse without risk or uncertainty. Mr. Catlin, in his singular work on the North American Indians, describes these people as taming the wild buffalo calves, and the wild horses, by merely breathing a few strong breaths into their nostrils. The account so greatly interested a Mr. Ellis, not a horse-trainer but a Bachelor of Arts, that being on a visit in Yorkshire he availed himself of the opportunity to try the experiment. We give the result in his own words:—

"Saturday, February 12, 1842.—While the last experiments were being tried on the yearling, W. espied B., a farmer and tenant, with several men, at the distance of some fields, trying most ineffectually, on the old system, to break-in a horse. W. proposed to go down and shew him what effect had been produced on the yearling. When the party arrived at the spot they found that B. and his men had tied their filly short up to a tree in the corner of a field, one side of which was walled and the other hedged in. W. now proposed to B. to tame his horse after the new method.

B. who was aware of the character of his horse, anxiously warned W. not to approach it, cautioning him especially against the fore-feet, asserting that it would rear and strike him with the fore-feet as it had lamed his own (B.'s) thigh just before they had come up. W. therefore proceeded very cautiously. He climbed the wall and came at the horse through the tree, to the trunk of which he clung some time, that he might secure a retreat in case of need. Immediately on his touching the halter the horse pranced about, and finally pulled with a dogged and stubborn expression, which seemed to bid W. defiance. Taking advantage of this, W. leaned over as far as he could, clinging all the time to the tree with his hand, and succeeded in breathing into one nostril, without, however, being able to blind the eyes. From that moment all became easy. W., who is very skilful in the management of a horse, coaxed it and rubbed its face, and breathed from time to time into its nostrils, while the horse offered no resistance. In about ten minutes W. declared his conviction the horse was subdued; and he then unfastened it, and to the great and evident astonishment of B. (who had been trying all the morning in vain to get a mastery over it) led it quietly away with a loose halter. Stopping in the middle of the field, and with no one else near, W. quietly walked up to the horse, placed his arm over one eye and his hand over the other, and breathed into the nostrils. It was pleasing to observe how agreeable this operation appeared to the horse, who put up his nose to receive the puff. In this manner W. led the horse through all the fields to the stable-yard, where he examined the fore-feet and then the hind feet of the horse, who offered no resistance, but while W. was examining the hind-feet, bent its neck round, and kept nosing W.'s back. He next buckled on a surcingle, and then a saddle, and finally bitted the horse with a rope. During the whole of these operations the horse did not offer the slightest resistance, nor did it flinch in the least degree."

Mr. Ellis had the opportunity of trying this singular experiment upon only two occasions. In both, however, he was thoroughly successful. He has published the particulars in order that gentlemen, farmers, trainers, and others, may try an experiment which, at all events, involves neither cost, risk of expense, nor loss of time.

COLOURED LADIES.

AMONG the passengers in the ladies' cabin were three coloured females, going from Mobile to Montgomery, whose position was very remarkable. They were not Ne-

gresses, but Mulattoes, of dark brown colour, and strongly-marked African features, and appeared to be sisters or relatives. They were each dressed much more expensively than either of the white ladies on board; silks, lace, and feathers, with ornaments of jewellery of various kinds, being worn by them. They slept on the cabin floor, as the coloured servants usually do, no berth or bed-place being assigned them; and they occupied a good hour at their toilette, with the white stewardess, before the ladies were moving. They remained sitting in the cabin all day, as if they were on a footing of perfect equality with the white passengers; but when meal time came, then was seen the difference. The order in which the meals were taken in the steam-vessel was this: at the first bell, the captain and all the white passengers sat down; when these had all finished and left the table, a second bell summoned the pilot, the captain's clerk, all the white men of the engineer's department, the white stewardess, and such white servants or subordinates as might be on board; and when these had finished, a third bell summoned the black steward and all the mulattoes and coloured servants to take their meal. So equivocal, however, was the position of the coloured ladies, that they could not be placed at either of the tables; they were not high enough in rank to be seated with the whites, and they were too high to be seated with the blacks and mulattoes; so they had to retire to the pantry, where they took their meals standing; and the contrast of their finery in dress and ornament with the place in which they took their isolated and separate meal, was painfully striking. What rendered it more so, to me, at least, was this, that however a man might yearn to break down these barriers which custom and prejudice has raised against a certain race, the exhibition of any such feeling, or the utterance of any such sentiment, would undoubtedly injure the very parties for whom his sympathy might be excited, or on whose behalf it might be expressed.—*Buckingham's Slave States of America.*

The Gatherer.

Description of Ancient English Meals.—The two meals a day, introduced into England at the Norman conquest, and ostensibly at least maintained for so long a period among the aristocracy, had now in general been increased to four. These were, breakfast, which was taken at seven o'clock in the morning, dinner at ten, supper at four in the afternoon, and "liveries," which consisted of a collation taken in bed between eight and nine in the evening. The breakfast, although taken

so early in the morning, was a meal of the most substantial description; but we must remember that those who partook of it had generally been actively employed for three hours previous. Thus, from the "Northumberland Family Book," which, although a document not strictly belonging to the present period, may be safely held in this instance to describe a custom of some standing, we find that a breakfast for an earl and his countess, during four days of a week in Lent, was, first, a loaf of bread in trenches, two manchets—that is, two loaves of the finest flour, weighing six ounces apiece—a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six baconed herrings, four white herrings, or a dish of sproits; forming certainly a liberal commencement of a day of mortification in Lent. On flesh days, the fish at table was commuted for half a chine of mutton, or a chine of beef, boiled. The liveries, although taken in bed, were of the same abundant and substantial character. The Earl Percy and his countess, at this meal, had two manchets, a loaf of household bread, a gallon of beer, and a quart of wine; the latter beverage being warmed and spiced.—*Pictorial History of England.*

Contrivances of Animals.—As Dr. Darwin was walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen; and then, taking up with its feet the trunk, or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away; but a breeze of wind, acting on the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this, it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing, and then another; and, having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty. Here we have contrivance and contrivance—a resolution, accommodated to the case, judiciously formed and executed; and, on the discovery of a new impediment, a new plan adopted, by which final success was obtained. There is, undoubtedly, something more than instinct in all this.—*Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.*

Tony Lee, a player in Charles the Second's reign, being killed in a Tragedy, having a violent cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the stage, which occasioning much laughter and noise in the house, he lifted up his head, and, addressing himself to the audience, said, "This makes good what my poor mother used to tell me, for she would often say that I should cough in my grave." This set the house in a roar, and everyone pardoned the solecism he had before committed.

A French marquis having received several blows over his shoulders with a stick, which he never thought of resenting, a friend asked him how he could possibly reconcile it with his honour to suffer them to pass without notice. "Poh," said the marquis, "I never trouble myself with anything that passes behind my back."

Napoleon's hat once fell off at a review, when a young lieutenant stepped forward, picked it up, and returned it to him. "Thank you, Captain," said the Emperor. "In what regiment, sire?" retorted the Sub, quick as lightning. Napoleon smiled, passed on, and forthwith had the lucky youth promoted to the step of his ambition.

John Newton.—"I see in this world," said John Newton, "two heaps of human happiness and misery; now if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap, and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child dropped a halfpenny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something, and I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this."

Advice to Travellers in Tropical Climates.—Be careful to avoid exposure to the vertical sun and the night fogs, and never have your head uncovered to the rays of the sun. Eat often of food not too highly seasoned. Drink small quantities of weak spirits and water. Never begin a journey, nor visit the sick, on an empty stomach. Avoid acids and astringents while in health. Do not sleep in a current of air, nor be exposed to the sun's or the moon's rays, and do not sleep in the night breeze. Do not induce fatigue by rapid riding, or violent exercise. Be careful that you do not suddenly check perspiration. Avoid a long draught of water when you are warm, or in a state of perspiration. Let the evacuations be regular, but use not drastics. Do not indulge in alkaline drinks, such as soda-water; they debilitate the functions of the stomach in warm climates. Never remain in wet clothes, nor with wet head or feet. If unwell, have immediate recourse to warm gruel, tea, &c., to induce a free flow of perspiration. Supplicate Divine assistance to keep you in a care-taking and serene disposition of mind.—*Polytechnic Journal.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Two Brothers," "J. W.," "E. W. E.," "L. M. T.," "J. M.," "Z.," "A. L.," "R. R. W.," "T. — t.," declined, with thanks.
Received, "W. — B."

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 19.]

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.

Original Communications.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—No. V.

THE RUINS OF THE VILLA OF MÆCENAS, AT TIVOLI, BY RICHARD WILSON.

THIS painting is not, perhaps, the *chef-d'œuvre* of our immortal artist, but it is one, however, which does credit to the name of Wilson. It represents the ruins of the villa of Mæcenas at Tivoli — glorious Tivoli! once the resort of the youth and beauty of Italy. The place takes its name from Mæcenas, that great man who, to put a check to the gladiatorial exhibitions,

dared to enter the amphitheatre, and address openly his imperial master, Augustus, in the following terms:—

“Executioner! wilt thou never have done?” Augustus, feeling the justness of Mæcenas’ demand, submitted to the reproof.

Tivoli was the scene of the retired recreations of this virtuous minister, this great



THE RUINS OF THE VILLA OF MÆCENAS, AT TIVOLI.

patron of the fine arts, at whose social board the painter and the poet assembled,

“Where pleasure lit her torch at virtue’s flame,
And mirth was bonny with a nobler name.”

The drawing was taken on the spot by Mr. Wilson, who, accompanied by the Earls of Pembroke, Thanet, Essex, and Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, spent the day at Tivoli, and dined under a large tree. A better subject for a painter, could not be found, or even imagined, and our artist has done it ample justice. Nature whispers in

the trees, the leaves, and the sky, and the *ensemble* is admirable, both with respect to composition, and to light and shade.

The villa of Mæcenas is situated on the banks of the river Arno, which runs, twenty miles distant from the Rhone, into the Tiber. The building to the right, which is surrounded by cypress trees, was a Jesuit convent, and the temple under it was built in honour of the god Tusus. The spring in the foreground, at which two women, dressed as peasants, are dipping for water, is the Blandusian fountain of Horace, whose villa

stood behind the trees on the left, fronting that of Mæcenas.

This great English painter, whose works rose in the estimation of men as his remembrance was fading from their memories, was born in 1713, at Pinegas, in Montgomeryshire. He evinced, when young, a strong love for the art, and when a child, used to trace figures of men, women, and quadrupeds, upon the walls with a burnt stick. Sir George Wynn, a distant relation, perceiving the growing talent of the boy Richard, took him to London, and placed him under the care of an obscure artist named Wright, who professed portraiture, and with whom he for some time gained his livelihood by drawing portraits.

Wilson as a portrait painter would never have gained the epithet of "*artist*," for his portraits were void of those happy and graceful touches which please us so much in his landscapes. After several years' residence in London, he went to Italy, and was still devoting himself to portrait-painting, when an accident directed the bent of his genius, and opened an avenue to fame, shutting out, however, his way to fortune. One morning, while waiting for Zucarelli, the artist, to beguile the time, drew a scene upon which the window looked, with so much grace and effect, that Zucarelli on seeing it, immediately expressed his astonishment, and inquired if he had ever studied landscape?

"No."

"Then," replied the other, "I would advise you to do so; and I shall be much mistaken if you do not succeed."

To this circumstance is owing the splendour diffused by his genius; his breathing hills, his speaking rivers, his clouds edged with sunshine, or tipped with lightning; those landscapes which, as Allan Cunningham poetically describes, "are fanned with the pure air, warmed with the glowing sun, filled with ruined temples, and sparkling with the wooded streams and tranquil lakes of Italy."

In 1755, after a stay of six years abroad, Wilson returned to England, where his commencement bade fair to warrant a successful end. He painted his Niobe, and his View of Rome, the first of which was purchased by the Duke of Cumberland, and the second, by the Marquis of Tavistock. After the painter had supplied a few of the lovers of art, he found that in abandoning portrait painting he had also relinquished wealth, for he could not find a market for those pictures which, after his death, brought a very high price.

Wilson's great misfortune was, the living at a period when the public could not appreciate his works; but what was more mortifying, perhaps, than his poverty was dis-

tressing, was the high prices that were given for the pictures of Barret, which were wholly unworthy of a comparison, while he was obliged to sell his for a pot of beer, and a piece of Stilton cheese. A person who had been in the habit of purchasing his pictures, was one day urged by Wilson to buy another; the broker took him upstairs, and pointing to a pile of landscapes, said—

"Why, look you, Dick; you know my desire to oblige you, but see! there are all the pictures I have purchased from you for these three years."

Some of his biographers assert, that he was of low habits, and never at ease out of a public-house. We would ask them, who patronized Wilson?—pawnbrokers. We would ask them—How were his works of genius paid?—in porter and cheese. The man who has no money; the man deserted by those who should have supported him; talents neglected; injured, through jealousy, by Reynolds; the man so situated must be content with society suiting his condition and means.

As a landscape painter, the merits of Wilson are great; his conceptions grand; and he possessed wonderful felicity in the distribution of his lights and shadows, and in the harmony and freshness of his tints. Fuseli, in speaking of Wilson, says—"That his taste was so exquisite, and his eye so chaste, that whatever came from his easel bore the stamp of elegance and truth. The subjects he chose were such as did credit to his judgment; they were the selections of his taste; and whether of the simple, the elegant, or the sublime, they were treated with an equal felicity. Indeed, he possessed that versatility of power, as to be one minute an eagle sweeping the heavens, and the next, a wren twittering a simple note on the humble thorn."

One day Beechley, a friend of his, called upon him, and found him at work. No sooner had he entered, than Wilson seized him by the arm, hurried him into a corner of the room, and said—"There, look at my landscape, this is where you should view a painting, for it is with your eyes you examine it, not with your nose." He very seldom spoke of his own future fame, for he was modest, but when he did, time verified his sayings. "Beechley, you will live to see great prices given for my pictures, when those of Barret will not fetch one farthing."

The salary of librarian rescued him from utter starvation. His last retreat in this wealthy city was a small room in Tottenham-court-road. An easel and a brush, a chair and a table, a hard bed, a scanty meal, fell to the lot of this talented artist. He died in his native place, in May, 1782, in the 69th year of his age.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

No. III.

IN the first communication which I made to you on the above subject, I stated that, for want of knowing how to proceed in the commencement, and subsequently, the very simple cases of indurated cerumen, in the hands of general surgeons, frequently ended in a worse species of deafness. I wish, therefore, to explain that some of these gentlemen proceed by small scoops to take out the superabundant wax, and in so doing injure the fine skin, lining the auditory passage, and occasion much pain, and not unfrequently ulceration of the part, which under their treatment is not easily cured; others syringe the ear daily for weeks, in a clumsy inefficient manner, with a common pewter instrument; and a third class have good syringes with improper nozzles, or if the instrument be even perfect, they have not the tact sufficient to use it effectively.

I have had several, nay, many patients, who had had their ears syringed by the family apothecary daily, during five, seven, or eight weeks, without deriving the slightest benefit; yet, by the application of a lotion warm overnight, and the proper use of the syringe next morning during five minutes to each ear, the deafness has been removed, while the subsequent application of a liniment once or twice never fails in completing the cure.

The first thing in all cases of the ear is to ascertain the true state of it: the old method of doing this, by probes, is decidedly dangerous, and affords no information to the practitioner; forceps, of various description and form, have also been and are very generally used, but they are objectionable, independent of the pain they cause; numerous fanciful auriscopes have been brought under the notice of the public, surpassing each other in absurdity; and latterly a-lamp in a lantern, is the climax of the ridiculous. During above thirty years I have used an invention of my own, formed of a stout piece of silver wire bent nearly into the shape of the Roman capital letter Z, and by its aid can, without occasioning the slightest pain to the patient, see the whole of the auditory passage perfectly, down to the membrana tympani (vulgo, the drum of the ear). Not wishing to keep this invention as a secret, I have caused plates to be published in my works from 1818 to 1839 of this instrument, and have allowed surgeon's instrument-makers to take a model of it frequently.

The next thing is, in the cases just mentioned, to learn from the patient whether there have or have not been any former pains in, or discharge from, the ear; and, upon the information obtained, the nature of the lotion must be prescribed. If the

ear have always been healthy, lotions of soap, varied according to circumstances, may be advised; but if there have formerly been ear-ache, or discharge of a puriform nature, weak lotions of an emollient kind must be substituted; for it often happens that the obstruction seen in the auditory passage, resembling indurated wax, is merely inspissated pus, concealing ulceration beneath, and in such a state of the ear the alkali of the soap will occasion intense pain.

I now come to another consideration—the proper form, construction, and judicious use of that necessary instrument in aural surgery, the syringe. W. WRIGHT.

*(To be continued.)**Le Feuilleton of French Literature.*

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE, ETC."

LETTER XVII.

SAINT GOAR.

Saint-Goar, Aug.

A WEEK might be very agreeably spent at St. Goar, which is a neat little town lying betwixt the Cat and the Mouse. To the left is the Mouse, half enveloped in the fog of the Rhine; and to the right is the Cat, a huge dungeon, with the picturesque village of Saint-Goarshausen lying at its base. The two formidable castles seem to be casting angry looks across the country, their dilapidated windows presenting a most hideous aspect. In front, upon the right bank of the river, and apparently ready to incite the two adversaries, is the old colossal spectre of the palace of the Landgraves of Hesse.

The Rhine at St. Goar, with its sombre embankments, its shadows, its rippling waters, resembles a lake of Jura more than it does a river.

If we remain in the house, we have all day before us a view of the Rhine, with rafts floating on its surface. Here sailing-boats, there steam-boats, which, when passing, make a noise resembling that of a huge dog when swimming. In the distance, on the opposite bank, under the shade of some beautiful walnut-trees, we see the soldiers of M. de Nassau, dressed in red coats and white trousers, performing their exercises, while the rolling of the drum of a petty duke strikes our ear. Under our windows, the women of St. Goar, with their sky-blue bonnets, pass to and fro; and we hear the

prattling and laughing of children, who are diverting themselves on the river's brink.

If we go out, we can get across the Rhine for six sous, the price of a Parisian omnibus; then amuse ourselves by paying the Cat, which is an interesting ruin, a visit. The interior is completely dismantled. The lower room of the tower is at present used as a storehouse. Several vine-trees twine themselves round it, and even grow upon the floor of the portrait-gallery. In a small room, the only one that has a window and door, a picture representing Bohdan Chmielnicki is nailed to the wall, with two or three portraits of reigning princes hung round about it.

From the height of the Cat the eye encounters the famed gulf of the Rhine, called the Bank. Between the Bank and the square tower of Saint-Goarshausen there is only a narrow passage, the gulf being on one side, and the rock on the other. A little beyond the Bank, in a wild and savage turning, the fabulous rock of Lurley, with its thousand granite seats, which give it the appearance of a falling ladder, descends into the Rhine. There is a celebrated echo here, that responds seven times to all that is said and all that is sung. If it were not to appear that I wished to detract from the celebrity of the echo, I would say that to me the repetition was never above five times. It is probable that the arcade of Lurley, formerly courted by so many princes and mythological counts, begins to get hoarse and fatigued. That poor nymph has at present no more than one admirer, who has made himself, opposite to her on the other side of the Rhine, two chambers in the rocks, where he passes his days in playing the horn, and in discharging his gun. That man, who gives the echo so much labour, is an old brave French hussar.

The effect of the echo of Lurley is truly extraordinary: a small boat, crossing the Rhine at this place, makes a tremendous noise; and should we shut our eyes, we might believe that it was a galley from Malta, with its fifty large oars, each moved by four galley-slaves.

Before leaving Saint-Goarshausen, we must go and see, in an old street which runs parallel with the Rhine, a charming little house of the German Renaissance. Afterwards, we turn to the right, cross a bridge, and enter, amidst the noise of a water-mill, the Swiss Valley,—a superb ravine, almost Alpine, formed by the high hill of Petersberg, and by the brow of the Lurley.

The Swiss Valley is certainly a delightful promenade. We ascend acclivities; descend; we meet high villages; plunge into dark and narrow passages, in one of which I saw the ground that had lately been turned up by the tusks of a wild boar; or

we proceed along the bottom of the ravine, with rocks resembling the walls of Cyclopes on each side. Then, if we draw towards the other road, which abounds with farms and mills, all that meets the eye seems arranged and grouped for Poussin to insert into a corner of his landscape:—a shepherd, half naked, in a field with his flock, whistling some air in contentment; a cart drawn by oxen; pretty girls, with bare feet, their hair arranged like statues. I saw one who was indeed charming; she was seated near a fire, drying her fruit; she lifted up her large blue eyes towards heaven—eyes like diamonds, upon a countenance which was darkened by the heat of the sun. Her neck, which was partly covered with a collar, was marked with the small-pox, and under her chin was a swelling. With that detracting, joined to such beauty, one might have taken her for an Indian Idol squatted near its altar.

We cross a meadow; the hares of the ravine run here and there, and we suddenly behold, at the top of a hill, an admirable ruin. It is the Reichenberg, in which, during the wars of "*manual rights*" in the middle age, one of the most redoubtable of those *gentlemen* bandits, who bore the epithet of "the scourge of the country," lived. The neighbouring village had cause for lamentation, the emperor had reason for summoning the brigand to his presence; but the man of iron, secure in his granite house, heeded him not, but continued his depredations, his orgies of rapine and plunder, and lived excommunicated by the church, condemned by the Deity, tracked by the emperor, until his white beard descended to his stomach. I entered the Reichenberg. There is nothing in that cave of Homeric thieves but wild herbs; the windows are all dismantled, and cows are seen grazing round the ruins.

Behind the hill of the Reichenberg are ruins of several houses of a town, which has all but disappeared, and which bore the name of the "*Barbers' Village*." The following is the account given of it:—

The devil, wishing to avenge himself on Frederick Barberousse for his numerous crusades, took it into his head to have the beard of the crusader shaved. He made arrangements that the Emperor Barberousse, when passing through Bacharnach, should fall asleep, and, when in that state, be shaved by one of the numerous barbers of the village. A tricky fairy, as small as a grasshopper, went to a giant, and prayed him to lend her a sack. The giant consented, and even graciously offered to accompany her, at which she expressed her extreme delight. The fairy, after walking by the side of such a huge creature, had, no doubt, swelled herself into a tolerable bulk, for, on arriving at Bacharnach, she took

the sleeping barbers, one by one, and placed them in the sack; after which, she told the giant to put it upon his back, and to take it away—that it did not matter where it was placed. It being night, the giant did not perceive what the old woman had done; he obeyed her, and strode away with his accustomed strides. However, the barbers of Bacharnach, heaped one over the other, awoke, and began to move in the sack. The giant, through fright, increased his pace. As he traversed the Reichenberg, one of the barbers, who had his razor in his pocket, drew it out, and made so large a hole in the sack that all the barbers fell out, screaming frightfully. The giant, thunderstruck, imagining that he had a nest of devils on his back, saved himself by means of his enormous legs. When the emperor arrived at Bacharnach, there was no longer a barber in the place; and on Beelzebub coming to see the deed performed, a raven, perched upon the gate of the town, said to his grace the devil—

“My friend, in the middle of your face you have something so large that you could not see it, even in a looking glass. That is, *un pied de nez*.”

Since that time, there has never been a barber at Bacharnach; and even to this day, it is impossible to find a shop belonging to one of the fraternity. As for the barbers stolen away by the fairies, they established themselves where they fell, and built a town upon the spot, which they called the “Barber’s Village.” Thus it is that the Emperor Frederick the First preserved his beard and his surname.

Besides the Mouse, the Cat, the Lurley, the Swiss Valley, and the Reichenberg, there is, also, near St. Goar, the once formidable castle that crumbled under Napoleon, and had shaken before Louis the Fourteenth—the Rheinfels.

About a mile from St. Goar, we perceive, at the side of the two mountains, a handsome feudal town, with ancient streets, fourteen embattled towers, and two large churches of the gothic epoch—it is Oberwesel, a town of the Rhine, which was often the seat of war. Its old walls exhibit innumerable holes, the effects of the cannon-ball. At present, Oberwesel, like an old soldier, has become a vine dresser. The red wine of Oberwesel is excellent.

Like all other towns upon the Rhine, Oberwesel has upon its mountain a castle in ruins—Schoenberg; where, in the tenth century, the seven laughing and cruel girls lived that were turned, in the middle of the river, into seven rocks.

The road from St. Goar to Oberwesel is full of attractions. It runs along the Rhine, which is at times hidden from our view by hawthorn trees and water-willows. All is solitude, all is tranquillity; save at

intervals the pervading silence is broken by a silvery salmon, when leaping to catch its prey.

The evening, after we have taken one of those delightful walks which tend to open the deep caverns of the stomach, we return to Saint Goar, and find, at the top of a long table, surrounded by smokers drowned in silence, an excellent German supper, with partridges larger than chickens. We recruit our strength marvellously; above all, if our appetite be so good as to permit us to overlook a few of the strange *rencontres* which often take place on the same plate—for instance, a roast duck with an apple-pie, or the head of a wild boar with preserves. Just before the supper draws to a close, a flourish of a trumpet, mingling with the report of a gun, is suddenly heard. We hurry to the window. It is the French hussar, who is rousing from dormancy the echo of St. Goar, which is not less marvellous than the echo of Lurley. Each gunshot is equal to the report of a cannon; each blast of the trumpet is echoed with singular distinctness in the profound darkness of the valleys. It is an exquisite symphony, which seems to be mocking while it pleases us. As it is impossible to believe that this huge mountain can produce such an effect, at the expiration of a few minutes we become dupes of illusion, and the most grave thinker is ready to swear that there is in those shades, under some fantastic thicket, a solitary—a supernatural being—a sort of fairy—a *Titania*, who amuses herself by delicately parodying the music of mortals, and throwing down the half of a mountain every time she hears the report of a gun. The effect would be still greater if we could, for a short time, forget that we are at the window of an inn, and that that extraordinary sensation has served as an extra plate to the dessert. But all passes away very naturally; the performance over, a waiter belonging to the auberge enters, with a tin plate in his hand, which he presents to the inmates. Then all is finished; and each retires after having paid for his *echo*.

LETTER XVIII.

BACHARNACH.

Lorch, Aug. 23.

I AM at this moment in the oldest, the prettiest, and the most unknown town in the world. At my window are cages full of birds; from the roof of my room hangs an old-fashioned lantern; and in the corner, is a ray of the sun, imperceptibly but gradually advancing towards an old oak table.

I remained three days at Bacharnach, which is, without exception, the most antique group of human habitations that I have ever seen. One might imagine that some giant, a vender of *bric-à-bac*, purposing

to open a shop upon the Rhine, had taken a mountain for his counter, and placed, from the bottom to the top, with a giant taste, heaps of enormous curiosities.



This old, fairy town, in which romance and legend abound, is peopled by inhabitants, who—old and young, from the urchin to the grandfather, from the young girl to old dame—have, in their cast of features, and in their walk, something of the thirteenth century. From the summit of the Schloss we have an immense view, and discover, in the embrasures of the mountain, five other castles in ruins; upon the left bank of the river, Furstemberg, Sonneck, and Heimberg; to the west, on the other side of the Rhine, Goutenfels, full of the recollections of Gustave Adolphe; and, towards the east, above the fabulous valley of Wisperthall, the manor, where the inhospitable Sibb de Lorch refused to open the door to the gnomes on stormy nights.

At Bacharnach, a stranger is looked upon as a phenomenon. The traveller is regarded and followed with eyes expressive of bewilderment. In fact, no one, except it be a poor painter, plodding his way on foot, with a sack upon his back, ever deigns to visit this antique capital, this *sad* town.

However, I ought to avow that there was in a room adjoining mine, a picture representing Europe—that is to say, two lovely females, their shoulders bare, and a handsome young fellow singing. The following stanza was underneath:—

L'EUROPE.

"L'Europe enchantresse où la France en jouant,
Donne partout les lois de sa mode éphémère,
Les plaisirs, les beaux arts, et le sexe charmant
Sont les cultes chéris de cette heureuse terre."

Under my window was an entire little world, happy and charming, a kind of court adjoining a Roman church, which we could approach by a dilapidated stair. All day long three little boys and two little girls were playing among the grass, which reached their chins; the girls every now and then fighting voluntarily with the boys. The age of all five could not be more than fifty

years. Beyond the long grass were trees loaded with fruit. In the midst of the leaves were two scare-crows, dressed like Lubins, of the Comic Opera; and although, perhaps, they had the effect of frightening the birds, they failed to do that to the *bergeronnettes*. In all corners of the garden were flowers glittering in the rays of the sun, and round these flowers were swarms of bees and butterflies. The bees hummed, the children chattered, the birds sang, and at a little distance were two doves happily billing.

After having admired, till nightfall, this charming little garden, I took a fancy to visit the ruin of the old church;—the church was dedicated to St. Werner, who suffered martyrdom at Oberwesel. I reached the first flight of steps, which were covered with grass, looked round, admired the heavens, from which sufficient light came to enable me to see the old palatine castle in ruins; then my eyes fell upon my charming garden of children, birds, doves, bees, butterflies, and music; my garden of life, of love, and of joy, and discovered that it was a cemetery.

LETTER XIX.

"FEUR! FEUR!"

Lorch, August.

At Bacharnach when twelve strikes, we go to bed—we shut our eyes—we try to dispel the thoughts of day—we come to that state when we have, at the same time, something awake and something asleep—when the fatigued body reposes, and when the wayward mind is still at labour. Thus, when betwixt the mind and the body we are neither asleep nor awake, a noise suddenly disturbs the shades of night—an inexpressible, a singular noise, a kind of faint murmuring, at once menacing and plaintive, which mingles with the night wind, and seems to come from the high cemetery situated above the village. You awake, jump up, listen. What is that? It is the watchman blowing his trumpet to assure the inhabitants that all is well, and that they may sleep without fear. Be it so; still I think it impossible to adopt a more frightful method.

At Lorch a person might be awoke out of his sleep in a manner still more dramatical; but, my friend, let me first tell you what sort of place Lorch is:—

Lorch, a large borough, containing about eighteen hundred inhabitants, is situated upon the right bank of the Rhine, and extends as far as the mouth of the Wisper. It is the valley of legends, it is the country of fairies. Lorch is situated at the foot of the Devil's Ladder, a high rock almost perpendicular, which the valiant Gilgen clambered when in search of his betrothed,

who was hidden by the gnomes on the summit of the mountain. It was at Lorch that the fairy Ave invented, so say the legends, the art of weaving, in order to clothe her lover Heppius. The first red wine of the Rhine was made here. Lorch existed before Charlemagne, and has left a date in its charter as far back as 732. Henry the Third, archbishop of Mayence, resided here in 1348. At present, there are neither Roman cavaliers, nor fairies, nor archbishops, yet the little town is happy, the scenery is delightful, and the inhabitants are hospitable. The lovely house of the Renaissance on the border of the Rhine has a façade, as original, and as rich in its kind as that of the French manor of Meillan. The fortress, teeming with legends of old Sibo, protects, as it were, the borough from the historical castle of Furstemberg, which menaces it with its huge tower. There is nothing more charming than to see this smiling little colony of peasants prospering beneath these two frightful skeletons which were once citadels.

Now I will inform you how one of my nights' rests was disturbed at Lorch.

(To be continued.)

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

(Continued from page 261.)

ORDER VII.—HEMIPTERA. The insects of the extensive genus *Coccus*, called by agriculturalists *scale*-insects, yield materials for dyeing. With the exception, perhaps, of indigo, the cochineal insect (*Coccus cacti*, Linn.) is the most valuable dye; the Spaniards, on arriving in Mexico, in 1518, found it employed by the natives, who are the only people who systematically attend to its culture. As early as 1530, Acosta stated that it is an insect, and so, subsequently, did Herrera and Hernandez. Probably misled by its external appearance, the generality of Europeans insisted that cochineal was the seed of a plant, notwithstanding the conjectures of Lister and the assertions of Père Plumier to the contrary; the popular error continued until Hartsoeker, in 1694, Leenwenhoek and De la Hire, in 1704, and Geoffroy, ten years later, incontrovertibly proved its real nature by means of the microscope and dissection. In Mexico, where the greatest quantity of cochineal is nurtured, this insect feeds on the nopal-tree, which, according to some authors, is the *Cactus cochiniifera* of Linnaeus; but Humboldt says it is unquestionably a distinct species, bearing fruit internally white. The Mexicans cultivate it

chiefly in the independency of Oaxaca; and some plantations contain 50,000 or 60,000 nops in rows, each being kept about four feet high, for easy access in gathering the insects. The cultivators prefer the most prickly varieties of the plant as better protecting the cochineal from other insects, and to discourage these they carefully cut off the flower and fruit. But the greatest number of the insects are kept in small *nopales*, belonging to extremely poor men, called *nopalesos*. They plant their nopales on cleared ground on the slopes of mountains or ravines, two or three leagues from their villages; and when duly cleaned, the plants will, in the third year, maintain the cochineal. In April or May, branches or joints of the *Tuna de Castilla*, laden with *senilla*, (that is, the small recently-hatched cochineal insects,) are purchased in the market of Oaxaca, and are kept for twenty days inside the huts, and then exposed to the open air under a shed, where, owing to their succulence, they continue to live for several months. In August and September, the then pregnant female insects are placed in nests made of a species of *Tillandsia*, (called *partle*), and which are distributed upon the nops. In about four months the first gathering, yielding twelve for one, takes place; and in the course of the year there are two more profitable harvests; this period of culture and gathering refers chiefly to the districts of Sola and Zimatlan. In colder climates the semilla are not placed upon the nops until October, or even December, when it is necessary to shelter the young insects by covering the nops with rush mats, and the harvests are proportionably later and unproductive. The *nopalesos* near the town of Oaxaca feed their insects in the plains from October to April, and at the beginning of the other months, during which it rains in the plains, they transfer them to their nopales on the neighbouring mountains, whither the weather is finer. Great care is needed in the tedious work of gathering the cochineal from the nops, which is effected with a squirrel's or stag's tail by women, who squat down for hours together beside one plant; and, notwithstanding the high price of the cochineal, it is doubtful whether the culture would be profitable were the value of labour greater. The cochineal insects are killed, either by immersion in boiling water, by exposure to the sun, or by placing them in ovens (*temazealli*) used for vapour baths; the last method, which is least used, preserves the whitish powder, or *bloom*, on the red and shrivelled body of the cochineal; and, in that condition, being less liable to the adulterations often practised by the natives, it fetches a higher price both in America and Europe. The extensive commerce in this valuable article may be con-

ceived from the fact that 800,000 pounds weight of cochineal was imported to Europe in one single year. The living insect has been introduced to various countries, and its culture successfully pursued. From Mexico it was introduced to Cadiz, Rio de Janeiro, Malta, Corsica, and Java. In fact, there does not appear to be any obstacle to its culture in any warm country, where the prickly pear or nopal (*Cactus opuntia*) can be grown. Mr. Lansdown Guilding asks whether it is likely that the cochineal insect would thrive in the open air of England.* About two years ago, I read of several of the insects being then alive in an English botanic garden. Brazil produces both the insect and its peculiar plant, but the Brazilian cochineal is wild or uncultivated, and is very inferior to the Mexican. Spix says that it is found in many parts of the province of St. Paulo, particularly in sunny meadows, and might become a profitable article of culture if the Brazilians were not so averse to labour while they can gather other rich gifts of nature without trouble.† A species of coccus found on the roots of the salad burnet (*Poterium sanguisorba*) was used by the Moors for dyeing silk and wool of a rose colour, but is now neglected; as also is another sort, called *Coccus Uva-ursi*, (from its being found on the red bear-berry,) which insects afford with alum a crimson dye. The Armenian cochineal, found on the roots of the *Æliopus levis*, a common plant in the steppes of Eriwan, was an article of commerce before the Mexican was known. Messrs. Hamel and Brandt refer it to a separate genus, calling it *Porphyrophra Hamelii*. It has more colouring matter than the Polish cochineal, and one pound of it contains from 18 to 23,000 insects; the Mexican, from 20 to 25,000; and the Polish, from 100 to 150,000. The Polish or German cochineal (*Coccus Polonicus*, Linn. *C. radicum*) is found on the roots of the perennial knawel, (*Scleranthus perennis*, Linn.,) and was formerly plentifully collected for dyeing red in the Ukraine, Lithuania, &c.; but though still employed by the Turks and Armenians to dye silk, wool, and hair, and to stain the nails of ladies' fingers, it is now rarely used by any Europeans, except by the Polish peasants. A species of *Coccus*, profusely abundant on various trees in India, supplies the substance called *lac*, which is there used in the manufacture of ladies' beads, rings, and other ornaments. It is mixed with sand to form a material for grindstones; and after being dissolved in water, with the addition of a little borax, it is added to lamp-black or ivory-black to make an ink, which is not easily acted upon by moisture. In England,

when still adhering to the twigs, it is commercially known as *stick-lac*; when detached, pounded, and deprived of most of its colouring matter, it is called *seed-lac*; when melted and made into cakes *lump-lac*; and when strained and formed into transparent laminae, *shell-lac*.* Before cochineal was used, kermes (*Coccus Hicis*, *C. arborum*, *C. Kermes*) was the general dye for producing the brightest red or crimson dye then known, and it is still generally employed in a great portion of India and Persia, though the American cochineal has (in some respects undeservedly) supplanted it in Europe, where it is now little attended to except by the peasants of its native provinces. The kermes insects abound on a small species of evergreen oak, (*Quercus coccifera*, Linn., *Q. Hec.*) common in the Levant, Spain, the south of France, and many other southern countries. From the earliest ages the crimson kermes dye has been used for colouring cloth, and it was known to the Phœnicians before Moses' time by the name of *Tola* or *Thola*, and to the Greeks under that of *Coccus*, (whence the Romans derived their name for it, *coccineus*, the Spaniards their *coccinella*, and the English their *cochineal*.) to the Arabs and Persians by the names of *kermes* and *alhermez*, (whence the French derived the name of the colour *cramoisa*, and we our *crimson*.) From the Latin epithets *vermiculum* and *vermiculatum*, given to it in the middle ages, when it was thought to originate from a worm, has been derived the French *vermeil* and the English *vermillion*, though now applied to pulverized cinnabar.

(To be continued.)

* Lac was once erroneously thought to be the produce of an ant or bee, and it is now improperly called *gum-lac*.

New Books.

Ainsworth's Magazine. No. IV.

LIKE the preceding chapters of "The Miser's Daughter," the ninth and tenth, which this number contains, rivet the attention of the reader. In the Miser's absence with Firebras, the mortgage-money had been abstracted from his strong box. The picture of agony and despair which he may be supposed to have exhibited on discovering his loss, forms the subject of one of Cruikshank's illustrations.

Just as the miser had become more tranquil, Firebras, who is engaged in treasonable designs, called to borrow money. On giving a receipt, the Miser is startled with the similarity of handwriting with that on a piece of paper dropped by the robbers, giving directions where the money was to be found. The Miser charges him with the robbery; but Firebras takes the matter very

* Magazine of Natural History, vol. vii. (1834) p. 603.

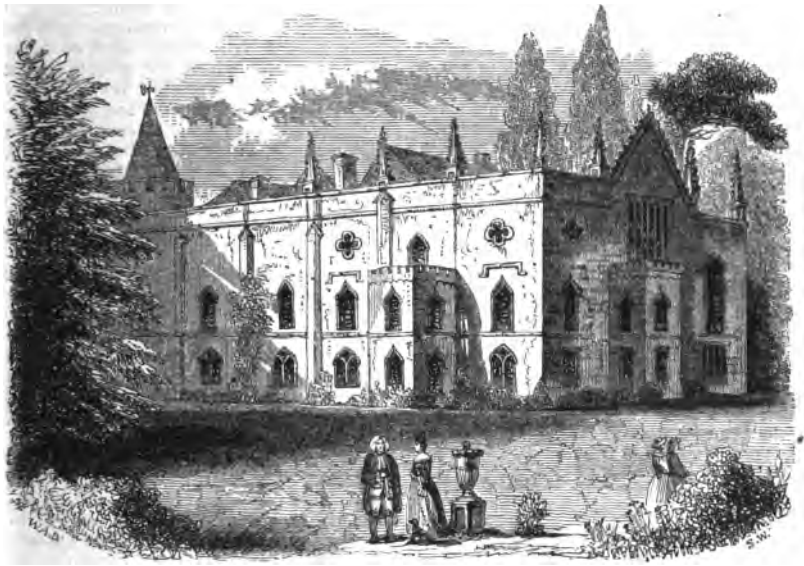
† Spix's Brazil.

coolly, says he has no doubt it is in very good hands, and if the good cause prospers, the amount will be made up; and Scarve, who is also a Jacobite, appears to be satisfied on receiving a memorandum for 20,000*l.* from Firebras.

Three new characters are introduced in these chapters, conspirators and friends of Firebras—Sir Norfolk Salushury, a gaunt, tall personage, pedantic in speech, and formal in manners; Father Verselyn, habited as a layman, also a tall thin man, but with a sinister and perfidious expression of countenance; and a Mr. Travers, a short, square-built person, with a broad face, and a

searching, severe look. These, with Sir Bulkeley Price, Cripps, and Randolph, are met at the Rose and Crown, where, over a punch-bowl of pure water, they drink the king's (the pretender's) health *over the water*. Randolph's refusal to drink the toast is the second admirable illustration by George Cruikshank.

The other articles are as excellent as those of preceding numbers, affording a great variety of entertaining reading. We shall make a few extracts from the one on Horace Walpole, his name being suddenly revived by the sale of his large collection of paintings &c. at



STRAWBERRY HILL.

“A GOSSIP ABOUT HORACE WALPOLE.

“THERE was no spot of ground, probably, anywhere that would have so exactly suited the tastes of Horace Walpole as Strawberry Hill. It had improvable capabilities—it had memories of its own—it was in a storied neighbourhood—it was surrounded by cheap celebrities, in the way of acquaintances—it was a sort of modern antique—and it was within an hour's drive, or thereabouts, of London. This was precisely what Walpole desired. He liked to be within reach of the echoes of town, and to be able to get into the crush at a short notice. As to the country, he had no true passion for it. Perhaps it may be doubted whether he had a true passion for anything; and whether the utmost indulgence of his genius, or his affections, in any direction, ever extended beyond a *souper*.

“Strawberry Hill fitted him also in another point of view. It was small. A large place would have bewildered him; a small one afforded him endless pretexts for the exercise of his ingenuity. Precisely in proportion as he was pinched for room, his invention expanded. And see what wonderful things he did with a few acres, and a tiny villa! He conjured up a vision of conventual architecture, a chapel, cloisters, a Gothic castle, with towers and pinnacles shooting up through the startled woods, and a sweep of verdure sprinkled with clumps of noble trees, broken by misty walks, such as had not then been seen in England, except, perhaps, at Houghton, or at Pope's grounds, or General Dormer's garden at Rousham.

“Colley Cibber had lived in the house before Walpole rented it. He wrote a play there, but left not a solitary scratch on the

rind of an oak to testify his sometime whereabouts. He and Walpole are said to have met accidentally when the former was eighty years of age, and hale and cheerful, making allowances for the wear and tear of his life. Walpole complimented him on looking so well. Cibber replied that he was thankful, at his age, not that he looked so well, but that he looked at all.

"An anecdotal history of Twickenham would make a curious miscellany. Walpole liked the place because it was so crowded with remarkable personalities of one sort or another. He was fond of curiosities, and these were amongst them. Twickenham was a great place, even so far back as the time of Henry VIII. It grew up under the wings of Wolsey. The celebrated Bacon lived here in Elizabeth's time, and entertained her at Twickenham Park in a style of almost regal magnificence; and Essex lived here; and the merry Bishop Corbet, one of the most bibulous of men and poets, lived in an old mansion on the Common. Some of the Commonwealth people also conferred their notoriety upon Twickenham. Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, a great speaker and Parliament man in the early times of the Stuarts (just as Cromwell was looming upon them in the darkness of their self-reliance), resided here; and his wife, Elizabeth Rudyerd, is buried in the parish churchyard.

"Close to him, at Whitton, lived Sir John Suckling, a name affectionately known amongst the lovers of English poetry. The biographers of Suckling say that he was born in 1612; the parish register is ready to be sworn to the fact that he was baptized in 1608-9. Now, unless a man could be baptized first and born afterwards, the biographers are likely to be wrong. Here, also, lived Katherine of Arragon, (after her divorce,) the historian Clarendon, the 'infamous' Wharton, the Speaker Lenthall, and Boyle, the philosopher. About a century afterwards, Sir Godfrey Kneller died in the very same place. His house still stands—the rest are ashes.

"Coming down a little later, there was Pope, who died only three or four years before Walpole went to Strawberry Hill, where he was scarcely settled when he wrote to one of his friends about Pope's ghost flitting under his windows in the moonlight. Lady Fanny Shirley, and her mother, the Dowager Lady Ferrers, lived opposite to him in the lane; and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in a house that is now, or was, not very long ago, a lady's school. There was also Fielding, the novelist, a cousin of Lady Mary's, and Sir John Hawkins, the author of the *History of Music*. In fact, wherever the new-comer moved, he fell in with fine recollections, or people worthy of them.

"Amongst his own actual contemporaries,

Walpole reckoned Paul Whitehead, the poet, who lived on the Common, close to where Bishop Corbet had lived before him; and Hudson, the painter, who had recently retired upon an independence, and built a villa next door to Pope's. Admiral Byron, too, was one of his neighbours, the famous fellow who published the narrative upon which the shipwreck in *Don Juan* was founded, and who discovered the Patagonians, for which notability he was visited with a specimen of Walpole's most elaborate irony.

"But his principal delights, in the way of local intercourse, lay in the society of Lady Suffolk, (Pope's Mrs. Howard,) and Mrs. Cline, the actress. The former lived at Marble Hill, a splendid residence built for her by George II.; and the latter at Little Strawberry Hill, within five minute's walk of the skirts of Walpole's lawn. They were both very old women, and great gossips; therefore no scandal can rest upon their intimacy with him! Mrs. Pritchard, the actress, also lived close at hand, in Ragman's Castle, a cottage near the river, in the purchase of which she outbid the Earl of Lichfield; and Garrick was another of his neighbours, the spirit of the "whispering gallery;" so that Walpole was at no loss for theatrical historiettes when everything else failed him.

"It is rather a curious trait in Walpole's character that, with such opportunities as he possessed of cultivating the acquaintance of the most distinguished men of his day, he preferred the society of a few old women, who, for the most part, were capable of little more than listening to his disquisitions, or retailing their own adventures. On one occasion he dined with Garrick, admitted that he possessed great social resources, but confessed that he liked his wife better. The lady Diana Beauclerc was a special favourite with him. She copied some of his pictures for him, gave him drawings to embellish his cabinets, and illustrated the *Mysterious Mother* in a series of sketches. The secret of his admiration for her is apparent enough. Old Lady Suffolk used to tell him court stories about the Queen and the ministers; and Walpole delighted in a little high-life scandal, and her ladyship was not sorry to have so congenial a friend in her decline. Mrs. Clive, too, with her romping spirits, had been so accustomed to flattery all her life, that she could not do without it in the end, and was well content to purchase it from Walpole on any terms. Besides, she had a budget of anecdotes about the players and dramatists—Barry, Mrs. Centlivre, Arthur Murphy, Colley Cibber, and the rest, that must have helped Walpole wonderfully through the twilight, when it was getting too dark for him to work in his niches and

china-closets. The society of these lively chattering ladies felicitously hit off his peculiarities. They took all his criticisms for granted; they were charmed with his wit; they were astonished at his antiquities; they were strictly deferential to his aristocracy; and they wanted nothing from him. Now it is quite clear that had he been surrounded by men of letters, his criticisms might have been questioned, his wit dined out, and his antiquities slurred over, while his aristocracy would have gone for nothing, and he might have been every now and then subjected to a loan. His vanity and his pocket alike flew for security to the blind Du Deffand and the Deaf Suffolk.

"Yet, although he thus clung to the female sex, he never seems to have entertained the least intention of marriage. He never even suspected himself of a suspicion of the kind. He admitted women, only upon sufferance and good behaviour, to a cup of tea or a game of loo, and there the matter ended. It entailed no consequences, no noises in the mornings, no disturbances with servants, no household ceremonies, no settling-days. (Oh! those settling-days amongst books, and papers, and pictures!) A Mrs. Walpole—Mrs. Horace Walpole—the Hon. Mrs. Horace Walpole, would have been an unintelligible individuality—an incomprehensible existence—a sort of unentity. It is impossible to imagine such a person, except by some process of mental exhilaration similar to that which led Walpole to think that he saw Lord Falkland's portrait moving out of the frame—an after-dinner incident, to which we are indebted for one of the ghostly terrors of the Castle of Otranto. If we could see one of the old starched Junos, with a pea-hen perched on her thumb, swim out of the canvas in a cloud of fawn-coloured silk, and sink to the floor in a swooning curtsy of at least twenty feet in circumference, we might begin to believe in the possibility of a Mrs. Horace Walpole, but not till then.

"But love was not in his line. He wanted cordiality for it. His sympathies were drawn into the narrowest compass. The only person in the world he seemed to care enough about to make sacrifices for was Field-marshal Conway. His attachment to Conway began in his youth, and lasted to the hour of his death. It was an unimpeachable friendship. He offered to divide his fortune (or, rather, the income of his sinecures) with Conway when they were both starting in life; and many years afterwards, when Conway was in disgrace, he vindicated his character and conduct in a very able pamphlet—one of the best of his numerous productions, because he was in earnest in it. All this looked like a capacity for strength of feeling; but it was an

exception to his whole life. There was nobody else he ever expended so much anxiety upon; his affections were not expansive; they had a perpetual tendency to contraction; and his solitary friendship for Conway was rather an illustration of it than otherwise. Conway was his cousin. He kept his attachments in the family. They went in and in from the touch of strangers.

"If there be anything in blood, this passion of Walpole's may be traced to a very unexpected source. The only person in the whole world he *loved* was his mother. In one of his letters to Conway, he says, 'If I ever felt much for anything, *which I know may be questioned*, it was certainly for my mother. And he actually assigns as a reason for desiring to serve Conway, not any merits of his, nor any direct personal feeling, but the fact that he was related to his mother. 'I look on you,' he says, 'as my nearest relation by her, and think I can never do enough to shew my gratitude and affection to her.' When Walpole wrote this he was only twenty-three years of age; and when we find a man at that age confessing that it was doubtful whether he ever felt much for anything, we must not be surprised if the depth or intensity of his feelings should continue to be doubted by others to the end of his life. If he did not acknowledge to much feeling at three-and-twenty himself, nobody else could be expected to give him credit for it at any subsequent period. Posterity, therefore, may be pardoned for doubting whether he had any feeling at all, outside the close circle into which he gathered up his personal enjoyments.

"Perhaps the consciousness of his want of intellectual power restrained him from encouraging that description of society which would have laid bare his pretensions. He loved to be a wit amongst lords, and did not care to risk his character amongst wits. He would have cut a dubious figure at Button's. All his exploits in the way of repartee appear to have been performed with ladies. His forte evidently lay in being the centre of a little coterie, where he was familiarly known and relished. He was one of those men who require the *prestige* of their reputation to make way for their pleasantries,—who, unknown, are nothing. All this is very intelligible. You will laugh at a joke from Sydney Smith, because it springs with accumulated elasticity from his established character; but the same joke, wanting the same weight of facetious authority, might fall dead from other lips. Yet the petty vanity and flagrant tastes of Walpole do not wholly account for the sternness with which he held aloof from personal intercourse with the literary men of his day; there were other and meaner motives at bottom.

Miscellaneous.

DISCIPLINE OF RUNJEET SING'S TROOPS.

THE first grand review of the whole of Runjeet's regulars assembled at Lahore. We found them, on coming to the ground, drawn up in line, extending two miles on the banks of the river, consisting of twenty-eight battalions of infantry and six of cavalry; altogether about 18,000 men, exceedingly well clothed, and armed in the European fashion, with the exception of the cap, the aversion to which Runjeet has never been yet able entirely to overcome in his army: red turbans being substituted for the shako, which I am not at all sure is not an improvement, for a more villanous head-dress than the present shako never was invented.

On the right of the line was General Ventura's brigade, consisting of eight regiments of infantry, which he put through two movements, both of which they executed with equal steadiness and precision with our men. The general seemed much pleased at the commander-in-chief's praise of his troops, the discipline of which is really wonderful, when one comes to consider the raw materials he has to work upon, and the prejudices he has to overcome.

Allard, Runjeet's oldest general, is just returned from France, and has not yet been replaced in his employment; and I should think would, if he could get his arrears of pay, leave Runjeet for France altogether.

These two officers, Generals Ventura and Allard, have been now, for many years, in the Maha Rajah's service, having come overland to him from Persia. To them, and to Monsieur Court, in the artillery branch of his service, he owes principally the really very advanced state of equipment and discipline to which his forces have been brought. The former is an infantry, the latter a French cavalry officer, having been at one time, I believe, aide-de-camp in Spain to Marshal Bessières. Monsieur Court has brought his artillery and musketry to great perfection, the latter being quite as good as those of the company, with the advantage of being lighter.

HIS OPINION OF ENGLISH TROOPS.

THIS morning Runjeet saw our escort, consisting of the squadrons of the 16th Lancers and 4th Cavalry, one troop of horse-artillery, 200 men of the thirteenth Light Infantry, and eight companies from the 18th, 20th, and 17th regiments of Native Infantry. The extreme delight of the old man at the discipline of the men, and the explanation the General gave him of the movements, and how they would act with a large body,

surpasses belief. He rode through and looked at every gun, examined the appointments of the men, counted the numbers in each square, and quite gained all our hearts by the interest he took, and the acuteness which he shewed by his questions. After the review was over he begged the Commander-in-chief to allow him to send some mark of his bounty to the soldiers; and directly they got home he sent them 11,000 rupees, to be divided amongst them; which is a fine opportunity for all the Irishmen in the regiment to celebrate St. Patrick's day.

The Rajah said, among other things, that "His French officers and others had told him that English discipline was nothing; and that though so much was talked about it, still it was only outward show, and that where they came before an enemy the thing would bear a very different aspect. But *now*," he said, "I see what liars they are; you have shewn me, not only how troops can be moved, but also how those movements can be brought to bear upon a hostile force." He added, "that it was now no matter of wonder to him why the English had always been victorious in the East."

One of the movements that most delighted him was, the shewing how quickly a gun breaking down could be put together on the field, and be again on the march. It was ordered to be done by a six-pounder of one of the troops of horse artillery. It was thrown on the ground, dismounted from its carriage, taken all to pieces, remounted, men on their horses, and again in full gallop, in the space of five minutes. He could not, for some time, believe that it had really been taken to pieces, and would have it that they only stopped because some of the harness had been broken; and it had to be again performed before he could quite believe what he saw.

The Maha Rajah yesterday expressed a wish to see some artillery practice; accordingly, this morning we started to shew him the practice with grape, round-shot, and shrapnels. He had erected canvas targets, and the three first rounds of grape brought them both to the ground, with which he seemed delighted. They were again put up, and pierced through and through with shrapnels and case-shot.

Shere Sing, and many of the higher ranks of natives, dismounted from their horses, to watch the pointing of the guns, and see how it was done. At the end he stuck up his own chattrah, or umbrella, and the fifth and sixth shots sent it to ribanda, at 400 yards. Altogether, the whole thing was most successful, and shewed him a good specimen of what the British can do if called upon. So pleased was the old chief, that he has sent 1200 rupees additional to the artillery; and to the officers who pointed the guns, a shawl and gold bangle each.

HIS CHARACTER.

RUNJEET, among his subjects, has the character generally of a kind and generous master, and one of the best princes that has ever reigned in India. As evidence of his being a really good and amiable man, may be cited his kindness to children (two or three of whom he has crawling about the durbar), and the fact of his never having, since he conquered the country, put a man to death for even the most heinous crimes. His exceeding kindness and good nature throughout our entire visit, to all in any way attached to us, makes us believe that such is his real character. At all events it is certain that, without the punishment of death, this chief yet manages to keep his wild people in perfect subjection, substituting an occasional cutting off of noses and ears, and more often a sound bastinadoing; by which means his country is kept in perfect order, his revenue duly paid, and he himself supposed to have collected an enormous treasure. — *H. E. Fane's Five Years in India.*

CONTENTMENT.

AN ancient philosopher says, "He who has the fewest desires is nearest to the gods, who have none;" an aphorism which Swift ridiculed by urging that the stoic plan of supplying our wants by cutting off our desires was only recommending us to amputate our legs that we may dispense with boots.

This is ridicule, but not refutation; for the stoic doctrine only extended to an excise upon luxuries, not to an attempted renunciation of necessities; although the man who has the fewest of what are deemed indispensable comforts is sometimes the most contented, and so far approaches the nearest to the gods.

The author of "Haji Baba" has most pleasantly familiarized us with the story of the caliph, who being told that he could never recover from a deep depression of spirits with which he was afflicted until he should change shirts with a perfectly happy man, despatched numerous emissaries in search of this rare specimen of humanity. After a long quest through various provinces the fortunate individual was at length found; but, alas! the desiderated exchange could not be made, for the perfectly happy man had always been too poor to purchase a shirt.

As a pendant to this tale, I will relate an anecdote furnished by the captain of a whale-ship, who, in allusion to the severe climate and various privations suffered by the inhabitants of Spitzbergen, told one of them that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned.

"Miserable!" exclaimed the philosophic savage; "I have always had a fish-bone through my nose, and plenty of train-oil to drink; what more could I possibly desire?"

It is well to draw attention to instances of this nature, not only to correct our own aspirations and repinings, but to gratify the philanthropist by shewing that a benevolent system of drawbacks from those who have too much, and compensations to those who have too little, enables Providence to adjust the enjoyments and happiness of mankind much more equally than is generally supposed. — *New Monthly Magazine.*

ROGER ASCHAM.

It would, perhaps, have surprised Roger Ascham, the scholar of a learned age, and a Greek professor, that the history of English literature might open with his name; for in his English writings he had formed no premeditated work, designed for posterity as well as his own times. The subjects he has written on were solely suggested by the occasion, and incurred the slight of the cavillers of his day, who had not yet learned that humble titles may conceal performances which exceed their promise, and that trifles cease to be trivial in the workmanship of genius.

An apology for a favourite recreation, that of archery, for his indulgence in which his enemies, and sometimes his friends, reproached the truant of academic Greece; an account of the affairs of Germany while employed as secretary to the English embassy; and the posthumous treatise of "The Schoolmaster," originating in an accidental conversation at table; constitute the whole of the claims of Ascham to the rank of an English classic—a degree much higher than was attained to by the learning of Sir Thomas Elyot, and the genius of Sir Thomas More.

The mind of Ascham was stored with all the wealth of ancient literature the nation possessed. Ascham was proud, when alluding to his master, the learned Cheke, and to his royal pupil, Queen Elizabeth, of having been the pupil of the greatest scholar, and the preceptor to the greatest pupil in England; but we have rather to admire the intrepidity of his genius, which induced him to avow the noble design of setting an example of composing in our vernacular idiom. He tells us in his *Toxophilus*, "I write this English matter in the English language for Englishmen." He introduced an easy and natural style in English prose, instead of the pedantry of the unformed taste of his day; and adopted, as he tells us, the counsel of Aristotle, "to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do."

It was a bold decision in a collegiate pro-

fessor, who looked for his fame from his lectures on Greek, to venture on modelling his native idiom, with a purity and simplicity to which it was yet strange. Ascham, indeed, was fain to apologize for having written in English, and offered the king, Henry the Eighth, to make a Greek or a Latin version of his "*Toxophilus*," if his Grace chose. "To have written in another tongue had been both more profitable for my study, and also more honest [honourable] for my name; yet I can think my labour well bestowed, if, with a little hindrance of my profit and name, may come any furtherance to the pleasure or commodity of the gentlemen and yeomen of England. As for the Latin and Greek tongues, everything is so excellently done in them that none can do better; in the English tongue, contrary, everything in a manner so meanly, both for the matter and handling, that no man can do worse."

Such were the first difficulties which the fathers of our native literature had to overcome. Sir Thomas Elyot endured the sneer of the cavillers, for his attempt to inlay our unpolished English with Latin terms; and Roger Ascham, we see, found it necessary to apologize for at all adopting the national idiom. Since that day, neologisms have fertilized the barrenness of our Saxon, and the finest geniuses in Europe have abandoned the language of Cicero, to transfuse its grace into an idiom whose penury was deemed too rude for the pen of the scholar. Ascham followed his happier genius, and his name has created an epoch in the literature of England.

A residence of three years in Germany in the station of confidential secretary of our ambassador to the emperor Charles the Fifth, placed him in a more extensive field of observation, and brought him in contact with some of the most remarkable men of his times. It is much to be regretted, that the diary he kept has never been recovered. That Ascham was inquisitive, and, moreover, a profound observer at an interesting crisis in modern history, and that he held a constant intercourse with great characters, and obtained much secret history both of persons and of transactions, fully appears in his admirable "*Report of the affairs and state of Germany, and the Emperor Charles' Court*." This "*Report*" was but a chance communication to a friend, though it is composed with great care. Ascham has developed with a firm and masterly hand the complicated intrigues of the various powers, when Charles the Fifth seemed to give laws to Germany and Italy. This emperor was at peace with all the world in 1550, and in less than two years after, he was compelled to fly from Germany, surrounded by secret enemies. Ascham has traced the discontents of the minor courts of

Italian dukes and German princes, who gradually deserted the haughty autocrat—an event which finally led to the emperor's resignation. It is a moral tale of princes openly countenancing quietness, and "privily brewing debate"—a deep catastrophe for the study of the political student. Ascham has explained the double game of the court of Rome, under the ambitious and restless Julius the Third, who, playing the emperor against the French monarch, and the French monarch against the emperor, worked himself into that intricate net of general misery, spun out of his own crafty ambidexterity. This precious fragment of secret history might have offered new views and many strokes of character to the modern historian, Robertson, who seems never to have discovered this authentic document; yet it lay at hand. So little even in Robertson's day did English literature, in its obscurer sources, enter into the pursuits of our greatest writers.

Ascham's first work was the "*Toxophilus*, the Schole, or Partitions of Shooting." At this time, fire-arms were so little known, that the term "shooting" was solely confined to the bow, then the redoubtable weapon of our hardy countrymen. In this well-known treatise on archery, he did what several literary characters have so well done—apologized for his amusement in a manner that evinced the scholar had not forgotten himself in the archer.

"*The Schoolmaster*," with its humble title "to teach children to understand, write, and speak the Latin tongue," conveys an erroneous notion of the delight, or the knowledge which may be drawn from this treatise, notwithstanding that the work remains incomplete, for there are references to parts which do not appear in the work itself. "*The Schoolmaster*" is a classical production in English, which may be placed by the side of its great Latin rivals, the *Orator* of Cicero, and the *Institutes* of Quintilian. It is enlivened by interesting details. The first idea of the work was started in a real conversation at table, among some eminent personages, on occasion of the flight of some scholars from Eton College, driven away by the iron rod of the master. "Was the schoolhouse to be a house of bondage and fear, or a house of play and pleasure?" During the progress of the work the author lost his patron, and incurred other disappointments; he has consigned all his variable emotions to his volume. The accidental interview with Lady Jane Grey; his readings with Queen Elizabeth in their daily intercourse with the fine writers of antiquity, and their recreations at the regal game of chess—for such was the seduction of Attic learning, that the queen on the throne felt a happiness in again becoming the pupil of her old master; these, and similar incidents,

present those individual touches of the writer, which give such a reality to an author's feelings.

It is to be regretted that Ascham held but an indolent pen. Yet it were hard to censure the man for a cold neglect of his fame, who seems equally to have neglected his fortune. Ascham has written little; and all he left his family was "this little book" (The Schoolmaster), and which he bequeathed to them, as the right way to good learning, "which if they follow, they shall very well come to sufficiency of living." This was an age when the ingenious clung to a patron; the widow and the son of Ascham found the benefits of this testamentary recommendation. It must, however, be confessed to have been but a capricious legacy, for no administrator might have been found to "the will." The age of patronage was never that of independence to an author.

Johnson, in his admirable Life of Ascham, observed that "his disposition was kind and social; he delighted in the pleasure of conversation, and was probably not much inclined to business." It is certain that he preferred old books to pounds sterling, for once he requested to commute a part of his pension for a copy of the *Decem Rhetores Græci*, which he could not purchase at Cambridge. His frequent allusions in his letters when abroad to "Mine Hostess Barnes," who kept a tavern at Cambridge in the reign of Edward the Sixth, with tender reminiscences of her "fat capons," and "the good fellowship" there; and further, his sympathy at the deep potation, when, standing hard by the emperor at his table, he tells us, "the emperor drank the best I ever saw,—he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine," and his determination of providing "every year a little vessel of Rhenish" for his cronies; and still further, his haunting the cockpit, and sometimes trusting fortune by her dice, notwithstanding that he describes "dicing" as "the green pathway of hell;" all these *traits* mark the boon companion loving his leisure and his lounge.

When engaged in public life, a collegiate fellowship appeared to him to offer supreme felicity. He writes thus,—“Ascham to his friends: who is able to maintain his life at Cambridge, knows not what a felicity he hath.” Such was the conviction of one who had long lived in courts.

But when we consider that Ascham was Latin secretary to Edward the Sixth, to Mary, and to Elizabeth, and intimately acquainted with the transactions of these cabinets, with the sovereigns, and the ministers; and during three years held a personal intercourse with the highest foreign court;—we must regret, if we do not cen-

sure, that the man who, possessing these rare advantages, with a vigorous intellect, and a felicitous genius, has left the world in silence. Assuredly, in Ascham we have lost an English Comines, who would have rivalled our few memoir-writers who, though with pens more industrious, had not eyes more observant nor heads more penetrating, than this secretary of three sovereigns.

There is, however, reason to conclude that he himself was not insensible to those higher claims which his station might have urged on his genius and his diligence. Every night during his residence abroad, which was of no short period, he was occupied by filling his Diary, which has not, in any shape, come down to us. He has also himself told that he had written a book on "The Cockpit," one of the recreations of "a courtly gentleman." We cannot imagine that such writings, by the hand of Ascham, would be destroyed by his family, who knew how to value them. A modern critic, indeed, considers it fortunate for Ascham's credit, that this work on "The Cockpit" has escaped from publication. The criticism is fallacious, for if an apology for cock-fighting be odious, the author's reputation is equally hurt by the announcement as by the performance. But the truth is, that such barbarous sports, like the bear-baiting of England and the bull-fights of Spain, have had their advocates. Queen Elizabeth had appointed Ascham her bear-keeper; and he was writing in his character when disclosing the mysteries of the cockpit. But the genius of our author was always superior to his subject; and this was a treatise wherein he designed to describe "all kinds of pastimes joined with labour used in open place, and in the daylight." The curious antiquary, at least, must regret the loss of Ascham's "Cockpit."

Ascham, whose constitutional delicacy often impeded his studies, died prematurely. The parsimonious queen emphatically rated his value by declaring that she would rather have lost ten thousand pounds—no part of which, during his life, the careless yet not neglected Ascham ever shared.

The works of Ascham, which are collected in a single volume, remain for the gratification of those who preserve a pure taste for the pristine simplicity of our ancient writers. His native English, that English which we have lost, but which we are ever delighted to recover, after near three centuries, is still critical without pedantry, and beautiful without ornament; and, which cannot be said of the writings of Sir Thomas Elyot and Sir Thomas More, the volume of Ascham is indispensable in every English library, whose possessor in any way aspires to connect together the progress of taste and of opinion in the history of our country.—*D'Israeli*.

The Gatherer.

A Lawyer's Name.—A lawyer wrote *rascal* in the hat of a brother lawyer, who, on discovering it, entered a complaint in open court against the trespasser, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had written his own name in it.

The Price of Happiness.—It costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy : how cheap and easy is the service of virtue, and how dear do we pay for our vices !

The Hour of Death.—In all ages the hour of death has been considered as an interval of more than ordinary illumination ; as if some rays from the light of the approaching world had found their way to the darkness of the departing spirit, and revealed to it an existence that could not terminate in the grave, but was to commence in death.—*Curran.*

Animal Weather Prophets.—Spiders generally alter their webs once in twenty-four hours ; and a rule has been deduced from this, by an attentive observer of these natural prognostics, whereby to foretell the coming change. If they thus alter their web between six and seven in the evening, there will be a fine night, if the morning, a fine day ; if they work during rain, expect fine weather ; and the more active and busy the spider is, the finer will be the weather. If spiders' webs (gossamer) fly in the autumn with a south wind, expect an east wind and fine weather. If garden spiders break off and destroy their webs, and creep away, expect continued rain and showery weather. The leech also possesses the peculiar property of indicating approaching changes of the weather in a most eminent degree. In fair and frosty weather it remains motionless and rolled up in a spiral form at the bottom of the vessel ; previous, however, to rain or snow, it will creep to the top, where, should the rain be heavy, or of long continuance, it will remain for a considerable time—if trifling, it will descend. Should the rain or snow be accompanied with wind, it will dart about with great velocity, and seldom cease its evolutions until it blows hard. If a storm of thunder and lightning be approaching, it will be exceedingly agitated, and express its feelings in violent convulsive starts at the top of the glass. It is remarkable that however fine and serene the weather may be, and to our senses no indication of a coming change, either from the sky, the barometer, or any other cause, yet if the leech shifts its position, or moves about sluggishly, the coincident results will undoubtedly occur within twenty-six hours.—*Meteorological Journal.*

The Admiralty have given instructions for the building and equipment of a new steam frigate, which is to surpass, in size and power, everything of the kind yet afloat. She is to be of 650 horse power, to have engine room for 600 tons of fuel, complete stowage under hatches for 1000 troops, with four months' stores and provisions, exclusive of a crew of about 450 men ; and is to be armed with 20 guns of the heaviest calibre, besides carronades.

Sharp Work.—A gentleman who, in the course of a tedious lawsuit, had given his attorney many hospitable invitations, was surprised the other day to find as an article in his bill, "Dining and conferring with you at various times, at 6s. 8d. each." &c. Being indignant at this return to his kindness, he resolved to turn the tables in some degree on the attorney, and accordingly charged him five shillings a time for his diners and wine. The man of law, however, was too deep for him, and informed against him for selling wine without a licence.

The Sonnet.—The sonnet is the oldest form in which the Italian language was used ; but was at a still earlier period employed, although not commonly, by the Provençal poets. In Italy, Dante, and the Tuscan poets, his contemporaries, brought the sonnet into public estimation about the beginning of the fourteenth century ; but by them it was invariably employed as the vehicle of thoughts wrapped in very obscure language, and probably of a symbolical nature, though generally in their outward signification breathing the spirit of romantic and chivalrous love. By Petrarch, in the course of the same century, the sonnet was carried to perfection in point of form and polish ; although applied by him, as it had been by his predecessors, almost exclusively to the subject of his figurative and mystical passion. Since the time of Petrarch, the sonnet has been the favourite form of composition in Italy, especially for the purpose of occasional poetry. In France it has had little success ; or rather, the French sonnet is an indifferent poem, less regular in its construction than the Italian. In Germany and England the comparative poverty in rhymes of their respective languages has rendered it unusual ; but Milton has given to it a dignity peculiarly his own, together with much of the melody and tenderness which characterize his Italian models. It is sometimes said that there is hardly an educated Italian who has not composed a sonnet.—*Brand's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art, Part 11.*

LONDON : Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square ; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 20.]

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1842.

[VOL. I. 1842.



WATTS'S MONUMENT.

Original Communications.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.

THIS eminent divine, poet, and philosopher, was born at Southampton, in 1674. When very young, he took great delight in reading; and the promise he gave of abilities and industry produced an offer from some gentlemen to charge themselves with his education at one of the English universities. But this kind proposal he declined, declaring his resolution to take his lot among the dissenters. At the age of fifteen, he wrote Latin and English verses which displayed considerable poetical talents. Having finished

his academical studies, he returned to his father's house, where he remained two years studying the scriptures in their original languages. When twenty-two, he accepted an invitation from Sir John Hartopp, Bart., at Stoke Newington, to take the office of domestic tutor to his son. In this situation he continued five years; and the manner in which he discharged his duty to his pupil, laid the foundation of a friendship which was only terminated by death.

In his twenty-fourth year, he was chosen

[No. 1111.

assistant to Dr. Isaac Chauncy, pastor of the congregation in Mark Lane, London. His services proved so acceptable that, in 1702, he was chosen Dr. Chauncy's successor. His delicate constitution, however, rendered it necessary to provide him an assistant; but he continued to perform the duties of his station till a violent attack of fever, in 1712, so shattered his frame, that he was obliged to intermit his services for four years. One happy effect of this visitation was, his introduction to Sir Thomas Abney, who took him to his own house, where, under his care and that of his lady, he was supplied with every comfort that could contribute to the restoration of his health and spirits. Nor was this a temporary act of kindness; for the house of Sir Thomas and that of his widow was the home of Dr. Watts during thirty-six years, the remainder of his life; and it would be difficult to produce an instance of a connexion of friendship between literature and opulence so long, so intimate, so free from any discordant or unpleasant feelings, and in which the relation of patron and dependent were so thoroughly obliterated by the perception of reciprocal benefits. His life passed in this retreat with no other variation than that of his public services and his private studies, of which the numerous fruits raised him to a high degree of popularity. His reputation procured him, without his knowledge, the honour of the degree of doctor in divinity from the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, in 1728. His weak constitution, by great care and temperance, held out to a good old age; though increasing infirmities gradually obliged him to relax, and at length to resign, his ministerial duties. His congregation, however, would not accept the renunciation of his salary, which, at the same time, he offered. After an almost imperceptible progress of decline, he calmly expired at Stoke Newington, on November 25, 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Dr. Watts was a man of quick parts, of warm feelings, lively fancy, and of a very comprehensive understanding, capable of great diversity of pursuits. The devotional spirit may be regarded as his ruling passion, which diffused its influence over all his exertions. It is particularly conspicuous in his poetry, that branch of his compositions to which he owes his chief celebrity. Candour and gentleness of disposition are so strongly impressed throughout even his polemical writings, as to have called forth the admiration of such an uncompromising high churchman as Dr. Johnson; for "the meekness of their opposition and the mildness of their censure." Most men's minds would have been soured against a party by whom their parents had suffered. The father of Dr. Watts, who was a deacon of a

dissenting congregation, was several times imprisoned for nonconformity; and his mother was known to have sat frequently on a stone near the prison door, patiently waiting some communication with her husband, with the doctor, when an infant, at her breast. "Watts's Logic" is known to every one; it has been accounted the best popular treatise on the subject; and has been the text-book of most of the universities in Great Britain. A supplement to it has also gained great favour—the "Improvement of the Mind." "Its radical principles," says Dr. Johnson, "may be found in 'Locke's Conduct of the Understanding;' but they are so expanded and ramified by Watts, as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing." But the great mass of his writings are theological, consisting of sermons, discourses, essays, controversial tracts, &c., which have been collected into six volumes. Dr. Watts will always be considered as one whose whole life was devoted to the best interests of mankind.

In the south area of Westminster Abbey is erected a monument of white marble to his memory. It is composed of a good bust of the doctor, which is supported at the sides by mourning genii with inverted torches. Beneath, within a circle, is an *alto-relievo* of Watts seated in his study, in an attitude of deep contemplation; with an angel guiding his pen, and unfolding the wonders of creation.

THOMAS BANKS,

THE sculptor of the above monument, and which was one of his earliest works, is much less known than his genius merits. He was born in Lambeth, December 22, 1735.

He was placed by his father under Mr. Kent, whose name is well known in the architectural annals of that period; but shewing afterwards a preference for sculpture, he studied that art with great success in the Royal Academy, then lately instituted. He obtained the decided approbation of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who pronounced him the first British sculptor who had produced works of classic grace; and said, that the mind of Banks was for ever dwelling on subjects worthy of an ancient Greek. He received the gold medal—a reward which the Academy gives to merit of the first class; he was also elected to be sent to Rome to pursue his studies at the expense of that establishment. He arrived safely at Rome in August, 1772, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, and instantly commenced his studies. He was chiefly attracted by the splendid specimens of Grecian genius with which that city is crowded; and pondered over the reigning character of those noble

works—making drawings and taking measurements with a neatness and precision not then very common among English artists. He confessed that all the visions of excellence which had ever visited his dreams were now realized before his waking eyes—that the antique sculpture fairly transcended all that he had conceived of it; and that in the heroic style of art, rivalry with those magic marbles was more than hopeless.

The residence of Mr. Banks at Rome was prolonged beyond the limits allowed by the Academy; for his enthusiastic admiration of the antique which can only be seen in perfection in Italy, and his eager endeavours to imitate the simplicity and elegance of its best specimens, made him unwilling to quit a spot where he could contemplate its beauties with unremitting delight. While residing there, he produced, among other works, an exquisite figure of Cupid catching a Butterfly, an emblem of Love tormenting the Soul, the size of small life; and was esteemed at Rome a production of the first-rate merit. Of it, his biographer says that, "perhaps for grace, symmetry of form, and accuracy of contour, it has scarcely been equalled by a modern hand, and might almost vie with those productions of the ancients, to which his admiration as well as his emulation had been so constantly directed."

But though his fine works brought him fame, they were not accompanied with much profit; and, after a sojourn of seven years abroad, he at length resolved on returning to London. He was, however, soon after he arrived in England, enticed by very favourable prospects held out to him by the court of Russia, to repair thither, taking with him the above-mentioned Cupid and Butterfly, which was purchased by the Empress Catherine, and placed in a temple constructed for the purpose in her gardens at Czarscozelo. After a residence of nearly two years in a climate that proved detrimental to his health, and disappointed in his hopes, he returned to his own country, and, soon afterwards obtained the rank of academician. It is customary, on this honour being conferred, to present a work of art to the Academy; that which he gave was the figure of a fallen Titan, two-thirds the size of human life. The giant is represented stricken, or thrust headlong down from heaven—a rock following his fall has crushed his foot—and he lies prostrate, struggling in his torture. It has been admired for its anatomical beauty, as well as for the grandeur of the conception. "But," says Allan Cunningham, "to be fully felt, it must be considered in connexion with a work of far greater grasp, though of very small extent, from the same hand—a representation in relief of the battle between

Jupiter and the Titans. It is ten or twelve inches long, some seven inches high, and comprised in an oval; yet it is wonderful to see the genius, not unmixed with absurdity, which he has displayed in that small space. Heaven is above, the earth is beneath—in the former, all the gods and goddesses have come forth, while Jupiter, seated in the centre, personates, not inaptly, these noble lines—

'And from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.'

He holds a thunderbolt in his right hand, and with his eye fixed on the victim, seems ready to launch it. The god appears not to have taken up the matter a moment too soon. Beneath him, a sea of gigantic forms lie crushed and weltering; yet some who have survived their brethren, are preparing, with enormous rocks, to pile up a way from the mountain-tops to heaven. Against these, the right hand of Jupiter is lifted, and all the conclave of heaven sit composedly watching the result. The interest of the scene, however, is not above, it lies below. There we see no unworthy image of that scene of desolation, described so sublimely by Milton, where Satan and his companions are cast into hell, confounded, though immortal; the linked thunder and the wrath of God pursuing still. We also see the germ of the fallen Titan itself. Looking at both, we cannot refrain from lamenting, that a man capable of such things should have mourned away three-fourths of his life over disappointed hopes. He died on the 2nd of February, 1805, in the 70th year of his age, and was buried in Paddington Churchyard.

In Westminster Abbey, a tablet is erected with this inscription:—"In memory of Thomas Banks, Esq., R.A., sculptor, whose superior abilities in the profession added a lustre to the arts of his country, and whose character as a man reflected honour on human nature."

ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "*A Natural History of Quadrupeds*," &c.

(Concluded from page 296.)

ORDER VIII.—HEMIPTERA. The ancients used to enrage the insects of the tree-hopper tribe (*Tettigonia*, *Tettix*, or *Cicada*) for the sake of their chirping, and the Athenians were so enamoured of them that they used to decorate their hair with golden images of them. From the days of Homer, who compares old men's garrulity to the chirping of these insects,* they have enjoyed poetical celebrity; and Anacreon has in-

* Homer's *Iliad*, p. 150—154.

scribed a celebrated, but inaccurate, ode to them. Aristotle says that they were eaten by the most polished Greeks, who accounted them delicious, and that the grubs (*worms* he calls them) live and grow in the earth; that they transform from grubs to *tettigometra*, (meaning thereby pupæ or chrysalides;) that they are most delicious just before they emerge into the perfect state; and that of the perfect specimens, the males at first have the best flavour, but the pregnant females are preferable.* Athenæus and Aristophanes mention their being eaten; and Ælian expresses indignation at the fact that these insects, sacred to the muses, were strung, sold, and eagerly devoured in his own time.† Pliny says that the Eastern nations, even the wealthy Parthians, used to eat them.‡ In modern times, the Aborigines of America pluck off the wings of *Tettigonia septemdecim*, and then boil the insects for food.§

Lieutenant Welstead says, that in some parts of Persia the manna collected from various trees is believed to be an insect secretion upon them. Burckhardt observes, that at Erzoum a substance of the taste and consistence of manna distils from the gall-bearing trees, and which is a principal food of the inhabitants. This substance probably arises from the insects that have caused the galls. Botanists suppose that the medicinal manna of our shops, procured from Sicily and Calabria, is a gum that exudes from the flowering ash, (*Frasinus ornus*;) but entomologists suspect that it is the production of plant lice (*Aphides*) infecting that tree; and it is the opinion of many that honeydew, which somewhat resembles fresh manna, is nothing more than the excrementitious droppings of insects of this kind.

In the order COLEOPTERA, I gave the reader a concise account of what should be called fire-beetles, to distinguish them from what is properly called the fire-fly, or lantern-fly; owing to a neglect of which distinction much that has been written about fire-flies is so confused as to be quite unavailable in natural history. The true lantern or fire-fly belongs to the present order, and is called *fulgora lanternaria*. Madame Merian relates the first discovery of its luminous property, and the fright which she experienced when she opened a box containing some lantern-flies, and beheld it full of fire.|| Mr. L. Guilding says that a glass filled with healthy specimens presents a splendid appearance.¶ In some places they are used instead of candles.

* Aristotle's *Hist. Anim.* lib. v. c. 30.

† See Bochart, *Hieroz.* vol. ii. lib. iv. c. 7. p. 491.

‡ Pliny's *Hist. Nat.* lib. xi. c. 36.

§ Peter Collinson, in the *Philosophical Transactions* (1763), n. x.

|| Merian's *Insects of Surinam*.

¶ *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vii. (1834), p. 371.

I have now to conclude this lengthy essay on the useful insects and their products; certain that I have shewn that the examples are numerous, and sufficiently so to prove the absurdity of neglecting or despising any creatures on account of their minuteness; as they supply nourishing food and costly garments to man, we may say of them, that they are little and good, and well deserve our gratitude, study, and investigation.

THE DEATH WALTZ* OF GERMANY.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

'Tis a waltz's graceful music
All on the sunny air;
Yet a passing bell is tolling
Heavily, heavily there.

That measure, were it lightsome,
Were fit for festal day,
While youths and maids are gliding
Like elfin forms away.

But ah! in mournful semblance,
Faltering like heart-heaved sigh,
That music may but marshal
One that moves on—to die!

There is a file of soldiers
On the wide esplanade,
And by the ruin'd rampart
Is an open coffin laid.

They lean on their heavy muskets,
Their cheeks are deadly pale;
And oh! they convulsive shudder
As the music comes up the vale.

The sun shines bright upon them,
Yet are they cold and chill,
As they watch for a fatal signal
A death-doom to fulfil.

The fall of unnumber'd footsteps,
The roll of the muffled drum,
Blending with that sad cadence,
Tell that the hour is come.

His step is proud and martial,
His face is young and fair—
Is it his passing-bell that's tolling
Heavily, heavily there?

He looks on his guards serenely;
Can he be a criminal?
He turns from the smother'd accents
Of the serjeant-mareschal.

"Mine eyes may not be cover'd
While my bosom heaves with breath;
For yet have I never shrunken
To gaze on the face of death."

He bends to the old confessor—
"Observe my sole bequest;—"
He waves his hand in silence,
And lays it on his breast.

A flash, and a sullen echo,—
A gushing of crimson gore,—
And their steps die away like the shaling†
Of shingles on the shore.

* It is said that a waltz of a peculiarly mournful and impressive character is played before the condemned on their way to execution. Waltz music is national among the Germans.

† Shaling—a word not to be found certainly in Johnson, but which has been applied by a modern writer to express the sound caused by the reflux of a wave which has broken on a shingly beach.

The moon is veil'd in vapour,
Though 'tis a summer's night,
And a monk and a trembling maiden
Are groping for lack of light.

They come by the ruin'd rampart,
They tread the esplanade,
And the monk mutters prayers unheeded
By that bereaved maid.

She stoops where the ground is trampled
And the earth but newly turn'd,
Where a flower is wildly waving,
Dim through the gloom discern'd.

She lays it in her bosom,
Damp though it be with dew,
As though 'twere a farewell token
From him that was brave and true.

She turns from the ruin'd castle,
She and that old grey friar;
And they speak not a word as they wander
On to the convent choir.

She has swooned in the silent chapel
Where lamps burn evermore;
For the flower she had shrined in her bosom
Is wet with red drops of gore!

The monk he essays to raise her
With his old wither'd arm;
He signs her with holy water,
And mutters many a charm.

"Alas! that all unhousel'd,
Body and soul should part!—
O blessed Virgin, shield her,—
She dies of a broken heart!"

The nuns a dirge are chanting,
All as they move along,
Where the streets seem as hush'd and hallow'd
As the choir at evensong.

A fair young girl is lying
As on a couch in sleep,
While an old confessor totters,
Who cannot choose but weep.

Fresh flowers are on her temples,
Wreath'd in her shining hair;—
Her hands are on her bosom,
Half-raised, as if in prayer.

But ah! one slender finger
Fast holds a starry bloom,
That she, with the love of woman,
Is bearing to the tomb.

Its petals all are wither'd,
Closed is its deep blue eye,
And on its faded relics
Are spots of crimson dye.

REINELM.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

NO. IV.

SYRINGES were formerly very inefficient instruments, and remained so until Assalini, Buonaparte's Neapolitan surgeon, suggested an improvement in the piston and shape; but he did not alter a very material part—viz., the nose. There was still the short thick ivory tube, which prevented the liquid that was injected from passing behind any substance in the auditory passage, such as hard wax, &c., whereby the entrance of sound would be mechanically obstructed.

With such a defective syringe it must be impossible to vary the direction of the injected lotion; and it is not at all surprising that country apothecaries have syringed their patients' ears for many weeks, daily, without affording the least relief. Kramer, of Berlin, who condemns in a most unaccountable, self-sufficient manner the opinions and practice of every person who has ever written on the subject of the ear, recommends, for want of knowing better, an obsolete form of syringe which would disgrace the early periods when aural surgery was being rescued by scientific men from the control of old women; and, in his account of using the instrument, he fully proves the truth of the observations made by the late Mr. Abernethy to his pupils, when he stated, that general surgeons were entirely unacquainted with the proper method of using the syringe to the ear; indeed, no one can betray more ignorance of the subject than Kramer has done.

Nearly thirty years ago, finding the syringe, with all its improvements, still defective, I caused a taper silver tube, above three inches long, to be made to screw on in place of the ivory one, and more recently, I have my pistons made of collars of leather, similar to those of an air-pump. The bore of the syringe must be truly cylindrical, and of the same size throughout.

The way to use the syringe is, to screw the silver tube to the body of the instrument, the joint of which must be air-tight, by a proper washer; then insert the end of the tube into the lotion, fill the syringe in the usual manner, return the lotion into the basin, so as to expel any portion of air which may be in the tube, or body of the syringe, fill it again, place the right thumb in the ring, the body of the instrument between the first and second fingers of the same hand, while, by applying the left hand to the auricle, the obliquity of the auditory passage is so reduced, that by varying the position of the instrument, any substance, even at the bottom of the passage, is speedily and painlessly removed, without wetting the patient, the linen, or the dress. Any person who may have been so unfortunate as to have had the ears syringed by a general surgeon, or a copyist of Kramer, will be able to appreciate the difference very fully.

The reason why air should not be sent into the ear with the lotion is, that bubbles so injected will, even in a healthy person, prove unpleasant; but if there be disease in the ear, vertigo and pain will supervene.

The syringe is not only used for removing indurated wax, &c., but for many other purposes, as will be noticed in the proper places.

We now come to a very numerous class

of cases, those which have either a small quantity of viscid wax lining the auditory passages, or a total absence of any secretion whatsoever, with, in some instances, headache, vertigo, or noises in the head and ears.

One old-established aurist, highly and justly esteemed for his honourable professional conduct, often dismisses these cases as originating in nervous deafness, and incurable. Another has taken up the idea that the membrane, commonly called the drum, has become thickened, and applies a lotion of lunar caustic, syringing after the lapse of a few minutes. This opinion of his, nearly proved fatal to the Duke of Wellington, about twenty years ago, for there being a perforation in the membrane, the caustic went through into the cavity beneath, brain fever came on in a few hours, and his Grace's life was only preserved by the most prompt and active measures. I was called in to attend the Duke, and have continued to do so ever since; but the left ear is irrecoverably lost. Similar has been the result of the same application to the ear of Sir Charles Scudamore, M.D., who came to me in a state of great pain; and greater or lesser has been the mischief this application has occasioned in numerous instances.

W. WRIGHT.

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER XIX.—(Concluded.)

A WEEK ago, perhaps it was about one in the morning, I was writing in my room, when suddenly I perceived the paper under my pen become red, and, on lifting my eyes, discovered that the light did not proceed from my lamp, but from my window, while a strange humming noise rose around me. I hastened to ascertain the cause. An immense volume of flame and smoke was issuing from the roof above my head, making a frightful noise. It was simply the Hotel P—, the house adjoining mine, which had taken fire.

In an instant, the inmates of the *auberge* were awake, all the village was astir, and the cry, "*feuer ! feuer !*" was heard in every street. I shut my window, and opened the door. The large wooden staircase of my hotel, which had two windows, almost touched the burning house, and seemed also to be in flames. From the top to the bottom of the stairs, a crowd of shadows,

loaded with divers things, was seen pressing, jostling, and making way, with all possible speed, either to the top or to the bottom. It was the inmates of the *auberge* removing their effects,—one nearly naked, this one in drawers, that one in his shirt; they seemed scarcely awake. No one cried out—no one spoke. It was like the humming of an ant-hillock.



As for me, for each thinks of himself at such a time, I had little luggage. I lodged on the first floor, therefore ran no other risk than that of being forced to make my escape by the window.

A storm arose in the meanwhile, and the rain came down in torrents. As it always happens, the more haste the less speed. A moment of frightful confusion ensued; some wished to enter, others to go out; drawers and tables, attached to ropes, were lowered from the windows; and mattresses, nightcaps, and bundles of linen, were thrown from the top of the house on to the pavement. Women were wringing their hands in despair, and children crying. Just as the fire gained the granary, the fire-engines arrived. It is almost impossible to give an idea of the rage with which the water attacked its enemy. Scarcely had the pipes passed over the wall than a hissing sound was heard; and the flame, on which a stream of molten steel seemed pouring, roared, became erect, leaped frightfully, opened horrible mouths, and, with its innumerable tongues, licked at once all the doors and windows of the burning edifice. The vapour mingled with the smoke, volumes of which were dispersed with every breath of wind, and lost themselves, twisting and wreathing, in the darkness of the night, whilst the hissing of the water responded to the roaring of the fire. There is nothing more terrible and more grand than the awful and eternal combat of the *hydre* and *dragon*.

The strength of the water forced up in columns by the engines was extraordinary; the slates and bricks on which it alighted broke and were scattered by its force. When the timber-works gave way the sight was grand. Amidst noise and smoke,

myriads of sparks issued from the flames. For a few minutes a chimney-stack stood alone upon the house, like a kind of stone tower, but no sooner was the pipe pointed towards it than it fell heavily into the gulf. The Rhine, the villages, the mountains, the ruins,—all the spectres of the country, were observable amidst the smoke and flames and storm. It was truly a frightful sight, yet it had something of sublimity in it.

If looked at in detail, nothing was more singular than to see at intervals, amongst smoke and flame, heads of men appearing everywhere. These men were directing the water-pipes on the flames, which jumped, advanced, and receded. The windows of the chambers which were inaccessible were, at the caprice of the winds, sometimes filled with fire and smoke, then representing dark cavities. Large blocks of wood-work were detached from the roof, and hung dangling by a nail, while others fell amidst noise and sparks. In the interior of the apartments, the decorated paper of the walls appeared and disappeared with every blast of wind. There was upon the wall of the third floor a picture of Louis XV., surrounded with shepherds and shepherdesses. I watched this landscape with particular interest. For some time it withstood the fire; but at last one body of flame entered the room, stretched forth one of its tongues, and seized the landscape: the females embraced the males; Tircis cajoled Glycère; then all disappeared in smoke.

A short distance from the *auberge* was a group of half-naked English, with countenances pale, and looks expressive of bewilderment. They were standing by the goods which had been providentially saved. At their left was an assemblage of all the children of the place, who laughed on seeing a block of wood precipitated into the burning element, and clapped their hands every time the water-works happened to play amongst them. Such was the fire of the Hotel P—, at Lorch.

A house on fire is at best a house burning; but what is still more melancholy, a man lost his life at it, while in the act of doing good to others.

About four o'clock in the morning, the people became what is generally termed *masters of the fire*, and succeeded in confining the flames to the Hotel P., thus saving ours. A host of servants, brushing, scraping, rubbing, and sponging, attacked the rooms, and in less than an hour, our inn was washed from top to bottom. One thing is singular; nothing was stolen! All those goods, removed in haste under the rain, in the middle of night, were scrupulously carried back by the poor peasants of Lorch.

Next morning, I was surprised to see,

on the ground-floor of the inn that was burnt, two or three rooms perfectly entire, which did not seem to be the least disordered by the fire that had raged above them. *Apropos* to this fact, the following story passes current in this country; however, I do not credit it:—

A few years ago, an Englishman arrived somewhat late at an inn at Braubach, supped, and went to bed. In the middle of the night, the *auberge* took fire. The servants entered the apartment of the Englishman, and, finding him asleep, awoke him, and told him what had happened, and that he must make all speed out of the house.

"To the d—l with you!" said the Englishman, not at all pleased with his nocturnal visitants. "You awake me for this? Leave me alone—I am fatigued, and will not get up! You seem to be a parcel of fools, to imagine that I am going to run through the fields in my shirt at such an hour as this! Nine hours is the amount of time which I allow for rest. Put out the fire the best way you can—I will not hinder you! As for me, I am very well in bed, where I intend remaining. Good night. I will see you to-morrow."

No sooner had he said so than he turned his back upon the servants, and fell fast asleep. What was to be done? The fire gained ground; and the inmates, to save themselves, fled, after shutting the door upon the Englishman, who was soundly sleeping, and snoring tremendously. The fire was terrible, but at last was with great difficulty extinguished. Next morning, the men who were clearing the rubbish came to the chamber of the Englishman, opened the door, and found the traveller half awake, and rubbing his eyes in bed, who yawningly cried out, on perceiving them—

"Can you tell me if there is such a thing as a boot-hook in this house?"

He rose, breakfasted heartily, and appeared quite refreshed—a circumstance greatly to the displeasure of the garçons of the place, who had made up their minds to make what is called in the valley of the Rhine a *bourgmestre sec* with the mummy of the Englishman—that is, a smoked corpse, which they shew to strangers for a few liards.

LETTER XX.

FROM LORCH TO BINGEN.

LORCH is about four French leagues from Bingen. You are well aware of my taste. Whenever an opportunity is afforded, I never neglect converting my excursion into a promenade.

Nothing to my taste is more pleasing than travelling on foot. We are free, and joyous. No breaking down of wheels, no

contingencies attendant on carriages. We set out, stop when it suits us; breakfast at a farm or under a tree; walk on, and dream while walking; for travelling cradles reverie, and reverie veils fatigue. The beauty of the country hides the length of the road. We are not travelling, we wander; then we stop under the shade of a tree, by the side of a little rivulet, whose rippling waters harmonize with the songs of the birds that load the branches over our heads. I saw with compassion a diligence pass before me, enveloped in dust, and containing tired, screwed up, and fatigued passengers. Strange that those poor creatures, who are often persons of mind, should willingly consent to be shut up in a place where the harmony of the country sounds only in noise, the sun appears to them in suffocation, and the road in whirlwinds of dust. They are not aware of the flowers that are found in thickets, of the pearls that are picked up amongst pebbles, of the hours that the fertile imagination discovers in landscapes!—*musa pedestris*. Everything comes to the foot passenger. Adventures are ever passing before his eyes.

I remember being, some seven or eight years ago, at Claye, which is a few leagues from Paris. I will transcribe the lines which I found in my note-book, for they are connected with the story that I am going to relate.

"A canal for a ground-floor, a cemetery for a first, and a few houses for a second—such is Claye. The cemetery forms a terrace over the canal; thus affording the manes of the peasants of Claye a probable chance of being serenaded by the mail packet which runs from Paris to Meaux. In this place the dead are not interred; they are—"

I was returning to Paris on foot, and had set out early; the trees of the forest of Bondy tempted me to go by a road which had a sharp turning, where I seated myself—my back against an oak, my feet hanging over a ditch—and began to write upon my green book the note which you have just read. As I was finishing the fourth line, I lifted my eyes, and perceived on the other side, and not many yards from where I was, a bear, with its eyes fixed upon me. In broad daylight we have no nightmares, nor can we be dupes enough to take the stump of a tree for something supernatural. At night, things may change in appearance; but at noon, with a May sun over our heads, we have no such hallucinations. It was actually a bear—a living bear—a hideous-looking animal, which was seated on its hind legs, with its two fore-paws crossed over its belly. One of its ears was torn, as also was its under lip; it had only one eye, with which it looked at me attentively. There was no woodman at hand—all around

me was silent and deserted. I must say that I felt a strange sensation. Sometimes, in cases with a dog, we manage to get over it by shouting out "Fox," "Solomon," or "Azor," but what could we say to a bear? From whence did it come? why such a creature in the forest of Bondy, upon the highway from Paris to Claye? It was strange, unreasonable, and anything but pleasing. I moved not; I must also say that the bear did not move, a circumstance which appeared to me somewhat lucky. It looked at me as tenderly as a bear could well do with one eye; it opened its mouth, not in ferocity, but yawningly. This bear had something of peace, of resignation, and of drowsiness, and I found a likeness in its physiognomy to those old stagers that listen to tragedies. In fact, its countenance pleased me so much that I resolved on putting as good a face upon the matter as I could. I therefore accepted it for a spectator, and continued what I had begun. I then wrote the fifth line in my book; which line is at a considerable distance from the fourth, for, on beginning it, I had my eyes fixed upon the eye of the bear.

Whilst I was writing, a large fly lighted on the bleeding ear of my spectator. It lifted slowly its right paw, and passed it over its ear, as a cat might do. The fly took to its wings; the bear looked after it; then he seized his hind legs with his fore paws; and, as if satisfied with that classic attitude, began again to eye me. I admit that I watched his movements with no slight degree of interest.

Just as I was about to begin the sixth line, I heard a sound of feet on the high road, and suddenly I perceived another bear, a huge, black animal, which had no sooner fixed its eyes upon the former, than it ran up to it, and rolled graciously at its feet. The first was a she-bear, and did not deign to look upon the black one, and fortunately the black one paid no attention to me.

I confess that at this new apparition, which was somewhat perplexing, my hand trembled. I was then writing "*Claye, a probable chance of being serenaded.*" In my manuscript, I see there is a great space between the words "*probable chance*" and "*of being serenaded.*" That space signifies—a "second bear!"

Two bears! What did all this mean? Judging from whence the black one made its appearance, it was natural to imagine that it had come from Paris; a city little abounding with *bêtes*, at least of such savage natures.

I remained petrified—bewildered—with my eyes fixed upon the hideous animals, which began to roll lovingly in the dust. I rose, and was making up my mind whether I should pick up my cane, which had fallen

into the ditch, when another appeared, less in size, more deformed, and bleeding like the first; then came a fourth, a fifth, and sixth. The last four walked along the road like soldiers on the march. This was truly inexplicable. A moment afterwards, I heard the shouting of men, mingling with the barking of dogs; then beheld ten or twelve bulldogs, and seven or eight men; the latter were armed with large sticks, tipped with iron, and were carrying muzzles in their hands. One of them stopped, and whilst the others collected the animals and muzzled them, he explained to me this strange enigma. The master of the Circus of the Barrière du Combat, profiting by the Easter devotions, was sending his bears and dogs to Meaux, where he intended giving a few exhibitions. All these animals travelled on foot, and had been unmuzzled at the last stage, to afford them an opportunity of eating by the roadside. Whilst the keepers were comfortably seated in a neighbouring *cabaret*; the bears, finding themselves alone, joyous of liberty—stole a march upon their masters.

Such was one of the adventures of my pedestrian excursions—the *rencontre* of “actors” on a half holiday.

Dante, in the commencement of his poem states, that he met, one day, a panther in a wood; after which, a lion; then a wolf. If we give credit to tradition, the seven wise men of Greece had similar adventures. Thales, of Milet, was, for a long time, followed by a *griffon*; Bias de Priene walked side by side with a lynx; Solon, of Athens, bravely confronted a mad bull; Cleobulus, of Rhodes, met a lion; and Chilo, of Macedonia, a lioness. All these marvellous facts, if properly examined, might be found to have some connexion with the “holiday” of a menagerie. If I had related my story of the bears in a manner more redounding to my valour, perhaps in a few hundred years I should have passed for a second Orpheus. *Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres*. You perceive, my friend, that poor “acting” bears, give rise to many prodigies. Without offence to the ancient poets or Greek philosophers, I must confess that, to me, a strophe would be but a feeble weapon against a leopard, or the power of a syllogism against a hyena. Man has found the secret of degrading the lion and the tiger—of adding stupidity to ferocity. Perhaps it is well; for, had it not been so, I should have been eaten; and the seven wise men of Greece would have shared the same fate.

(To be continued.)

Confidence.—Trust him with little who, without proofs, trusts you with everything, or, when he has proved you, with nothing.—*Lavater.*

Miscellaneous.

THE GALLANTRY OF MISER SCARVE.

“WELL, Mr. Scarve,” said Lady Brabazon, “I am come to know whether I can have the four thousand pounds to-night.”

“Impossible, your ladyship, impossible!” replied the miser. “If you will pay me twice the interest agreed upon, it cannot be. I have suffered a very heavy loss to-day—a very heavy loss indeed.”

“Poh—poh! that is always the way with you usurers,” replied Lady Brabazon. “You are always suffering some heavy loss. But you don’t expect me to believe you. You take a great deal too good care of your money to lose it. I must have a thousand pounds for a special purpose to-night. And if you won’t let me have the four thousand, I must have the smaller amount, and on the security of these jewels.” And she produced a case of diamonds. “You see,” she added, displaying them, “they are worth nearly double the amount.”

“They are very brilliant,” he replied, gazing at them with the eye of a connoisseur. “But I cannot lend your ladyship the money.”

“Mr. Scarve,” said Lady Brabazon, “I have a debt to pay to-night, and if I do not discharge it, my character will be entirely lost.”

“Your ladyship’s character as a punctual paymaster will scarcely suffer by the delay of a night,” said Scarve, drily.

“But this is a debt of honour!” said Lady Brabazon. “I will redeem my jewels in less than a week.”

“Oh, if it is a debt of honour, that is quite another thing,” said the miser. “These are certainly a magnificent set of diamonds. Your ladyship must look vastly well in them. Will you favour me by putting them on?”

“Certainly, Mr. Scarve, if you desire it,” replied Lady Brabazon, condescendingly.

“I don’t know which to admire most, your ladyship or the diamonds,” said the miser, gallantly.

“The old fool has fallen in love with me,” thought Lady Brabazon; “I must improve the advantage I have gained. You are very complaisant, Mr. Scarve,” she added aloud, and with one of her bewitching smiles—a smile which, in her younger days, had never failed of execution.

“It would be strange if I were not, to so fascinating a person as your ladyship,” replied the miser, with a strange leer, that sat very ill on his withered features.

Lady Brabazon cast down her eyes.

“I almost forget what brought me hither,” she observed, after a slight pause,

during which she hoped the miser would follow up his gallant commencement.

"A proof it cannot be of great importance," said Scarve; "but your ladyship has asked me a favour, and I will ask one in return. I have been disappointed in my dearest expectations of late. My daughter will not marry according to my wishes. What should I do? I am too old to marry again."

"Scarcely," replied her ladyship, trying to force a blush, but decidedly failing in the attempt.

"I will put a case," continued the miser, "merely for consideration. Suppose I were to offer myself to a person of your ladyship's rank—and in your ladyship's position—what sort of reception should I be likely to meet with?"

"That, I should say, would depend entirely upon the settlement you proposed to make, Mr. Scarve," replied Lady Brabazon. "You are reported to be immensely rich. You have some misunderstanding with your daughter, you say, which I can readily conceive—daughters are so very unmanageable—there is my Clementina, for instance, the sweetest temper in the world, but she gives me an infinity of trouble. But, as I was saying, you are immensely rich—money is no object to you; if, therefore, you were to settle upon a lady in my position somewhere about a hundred thousand pounds—but not less—I think—mind, I only think—for I offer a very hasty and ill-considered opinion—I think, however, she might be induced to accept you."

"Rather a large sum to pay for a wife at my time of life, your ladyship," observed the miser, drily.

"Not a fraction more than would be required, believe me, my good sir," replied Lady Brabazon.

"Then I must abandon any views I may have entertained of an exalted alliance," sighed the miser. "But suppose we take another view of the case. Perhaps for a hundredth part of the sum, there would be no necessity for marriage at all."

"That is a view of the case which I cannot for a moment contemplate, Mr. Scarve," said her ladyship, with a glance of indignation. "Allow me to remind you that I came here on business."

"True," replied the miser, in some confusion; "these diamonds are certainly very brilliant. Your ladyship shall have the sum you require upon them. And we will talk about the other matters at some future time."—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

Ghyll, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and, for the most part, a steep, narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for Waterfall.

MR. LEVY AT PRAYERS.

MANY strange sights have I been privileged to see. Reader, behold the strangest!

In one corner of a crowded room stood Mr. Levy in dishabille. Levy! thou art gone, and numbered with thy fathers. Posterity can never do thee justice. Thy *manes* never may be appeased. Pardon me, thou noble piece of earth, that my pen limps and falters in thy delineation. Oh! for a quill of photographic power, to fix thee in thy evanescent passage, to rescue from the greedy throat of Time that form and face, that hair, that eye, that goodly but unclean array! Levy in dishabille! More I cannot say. In the lowest depth it was the deeper still—the dirty Levy, dirtier yet—the spicy spiced! Before him was a Hebrew book; upon his forehead, exactly between his eyes, a small square piece of leather-covered wood (so it appeared to me), kept in its position by a leathern thong, which running through a loop was carried round the head and tied behind. His left arm was exposed. Around it some dozen times was strapped another thong, similar to that about his head. His coat was off; his vest unbuttoned; over the once white shirt he wore a curious coloured garment, formed of two square pieces of blue cloth, one hanging down before his breast, the other to his back, and both attached by means of two long slips of tape connecting them. At the extremity of the four corners were long fringes of white worsted, fastened in small knots. The fringes in the front were in Mr. Levy's grasp when I walked in, and started with amazement at the novel spectacle. Let me stand stricken with surprise whilst the reader looks around him. There, by the hearth, over that pan of hissing oil, fork in hand, stands the ill-favoured lady that you wot of—she of the pitted face, no meaner person than the mistress of the house, Levy's wedded partner. Her cheek is scorched before the crackling fire, but her gown, tucked up and pinned, is safe from conflagration. See how she darts upon the thrice-divided sole, and with artistic stroke turns now the head and now the tail, and now the middle piece, dogging the boiling oil, and escaping with a bob so cleverly the scalding sputter. And there for twenty years hath stood, as regularly as Friday came, this indefatigable cook frying her fish, not to be devoured savoury and warm, as fish upon the sixth day falls into the pious stomach of the Romanist, but to be laid out with ceremonial care, in pride of parsley, and safely locked away till Sabbath morn—when, cold, and crisp, and unctuous, it comes forth to grease and mollify the Levite's heart, and haply entertain him with a fit of biliousness. Miss Esther Levy at the table sits, herself unwashed,

washing her brother with a disinterestedness that the young urchin, cuffing and kicking, scarce appreciates. Rebecca, second born, is busy with a book, no doubt a pleasant one. You cannot see her face, but her head, a mass of spiral papers, rolls with impatience at the little Levy's struggling cries. There, in a bed, lie two, the youngest of the group, emerging out of childhood—prattling innocents! Their time for cleansing has not yet arrived. How prettily do they beguile the time with that small pack of cards, playing at *all-fours* and *marriage*, three games for a halfpenny, lipping at intervals a wee incipient execration as fortune changes, or as juggling fails. But, last of all, behold the father's pride, Levy's son and heir, his better self—his youthful Prince of Wales—on whom the parent's mantle must descend, in whom the father's brightest hopes are fixed. His body is twelve years old, his head a hundred. There is more knowledge of the human creature—of the impure, gross part, that lies hidden in the soul's corrupted sink—written and engraved in that precocious, cunning cheek, than twenty ordinary men can boast. His father's *pride*? oh! rather say his *fear*; for never did nature mould in human flesh a countenance so portentous! Mark him as he sits apart from all his brethren, counting the clay marbles which he himself has made—brushing the metal buttons that he has raked up everywhere, and every one of which he means to sell anon amongst the little boys in school, to which he is daily sent, with great advantage to himself, and greater credit to his master. My sudden entrance caused a slight intermission in the various doings of this interesting family; but the beneficent head addressed me without delay, and the waters flowed again in their accustomed channels.

"Vel, Hannah, who'd a thought it, eh? This is a honour. But I always said he'd come at last. Sit down, my dear—I shall be done directly. Here's a surprise!" And taking the book into his hand, he mumbled out some Hebrew words, then rubbed the fringes round his face, and finished by kissing them with fervour. I was embarrassed at the unaccountable behaviour.

"Perhaps I am disturbing you," I said; "I'll call some other time, sir."

"Not at all," was his reply; "you don't disturb me in the least. I knows it all by heart. I'm only saying my prayers."

"Indeed, sir."

"Yes, dat's all. How's Mr. Temples?—have you seen him lately?"

Before I answered, he was deep in the Hebrew book again. Now he counted quickly the straps upon his arm, and repeated a dozen cabalistic words or so with a loud and rapid voice. The little gamblers,

in the meantime, quarrelled at their game, and sadly interfered with the sacred occupation: a *Christian's* patience couldn't have held out for ever.

"Vill you two be quiet there," the father cried at last, "or shall I come and make you? Hannah, vy the devil don't you take them cards away?"

"Vot's the good?" answered Mrs. Levy from the fire; "you know as well as I do, Sol, you'll give 'em back the minute after."

"Vill I?" said the husband, leaving his manual without further ceremony. "Then you'll see, my dear." Forthwith he rushed to the bedside, and snatched the cards from both the trembling children; then he bestowed a blow upon the heads of each—which, as might be expected, set them roaring. Unaffected by their cries, the pious man returned to his devotions, and proceeded as before. His compliance with the law was evidently irksome. In a few minutes he stopped again.

"How long is it, Mr. Shtukely, since ve travelled in the stage-coach together?"

"About eighteen months, sir."

"Ah!" sighed the old gentleman, "how fast the world goes!"—which serious observation no doubt recalled him to his duty—for he seized the book again, and lost himself for a few minutes longer. But the morning was inauspicious. He was doomed to interruption. Miss Esther, be it known, was worn out at length by the unpolished sample of Mosaic that she was brightening up. Like the living block from which he was cut off, he was the slave of hydrophobia—he would not be washed.

"Father," said Esther, in a tone of real despair, "I wish you'd speak to Aby. I can't do nothink with him. He has fit me till I'm sick."

"You, sir," bawled out the harassed parent, "do you vant a licking the first thing this morning?"

"No," answered the boy, in as irreverent a voice as ever filial throat cast up.

"Then don't wex me, my boy, or you'll catch it at once."

And he did "*catch it at once*." I was still looking intently upon Mr. Levy's curious trappings, when a loud blow, followed by a louder scream, compelled my attention elsewhere.

"Vot's the matter, now?" shouted Mr. Levy, almost beside himself.

"That sarves you right!" exclaimed his good lady, addressing the juvenile above referred to, now lying at her feet, and kicking furiously. "I caught you, did I? My back isn't turned a minute before the villain has picked off every bit of brown in the dish. You wont mau the fish, my dear, again in a hurry."

All the family seemed horror-struck at the unholy pilfering, but Mr Levy himself

was choked with just rage. "If you don't take away the rascal's share to-morrow morning, Hannah, you and I shall quarrel. Dat boy, Mr. Shtukely," continued he, still neglecting his orisons, "dat boy, sir, will come to the gallows, if his mother and I don't live to see it. He has got a nateral idea of shteating that breaks my heart to think of. He's booked for Newgate, though I say it!"—and Mr. Levy, with a heavy sigh, pursued his prayers, and did not speak again on wordly topics till he brought them to a close. Once more in ecstasy, he wiped his visage with the fringes, and kissed them passionately; and last of all, he turned his face towards the wall, bowed to it with reverence repeatedly, and beat his breast with force and sound that would have pleased a stethoscopist's ear.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

H. DE BALZAC.

HONORE DE BALZAC, descendant of an ancient and noble family, was born at Tours, in the year 1799, amidst the most anarchical state of things that Europe had ever known. After his college studies, he came to Paris, in 1820, with the hope of earning a livelihood by his pen. Radiant with the illusions of youth—buoyant with the confidence of inexperience, he entered that vast "ocean-stream" of Parisian life, there to have his illusions shattered by grim realities, there to have his confidence sicken to despair. It was a hard—a bitter struggle. For nine years he continued writing under various signatures, principally that of Horace St. Aubin,—and although contriving to gain a subsistence, yet never making any "sensation" in the world, but continuing to be one of the mere "mob of gentlemen who write with ease." He became either partner in or proprietor of a small printing office, about 1830, but failing in this, he returned to literature, and shortly afterwards "woke and found himself famous," as Byron said of himself.

Whatever may have been the influential causes, certain it is that no writer has attained so extensive a popularity since 1830, and that no better type of French literature, in its least admirable phases, can be selected than Honoré de Balzac. We do not thereby intimate that he is an inferior writer; on the contrary, though open to much objection, and some reprobation, we yield to none in recognition of his great and peculiar talents; and there are some of his works which we regard as masterpieces in their way; but we mean that he represents the exaggerated, fantastic, absurd, and immoral tendencies which run through a certain portion of their literature, and that he is of all Frenchman the most Parisian.

His affectations bring down much enmity

upon him—his coxcombry much contempt. He carries a walking cane that cost forty pounds, and is said to have spent all the large sums he has received in *furniture*! and his love of finery and the fantastic has been his ruin. Nay, it is asserted that he went to the enormous expense of having new moulds made exclusively for his furniture—chairs and ottomans of peculiar construction, and that he had those moulds instantly broken, that no one else should possess them. We by no means stand by the truth of this assertion. We believe it to be most probably only one of the thousand and one scandals circulated about him—but we must also observe that, if untrue in itself, it indicates, even in its exaggeration, some evidence of his singular affectation. Madame Delphine Gay could not have written her "*Camille de M. de Balzac*," had Balzac been a man free from all such puerile affectation. The want of truth would have turned the edge of satire.

In looking into his writings also, we discover abundant traces of this unmanly love of finery and frippery. His descriptions of dress, both male and female, are tediously minute. The care and elaboration displayed in his pictures of "interiors," with all the mysteries and coquetry of the arrangement of furniture—these, by the very importance attached to them, betray his inclinations.

To quit all such considerations, however, and to examine only his qualities as a writer, let us first begin with his style. The importance of style in France is a matter deserving our attentive consideration, because in England it is fast becoming a rarity to see any attempt at creating a style, or any appreciation of it by the public, when attempted. The importance attached to it by the French is often sneered at as pedantry—it is so; but it is a wholesome pedantry—a leaning to excess on the right side. If they are sensitively alive to "*tours de style*" to mere artifices, and severely condemn any common, vulgar, or unidiomatic expression, in spite of its energy,—we cannot help regarding it as a leaning to the right side. It shews a proper reverence for the *craft* of writing. It shews that authorship is not mere *gabble*, and fluent, careless talk. Only look at the present state of English literature, and observe the deleterious effect of this want of proper pedantry! So many hundreds of uneducated men are now swarming in upon the press, importing their vulgarisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, or mere slang, which, by perpetual iteration, at last come to infect the writings even of the scholarly and careful—so much ungrammatical, unidiomatic language is now to be read, even in quarters whence one would least suspect it, that we almost despair of ever again seeing

one writer draw from the "pure well of English undefiled."

Balzac's style is detestable. It is crabbed, prolix, pedantic, tortuous, and unmelodious. He gathers together the technical terms of all sciences, and uses them in the most arbitrary, often ignorant, manner. As a specimen of his native ignorance—of his excessive unconsciousness of his being wrong in the employment of a technical word, we may cite his making one of his heroines *sing a symphony* of Beethoven! It is imperative on a foreigner making charges against a native in the employment of his language, that he substantiate them. We will do so. We will quote three passages from one work—his favourite work, *Le Lis dans la Vallée*, and beg the reader's attention to them.

1. Describing his first meeting with his lady love, "aussitôt je sentis une céleste odeur de myrrhes, et d'aloès, un *parfum de femme qui brilla dans mon cœur*," &c. A *perfume that sparkles in the heart* is a scent of very peculiar properties!

2. He describes the effect of a flower thus:—"Ses inépuisables exhalations remueront au fond de votre cœur les roses en bouton que la pudeur y écrase." This is no doubt immensely imaginative—the rosebuds of the heart trampled on by modesty! In how many circulating library copies has this passage been marked by the sentimental, we cannot venture to guess.

3. This specimen is glorious. It may be taken equally as a type of his ambitious and ornate style of expression, or as a type of his sickly sentimentality whenever he attempts to be poetical:—"Deux grosses larmes éclairées par un rayon de lune sortirent de ses yeux, roulerent sur ses joues, en atteignant le bas, mais je tendis la main assez à temps pour les recevoir et les bus avec une avidité pieuse qu'excitèrent ces paroles déjà signées par dix ans de larmes secrètes, de sensibilité dispensée, de soins constans!" This passage is perfect. Had we been writing a burlesque on the sentimental, we should have plagiarized it *verbatim*. Every word is a gem. That beautiful touch of tender sentiment and delicate reverence, of his hastily catching her falling tears in his hand, and drinking them up with "pious avidity," is not, however, original. Henry Heine, in his *Buch der Leiden*, has the very same—

"Ich hab' von deiner weissen Hand,
Die Thränen fortgetrunken;"

and a very pleasant beverage he found it, doubtless!

But does not the reader see that, detestable as this style unquestionably is, it must even *therefore* delight a large portion of the class he addresses—the frivolous and superficial? Are not these three specimens such

as would strike many a mere novel reader as exquisite? Assuredly: and let the purists or the literati rail as much as they please, the "dear delightful Balzac" will not lose his popularity. Happy Balzac! O unhappy Paris!

The truth is, Balzac has not a spark of poetry in him. When we have said this, we have potentially given his description. No poetry, no love of the beautiful, no divine instinct truer than logic—nothing but his own intellect and its conclusions to guide him—and that intellect not of the soundest!

It is thus that his only power of description is by details. With wonderful acuteness and finesse of observation, yet he is obliged to work by merest details. If he places you in a street, he gives you no vivid description of it in a few graphic strokes, but with painful minuteness brings everything, even to the steps and gable ends, before your eye. The same with a house—he must tell you of every room in it, and of every piece of furniture in that room. The result is, that the multiplicity of details distract instead of enlightening.

His minuteness of detail, and corresponding minuteness of observation, is never more distressing to us than when employed on the frippery of the *salons* and their society. It is indeed noteworthy how De Balzac gloats over all the *délices*, all the voluptuous refinement, the dazzling fascination, the inebriating elegance—of what?—Why, of French millinery, frippery, and furniture, or the conventional elegance of manners! If there is one thing more intensely prosaic than another, it is the so-called poetry of the drawing-room; and Balzac pushes it to its extreme.

But this minuteness of observation is often full of effect. It leads him sometimes up to wit, always to characteristic touches. His description of the coquetry in *La femme comme il faut*—"If she have a pretty foot, she will throw herself on the ottoman, and her foot will peep out with the coquetry of a cat in the sun," is an instance of both.

We must also notice the extreme care and elaboration he bestows on the conduct of his plots. This is a great merit. He prepares the way for every incident, and links the succeeding one to it so perfectly, that the whole story is so solid and compact, as to defy analysis.

Nothing can more accurately define the nature of Balzac's genius than his method of portraying character. His best specimens in this line—Claes, Eugénie Grandet, Grandet, Père Goriot, the Chevalier, &c., will be found, on deeper inspection, to be a description of the *outward case*, rather than the *inward spirit*. He does not penetrate beneath the mask, and familiarizing himself with the moral and intellectual nature, reproduce it in a few distinct touches—but

describes character by a minute enumeration of its effects, as seen in the dress, language, habits, &c. He gives a vivid picture of the outward man. The inward man is untouched.

This is the common method—it is also the easy method. Fielding does not so describe Blüf, or Parson Adams. George Sand does not so describe André, Simon, Raymon, Horace, Benedict, &c. But it is the method employed by most novelists, Scott included.—*The Monthly Magazine*.

* REPLY TO CERTAIN OBSERVATIONS ADDRESSED BY DR. LHOTSKY TO THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON,

AT ONE OF THEIR SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS, ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THEIR MENAGERIE.

(To the Editor of the Polytechnic Journal.)

SIR,—As I find you have given publicity in your last number to Dr. Lhotsky's paper on animal health, cleanliness, and tuition, allow me, as a fellow of the Zoological Society, to contradict the very improper statements it contains relative to the conduct and management of our 'menagerie'—*improper* because *untrue*. I perfectly agree with you in estimating the originality and great practical utility of Dr. Lhotsky's views; but when I consider that they were accompanied with the following observations, delivered, moreover, on the 10th of August last, before Vice-President Yarrell, with the most unblushing effrontery, I think they ought not to remain unnoticed. The statements to which I allude are these:—First, that the white camel is so inadequately fed that it has been seen to devour its own excrements. Secondly, that the antelopes are kept in the most filthy state. Thirdly, that the bears and monkeys are thoroughly infested with vermin; that twenty of the latter die every year from living in a house built of mere deals, besides losing many more from not being supplied with clean and fresh water. And, fourthly, that the orang-outang, which died a short time since, "was cruelly and infamously murdered;" and of which Dr. Lhotsky goes on to state, "if any nurse or tutor should have studied hard to kill a child by nervous spasms and hysterics, he could not have done better than the attendant of that poor creature did. He or she had been accustomed to cover itself with a blanket, either for the sake of warmth or fancy; by

continually taking this blanket away, and perhaps other means unknown to me, that human beast (the attendant) had succeeded in working the poor individual up to such a pitch of rage and excitement, that it madly threw itself on the straw in fits, and soon after died. With the exception, in fact, of the torturing of negroes in the Brazils, I never saw a scene so revolting as this." Now, sir, it hardly becomes me, as one of so large and respectable a body as the Zoological Society, to descend to the repudiation of these charges, because the care and attention which is paid to cleanliness and convenience in every part of our menagerie is known to be carried to such an excess, as scarcely to escape ridicule; the chimpanzees and oranges in particular have been, and are still, fostered with the most consummate care; and the monkey-house is universally admitted to be a most elaborate specimen of den architecture. The observations which are directed by Dr. Lhotsky on the cleanliness of animals are certainly full of sagacity and interest: they may, indeed, furnish us with many useful hints. I think, however, that our committee of management will have as much difficulty in getting the fierce carnivora washed and combed every morning, as in getting the monkeys periodically refreshed with a decoction of tobacco-leaves, even were they to adopt the learned doctor's still further recommendation of the temporary use of strait waistcoats to the tigers and hyænas.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

LOVELL REEVE.

8, King William Street, Strand,
April 2nd, 1842.

A FORTUNATE DISPLAY OF COURAGE.

WHILE Murat was in Madrid, he was anxious to communicate with Junot, in Portugal; but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with Guerillas, and with the troops composing Castanos' army. Murat mentioned his embarrassment to Baron Scrogonoff, the Russian ambassador to Spain. Russia, it is well known was, at that time, not only the ally, but the friend of France. M. de Scrogonoff told Murat that it was the easiest thing in the world. The Russian Admiral, Sincain, said he, is in the port of Lisbon; give me the most intelligent of your Polish lancers: I will dress him up in a Russian uniform, and entrust him with despatches for the admiral. You will give him your instructions verbally, and all will go well, even if he should be taken prisoner a dozen times between here and Lisbon; for the insurgent army is so anxious to obtain our neutrality, that it will be careful not to furnish a pretext for a rupture. Murat was delighted with this

* Pretty large extracts were inserted in Nos. 17 and 18 from Dr. Lhotsky's paper in the *Polytechnic Journal* of April last, entitled "On Animal Tuition and Animal Hygiene," which contained some disparaging remarks for alleged neglect in the management of the menagerie in Regent's Park; and at the conclusion of the article it was stated by the Editor of the above Journal that Dr. Lhotsky's views had met with *entire* approval at the meetings of the Zoological Society. It is but fair that the above reply should also be inserted.—E.N.

ingenious scheme. He asked Shasinski, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life; his name was Leckinski, and he was but eighteen years old. Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger; for if he were detected, his doom was sealed. Murat could not help remarking to the Pole the risk he was about to run.

The youth smiled. "Let your imperial highness give me my instructions, answered he, respectfully; and I will give a good account of the mission I have been honoured with. I thank his highness for having chosen me from among my comrades; for all of them would have courted this distinction." The prince augured favourably from the young man's modest resolution. The Russian ambassador gave him his despatches; he put on a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly; but, on the afternoon of the third, Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him, and dragged him before their commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant youth, it was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost if he were discovered to be a Frenchman; consequently, he determined, on the instant, not to let a single word of French escape him; and to speak nothing but Russian or German, which he spoke with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors, announced the fate that awaited him; and the horrible murder of General Réne, who perished in the most dreadful tortures but a few weeks before, as he was going to join Junot, was sufficient to freeze the very blood.

"Who are you?" said Castanos, in French; which language he spoke perfectly well, having been educated in France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign, and answered in German—"I do not understand you."

Castanos spoke German; but he did not wish to appear personally in the matter; and summoned one of the officers of his staff, who went on with the examination. The young Pole answered in Russian or German; but never let a single syllable of French escape him. He might, however, easily have forgotten himself, surrounded as he was by a crowd eager for his blood; and who waited with savage impatience to have him declared guilty—that is, a Frenchman, to fall upon him and murder him.

But their fury was raised to a height the general himself could not control; by an incident which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of Castanos' aide-de-camps, one of the fanatically patriotic, who were so numerous in this war, and who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French spy, burst

into the room, dragging with him a man wearing the brown jacket, tall hat, and red plume, of the Spanish peasant; the officer confronted him with the Pole, and said—

"Look at this man; and then say if it is true that he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul."

The peasant, meanwhile, was eyeing the prisoner closely. Presently, his dark eye lighted up with the fire of hatred.

"Es Frances, he is a Frenchman!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands. And he stated that, having been to Madrid a few weeks before, he had been put in requisition to carry forage to the French barracks; and, said he, I recollect this is the man who took my load of forage, and gave me a receipt. I was near him an hour, and I recollect him. When we caught him, I told my comrade this is the French officer I delivered my forage too?"

This was correct. Castanos probably discerned the true state of the case. But he was a generous foe. He proposed to let him pursue his journey, for Leckinski still insisted he was a Russian; and could not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of the kind, a thousand threatening voices were raised against him; and he saw that clemency was impossible.

"But," said he; "will you then risk a quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are so anxiously asking for."

"No," said the officer; "but let us try this man."

Leckinski understood all; for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed, and thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeons of the Inquisition in its most flourishing days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner, he had eaten nothing since the previous evening; and when his dungeon door was closed on him, he had fasted eighteen hours; no wonder, then, what with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety, and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on his hard couch. Night soon closed in, and left him to realize in its gloom the full horror of his hopeless situation. He was brave, of course—but to die at eighteen! But youth and fatigue finally yielded to the approach of sleep; and he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours, when the door of his dungeon opened slowly, and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with her hand the light of a lamp. The visitor bent over the prisoner's couch, and touching him on the shoulder, in a sweet and silvery voice, asked him, "Do you want to eat?"

The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and words of the female, rose up on his couch;

and, with eyes only half opened, said, in German, "What do you want?"

"Give the man something to eat at once," said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment; "and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of himself?—the thing is impossible!"

The Gatherer.

Effectual Preventive.—There exists in some parts of Germany a law to prevent drinking during divine service. It runs thus:—"Any person drinking in an ale house during divine service on Sunday, or other holyday, may legally depart without paying."

Curiosity.—Some English people were visiting an elegant private garden at Palermo, Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings, they came to one upon which was written "*Non aperite*," that is, "Don't open." This prohibition only served to excite their curiosity, and they very uncivilly proceeded to disobey the hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door, a forcible jet of water was squirted full in their faces—a very just, though not very severe retribution.

Photographic Painting.—An artist at Rome, named Roudoin, has just succeeded in taking photographic drawings on stone, and printing from it. In that way he printed a lithograph of a nebula of Orion. [This is printing, at second hand, from nature herself; bringing the firmament within one move of the press! The next process will be, to print speech and music warm from the lips.]—*Spectator*.

Adventures of a Five-pound Note.—A collection was made at St. Martin's Church for the Colonial Bishops' Fund, not long since, when a religious old lady placed on the plate a 5*l.* note. While the churchwardens were carrying the treasure from the portico of the church to the vestry, guarded by the beadles, a strong gust of wind carried off the 5*l.* note. It remained over the roof of the church for some time; the beadles, in their robes of office, looked at it in wild astonishment; and, as it floated towards the river, they set off as fast as their legs could carry them, shouting "Stop it!" "Catch it!" The public ran in all directions, believing that the cry was "Stop thief!" A general pursuit ensued, but no one could see either the thief or the object of pursuit, till the beadles stopped it in Northumberland street; and cried out, "It is caught by the churchwarden's chimney." On ascending the roof of Mr. Cobbett's house, they found the note all safe.

Truth works silently.—We are apt to over estimate the effect of opposition to truth, simply because opposition makes itself heard—whereas, conviction assents without any noisy boasting.—*Dr. Whately*.

Sarcastic.—"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of a client. "I did, your honour." "And what did he say?" "He told me to go to the devil." "And what did you do then?" "Why then—I came to you."

Violets.—Spring flowers, how I love them; flowers that come only in the spring. If the season is mild, you may find, in November even, a stray wallflower or polyanthus in the garden, or a weakly primrose in the hedge; but the snowdrop and crocus in the neat border, and the violet on the sunny bank; if you find these, it must be spring. And, talking of violets, here we are in the beautiful lane where we find so many, white violets mostly, and such large ones, and so sweet! I always think of that lane when I see a bunch of violets; the green moss, and the snail-shells, brown and yellow, that we picked up there,—and the sprays of blackthorn, leafless, but studded with their delicate blossoms: all is present in my mind. Long years after this, in the crowded market of the neighbouring city, I would seek out the neat farmers' wives, who came from our village and its neighbourhood; and, as I purchased their sweet violets, could almost fancy I knew the very lanes where they had been gathered. * * * A penny a bunch! Surely they are worth it for the memories they bring; besides, as the mother pleasantly observes, "It is the children's money." In the grey twilight, along the quiet hedge-rows, they went plucking one after another, till the early evening closed in, and they hastened home with the treasure. Who will buy them? Some mother perhaps will take a bunch of them to her sick child, and in her quiet chamber help those weak hands to arrange them in the glass. Some young sempstress will come—she and her companions were wondering yesterday, as they bent over their weary work, wondering whether the violets were come; and she is planning a kind surprise by taking them a bunch. Here comes a smart footman; his mistress fancies some violets, and she will place them on her elegant cheffonier, in the opal vase beside the Indian box, and amidst the gay confusion of cut glass and embroidery.—*Recollections of Childhood*.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

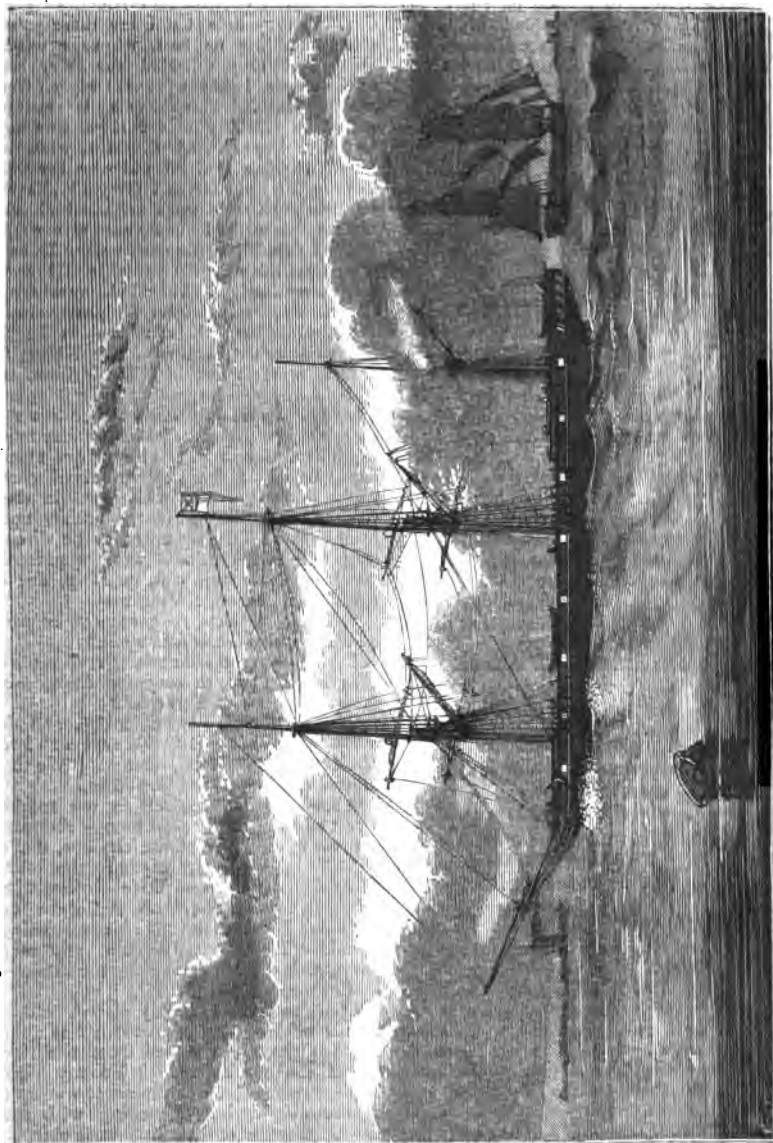
T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.
(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 21.]

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.



NEW PATENT STEAM-SHIP—THE “NOVELTY.”

Original Communications.

THE "NOVELTY."

MR. WIMSHURT'S new patent steam-ship was launched on Saturday, the 14th inst., and received the above appropriate name. She is to be propelled by the screw, and will have great and manifold advantages over common steamers; there will be little or no noise or tremulous motion on board, but she will glide along as smoothly as if driven by sails. She is rigged as a bark; the mizen-mast, being made of plates of iron, forms the funnel, and through it, moreover, the steam is let off; the emission of smoke will be almost imperceptible, as the boiler is to be heated by coke; the steam can be got up in twenty, and the vessel under weigh in one minute. When the wind is favourable recourse may be had to sails, the propeller being so fitted as to be taken out in ten minutes, weather permitting, without impeding the motion of the vessel in the least. When under canvas, the screw may be kept in its place under the keel. But what is of still greater importance, from the comparatively little room which the engine occupies, this vessel, with half the power of a steamer with paddles, has three times the space for cargo, and will be of equal speed—from eight to ten miles an hour.

It is very probable that ere long ship-owners will find it to their advantage to employ this kind of engine in all their ships, whether coasters or outward bound.

The length of the "Novelty" is 115 feet 6 inches, its breadth of beam 24 feet. It is capable of carrying 20 cabin passengers and 150 between decks, 2 engine men, 2 stokers, and 16 of a crew, with 220 tons of cargo, and space for 50 tons of coke.

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER XX.—(continued.)

SINCE my boyhood I have always derived extreme delight from travelling on foot, for in many of my pedestrian trips I met with adventures which have left a pleasing impression behind.

The other day, about half-past five in the morning, after having given orders for my baggage to be transported to Bingen, I left Lorch, and took a boat to convey me to the other side of the river. If you should ever be here, do the same. The Roman and Gothic ruins of the right bank are much more interesting to the traveller than the

slate-roofed houses of the left. At six I was seated, after a somewhat difficult ascent, upon the summit of a heap of extinguished lava, which overlooks the castle of Furstemberg and the valley of Diebach. After viewing this old castle, which in 1321, 1632, and 1689, was the seat of European struggles, I descended. I left the village, and was walking joyously along, when I met three painters, with whom I exchanged a friendly "good day." Every time that I see three young men travelling on foot, whose eye-balls shine as if they reflected the fairy land of the future, I cannot prevent myself from wishing that their chimeras may be realized, and from thinking of the three brothers, Cadenet, Luyne, and Brandes, who, two hundred years ago, set out one beautiful morning for the court of Henry IV., having only amongst them one mantle, which each wore in his turn. Fifteen years afterwards, under Louis XIII., the one became Duke of Chaulnes; the second, Constable of France; and the third, Duke of Luxembourg! Dream on, then, young men—persevere!

Travelling by three seems to be the fashion upon the borders of the Rhine, for I had scarcely reached Neiderheimbach when I met three more walking together. They were evidently students of some of those noble universities which tend so much to civilize Germany. They wore classic caps, had long hair, tight frock-coats, sticks in their hands, with pipes in their mouths, and, like painters, wallets upon their backs. They appeared to be discussing with warmth, and were apparently going to Bacharach. In passing, one of them cried out, on saluting me—

"Dic nobis domine, in qua parte corporis animam veteres locant philosophi."

I returned the salutation, and replied, *"In corde Plato, in sanguine Empedocles, inter duo supercilia Lucretius."*

The three young men smiled, and the eldest cried—*"Vivat Gallia regina!"* I replied, *"Vivat Germania mater!"* We then saluted each other, and passed on.

Above Neiderheimbach is the sombre forest of Sann, where, hid among the trees, are two fortresses in ruins: the one, that of Heimburg, a Roman castle; the other, Sonneck, which was once infested by brigands. The Emperor Rodolphe demolished Sonneck in 1282; time has since crumbled Heimburg. A ruin, still more awe-striking, is hid among the mountains—Falkenburg.

I had, as I have already stated, left the village behind. An ardent sun was above me, but the fresh breeze from the river cooled the air around. To my right, betwixt two rocks, was the narrow entry of a charming ravine, abounding with shadows. Swarms of little birds were chirping

joyously, and in love chasing each other amongst the thick leaves; a streamlet, swollen by the rains, torrent-like, dashed over the herbage, frightened the insects, and, when falling from stone to stone, formed little cascades among the pebbles. I discovered along this stream, in the darkness which the trees shed around, a road, that a thousand wild flowers—the water-lily, the amaranth, the everlasting, the iris—hide from the profane, and deck for the poet. You are aware that there are moments when I almost believe in the intelligence of things—it appeared to me as if I heard a thousand voices exclaim—

“Where goest thou? Seekest thou places untrod by human foot, but where divinity has left its trace? Thou wishest thy soul to commune with solitude; thou wishest light and shadow, murmurings and peace, changes and serenity; thou wishest the place where the Word is heard in silence, where thou seest life on the surface and eternity at the bottom; thou lovest the desert; thou hatest not man; thou seekest the greensward, the moss, the humid leaves, tall branches, birds which warble, running waters, perfume mingling with the air. Well, enter; this is thy way.”

It required no consideration. I entered the ravine.

To tell you all that I did there, or, rather, what solitude did to me—how the wasps buzzed round the violets, how the wings of birds rustled among the leaves—that which startled in the moss, that which chirped in the nests; the soft and indistinct sound of vegetation, the beauty of the butterfly, the patience of the spider; the sweet smell, the reflections, the opening of flowers, the lamentations, the distant cries, the struggling of insect with insect, the exhalations of the rocks, which, sighingly, reached the ear; the rays of heaven which pierced through the trees, the drops of water that fell, like tears, from flowers; the half revelations which came from all; the calm, harmonious, slow, and continued labour of all those creatures and of all those things which are more in connexion with God than with man;—to tell you all that, my friend, would be to express the ineffable, to shew the invisible, to paint infinity! What did I do there? I no longer know. As in the ravine of Saint-Goarshausen, I wandered, I ruminated; and, in adoring, prayed! What was I thinking of? Do not ask me. There are moments, you are aware, when our thoughts float as drowned in a thousand confused ideas.

I at last reached—I do not know how—the summit of a very high hill, covered with short broom. In all my excursions upon the banks of the Rhine, I saw nothing so beautiful. As far as the eye

could reach were prairies, waters, and magic forests, resembling bunches of green feathers. It is one of those places where we imagine we see the tail of that magnificent peacock which we call nature.

Behind the hill on which I was seated, on the summit of a mount covered with fir and cheanut trees, I perceived a sombre ruin, a colossal heap of brown basalt, in the form of a citadel. What castle was it? I could not tell, for I did not know where I was. To examine a ruin at hand is my *manie*; therefore, at the expiration of a quarter of an hour I was wandering through it, searching, foraging, and turning over huge stones, with the hopes of finding an inscription which would throw some light upon this venerable ruin.

On leaving the lower chamber, the corner of a stone, one end buried in the rubbish, struck my view. I immediately stooped, and with my hands and feet cleared everything away, under the impression of finding upon it the name of this mysterious ruin. On this large block of stone, the figure of a man, clothed in armour, but without a head, was sculptured, and under his feet were the following lines:—

“VOX TACVIT PERIIT LUX. NOX EVIT ET EVIT
VNERA VIR CARET IN TVMBA
QVO CARET EFFIGIES.”

I was as far back as ever. This castle was an enigma. I had sought for words; I had found them: that is, an inscription without a date—an epitaph without a name—a statue without a head. While buried in reflection, the distinct noise of voices reached me. I listened. It was a quick dialogue, a few words of which I could only distinguish, amid the shouts of laughter and cries of joy, These were—“*Fall of the mountain—Subterranean passage—Very ugly footpath.*” On rising from the tombstone, I beheld three young girls, clothed in white, with fair faces, smiling cheeks, and bright blue eyes. Nothing could be more magical, more charming, for a *rêveur*, so situated, than this apparition. It would have been pardonable for a poet to have taken them for angels, or saints of heaven; I must affirm that, to me, they were only three English girls.

It suddenly crossed my mind that by profiting by these angels I might find, without further trouble, the name of the castle. They spoke English; therefore I concluded they belonged to that country. To give me countenance, I opened my portfolio, called to my aid the little English of which I was master, then began to look into the ravine, murmuring to myself—“Beautiful view! Very fine, very pretty waterfall!” &c. &c.

The young girls, surprised at my sudden appearance, began, while stifling their laughs, to whisper to each other. They looked charming, but were evidently laugh-

ing at me. I summoned up my courage, advanced a few steps towards the blooming group, which remained stationary, and saluting with my most gracious air the eldest of the three, uttered—

"What is, if you please, the name of his castle?"

The sweet girl smiled, looked at her two companions, and, slightly blushing, replied, with a pure French accent—

"I believe, sir, it is called Falkenburg. At least, a French gentleman, who is now speaking with my father in the Grand Tower, said so. If you will take the trouble to go round that way, sir, you will meet them." These words, so much to the point, and spoken with a pure French accent, sufficed to convince me of my mistake; but the charming creature took the trouble of adding—

"We are not English, sir; we are French; and you are from France!"

"How do you know, miss," I replied, "that I am a Frenchman?"

"By your English," the youngest replied.

The eldest sister looked at her with an air of severity—that is, if beauty, grace, youth, innocence, and joy, can have a severe air. For my part, I burst into a fit of laughter.

"But, young ladies," I said, "you were speaking English, yourselves, a few minutes ago."

"To amuse us," the youngest replied.

"For exercise," said the other, chidingly.

This flat and motherly rectification was lost upon the young girl, who ran gaily to the tombstone, raising slightly her gowns, on account of the stones, and displaying the prettiest foot imaginable. "Oh!" she cried, "come and see this! It is a statue—it has no head—it is a man!"

The other two joined their sister; and a minute afterwards, all three were upon the tomb, the sun reflecting their handsome profiles upon the granite spectre. A few minutes ago, I was asking myself the name of the decapitated warrior, now I asked myself the names of the young girls; and I cannot tell what I felt when seeing thus mixing together these two mysteries, the one full of horror, the other full of charms.

By listening to their soft whisperings, I discovered the name of the second. She was the prettiest—a true princess for fairy tales. Her long eyelashes half hid the bright apple of her eye, that the pure light penetrated. She was between her younger and her eldest sister, as *pudew* between naïveté and grace, bearing a faint resemblance to both. She looked at me twice, but spoke not; she was the only one of the three whose voice I had not heard, and the only one whose name I knew. At one time, her younger sister said to her—"Look, Stella!" I at no former period so well un-

derstood all that is in that name limpid luminous, and charming.

The youngest made these reflections in an audible voice—"Poor man, they have cut his head off! It was then the time when they took off the heads of men!" Then she exclaimed—"O! here's the epitaph. It is Latin: 'VOX TACUIT PERIIT LUX.' It is difficult to read. I should like to know what it says."

"Let us go for our father," the eldest said; "he will explain it to us." Thereupon all three bounded away like fawns. They did not even deign to ask me; and I was somewhat humbled on thinking that my English had given them a bad opinion of my Latin. I took a pencil, and wrote beneath the inscription the following translation of the distich:—

Dans la nuit la voix se tue,
L'ombre éteignit le flambeau.
Ce qui manque à la statue
Manque à l'homme en son tombeau.

Just as I was finishing the last line, I heard the young girls shouting—"This way, father—this way!" I made my escape, however, before they appeared. Did they see the explanation that I had left them? I do not know. I hastened to a different part of the ruin, and saw them no more. Neither did I hear anything further of the mysterious decapitated chevalier. Sad destiny! What crime had that miserable man committed? Man had bereft him of life; Providence had added to that, forgetfulness. His statue was deprived of a head, his name is lost to legends, and his history is no longer in the memory of man! His tombstone, also, will soon disappear. Some *vigneron* of Sonneck, or of Ruppertsberg, will take it, trample upon the mutilated skeleton that it, perhaps, still covers, break it in two, and make a seat, on which the peasants will sit, old women knit, and children play. In our days, both in Germany and France, ruins are of utility; for with old palaces new huts are constructed.

But, my friend, allow me to return to Falkenburg. It is enough for me, in this nest of legends, to speak of this old tower, still erect and proud, though its interior be dilapidated. If you do not know the adventures that transpired here, the legends that abound respecting this place, a recital of a few of them may amuse you. One in particular, that of Gantram and Liba, starts fresh in my memory. It was upon this bridge that Gantram met two men carrying a coffin; and on this stair that Liba threw herself into his arms, saying, smilingly—"A coffin? No; it is the nuptial bed that you have seen!" It was in this court, at present filled with hemlock, in flower, that Gantram, when conducting his bride to the altar, saw—to him alone visible—a man clothed in black, and a woman,

with a veil over her face, walking before him. It was in this Roman chapel, now crumbling, where living lizards creep upon those that are sculptured, that, when Gantram was putting the wedding ring upon the tapered finger of his bride, he suddenly felt the cold grasp of an unknown hand—it was that of the maiden of the castle, who, while she combed her hair, sang, the night long, near an open and empty grave.

I remained several hours in these ruins,—a thousand ideas crowded upon me. *Spiritus loci!* My next letter may contain them. Hunger also came; but, thanks to the French deer that a fair *voyageuse* whom I met spoke to me about, I was enabled to reach a village on the borders of the Rhine, which is, I believe, called Trecktingshausen—the ancient Trajani Castrum.

All that is here in the shape of an *auberge* is a *taverne à biere*; and all that I found for dinner was a tough leg of mutton, which a student, who was smoking his pipe at the door, tried to dissuade me from eating, by saying that a hungry Englishman who had been here an hour before me, tried to masticate it, but had left off in disgust. I did not reply haughtily, as Marshal de Crequi did before the fortress of Gavi—"What Barbe-rousse cannot take, Barbegrisse will take;" but I ate of the leg of mutton.*

* In p. 292, line 33, for "arcade" read "*oréade*."

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

CONTRAST BETWEEN AN ORIENTAL AND AN ENGLISH MOB.

HYDERABAD, being the court of a Moslem prince, is remarkable for religious ceremonies, and I was much gratified to hear from a person who has travelled over the greatest part of India, and visited Delhi and Lucknow, that the city of the Nizam is much more thoroughly eastern than the two former, which have been Europeanized from constant intercourse with the English, and from the number of tourists who have visited their splendid antiquities. In the vicinity of Hyderabad is a lofty eminence called Mowl-Ali, where a Mussulman festival takes place every year. One large rock constitutes the hill, and the legend respecting it is very curious. Ali, the celebrated son-in-law of Mahomet, is supposed to have travelled through India, and to have left the impress of his feet on this rock, which therefore received his name.

A learned Mussulman, in speaking to me on the above subject, said this story was "the foolishness of the ignorant," and not believed by wise men; that the fact was as follows:—The hill formerly belonged to the Hindoos, who used it for pagan ceremonies, and was purchased by a Moslem, who,

having had the form of two feet engraved upon the rock, declared it was a memorial of the visit of Ali, and instituted a splendid annual commemoration there of his birthday. The word Mowl is an Arabic term answering to our Mr., or Lord, in English. The Nizam and his minister, the maharajah ehandoolah, have beautiful houses there during the ceremonies, which continue for three days. On the last they ascend the hill by a flight of broad steps cut in the rock, which is entirely covered with throngs of people. Before the pageant commences they take up a camel, heavily loaded with sandal-wood dust, which they scatter over the print of Ali's feet till the air becomes quite fragrant round the hallowed spot.

The Mowl-Ali festival was anticipated by all classes of Indians with the same eagerness that a coronation would excite amongst the English, and this feeling rose to its height on the morning when the Nizam emerged from his palace in the city, attended by many of the ladies of his zenana, to proceed to the sacred hill, which is about ten miles off. Those ladies are principally dancing girls, and some are reported to be very beautiful: this we had no opportunity of ascertaining, and therefore our imagination probably invested them with greater charms than they really possessed. As the Nizam passed by while we were at breakfast, he sent some of his retainers to inform the Resident, General Fraser, with oriental politeness, that he was near his dwelling, and offering prayers that his prosperity and fortune might always increase.

We formed a large party, and occupied a splendid tent about sixty feet long, during the last day upon which the grand procession takes place, and in the evening sallied forth upon elephants to witness the *tomasha*, which is a term the natives apply to every kind of show.

The temporary buildings erected for the occasion at the foot of the hill were fantastic in the extreme, but did not realize one's ideas of eastern magnificence. Unfortunately the evening was rather wet, so that the Nizam did not venture out: all the natives have a singular dread of rain, and fear being exposed to it. We saw an immense encampment round his house, quite a canvas city, such were the number of tents, as he took all his household with him, and Chandoobal was likewise accompanied by his numerous retainers. Some of these pavilions were of red cloth topped with balls of gold, others looked white as snow; but our attention was soon drawn from these to the vast multitude of picturesque figures moving around us. The graceful Arab steed; the majestic elephants richly caparisoned; the camels shaking their bells as they move along, appear formed expressly for an Asiatic pageant,

so well do they harmonize with the general scene. Diderot said "that the character of a woman should be painted with a butterfly's wing," and this should be used to depict the variegated mass at the Mowl-Ali festival, but the wing should be that of one of the gorgeous Indian butterflies. An eastern crowd of the lower orders is essentially different from an English mob. The following points of contrast will give the reader an accurate idea of what I mean to convey:—The dress of Europeans is always frightful; we do not think so from being accustomed to it, but regard the poorer classes, with their ragged hats, shabby bonnets, smock frocks, and patched gowns, and then fancy thousands of turbaned heads all attired with the richest colours, the white robe, the cummerbund, which answers to "the girdle of the loins" spoken of in scripture, the bright *saree* of the Indian woman folded round her form with as much grace as the drapery round a Grecian statue, and the quantities of jewels, which are very superior to the coral necklaces which are sometimes beheld in unison with papillotes made out of an old newspaper, behind the counter in the provincial towns of Great Britain. Many of their spangles, anklets, and nose-rings, are very handsome, (I am alluding to the lower orders,) and they are all made of real gold and silver. Then we must take into account the elegance of figure almost universal among the natives of India; there are no such things as bumpkins, or clowns;—a ploughboy is here styled a cultivator, and is not in the least awkward or clumsy. The Hindoos are generally small and feeble, but some of their tribes, the Mahrattas and Rajpoots, are splendid men. The finest person I saw was an Afghan chief. He was attired in the most sumptuous purple velvet robe, with a quantity of jewels, a large Cachemere shawl of the most exquisite light green, the colour of a beryl. A quantity of Affghans surrounded his elephant, who fully realized the idea we form of the warriors

"Of Hindoo Kosh in stormy freedom bred!"

and as I gazed upon them, what interesting thoughts of their native land rushed upon my mind—of the mighty events of which Affghanistan is the theatre—events quite unparalleled since India has acknowledged the supremacy of Great Britain, and possessing hundredfold interest from belonging to our contemporary history, rather than to by-gone centuries! These reflections were soon interrupted by the loud war-cry of the Arabs, which proceeded from a large party of the wild children of the desert running before an elephant on which one of their chiefs was seated. He was a splendid looking man, the *beau ideal* of an Asiatic warrior; he was attired with the greatest simplicity;

his daggers, lance, and massive iron shield richly embossed, would have been worthy of the heroes of the Iliad. The scarlet turban set off his bronze complexion, his fierce dark eye, and aquiline features to the greatest advantage; and the martial accoutrements suited the athletic and muscular form. The contrast between the Affghan and Arab chiefs was very interesting. The former gave one the idea of the monarch of his land, who, when taken captive by Alexander, replied to that conqueror, who asked how he wished to be treated,—"*Like a king!*" The latter might have been chosen as a model by a painter anxious to depict Ismael "the archer of the wilderness." Behind the Arab were seated two beautiful little boys, who strongly resembled him; for even their lineaments, now possessing the delicacy of early childhood, bore the characteristics of their race—of that wild courage and lawless spirit which makes them realize their scriptural designation—"a people whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them." One great ornament to the procession was the number of handsome children, who were dressed in the richest velvet, or cloth of gold, and mounted on the most graceful steeds, displaying their infant talents for horsemanship. Two or three of them, who did not appear above eight years old, were brandishing drawn swords, which most probably their friends had taken the precaution to blunt. Many of these youngsters had magnificent jewels, but there were none who struck my fancy so much as the two little Arabs, who had nothing striking in their habilitment, excepting their turbans of pomegranate coloured silk interwoven with silver stripes. Not the least beautiful part of the pageant was an immense royal tiger, which a fakcer was holding by a string, just as a blind beggar in England leads about his dog. The natives have quite a passion for taming all kinds of animals and birds, in which they generally succeed very well. As we passed by, the tiger was crouching on the ground half asleep, but at the request of one of our party the fakcer roused him, upon which the beast evinced great displeasure, and though he obeyed, it was not with a good grace; he shewed his claws and teeth, while his stealthy look denoted the height of his indignation. Our elephants were by no means gratified by the rencontre, and trumpeted (to use the Indian sporting term for the noise they make with their trunk) most vociferously, which is their mode of attempting to frighten away tigers, for they hold them in great aversion. When the purple shadows of twilight fell over the scene we returned to our tents, and spent the evening in dancing. Two very handsome Moslems, who firmly believed the superstition of Mowl-Ali, had spent the

day with us and were spectators of the scene. They probably reflected how strange it was that they should be the guest of Europeans on a spot hallowed by their sacred traditions, and behold the *kaffir topey-wallaks*,* exhibiting the "light fantastic toe" on their own consecrated ground. Nobody can be acquainted with the faith, history, or character of Mussulmans, and wonder that hatred against the British rule should be evinced throughout India. A gentleman, during the evening, remarking upon the mortifying contrast between our graceful and dignified Asiatic friends and our own countrymen, observed—"In deportment and manners they are as much superior to us as we are to the Hottentots." The truth of the remark could not be altogether controverted, yet we should not like to acquiesce in the same opinion. There is nothing more painful to one's legitimate national pride than to be obliged to acknowledge the inferiority of Englishmen. However, as we do not think that "manners make the man," if the comparison only affected *these* it would not be of great consequence; but on the same day we had witnessed a countless multitude, composed of either Mussulmans or Pagans, all behaving with perfect propriety: amidst the many thousands of quiet and graceful beings there were two men reeling about in a state of brutal intoxication—these men were British soldiers. It would be impossible to describe how shocked we were at this spectacle; still more to hear from those who had lived long in the country that similar things were generally witnessed on these occasions. This fact shews that missionaries may well declare the bad example of Christians in India is the greatest bar to their making converts; and we cannot be surprised at the answer they frequently give when they hear the gospel preached—"Why do you not tell these good things to your own countrymen, who require instruction so much?" In concluding these remarks upon the Mowl-Ali festival, and the good behaviour of the Indian people, we must notice as a singular fact, that there is no police or any sort of authority to keep them under control, like constables, &c.; it would extend this article beyond its due limits to enter into the causes of this good behaviour, but two of the most prominent reasons may be given—the calm gravity of the native character, and the prohibition against drinking wine in the Koran.—*St. James's Mag.*

GREEK BRIGANDS.

SEVERAL curious details respecting the habits of the Greek brigands in their more

organized state, were supplied me by some veteran Philhellenes at Argos, from experience furnished in the course of their own military career. Their system of organization is very complete. Each band is distributed into three, or at the most, four classes. The first comprehends the chief alone—the second his officers, or more accomplished marauders—the third the remainder of the gang. The booty is distributed into a corresponding number of shares. The chief is entitled to one for himself, and each subdivision of his force to another respectively. As the number of each rank is in the inverse ratio of their merit, the emoluments of the various members are thus in the proportion of their services. When acting in detached parties, for the more ready communication with each other, or with head-quarters, they have a system of signals, which consists in piling stones in small cairns or pillars, conveying, according to their variety of form and arrangement, or the number of stones employed, like the ciphers of our telegraphs, each a different signification to the initiated. When on the march, and anxious to observe secrecy in their movements, they are careful never to follow the beaten track for more than a certain distance at a time, but every two or three miles the whole party strike off at separate tangents into the mountains, and remuster at a preconcerted point on a more advanced stage of their journey. While on the road, they travel in single file, one in front of the other, and the last two or three of each party drag a brush behind them to efface the mark of their footsteps in the dust. Similar precautions are taken at their bivouacs to destroy all trace of their movements. Their fires they manage in such a manner as to leave no black spot on the ground, by placing a thick layer of green wood below, on which the dry is piled and lighted, as upon a hearth; and before leaving the place, they lift the lower stratum in one mass, with the ashes on the top of it, carry it to some distance, and strew it in the recesses of the forest.

In laying their ambush, their tactic is to entrap their victims into the very centre of their body, and then, starting suddenly out upon them from their lurking places, to hem them in on every side with a *chevaux de frise* of muskets pointed at their breasts, so as to prevent the possibility of either resistance or escape. The travellers receive at the same moment, (unless the object is to kill or make prisoners, rather than mere plunder) the order to lie on their faces, when a portion of the gang stands guard over them, while the remainder dispose of their baggage. The art they possess of concealing their persons on such occasions is said to be most extraordinary; doubling themselves up behind stones or bushes,

* These words signify "Infidel wearers of hats," which they call the English.

often, to all appearance, scarcely large enough to cover their bodies, studying the form and colour of the surface of the ground, and adapting it to that of their own clothes, so that an inexperienced person might even cast his eye over them, and yet pass them unobserved, like a hare or rabbit in its form. One of my informants assured me that he had, in one instance, suddenly found himself encompassed by a body of a dozen or fifteen armed men, on ground where he scarcely before had thought it possible a single one could have found a hiding place; so that on looking around afterwards, it appeared almost as if his enemies had sprung up, like the Cadmean heroes of old, from the bowels of the earth. Skill and boldness in the conduct of an ambush were as essential in the tactics of the ancient heroes as of the modern Klephts; and there can be little doubt that these very arts were as carefully studied, and as successfully practised, by a Diomed, as a Kolokotroni. The best precaution against this danger is a little dog, trained to range the ground in front of his master, and whose instinct will effectually baffle the utmost perfection of klephtic wisdom or ingenuity.

They have also an organized system of espionage, and their means of obtaining intelligence as to the plans of their enemies, in the cabinet or the field, are very wonderful. An officer of distinction, who had at various times been extensively employed against them, told me that, in one very troublesome campaign, where he had taken all the ordinary precautions to conceal his designs or movements, he afterwards ascertained, by the confession of the captured chief, that many of the most important had been perfectly well known and anticipated by him. Apart from the natural acuteness of the race, there are other circumstances favourable to the success both of their political and military manoeuvres. In this, and, indeed, in most other countries, any regular system of brigandage is usually connected with intestine war, or civil dissension. In times of political tranquillity, the mere spirit of outlawry would hardly be sufficient, even in a country so imperfectly civilized as Greece, to draw together hundreds of individuals, who might gain a livelihood by industrious habits, for the purpose of plundering the traveller, or preying on the peaceful population; and even if the Government were unable to check it, the spirit of self-preservation would induce the citizens to do their best to put down such a nuisance. But where robbery and murder are cloaked under the pretext, real or imaginary, of self defence, or reprisals on an enemy, or the maintenance of a good cause, there is a great salvo to tender consciences; and each corps of outlaws fighting under such colours, is

seldom without a sufficient body of partisans among the peaceful inhabitants of the district it haunts, who furnish a medium of access to the secrets of the police or military. This was the case in the Turkish time, when, in spite of their own sufferings at the hands of the Klephts, the peasantry had always a certain sympathy with them, owing to the fact of their being solely or chiefly Greeks, and of their operations being carried on in defiance of a hated government, and mainly directed against the Turkish aristocracy, as the more wealthy portion of the community. To such an extent was this spirit prevalent at the period of Dodwell's visit to Greece, (1803—6,) that the remedy of last resort for the evil, on the part of the Turkish rulers, was to assemble the heads of the Christian clergy, and cause them to issue a general edict of excommunication against whoever should in any shape aid or abet the proceedings of the outlaws—a step which had an immediate effect in reducing, if not altogether destroying the evil. Similar was the case during the late violent party feuds, towards the close of Capo d'Istria's career; and even now the success of the Mainotes against the Bavarian regulars, or of other bands of freebooters organized here and there under pretext of resistance to the unpopular law of Conscription, appeared matter of general congratulation with the natives. The leaders of these bands, in more turbulent times, it must also be remembered, unlike the Italian *Capi di Comitiva*, who are usually base-born, dissolute knaves, or renegade monks, frequently belonged to the leading feudal nobility of the district, who took the field at the head of their followers, and may be compared less to the common herd of banditti chiefs than to the Autolycei or Sisyphi of old, or to our own border heroes, Rob Roys, Johnny Armstrongs, and Belted Wills. The character of robber, as appears from Homer's account of the grandfather of Ulysses, if well supported, reflected rather honour than disgrace on a prince of those days. Indeed, there is much reason to believe, from the general tenour of the poet's descriptions, that the spirit of plunder was little less prevalent among the petty chiefs of his own age than among their successors of the last generation.* The state of society in the north and south of Scotland, as illustrated by Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley* and the *Minstrelsy of the Border*, resembles that which existed in the Greek mountains, both in the heroic age and in modern times, as nearly as can well be imagined.—*Journal of a Tour in Greece, by W. Mure.*

* In Northern Greece, as we learn from Thucydides (l. 5) and Polybius (iv. 67), the same habits continued inveterate in more civilized ages.

THE ROSICRUCIANS.

It was in the beginning of the seventeenth century that the sect of the Rosicrucians first began to create a sensation in Europe. The influence which they exercised upon opinion during their brief career, and the permanent impression which they have left upon European literature, claim for them especial notice. Before their time, alchymy was but a grovelling delusion; and theirs is the merit of having spiritualized and refined it. They also enlarged its sphere, and supposed the possession of the philosopher's stone to be, not only the means of wealth, but of health and happiness; and the instrument by which man could command the services of superior beings, control the elements to his will, defy the obstructions of time and space, and acquire the most intimate knowledge of all the secrets of the universe. Wild and visionary as they were, they were not without their uses; if it were only for having purged the superstitions of Europe of the dark and disgusting forms with which the monks had peopled it, and substituted, in their stead, a race of mild, graceful, and beneficent beings.

THEIR TENETS AND RULES.

They asserted, in the first place, "that the meditations of their founders surpassed everything that had ever been imagined since the creation of the world, without even excepting the revelations of the Deity; that they were destined to accomplish the general peace and regeneration of man before the end of the world arrived; that they possessed all wisdom and piety in a supreme degree; that they possessed all the graces of nature, and could distribute them among the rest of mankind according to their pleasure; that they were subject to neither hunger, nor thirst, nor disease, nor old age, nor to any other inconvenience of nature; that they knew by inspiration, and at the first glance, every one who was worthy to be admitted into their society; that they had the same knowledge then which they would have possessed if they had lived from the beginning of the world, and had been always acquiring it; that they had a volume in which they could read all that ever was or ever would be written in other books till the end of time; that they could force to and retain in their service the most powerful spirits and demons; that, by the virtue of their songs, they could attract pearls and precious stones from the depths of the sea or the bowels of the earth; that God had covered them with a thick cloud, by means of which they could shelter themselves from the malignity of their enemies, and that they could thus render themselves invisible from all eyes; that the eight first brethren of the "Rose-cross" had power to cure all

maladies; that, by means of the fraternity the triple diadem of the Pope would be reduced into dust; that they only admitted two sacraments, with the ceremonies of the primitive church, renewed by them; that they recognised the Fourth Monarchy and the Emperor of the Romans as their chief and the chief of all Christians; that they would provide him with more gold, their treasures being inexhaustible, than the King of Spain had ever drawn from the golden regions of Eastern and Western Ind." This was their confession of faith. Their rules of conduct were six in number, and as follow:—

First. That, in their travels, they should gratuitously cure all diseases.

Secondly. That they should always dress in conformity to the fashion of the country in which they resided.

Thirdly. That they should, once every year, meet together in the place appointed by the fraternity, or send in writing an available excuse.

Fourthly. That every brother, whenever he felt inclined to die, should choose a person worthy to succeed him.

Fifthly. That the words "Rose-cross" should be the marks by which they should recognise each other.

Sixthly. That their fraternity should be kept secret for six times twenty years.

They discarded for ever all the old tales of sorcery and witchcraft, and communion with the devil. They said there were no such horrid, unnatural, and disgusting beings, as the incubi and succubi, and the innumerable grotesque imps that men had believed in for so many ages. Man was not surrounded with enemies like these, but with myriads of beautiful and beneficent beings, all anxious to do him service. The air was peopled with sylphs, the water with undines or naiads, the bowels of the earth with gnomes, and the fire with salamanders. All these beings were the friends of man, and desired nothing so much as that men should purge themselves of all uncleanness, and thus be enabled to see and converse with them. They possessed great power, and were unrestrained by the barriers of space or the obstructions of matter. But man was in one particular their superior. He had an immortal soul, and they had not. They might, however, become sharers in man's immortality, if they could inspire one of that race with the passion of love towards them. Hence it was the constant endeavour of the female spirits to captivate the admiration of men; and of the male gnomes, sylphs, salamanders, and undines, to be beloved by a woman. The object of this passion, in returning their love, imparted a portion of that celestial fire the soul; and from that time forth the beloved became equal to the lover, and both, when their al-

lotted course was run, entered together into the mansions of felicity. These spirits, they said, watched constantly over mankind by night and day. Dreams, omens, and presentiments were all their works, and the means by which they gave warning of the approach of danger. But though so well inclined to befriend man for their own sakes, the want of a soul rendered them at times capricious and revengeful: they took offence on slight causes, and heaped injuries instead of benefits on the heads of those who extinguished the light of reason that was in them, by gluttony, debauchery, and other appetites of the body.

THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE INDEBTED TO THE ROSICRUCIANS.

Poetry and romance are deeply indebted to the Rosicrucians for many a graceful creation. The literature of England, France, and Germany, contains hundreds of sweet fictions, whose machinery has been borrowed from their day-dreams. The "delicate Ariel" of Shakespeare stands pre-eminent among the number. From the same source Pope drew the airy tenants of Belinda's dressing-room, in his charming "Rape of the Lock;" and La Motte Fouqué, the beautiful and capricious water-nymph, Undine, around whom he has thrown more grace and loveliness, and for whose imaginary woes he has excited more sympathy, than ever were bestowed on a supernatural being. Sir Walter Scott also endowed the White Lady of Avenel with many of the attributes of the undines, or water-sprites. German romance and lyrical poetry teem with allusions to sylphs, gnomes, undines, and salamanders; and the French have not been behind in substituting them, in works of fiction, for the more cumbrous mythology of Greece and Rome. The sylphs, more especially, have been the favourites of the bards, and have become so familiar to the popular mind as to be, in a manner, confounded with that other race of ideal beings, the fairies, who can boast of an antiquity much more venerable in the annals of superstition. Having these obligations to the Rosicrucians, no lover of poetry can wish, however absurd they were, that such a sect of philosophers had never existed.—*MacKay's Popular Delusions.*

AN EJECTED FAMILY.

WE had sent our car onwards, and were proceeding on foot, a practice that enables us to converse with the peasantry, and so increases our enjoyment and adds to our information. It was a fine clear evening; the sun was sinking behind the pure emerald hill slopes; the air was mild and healthy; the "rail" was croaking along the hedges,

and the thrush singing the sweet and varied melodies which art can neither imitate nor teach; a lane, or, as the Irish so prettily call it, "a *bóivreen*," branched off from the high road, and some noble old trees had interlaced their arms above it, so as to form a succession of living arches, the most perfect and picturesque we had ever observed; the elevated enclosures of the path were tangled by a profusion of flowers—the purple fox-glove, with its fairy-like caps, and the sparkling leaves and knotty twistings of sly robin-run-the-hedge, mingled with the tasseled meadow-sweet and broad-leaved dock,—all beautiful according to their kind; then there were occasional breaks amid the branches, through which the sun, so glowing before its departure, darted the most vivid light, shewing the sylvan tracery to the best advantage: it was altogether so exquisite a bit of light and shade that, until we had looked on it for some time, we had not perceived three young children huddled up together at the stump of an aged thorn, a few yards down the lane; the eldest, a grown-up girl, supported a sleeping infant on her knees; the third, whose costume was as slight as it is possible to fancy, was crying bitterly; and in his fruitless attempts to dry his tears, had smeared his face over, so as to give it the appearance of a mask. His trouble was of that nature which in England would be alleviated by bread and butter, and cured by bread and sugar; but the grief that caused emotion in the eldest girl was altogether different—it was such as strong women can hardly bear; her features were hardened into the expression of despair, and what is more at variance with the first hours of youth, *sullen* despair. An old blind dog sat at her feet, with his head on her knee, his thick sightless eyes upturned to her, while she stroked his head mechanically, and without uttering a word.

"Let me go back, Easy—let me go back just for a minute, and I won't cry out; do let me, and I'll be as good as *gould*, I will," said the boy.

The girl made no reply, but clutched his shoulder and held him fast. There was some resistance on the boy's part, but it did not continue long, for he agreed to keep still if she'd "loose her hold;" which she did, though her hand still remained on his shoulder. We were so interested in the girl's sorrow, that we endeavoured to alleviate it by kind words, and asked if any of her people were ill? Then she burst into tears, and the hardness, which rendered her expression so painful to look upon, relaxed. "I thank you kindly for asking; only the trouble, ma'am, is hard on us this evening. We're turned out—we, that never let the winter gale run till summer, that for all we took out of the bit of land put double in it, and did with half feeding, sooner than wrong

the earth that gave us that same. We're turned out this blessed evening, to wander the world, or to starve in Navan; to die away from the light of the heavens, and the fresh air, and the fields. Oh, there's no use in talking, but my heart will burst—it will burst open in me, if I think of the cruelty of the world. How can my father live in a town where there are hundreds of men strong an' able to work as he? what can he get to do there? If they'd let us build a sod-house by the side of the road itself, in the place where he's known, he could get work among the neighbours; but that spoils the look of the country, they say. Och hone! sure the starving look of the poor spoils it worse."

"Ye'r crying worse than me, Essy, now," said the boy; "and you promised mother you'd keep in the tears—let me see if she is crying still."

"Stay where you are, Jimmy, my boy; there's a good child; mother can bear it better when she does not see us. Oh, I could beg the world's bread for her from door to door, though, until this blessed hour, we never asked charity from man or mortal; but I could beg, starve, (that's easy enough,) or die, for my own darling mother, if God laves her with us; but he wont; death was printed in her face this morning—she'll die from me! Oh, Holy Virgin! hear my prayer this evenin', and if one must go, take me, blessed Queen of heaven, and lave her with her husband and her helpless childre."

The poor girl sank upon her knees, still pressing the infant to her bosom; and we walked on, anxious to ascertain the truth of so bad a statement.

A turn in the lane brought us opposite to what had been a nesting of three or four cottages; the greater number had been dispossessed of their inmates a few months before; there was evidence that some time had elapsed since the walls had been uncovered. The one furthest off was the present scene of distress; two men were basied in unroofing the small dwelling, while two others looked prepared to meet any outbreak on the part of the late tenant or his friends; several of the latter were assembled, but, for the most part, seemed bent on consoling rather than defending. There was the usual scene of confusion, yet it was plain to see that the ejectment had been served upon a cottage possessed of many comforts. A very pale, fragile woman was seated upon a substantial bedstead, with her hand closely pressed against her side as if in pain, while tears flowed down her cheeks. Chickens of various sizes were crowded in an ancient coop, and a stout little pig had a "soutan" fixed to his leg to prepare him for the road; stools and iron pots, a dresser, delf and wooden ware, were scattered about, and a

serious-looking cat was seated on the top of a potato basket.

"It's Larkins' own fault, I must say that; when the lease of his little place dropped, he would not take 'no' for an answer, but would keep possession, and I wonder at his doing so, and he so well learned and bright at everything," said one of the men.

"My own fault!" repeated a strong, though haggard-looking person, advancing, while the group of countrymen to whom he had been speaking opened, and made way for him. "Who says it's my own fault—you? Sir, I was born under the thatch you stand upon; my father and grandfather held the bit of land, and we paid for it at the highest and to the last farthing."

"That ye did, poor man, God help you!" murmured many voices.

"I, with every hard-working soul on the estate, get notice to quit, because the agent wants it to be cleared of men that it may feed beasts. I have acted all my life like a man, and I have the feelings of one; I love every stick of them blackened rafters; my father's own hands made the bad the poor broken-hearted woman is sitting on; on it I was born, and on it she brought me five children. The bees that are singing in the bushes came from the ould stock; and my father's mother—that they are bringing out now—has sat upon that stone bench for sixty-four years."

A very venerable woman had just been carried through the flakes of falling thatch into the open air; she seemed hardly conscious of what was going forward; yet she gazed around her, and from one to another, with an eager and anxious look.

"Well, we know all that," resumed the first speaker; "and you ought to know that I'm only doing my duty, and you ought to have sense. The gentleman's land is his own, and if he'd rather feed cattle for the market than have the place broke up into little farms, sure it's his own land, not yours: he lets you take away every stick that you like."

"The law," said Larkins, "gives me them."

"And he pays you for your crop."

"And that he can't help, either."

"And yet the granny there wouldn't leave it till the roof was off. Sure, any how, the gentleman had a right to do what he liked with his own."

"He had not!" exclaimed the peasant, firmly planting his foot on the ground, and instinctively assuming an attitude that would have added dignity to a Roman senator. "In the sight and light of Almighty God, no man has a right to say to another 'Go out and starve'—starve, as I shall, and all belonging to me. Starve and beg, and beg and starve, till my bones whiten through my skin, and I die as others in this country

have died before me, on the road. Oh, my God! if he had given me a piece of mountain, or a bit of bog, and time to bring it round, I'd have worked for it—as I have done all my life, and that's saying enough. Does he call to mind that the tenant's duty is to pay, and the landlord's to protect? Does he say, as a Christian, that any man has a right to turn over scores of his fellow-creatures to starvation when they are willing to be his slaves for food and raiment—for what more have any of us? We lay by nothing, and have nothing to lay by—yet we pay our rent. Will any of you say God intended *that*?"

"Then, why the dickons, Johnny Larkins, my jewel," exclaimed a tight concentrated fellow, walking up to the excited speaker, "why the dickons, don't you let us serve them all out at once? Sorra a better sport we'd ax; and it's under yer roof ye'd be now if ye had let us take just one good hearty fling at them."

"I never broke the law in my life, James," replied Larkins.

"Sorra a better ye'r off than them that did," answered James, stepping back with a very dissatisfied air.—Two women were comforting the poor man's wife in the best way they could, and another was busied in adjusting a bed on a small car, upon which they intended to place the old woman so as to remove her comfortably. The landlord's agents, during this sad procedure, appeared resolved not to desist until the roof was entirely away.

"I wish, a lannan, ye'd be said and led by us," urged one of the neighbours to Mrs. Larkins, who was rocking herself as the wind rocks a tree that has been more than half uprooted. "What good can staying here do you, dear? Sure ye'll stop with us as long as ye like, before ye go into the close town; and yer breathing so bad—and ye so weak."

"If they had only let me die in it!" answered the wife and mother, whose weak trembling voice recalled her child's opinion, so feelingly expressed a few minutes before, "that death was printed in her face"—"it wouldn't have been long. Where's the children?"

"Sure ye sent them away, they were crying so."

"And where's John?"

"Is the sight leaving yer eyes that ye can't see him forenent ye, dear?" answered the woman, at the same time looking anxiously into her face.

"John, darling!" she exclaimed fervently; in a moment her husband was by her side.

"There's a change over her!" whispered the woman to the young man who had proffered to take the law into his own hands; "there's a change over her—run for the priest, if ye love yer own sowl!" Even the

men who had been so busy with the roof paused, and the silence was only disturbed by the prolonged whistle of a distant black-bird.

"John, my blessing!—my pride!—the only love I ever had—you'll forgive any hasty word I ever spoke—wont ye, my jewel?"

"Ye never did," answered the poor fellow; "but what's over ye, darlin? what ails you? what ails her, neighbours? Blessed Queen of heaven, what ails my wife?"

"Whisht, dear!" she said, and raising her hand to his face, she pressed his cheek still closer to her own; "I've been sickly a long time, John, and was going fast—better I should die before we got into the town. I *must* have died then, you know; your face is very thin, darling, already. Oh, may the holy saints lave ye as ye are, that I may know ye in heaven! but I would, any way. Spake to me, my bird of blessings! kiss me, dear, and let me lay my head on yer bare breast. Neighbours, ye'll look to him and the poor motherless children."

"It's only a faintness, my jewel," said the husband; "it's nothing else—fetch her a drop of water." She drank eagerly, and then nestled her head on her husband's breast as a child would have done in its mother's bosom.

"Oh! I was sinful," murmured the man, "to rebel while my angel was left me. I'll never say a word again, if the Lord spares her. Pray for her, good friends."

There was not (to use a homely phrase) a dry eye in the circle that formed round them; even the ministers of the law sympathized with the poor man's agony. Suddenly, the old woman, who had been forgotten in the new excitement, pushing the little crowd to the right and left with her long lean arms, stood like a spectre in the midst, her white hair streaming from beneath her black hood over the wrinkles of her sharp face, thickened by a maniac smile. "I ask yer pardon," she said, curtsying as deeply as the infirmities of extreme age would permit—"I ask yer pardon, but I don't rightly understand this; is it a wedding or a berring?"

"Look! look!" exclaimed Larkins—"some one look in my Mary's face:—I feel as if her breath passed right into my heart!"

She was dead upon his bosom.—*Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Ireland.*

THE TASK-WORK OF AUTHORSHIP.

Few writers have yet noticed the hard and hopeless labour of those belonging to the class of whom it has well been said that "they do not live to write, but write to

live,"—who spend years of their life in affording instruction and entertainment to the public, and yet never have the satisfaction of receiving the acknowledgment of praise from those for whom they write. Think of newspaper editors, for instance. Their toil is constant;—who ever thinks of the men, while they read their writings, or cares to know who has put together all that, day after day, affords such materials of thought and discussion? The newspaper reader takes his opinion from his journal—never thinks he on the care, the labour, the research, it has cost many minds to produce that ample sheet. Sometimes it does become known that such or such a person is the editor of such or such a paper. Thus the name of Fonblanque is identified with the *Examiner*, and that of Jerdan with the *Literary Gazette*, as that of Thomas Barnes was with *The Times*. But only a portion of the readers of those journals know this, and even they seldom bestow a thought upon the trouble it must have cost these or other editors to produce a single number.

Another class of writers connected with the public press are the gentlemen who contribute articles. No single mind could produce, day after day, and week after week, the leading articles in the principal morning journals,—or the critical reviews in the weekly literary publications. Yet, whoever is the accredited editor of a paper or review, gets credit for all the good articles that appear therein. Those whose names are never heard of perform "the task-work of authorship"—others gain the credit of the performance!

Captain Marryat, writing on the manner in which newspapers and magazines are got up, thus alludes to their editors:—"What a life of toil, what an unnatural life, must theirs be, who thus cater through the hours of darkness for the information and amusement of those who have slept through the night, and rise to be instructed by the labour of their vigils! The editors of these must have a most onerous task. It is not the writing of the leading article itself, but the obligation to write that article every day, whether inclined or not,—in sickness or in health, in affliction, distress of mind, winter and summer, year after year, tied down to one task, remaining in one spot. It is something like walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have a fellow feeling for them, for I know how a monthly periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself, it appears nothing—the labour is not manifest; nor is it the labour—it is the continual attention which it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the magazine. One month is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes another. It is

the stone of Sisyphus—an endless repetition of toil—a constant weight upon the mind—a continual wearing upon the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time you are compelled to do the severest drudgery."—*The Monthly Magazine*.

THE "UTOPIA" OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

THE "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, which, being composed in Latin, is not included in this great volume of his "Works," may be read by the English reader in its contemporary spirited translation*, and more intelligibly in Bishop Burnet's version. The title of his own coinage has become even proverbial; and from its classical Latinity it was better known among foreigners even in Burnet's day than at home. This combination of philosophy, politics, and fiction, though borrowed from the ideal republic of Plato, is worthy of an experienced statesman and a philosopher who at that moment was writing not only above his age, but, as it afterwards appeared, above himself. It has served as the model of that novel class of literature—political romances. But though the "Utopia" is altogether imaginary, it displays no traces of the imagination in an ingeniously constructed fable. It is the dream of a good citizen, and, like a dream, the scenes scattered and unconnected are broken into by chimerical forms and impracticable achievements. In times of political empiricism it may be long meditated; and the "Utopia" may yet pass through a million of editions before that new era of the perfectibility of the human animal, the millennium of political theorists, which it would seem to have anticipated.

This famous work was written at no immature period of life, for More was then thirty-six years of age. The author had clear notions of the imperfections of governments, but he was not as successful in proposing remedies for the disorders he had detected. A community where all the property belongs to the government, and to which every man contributes by his labour, that he may have his own wants supplied; a domestic society which very much resembles a great public school, and converts a citizen, through all the gradations of his existence, from form to form, and where every man, like an automatical machine.

* The old translation, "by Raphe Robinson, 1551," has been republished by Dr. Dibdin, accompanied by copious annotations. Almost everything relating to the family, the life, and the works of the author, may be found in "the biographical and literary introduction." It is the first specimen of an edition where the diligence of the editor has not been wasted on trivial researches, or nugatory commentaries.

must be fixed in his proper place,—supposes a society of passionless beings which social life has never shewn and surely never can. The art of carrying on war without combating, by the williness of stratagems; or procuring a peace by offering a reward for the assassination of the leaders of the enemy, with whom rather than with the people all wars originate; the injunction to the incurable of suicide; the paucity of laws which enabled every man to plead his own cause; the utmost freedom granted to religious sects, where every man who contested the religion of another was sent into exile, or condemned to bondage; the contempt of the precious metal, which was here used but as toys for children, or as fetters for slaves; such fanciful notions, running counter to the experience of history, or to the advantages of civilised society, induced some to suspect the whole to be but the incoherent dreams of an idling philosopher, thrown down at random without much consideration. It is sobriety indulging an inebriation, and good sense wandering in a delirium. Burnet, in his translation, cautiously reminds his reader, that he must in nowise be made responsible for the matter of the work which “he ventured” to translate. Others have conceived the “Utopia” dangerous for those speculators in politics who might imagine the author to have been serious. More himself has adjudged the book “no better worthy than to lie always in his own island, or else to be consecrated to Vulcan.”

But assuredly many of the extraordinary principles inculcated in “the Utopia” were not so lightly held by its illustrious author. The sincerity of his notions may be traced in his own simple habits, his opinions in conversation, and the tenour of his invariable life. His contempt of outward forms and personal honours, his voluntary poverty, his fearlessness of death—all these afford ample evidence that the singularity of the man himself was as remarkable as the work he produced. The virtues he had expatiated on he had contemplated in his own breast.

This singular, but great man, was a sage whose wisdom lay concealed in his plainness; a politician without ambition; a lord chancellor who entered into office poor, and left it not richer. When his house was to be searched for treasure, which circumstance had alarmed his friends, well did that smile become him when he observed that “it would be only a sport to his family,” and he pleasantly added, “lest they should find out my wife’s gay girdle and her gold beads.” When the clergy, in convention, had voted a donation amounting to no inconsiderable fortune, “not for services to be performed, but for those which he had chosen to do,” More rejected the gift with this noble con-

fession—“I am both over-proud and over-slothful also to be hired for money to take half the labour and business in writing that I have taken since I began.” And when accused by Tyndale and others for being “the proctor of the clergy,” and richly fed, how forcible was his expression! “He had written his controversial works only that God might give him thanks.”

It happened, however, that his after-conduct in life, in regard to that religious toleration which he had wisely maintained in his ideal society, was as opposite as night to noon. Could he then have ever been earnest in his “Utopia”?—he who exalts over the burning of a heretic who “could not agree that before the day of doom there were either any saint in heaven or soul in purgatory, or in hell either,” for which horrible heresy he was delivered at last into the secular hands and “burned as there was never wretch I ween better worth.”* This harmless and hapless metaphysical theologian did not disagree with More on the existence of saints, of souls, nor of hell. The heretic conceived—and could he change by volition the ideas which seemed to him just?—that no reward or punishment could be inflicted before the final judgment. A conversation of five minutes might have settled the difference, for they only varied about the precise time!

In that great revolution which was just opening in his latter days, More seems sometimes to have mistaken theology for politics. A strange and mysterious change, such as the history of man can hardly parallel, occurred in the mind of More; by what insensible gradations is a secret which must lie in his grave.

This great man laid his head on the block to seal his conscience with his blood. Protestants have lamented this act as his weakness, the Romanists decreed a martyrdom. In a sudden change of system in the affairs of a nation, when even justice may assume the appearance of violence, the most enlightened minds, standing amidst their ancient opinions and their cherished prejudices subverted, display how the principle of integrity predominates over that of self-preservation.—*D’Israeli.*

THE SILENT PIPER.

IN our young days every district had its own appointed and particular musician; “Kelly the piper” belonged exclusively to the sweet sea-shore of Bannow; “Andy the fiddler” to the sunny hill-village of Carrick; and Tim Lacy to the townland of Ballymitty. Tim’s instrument was not specified, for he was a universal master;

* Sir Thomas More’s Works, 349.

could take a "turn" at the pipes, a "hand" at the fiddle, a "blow" on the flute, or, for aught we know, a "bate" on the big drum, and was, in fact, so desultory in his habits as hardly to excite the jealousy of any one in particular; for Irish fiddlers and pipers are a most capacious and irritable race, as combative for precedence as a bevy of courtiers.

We remember "Kelly the piper" and "Andy the fiddler" challenging, each the other, to a musical contest, which was kept up during five successive Sundays after mass, and only brought to a conclusion by Andy's "letting the music" out of Kelly's pipes with a reaping-hook; while, in return, Kelly immolated Andy's fiddle on the prongs of a pitchfork. The parish was in despair—neither weddings nor merry meetings of any kind could go forward without music, and Tim Lacy, the boy who, according to report, made a fiddle of the priest's tongs, and a *bow* of the priest's poker, when he was only three years old—poor Tim Lacy was "down in the fever."

When, on the very day before Mickey Donovan's pretty daughter, Biddy, was to be married to Mogue Maguire, and the father and mother were debating the possibility or impossibility of getting "the music," a thin, spare, plaintive-looking man, very small of stature, and much bent either by age or sorrow, or perhaps by a mingling of both, entered the farm-house, being led by a pretty sunny-haired little maiden, of apparently some nine or ten years old; the man was perfectly blind, and his thin hand rested upon the head of her who might have been termed both his guide and his guardian; his appearance was hailed with sincere delight by every member of the family, busy though they were, preparing for the next day's fête, for he carried his welcome with him in the shape of the bagpipes.

"What can you play, sir, if you please?" questioned the pretty bride.

"'Haste to the Wedding,' or whatever you please, miss," was the little girl's answer, with a half shy, half modest look, as if she perfectly understood the hint conveyed by the name of the country-dance.

"And why can't her father answer for himself?" inquired Biddy.

"If you please, miss, it's a *vow* that's on him, for a reason he has," replied the child; "and so I'm his speech as well as his eyes, myself, miss!"

"Oh, indeed!" "Poor man!" "See that now!" "A *vow*!" "Oh masha, masha, but sin's a shockin' thing!" were the exclamations that followed.

"It's no sin of his own," observed the child; "only one he took upon himself to answer for, for one he loved."

The Irish are a very inquisitive people,

and though Biddy had too much delicacy to urge the young girl to betray the secret of her protector, the other members of the family were in no way restrained by such consideration. After the strangers had been fed and warmed, and every one who could dance had "taken a turn on the fure," just for "divarshun," or to try "the strength of the music," the child was subjected to the interrogatories of the whole family, who, after all, only learned that the blind man, known by the sobriquet of the "silent piper," was her father; that her mother, when dying, "left a vow on him;" that he had never spoken since, but that his fondness for, and love towards her, was "past telling;" she'd rather not say where they came from; she could not tell where they were going to; and that was all!

Kelly the piper was obliged to confess, on the wedding-day, that he was not fit to "hould a candle" to the "silent-piper;" and everybody declared they had never heard such beautiful music; one or two very old people hinted that all was not right, for they had heard pipers and pipers in their youth, but such piping as *that* had never been heard before.

The fame of the "silent piper" reached the houses of the gentry, and we can well remember the first entrance of father and child into the old hall, which in those days often echoed to right merry music—we were all charmed. Liberal offers were made to the blind man if he would settle in the neighbourhood; he should have a cottage built for himself and his child on the demesne, and never want. In reply, he only shook his head, and sighed; and the little maid, with tears, observed, "they had but a short time to stop now, as father seldom stayed more than a week in any one place."

We knew that such "obligations" were not uncommon among the peasantry, though we did not remember ever meeting a piper under the influence of a "silent vow" before. His pretty gentle child had achieved as much popularity as himself; and there were very few who had not bestowed some slight token of remembrance on one or both. The little maid had accumulated many gifts of love—the small-change of the affections—and the smart blue ribbon smooing her fair hair, and garnishing a broad-leaved hat, the string of brilliant beads around her neck, the bright kerchief that sheltered her bosom, or enshrouded her bundle, contrasted in as picturesque a manner as an artist could desire, with her bare and slender ancles and half-sandaled feet. They departed with much regret, the old man playing "Carolán's Lament," until he drew tears from many eyes.—*Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Ireland.*

The Gatherer.

MAY.

(From *Miscellaneous Poems by J. Jones.*)

THINE welcome, genial month! whose balmy wing
Fans into full development the show
Of blossoms which around their splendours fling,
And, in the vivifying sunlight, glow.
Thou, on life-stirring odours, dost carouse;
And thine are robes immaculate to wear,—
The milk-white favours of the cherry boughs;
The dazzling promise of the luscious pear.
Thy reign, the pink-eyed apple-cup prolongs—
The daisies' sheen—the tulips' pick'd display—
The hawthorn-hedge, alive with gushing songs—
The lilacs' plumed, the chestnuts' trim array—
Nature, for glee, holds festival, as thou,
The garland-graces' queen, with blooms bedeck'd
thy brow.

Discoveries in the Pacific.—The Cape papers notice the discovery, by an English whaler, of several islands in the Pacific Ocean previously unknown. They were eight in number, of some extent, fertile, and inhabited. The appearance of the natives and the canoes &c. were totally different from any others in that neighbourhood.

Value of Early Rising.—The difference between rising at six in the morning and eight, in the course of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to twenty-nine thousand hours, or three years one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours, which will afford exactly eight hours a day for ten years; so it is the same as if ten years were added to life—a weighty consideration, in which we could command eight hours a day for the cultivation of our minds or the despatch of business.

Emigration to New South Wales.—Forty thousand emigrants were sent out to New South Wales last year, at a cost to the Colonial Government of 900,000*l.* In future, the average number of emigrants to that colony is to be limited to 100,000, and to Van Dieman's Land, 1500.

The Jacobin Club.—This celebrated body, so instrumental to much of the early scenes of the first period of the French Revolution, originated from a small and secret association of about forty gentlemen and men of letters, who had united to disseminate political and other opinions; the members were called Jacobins, from their meeting in the hall of the Jacobin friars of Paris. The club became numerous and popular; and fraternal societies were instituted in all the principal towns of the kingdom. From its institution, one principle was to discuss such political questions as seemed likely to be agitated in the National Assembly, in order that the members might act in concert. They were suppressed October 18, 1794.—*Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*, &c.

Slavery in the French Colonies.—It appears from a recent return to the Minister of Marine, that from October, 1841, to January, 1842, four hundred and fifty-two negro slaves have been emancipated in the French colonies of Martinique, Guadeloupe, Guyana, and Bourbon. The total number emancipated since 1838 is 38,959.

Circulation of the Bible.—The number of associations established in Great Britain at present for the circulation of the Scriptures is 2228; in Ireland, 550; Continental Europe, 1500; Asia, 83; Africa, 16; America, 2800; Australia, 17; and the West Indies, 226, sixty-nine of the latter being conducted by freed negroes.

The late General Harrison, President of the United States, appears, from the following anecdote, to have considered that the moral improvement of the young is of greater value in preventing crime than the ordinary penal checks which are interposed. In his last out-of-door exercise, the General was engaged in assisting the gardener to adjust some grape-vines. The gardener remarked that there would be but little use in trailing the vines, so far as any fruit was concerned, as the boys would come on Sunday, while the family were at church, and steal all the grapes; and suggested to the General, as a guard against such a loss, that he should purchase an active watchdog. "Better," said the General, "to employ an active Sabbath-school teacher; a dog may take care of the grapes, but a good Sabbath-school teacher will take care of the grapes and the boys too."

Qualities of Bad Paper.—In order to increase the weight of printing paper, some manufacturers are in the habit of mixing sulphate of lime, or gypsum, with the rag to a great extent. I have been informed, by an authority upon which I place great reliance, that some paper contains more than one fourth of its weight of gypsum; and I lately examined a sample, which had the appearance of good paper, that contained about 12 per cent. The mode of detecting this fraud is exceedingly simple: burn 100 grains, or any given weight of the paper, in a platina or earthen crucible, and continue the heat until the residuum becomes white, which it will readily do if the paper is mixed with gypsum. It is certainly true that all paper contains a small quantity of incombustible matter, derived from accidental impurities, but it does not amount to more than about 1 per cent.; the weight then will indicate the extent of the fraud.—*Brande.*

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

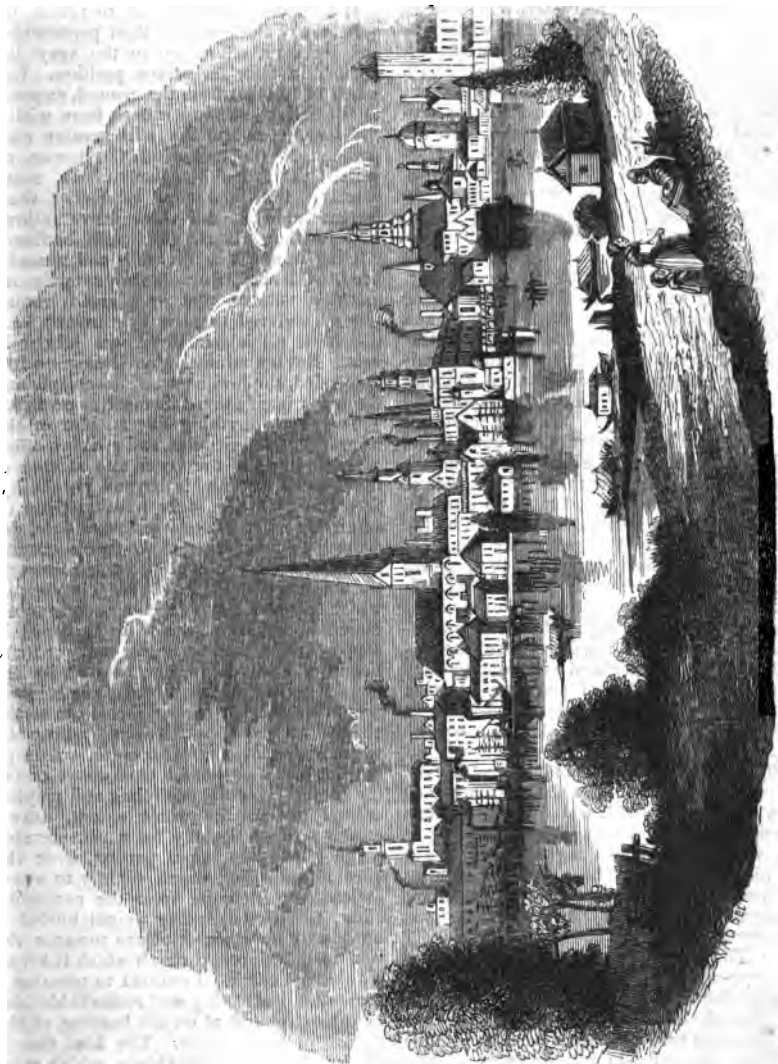
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 22.]

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



HAMBURG, FROM THE BINNEN ALSTER.

Original Communications.

THE CONFLAGRATION AT
HAMBURG.

ABOUT one o'clock on Thursday morning, the 5th inst., the inhabitants were roused by the watchmen giving the alarm of fire, and the bells of the churches sounding the tocsin. A number of engines were very soon on the spot, but from want of water, the tide having receded at the time, they were unable to stop the flames. In the Deichstrasse, where the fire commenced, the houses were old and lofty, and built as much of wood as of brick, and where the principal merchants had their warehouses, which in many instances were stocked with articles of the most combustible matter; and, moreover, the east wind having prevailed for more than three weeks, with the total absence of rain, produced, unfortunately, a general dryness of all materials. The Deichstrasse is in the most southerly quarter of the city, and much exposed to the influence of the south wind, which blew strongly at the period the fire began, spreading the flames with terrible velocity. "Nothing was to be seen," says one of the many accounts, "but men, women, and children leaving the houses, and endeavouring to save a small part of their furniture, by placing it in the celebrated Nicholas Church, one of the oldest and most splendid churches in the city." The fire increased rapidly, and houses were pulled down in the Hoffen-market to make room for the engines to play, and to prevent further progress of the destroying element, but to no purpose. The Senate had been called together, by the terrific accounts brought to its members from every quarter, to take such measures as were required for the public safety. It is said that it was proposed to them by many individuals to pull down the neighbouring houses in the direction of the fire, but that this was declined as an unnecessary and useless sacrifice of property. Instead of a wide sweep of houses pulled down in the direction of the fire, but one or two buildings immediately adjoining those actually in flames were ordered for destruction. Ere these were well unroofed, the fire gained on them and beyond, while again the same system continued, with as copious a use of water as the wretched engines would allow. This went on till about three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, giving as a result the destruction of nearly a hundred houses, pretty nearly in one consecutive line.

"The rapid progress of the flames," says an eye-witness, "was for a time partly arrested here by the interposition of a wider space—the Hoffen-market, when on a sudden smoke was seen to proceed from the steeple of the Nicolai Church, upwards of two

hundred feet high. A spark had flown upwards, and must have been for some time smouldering in the capital above one of the columns, about half-way up the steeple. Before many minutes a number of firemen were hard at work in attempting to cut out the burning part, and to cool the heated timbers with water. They several times succeeded in extinguishing the flame, but the heat from the burning houses below and around was reflected so intensely against the roof within the columned basis of the beautiful spire, that all their efforts proved vain—smoke *again* became flame.

It is impossible too highly to praise the gallantry of these men in their persevering and incessant efforts up to the very last second, in their dangerous position. Upwards of 150 feet from the ground, exposed to the fall of burning rafters from within the steeple, and to the still greater risk, perhaps, of the bottom of the tower, on which the whole superstructure rests, catching fire, and thus rendering their retreat hopeless, did these brave fellows continue their labour. At length the flame, circling upwards in beautiful and graceful bend, evidenced, from its momentarily increasing volume, that even could human frame (endured to such oppression) bear the heat, all labour there was labour in vain. Not ten minutes after these men had descended, the lower part of the steeple and the tower itself proved themselves on fire.

To convey anything like an idea of the magnificent, the singular, and striking effect of the burning of the tower and steeple of the Nicolai Church, is beyond possibility. The effect was the more striking from its admirable build, of some centuries date, defying the whole power of the flames tearing it within to find any outlet, except through the columned interstice above. The steeple, which appeared to have been made of wooden materials, was soon seen to be sheathed in copper, which became nearly red hot for a height of about sixty feet, beneath its columned portion, which proved of stone. Presently the red hot copper peeled off as the volume of flame, which was gutting its wooden interior, gained strength. A large red-hot ball of copper fell from above one of the columns, the fire encircling and playing around and up the whole extent, drawn clearly against the sky for a considerable height; then the upper portion, over the encolumned space, began slightly to wave, majestically inclining from the perpendicular, till its descending weight hurled it down with impetuous violence towards the roof of the church, through which it broke with a loud crash. I omitted to mention a somewhat interesting and remarkable circumstance attendant on the burning of the steeple of St. Nicholas. The heat caused the bell to toll, and the chimneys, which were

peculiarly melodious, to play till they were finally destroyed.

Adjoining the church of St. Nicholas were several old buildings, and another part of the town, yet free from danger, which now became menaced, and soon actually commenced burning with a dreadful and astonishing rapidity. The buildings were, if possible, of more inflammable materials than the others, and there was a freer current of air. The loss of property along this line, which blazed consecutively for nearly a quarter of a mile, is incalculable. The whole of the buildings, consisting of large warehouses, were all loaded with merchandise. These lay on each side of the Catharinen Canal. Let it be borne in mind that the warehousing or bond system does not exist in this free city; that on the arrival of an expected cargo, the ship, or a barge laden with its contents, immediately proceeds opposite the merchant's warehouse, where the goods are discharged. The warehouse of one merchant alone had British manufactures to the value of 120,000*l*.

As a result of the decisions taken on Thursday evening, the Rath House (or Council House) and the old Exchange, a curious old wooden building, with fine carved oaken pillars, and the arms of the German empire cut over its entrance, were blown up, in order, if possible, to save the Bank, which was, however, attacked and reduced to a shell; the whole of its valuables are, however, safe in the cellars of the building. In expectation of the fire several houses were in the course of destruction to prevent its extension by contact towards the new Exchange, &c.; this was well designed as the wind stood when the decision was taken, but the wind had changed, and was bearing directly on the Exchange, towards the Kleiner Alster and the Jungfernstieg; but of this no note was taken, the work still continued in a quarter where it was comparatively useless. This has been the fault throughout, that loss in the immediate neighbourhood, the extent to which the flames were spreading, and the new direction which they from time to time took, under a wind which was constantly varying, was not watched and acted upon. Thus it was also, that up to the blowing up of the New Stadter, which saved the Fuhlen Tweite, and nearly a half of the town behind it, and Streit's Hotel, also a key to another rich, important, extensive quarter, nothing sufficient had been attempted.

On Friday morning, about nine, the New Exchange, the Post-office, and Stadt-house, were surrounded by smoke and fire, which proceeding towards the Jungfernstieg, reduced it by seven o'clock in the evening to ashes. On the morning the fire had crossed the Kleiner Alster; it was a striking and painful scene. This large and wide canal

was covered with flat-bottomed boats, bridges, &c., filled with furniture and goods from the neighbouring houses; these were before long each in flames before their owner's eyes, many of whom had to escape from these on banks, the two sides of which consisted of houses in flames; there could have been but the alternative of a watery grave, but for a small landing-place offered by the Jungfernstieg by the advice of the Binnen Alstar.

On Saturday morning burnt St. Peter's Church, in which was a fine painting representing the last great calamity in Hamburg, which had its resemblance in the present catastrophe. It represented the inhabitants, who, not being sufficiently provided with provisions to stand a siege, had been driven out of the town by Marshal Davoust, twenty-eight years ago, to the surrounding fields, where many perished of cold and hunger, against which, however, in this case, the authorities have carefully provided.

In the night of Saturday and Sunday, after having swept over a large portion of the new part of Hamburg, and consumed the church of St. Gertrude, on to the Rosenstrasse, it reached one of the oldest and certainly most thickly populated parts of the town, and there, amid houses half built of wood, with great difficulty to obtain any supply of water, which, indeed, had to be handed pailful after pailful to fill the reservoirs of the engines, by people placed for considerable distances in files up to the wells and pumps for that purpose—there, the least likely quarter of the town, the fire had been subdued towards mid-day of Sunday.

The senate gave their consent to the unroofing, pulling down, and blowing up such houses as were necessary. There could not be a greater tribute than that paid by the syndic and senate to those gentlemen, Messrs. Thompson, Giles, and Lindley, than the declaration, that to them and the other English gentlemen in Hamburg they were mainly indebted for the salvation of the town. For, notwithstanding the half measures occasionally taken, and such criticisms as some of the proceedings warrant, whatever was done was so by them, and it is certainly highly gratifying that three Englishmen should have been chosen for the duty, and have received the greatest acknowledgments of their employers. These gentlemen continued indefatigable during the three days and nights of these melancholy events. It was at the peril of their lives, not that in the mere nature of the service, but from the rage of the people, that the English engineers and other Englishmen worked to save the town. Mr. Thompson had on one occasion a narrow escape of his life. He had been observed

by some people working at the engines and in procuring water, as also by others saving their property, to have had matches in his hands, men (English workmen) had brought him lighted candles and torches, with these he had been seen to go in and out of several houses near the fire, in a word, the Hamburgers concluded Mr. Thompson to be at the head of a band of incendiaries; they rushed upon him and his friends, with their axes raised, and other implements. But for the fortunate presence and immediate interposition of some of the burgher guard, he must have perished. Mr. Thompson was, at the time, occupied in blowing up houses, and prior to doing so, had gone into each to ascertain that its dwellers had left. Somewhat similar attacks were made at other times, and in other quarters of the town, upon Messrs. Giles and Lindley, equally at times objects of distrust. Probably it was the above circumstances which first set abroad the idea of incendiarism, &c.

The following notification refers to the treatment of the English engineers:—

“The police authorities have learnt with much regret that Mr Lindley, first engineer, and Mr. Giles, engineer of the railroad, and Mr. Thompson, engineer of the Machine Fabric on the Grasbrook, have been insulted in the performance of the services which they undertook, with others of our fellow-citizens, at the request of the authorities, for the salvation of the town; they therefore feel it their duty to express publicly their thanks to these honourable men for the signal and efficient services rendered by them. THE POLICE AUTHORITIES.

“Hamburg, May 8th, 1842.”

The harbour and shipping are perfectly safe, and it is said that the Hamburg Bank went on paying on Saturday as usual. The amount of bullion (silver) in the bank is about two millions sterling, which is in perfect safety, the cellars where it is deposited being under water. The books and records are removed, and are likewise in safe custody. It is likewise reported that a great quantity of goods have been saved in lighters.

The whole extent of property destroyed is estimated at 7,000,000*l*. It was at one time rumoured that the insurance companies would not be able to meet the demands which such an extraordinary sacrifice of property had entailed on them, but these apprehensions are beginning in some measure to subside. All householders are concerned in a mutual system of insurance, and should the regular sources for the payment of the insurance money fail, it is suggested that the Government would step in to support the companies in such an extraordinary case as the present. Some London insurance

companies are responsible for moveable property destroyed to the amount of one million sterling.

The *Nachrichten* contains the following advertisement:—“Colonel Hodges requests the attendance of the British residents of Hamburg, at a public meeting to be held at her Britannic Majesty’s Consulate in the Fuhrentwiete, on Thursday, May 12, at two o’clock P.M., to take into consideration the steps necessary to be pursued, in order to make an appeal to the British nation in favour of the distressed poor of Hamburg, who, by the existing calamitous and destructive fire, have become totally destitute.—Her British Majesty’s Consulate, May 9, 1842.”

The generosity of the British public has anticipated the contemplated appeal, and upwards of 20,000*l*. have been sent from London alone; and meetings in Liverpool, Hull, and other towns throughout England, are to be held for the purpose of agreeing upon a subscription.

A letter, dated the 13th of May, says:—The amount in money already received, and the quantity of provision and clothing pouring in from every quarter, is actually more than is requisite for the necessities of the poor, who now find work in abundance, and, in the course of a few days, will be in a better condition than they have generally ever known. Those who suffer most are the shopkeepers and second-class merchants, who, for their credit sake, are afraid to ask assistance. Letters of condolence, couched in the most friendly terms, have been addressed to the senate, by most of the sovereigns and sovereign princes of the neighbouring states. Large donations have been made by most of them, as well as by the sister towns of Bremen and Lubeck. It is even asserted and believed, that the Senate of Bremen have testified to their brethren of Hamburg their readiness to guarantee, to the extent of 2,000,000 dollars, any loan which may be requisite for raising immediate funds wherewith to reconstruct the fallen portion of the city.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

No. V.

THE same gentleman occasionally varied the application of the caustic, by applying it to the throat and tonsils; and no one could feel dissatisfied with him for want of perseverance, for as long as patients found fees, his patience was untiring. A third discovered in some elementary work a recommendation of blisters behind the ears as a remedy for deafness, and some acoustic drops (an old prescription of Galen’s) composed of ox gall and tincture of castor, or, to vary it a little, ox gall and balsam of

Pera. This gentleman has obtained an unenviable notoriety for his indiscriminate prescription of these remedies, as also for others of more *questionable* utility.

Deleau of Paris, and Kramer of Berlin, profess to believe that all, or nearly all, cases of diminution of the sense of hearing are attributable to obstruction of the passage called the Eustachian tube, which leads from the upper part of the throat to the interior part of the ear; and say deafness is to be cured by passing a catheter through the nose into that tube, and allowing a large vessel full of condensed air to pass suddenly into the fine machinery of the internal ear. Copyists of this French and German method have been very active in this country; two unfortunate cases caused two inquests in a very short space of time; and many other instances might be adduced, which ought with justice to have been submitted to the same tribunal, independent of much individual suffering from the sudden expansion of a large volume of air among these delicate parts of the human frame. This method, being attended with so little, if any, beneficial result, has now given place to another—the old exploded operation of scarifying the tonsils (the glands on each side the throat inside), and cutting a piece off the uvula (the little tongue, or hanging palate, between the tonsils). I forbear to make any remarks on the absurdity of such methods of curing deafness; it must be evident to your readers; it, however, proves how deficient these copyists of foreign experimentalists must be in real knowledge of aural surgery, or how extensive they must think the credulity of the public to be, if such plans of treatment, so at variance with science, and even common sense, can find believers.

Catarrhal disease, scarlet fever, with its attendant, ulcerated throat, and various other maladies affecting that portion of the human frame, occasion in some instances adhesive inflammation of the orifices of the Eustachian tubes, without producing the more serious evils which I shall hereafter notice. If these tubes be thus closed, there is no ingress and regress of air to the internal cavity, and consequently the membrana tympani (or drum) cannot vibrate, and a very defective state of the sense of hearing follows. It having long been a well-known fact, that persons had an acute sense of hearing although there was a hole in the above membrane, the late Sir Astley Cooper was the first practitioner on record who perforated the drum of the ear; and on the 30th of November, 1801, the Copleian medal was awarded to him by the Royal Society, in consequence of a paper which he presented on the subject. This operation had at times been proposed during a period of three hundred years, but it was considered

so dangerous that when Mr. G. Cheselden, a celebrated surgeon, proposed to make the experiment on a criminal, as a commutation of his punishment of hanging, the commiseration of the English nation prevented the operation from being performed, and the man underwent his punishment. Sir Astley Cooper demonstrated that it was a mere trifling affair. In 1839, I had the authority of that eminent gentleman in writing, to insert in a work I was then publishing, which he approved,—being an exposition of the fallacies of Deleau, Kramer, and their imitators,—for saying, that although he had found the plan very successful in several cases of young people, yet he was often disappointed through the perforated orifice having closed by the efforts of nature. The rationale of this operation is, that there is a membrane which closes the round aperture within which the soft portion of the auditory nerve is deposited, and also the base of the small bone called the stapes, from its likeness to a stirrup, which plays up and down in the oval aperture, like a piston, compressing or dilating the fluid in the vestibule, semicircular canals, and cochlea; and so an impression is made on the soft and extremely sensible nerve, whose fine filaments float in the above liquid in the whole of these above three portions of the internal ear, called by the common name of the labyrinth; and the impression so produced is transmitted to the brain, from whence the hard and soft portion of the auditory nerves derive their origin. When the ear is in a state of health, and performs its functions properly, the membrana tympani vibrates, through the air being set in motion by sound of any kind, and the small bones attached to the interior side of that fine membrane, among which is the stapes (the motion of which has been described), the vibration of the drum of the ear is reflected and operates upon the membrane of the round aperture, and thus the perfection of the sense is provided for naturally; but when the external membrane does not vibrate, through the Eustachian tube being closed, these effects do not take place, and deafness ensues. If in this state the external membrane be perforated, sound is let in directly upon the base of the stapes and the membrane of the round aperture, which are in the cavity beneath, nearly opposite to the drum of the ear, and the sense of hearing becomes acute—indeed, in some instances painfully so, because the sound is let in *direct, unmodulated*; but the difficulty has always been to keep the perforated orifice open; I shall, however, revert to this part of the subject.

W. WRIGHT.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuilletton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER XX.—(concluded.)

I SET out as the sun was declining, and soon left the gothic chapel of St. Clement behind me. My road lay along the base of several mountains, on the summits of which were situated three castles—one Reichenstein, another Rheinstein, both of which were demolished by Rodolph, of Habsburgh, and rebuilt by the Count Palatine; the third Vangtsberg, inhabited in 1348 by Kuno, of Falkenstein, and repaired by Prince Frederick, of Prussia. My thoughts turned upon a ruin which I knew lay between the place where I was and Bingen—a strange unsightly ruin, which, near the conflux of the Nahue and the Rhine, stands erect in the middle of the river.

In my childhood, there was a picture that some German servant had hung above my bed; it represented an old, isolated, dilapidated tower, surrounded with water; the heavens above it were dark, and covered with heavy clouds. In the evenings, after having offered up my prayers to God, and before reposing, I looked attentively at the picture. In the dead of night I saw it in my dreams, and then it was terrible. The tower became an enormous size, the lightning flashed from the clouds, the waters roared, the wind whistled among the mountains, and seemed every moment as if about to pluck them from their base. One day, I asked the servant the name of the tower, and she replied, making the sign of the cross on her forehead—"Mause-thurm." Afterwards, she told me the following story:—

At one time, at Mayence, there lived a cruel archbishop, named Hatto—a miserly priest—who, she said, was "readier to open his hand to less than to bestow in charity." That one had harvest he purchased all the corn, in order to sell it again at a high price, for riches was the sole desire of this wicked priest. That at length, famine became so great that the peasants in the villages of the Rhine were dying of hunger—that the people assembled round the town of Mayence, weeping, and demanding bread—and that the archbishop refused to give them any. The starved people did not disperse, but surrounded the palace, uttering frightful groans. Hatto, annoyed by the cries of starvation, caused his archers to seize the men and women, the old and young, and to shut them up in a granary, to which he set

fire. "It was," added the old woman, "a spectacle that might have caused the stones to weep." Hatto did nothing but laugh; and as the wretched sufferers screamed in agony, and were expiring in the flames, he exclaimed—

"Do you hear the squeaking of the rats!"

The next day, the fatal granary was in ashes, and there was no longer any inhabitants in Mayence. The town seemed dead and deserted; when suddenly a swarm of rats sprang—like the worms in the ulcers of Assuérus—from the ashes of the granary, coming from under the ground, appearing in every crevice, swarming the streets, the citadel, the palace, the caves, the chambers, and the alcoves. It was a scourge, an affliction, a hideous *fournillement*. Hatto, in despair, quitted Mayence, and fled to the plains, but the rats followed him; he shut himself up in Bingen, which was surrounded with walls, but the rats gained access by creeping under them. Then the despairing bishop caused a tower to be erected in the middle of the Rhine, and took refuge in it; the rats swam over, climbed up the tower, gnawed the doors and windows, the walls and ceilings, and, at last, reaching the palace, where the miserable archbishop was hid, devoured him. At present, the malediction of Heaven and of man is upon this tower, which is called Mause-thurm. It is deserted, it is crumbling into ruins in the middle of the stream; and sometimes at night a strange red vapour is seen issuing from it, resembling the smoke of a furnace—it is the soul of Hatto, which hovers round the place. There is one thing remarkable. History, occasionally, is immoral; but stories are always moral, and tend to virtue. In history, the powerful prosper, tyrants reign, the wicked conduct themselves with propriety, and monsters do well; a Sylla is transformed into an honourable man, a Louis the eleventh and a Cromwell die in their beds. In tales, hell is always visible. There is not a fault that has not its punishments—not a crime which leads not to iniquitude; no wicked persons but those who become wretched. Man, who is the inventor of story, feels that he has no right to make statements and leave to vague supposition their consequences—for he is groping in darkness, is sure of nothing; he requires instruction and counsel, and dares not relate events without drawing immediate conclusions. God, who is the originator of history, shews what he wishes, and knows the rest.

Mause-thurm is a convenient word, for we may find in it whatever we desire. There are individuals who believe themselves capable of judging of everything, and who are only wise in their own estimation; who chase poesy from everything, and who say, as the

man did to the nightingale—"Stupid beast; wont you cease making that noise." These people affirm that the word Mausethurm is derived from *maus*, or *mauth*, which signifies "custom-house;" that in the tenth century, before the bed of the river was enlarged, the Rhine had only one passage, and that the authorities of Bingen levied, by means of this tower, a duty upon all vessels that passed. For these grave thinkers—these wiseacres, the cursed tower was a *douane*, and Hatto was a custom-house officer.

According to the old women with whom I freely associated, Mausethurm is derived from *mause*, or *mus*, which signifies a rat. The pretended custom-house is the Rat Tower, and its toll-keeper a spectre.

After all, these two opinions may be reconciled. It is not altogether improbable that, towards the sixteenth or seventeenth century, after Luther, after Erasmus, several burgomasters of nerve made use of the tower of Hatto for a custom-house. Why not? Rome made a custom-house of the temple of Antoninus, the *dogana*. What Rome did to history, Bingen might well do to legend.

In that case *Mauth* might be right, and *Mause* not be wrong.

Let that be as it may; there is one thing, that since the old servant told me the story of Hatto, Mausethurm has always been one of the familiar visions of my mind. You are aware that there are no men without their phantoms, even as there are none without their whims.

Night is the time of dreams: at one time a ray of light appears, then a flame of fire; and, according to the reflection, the same dream may be a celestial glory, or an apparition of hell.

I must admit that the Rat Tower, in the middle of its agitated waters, never appeared to me but with a horrible aspect. Also—shall I avow it?—when chance, by whose fantasy I was led, brought me to the banks of the Rhine, the first thought that struck me was, not that I should see the dome of Mayence, or the cathedral of Cologne, or the Poalz, but that I should see the Rat Tower.

Judge then of my feelings, poor believing poet and infatuated antiquary that I am. The twilight slowly succeeded day; the hills became sombre; the trees dark; and a few stars twinkled in the heavens. I walked on, my eyes fixed on obscurity; I felt that I was approaching Mausethurm, and that in a few minutes that redoubtable ruin, which to me had, up to this day, been only a dream, was about to become a reality.

I came to a turning in the road, and suddenly stopped. At my feet was the Rhine, running rapidly, and murmuring among the bushes, to my right and

left, mountains, or rather huge dark heaps, whose summits were lost in a sky in which a star was scarcely to be seen; at the base, for the horizon, an immense curtain of darkness; in the middle of the flood, in the distance, stood a large black tower, of a strange form, from which a singular red light issued, resembling the vapour of a furnace, casting a glare upon the surrounding mountains, shewing a mournful looking ruin on the left bank, and reflecting itself fantastically in the waters. There was no human voice to be heard; no, not even the chirping of a bird. All was solitude—a fearful and sad silence, troubled only by the monotonous murmurings of the Rhine.

My eyes were fixed upon Mausethurm. I could not imagine it more frightful than it appeared. All was there—night, clouds, mountains, the quivering of the reeds, the noise of the flood full of secret horror, as if we heard the roaring of hydras under water; the sad and faint blasts of wind, the shadows, abandonment, isolation, all, even to the vapour of the furnace upon the tower—the soul of Hatto!

An idea crossed my mind, perhaps the most simple, but which at that moment uced a giddiness in my head. I wished at that hour, without waiting till next day, or till daylight, to go to the ruin. The apparition was before my eyes, the night was dark, the phantom of the archbishop was upon the tower. It was the time to visit Mausethurm.

But how could I do it? where could I find a boat in such a place? To swim across the Rhine would be evincing a rather too great taste for spectres. Moreover, had I imagined myself a good swimmer, and been fool enough for such an act, the redoubtable gulf of Bingerloch, which formerly swallowed up boats as sea-dogs swallow herrings, and which is at this identical spot, would have effectually deterred me. I was somewhat embarrassed.

In continuing my way towards the ruin, I remembered that the tinkling of the silver bell and the spectres of the dungeon of Velmich did not prevent the peasants from propping the vine and exploring the ruins; I concluded that near a gulf, where fish necessarily abound, I should probably meet with the cabin of some fisherman. When vinedressers brave Falkenstein and his Mouse, fishermen might well dare Hatto and his rats.

I was not deceived. I continued, however, walking for some time before I met anything; but at length reached a point of the bank where the Nahue joins the Rhine. I began to give up all hopes of meeting a waterman, but on descending towards some osiers, I descried a boat of a strange construction, in which a man, enveloped in a

covering, was sleeping. I went into the boat, awoke the man; pointed to the tower, but he did not understand me; took one of those large Saxony crowns which are the value of six francs each, and shewed him it; he understood me immediately, and a few minutes afterwards, without exchanging a word, we, spectre-like, were gliding towards Mausethurm.

When I was in the middle of the flood, it seemed to me as if the tower diminished in size instead of increasing. It was the Rhine which made it appear less. As I had taken the boat at a place which was higher up than Mausethurm, we descended the river, advancing rapidly. My eyes were fixed upon the tower, from the summit of which the vague light was still issuing, and which, at each stroke of the oar, I saw distinctly increasing. Suddenly I felt the bark sinking under me, as if we were in a whirlpool, and the jerk caused my stick to roll at my feet. I looked at my companion, who returned my gaze with a sinister smile, which, seen by the supernatural light of Mausethurm, had something frightful in it, and he said, "Bingerloch." We were upon the gulf. The boat turned. The man rose, seized the anchor with one hand and a cord with the other, plunged the former into the surge, leaped on the gunnel, and began to walk on it. This manœuvre was accomplished with admirable dexterity, and marvellous sang-froid.

We landed. I raised my eyes. A short distance from where I stood, on a little island not observable from the land, was Mausethurm, an enormous formidable castle, dilapidated and in fragments, as if gnawed by the frightful rats of the legend.

The faint light that I had observed was a red flame which shed rays along the mountains, giving to every crevice the appearance of the mouths of enormous lanterns. It also seemed to me as if I heard in that fatal edifice a strange, continued noise—a sort of gnawing sound.

I looked at the waterman; told him to wait my return, and walked towards the ruin.

It was truly the tower of Hatto, the place of rats. Mausethurm was before my eyes, and which I was about to enter. In directing my steps towards a low door in the *façade*, through which the wind from the river was whistling, I was startled by some black living creature, which ran rapidly by my feet. It appeared to me to be a huge rat running towards the reeds. On reaching the door, I ventured to look into the room, from which the strange gnawing sound and the extraordinary glare of light still came. I will tell you what I saw:—

In an angle, opposite the door, were two men, with their backs turned to me. One was in a stooping posture, and the other

seated upon a kind of iron vice, which a person of discernment might have taken for an instrument of torture. Their feet and arms were naked, their clothes tattered, and each wore a leathern apron. One was old—his grey hair testified it; the other was young—I saw his fair locks, which, from the reflection of a large lighted furnace in the opposite angle, appeared red. The old man wore, like the Guelpha, his cowl inclined to the right; and the young one, like the Gibelins, had his upon the left side. But they were neither Gibelins nor Guelpha, demons nor spectres. Two blacksmiths were before me. The light—the soul of Hatto changed by hell into a living flame—was the fire and smoke of the chimney,—the gnawing sound—the noise of files.

The two blacksmiths were worthy individuals. They shewed me the ruins; pointed out the place in which Hatto had taken shelter; then lent me a lantern, with which I ranged through the whole of the little island.

After having examined the ruin, I left Mausethurm. My waterman was fast asleep, but was no sooner roused, than we proceeded forthwith to cross the Rhine, from whence I again heard the noise of the worthy blacksmiths.

Half an hour afterwards, I arrived at Bingen; was very hungry; supped; after which, although fatigued, although the inhabitants were asleep in their beds, I explored the Klopp, an old castle in ruins, which overlooks Bingen, where I witnessed a spectacle worthy of closing a day on which I saw so many things, with so many ideas crossing my mind.

(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

MASKED BALLS IN RUSSIA.

It was Sunday; and, after attending morning service at the English church—the more impressive from long privation of its privileges,—I was driving twelve hours later—namely, at midnight, with Princess B. and Countess L., to a very different resort—namely, to the great theatre, where, after the dramatic performances, masquerades are held once or twice a-week before Lent. These are frequented by a mixed public, the *Salle de Noblesse* being reserved for the disguise of the individuals *de la plus haute volée*; these latter, therefore, on occasions like this, take a box on a level with the floor of the theatre, which extends on these nights over the whole of the *parterre*, and thus participate without actually mixing in the scene.

The coup d'œil on entering the box was very striking. A multitude of several

hundreds was gathered together in the theatre's vast oblong; the women alone masked, and almost without exception in black dress and domino; the men, and those chiefly military, with covered heads, and no token of the occasion, save in a black scarf, as sign of domino, upon their left arm—their white plumes and gay uniforms contrasting vividly with the black-faced and draped figures around them; all circulating stealthily to and fro; no music, no dancing, no object apparent but gesticulation, whisper, mystery and intrigue.

Here a knot of witch-like figures, as if intent on mischief, stood muttering in low tones together. There a slight mask tripped up to a stately grave general, tapped his shoulder, and passing her arm into his, bore him off with significant nods. In front of us a couple of these sibyls, with bright eyes gleaming through their gloomy masks, attacked a young officer in high, squeaking, counterfeit tones, laughing and jeering, while the good man looked bewildered from the one to the other, and seemed to say, "How happy could I be with either!" And farther, apart from the throng, sat on a low step a solitary mask, who shook her head solemnly at all who approached, as if awaiting some expected prey;—while, half timid, half coquette, a light figure whispered some words in a gentleman's ear, and then, retreating before his eager pursuit, plunged into the crowd, and was lost to his recognition among the hundreds of similar disguises.

The Heritier, the Grand Duke Michael, the Duke de Leuchtenberg, were all seen passing in turn—each led about by a whispering mask—"Mais où est donc l'Empereur?" "Il n'y est pas encore." "But where is the Emperor then?" "He is not yet here," was the answer; but scarce was this uttered when a towering plume moved, the crowd fell back, and enframed in a vacant space stood a figure to which there is no second in Russia, if in the world itself;—a figure of the grandest beauty, expression, dimension, and carriage; uniting all the majesties and graces of all the heathen gods,—the little god of love alone perhaps excepted,—on its ample and symmetrical proportions. Had this nobility of person belonged to a common *Mougik* instead of to the Autocrat of all the Russias, the admiration could not have been less, nor scarcely the feeling of moral awe. It was not the monarch who was so magnificent a man, but the man who was so truly imperial. He stood awhile silent and haughty, as if disdaining all the vanity and levity around him, when, perceiving my two distinguished companions, he strode grandly towards our box, and, just lifting his plumes with a lofty bow, stooped and kissed the princess's hand, who in return imprinted a kiss on the

imperial cheek: and then leaning against the pillar, remained in conversation.

The person of the emperor is that of a colossal man, in the full prime of life and health; forty-two years of age, about six feet two inches high, and well filled out, without any approach to corpulency—the head magnificently carried, a splendid breadth of shoulder and chest, great length and symmetry of limb, with finely formed hands and feet. His face is strictly Grecian—forehead and nose in one grand line; the eyes finely lined, large, open and blue, with a calmness, a coldness, a freezing dignity, which can equally quell an insurrection, daunt an assassin, or paralyse a petitioner; the mouth regular, teeth fine, chin prominent, with dark moustache and small whisker; but not a sympathy on his face! His mouth sometimes smiled, his eyes never. There was that in his look which no monarch's subject could meet. His eye seeks everyone's gaze, but none can confront his.

After a few minutes his curiosity, the unfailing attribute of a crowned head, dictated the words "*Kto eta?*"—"Who is that?"—and being satisfied—for he remarks every strange face that enters his capital—he continued alternately in Russian and French commenting upon the scene.

"*Personne ne m'intrigue ce soir,*" he said, "*je ne sais pas ce que j'ai fait pour perdre ma reputation, mais on ne veut pas de moi.*" "No one intrigues this evening," said he; "I know not what I have done to lose my reputation, but they will have nothing to do with me." As he stood, various masks approached, but, either from excess of embarrassment or from lack of wit, after rousing the lion, found nothing to say. At length a couple approached and stood irresolute, each motioning the other to speak. "*Donnez-moi la main,*" said a low trembling voice. He stretched out his noble hand: "*et voilà l'autre pour vous,*" extending the other to her companion; and on they passed, probably never to forget the mighty hand that had clasped theirs. Meanwhile the emperor carefully scanned the crowd, and owned himself in search of a mask who had attacked him on his first entrance. "*Quand je l'aurai trouvée, je vous l'amènerai.*"—"When I have found her I will bring her to you;" and so saying he left us.

I watched his figure, which, as if surrounded with an invisible barrier, bore a vacant space about it through the thickest of the press. In a short time a little mask stepped boldly up to him, and, reaching upwards to her utmost stretch, hung herself fearlessly upon that arm which wields the destinies of the seventh part of the known world. He threw a look to our box, as if to say, "I have found her;" and off they went together. In five minutes they passed again, and his majesty made some

effort to draw her to our box, but the little black sylph resisted, pulling in a contrary direction at his lofty shoulder with all her strength; on which he called out, "*Elle ne veut pas que je m'approche de vous; elle dit que je suis trop mauvaise société.*"—"She does not wish me to approach you; she says that my society is not good enough." Upon the second round, however, he succeeded in bringing his rebellious subject nearer; when, recognising his manoeuvre, she plucked her arm away, gave him a smart slap on the wrist, and saying "*Va t'en, je ne veux plus de toi.*"—"Go away, I will have nothing more to do with you," ran into the crowd. The emperor, they assured me, was in an unusual good temper this evening;—I think there can be no doubt of it.

The Heritier now also took his station at our pillar. He inherits his father's majestic person, and somewhat of the regularity of his face, but with the utter absence of the emperor's unsympathising grandeur. On the contrary, the son has a face of much sentiment and feeling; the lips full,—the eyelids pensive—more of kindness than of character in his expression.

To him succeeded the Grand Duke Michael, wiping the heat from his forehead. A fine bravo style of face, with somewhat ferocious moustaches,—a terrestrial likeness of the emperor,—earthly passions written on his high brow, but none of Jove's thunderbolts.

After this the emperor's arm no longer remained vacant, being occupied by a succession of masks, who by turns amused, flattered, or enlightened the imperial ear. In like manner were his highness the Prince Volkonski, Ministre de la Cour—Count Benkendorff, Chef de la Gendarmerie, de la Haute Police, et de la Police Secrète—Count Tchernitcheff, Ministre de la Guerre—and other high state and military officers, engaged; their attendance at masked balls being a part of their service.

This was my first introduction to such scenes; the second took place in the Salle de Noblesse, recently erected for public entertainments, and now considered the finest in Europe. The salle itself is surrounded by a colonnade twenty feet wide, of white marble pillars, in couples, supporting a gallery, ascended by a winding staircase at each corner. The vast arena for dancing is several feet lower than this colonnade, and entered thence by six different flights of noble steps. Of the exact dimensions I can give no measurement, save that seventy-five magnificent chandeliers were by no means crowded in position, or overpowering in light. Attached to this grand apartment are other rooms fitted up with every luxury, and forming a circular suite, opening at each end into the colonnade I have described.

Here a repetition of the same half-glittering, half-sable scene was presented, but multiplied in number, for no less than two thousand seven hundred individuals, in and out of masks, were gathered together in the centre space, or circulating round the colonnade, or seated in the gallery aloft, or scattered through the suite of smaller rooms.

How in this wilderness of space and perplexity of crowd, where, under ordinary circumstances, a couple once separated had little chance of meeting again the same evening—how in this dazzling, shifting, confusing turmoil, among hundreds and thousands shrouded to the same form and colour—each solitary mask contrived to rejoin the party with whom she entered, was perhaps more a matter of anxiety to my mind than it was to theirs. The only way for these scattered particles to reunite is to fix upon some trysting-place—beneath the orchestra, or at the fourth pillar on the right hand, or on the sofa nearest the left, where, when tired with a solitary prowling after some object of her search, or weary with parading on the arm of some unknown individual,—who either proves impenetrably dull to her harmless sallies, or jumps to conclusions never intended, or indulges in innuendoes rather too plain of his own,—the weary mask may take refuge with some chance of finding a sister figure, who, led there by the same errand, immediately responds to her cautious watchword.

The only security on these occasions for your own enjoyment, or at any rate comfort, and for the entertainment which the assumption of this incognito promises to others, is to recognise the full advantages of your disguise—to forget your identity, and remember only your privileges—to bear in mind that when you assumed the mask you threw off all social responsibilities—to observe no ceremony—respect no person—to be flippant, contradictory, pert, and personal, without fear of consequences—and, in short, to say little behind your mask that you would utter without it. As a pretty, witty, good-for-nothing little *intriguante* of the higher circles said to a timid novice on her first début in this disguise, "*Souvenez-vous en, ma chère, on n'a pas besoin d'un masque pour prêcher des sermons.*" ("Recollect, my dear, that one has no occasion for a mask to preach sermons.")

The general plan with the ladies of rank on these occasions is to acquire, by direct or indirect channels, some private information, some trivial anecdote of the every-day life or secret doings of the individual whom they intend, as the term is, "*intriguer*"—to surprise him with the knowledge of some present he has made, or some letter he has sent, and which he considered unknown to all but the receiver—or to repeat verbatim

some sentence which he supposes no one could have overheard; and by making the most of a little information, to make him suppose them possessed of much more, and finally to heighten his perplexity by mystifying every avenue to their own identity.

For instance: Count — is the secret adorer of Madame —, or fancies himself such. He gives her magnificent presents; and among the rest—the lady having pretty feet—he takes it into his head, with a lover's or a Russian's caprice, to surprise her with a foot-bath of the most delicate porcelain, which he orders at the celebrated *Magasin Anglais* in St. Petersburg. Well, at the next masked ball, a little brisk mask "*s'empare de son bras*," and, after the first conventional impertinences of the place, she hangs her little black head sentimentally on one side, heaves a sigh, and exclaims, "*Ah! que Madame — doit être heureuse! Que donnerais-je, moi, pour avoir un gentil petit bain de pied en porcelaine! J'ai aussi de jolis petits pieds, n'est-ce pas?*"—"Ah! how happy Madame — must be! What would I not give to have a little China foot-bath! I have also pretty little feet, have I not?"—and with that she holds up a fairy foot, dressed in black shoe and stocking, with a coquettish gesture. "*Diable!*" thinks the Count: if she knows all about this foot-bath, of course she is also in the secret about the diamond bracelet, and the embroidered mantilla, and the Pensa shawl, and the letters I have written—"qui sait?" and, if the lady understand her *métier*, she probably contrives, by pursuing some right hit, or mystifying some wrong one, to elicit exactly that which he most intended to conceal; when, having spent all her store, or finding him in turn touching upon dangerous ground, she turns off with "*Mille remerciemens pour tes informations. Tout le monde m'a dit que tu étais bête—à présent m'en voilà convaincue.*"—"A thousand thanks for your information. Everybody told me that you were a fool, now I am convinced of it;" and these last words, pronounced in a louder tone, raise a laugh in the crowd around, who in this light, empty place, where sauciness is considered the only cleverness, and personality the best wit, are thankful for the smallest crumbs of amusement that may be thrown to them.

On this account it is that any lady's maid, or milliner's apprentice, or *couturière*, who, admitted with her basket of new dresses into the private boudoir of the highest ladies in the land, sees more behind the scenes than her superiors—is noticed for her pretty looks by *le mari* or *l'ami*—hears familiarities of dialogue which her presence no ways restrains—and, if intent on this object, contrives to glean from the servants any further information she may want;—on this account it is that this class of per-

sons, who frequently speak two or three languages correctly, and are not encumbered with that delicacy and timidity which restrains the really modest or the real gentlewoman, are generally most successful in perplexing the wits and piquing the curiosity of the gentlemen. At the *Salle de Noblesse* none who are not noble find access; but in the latitudinarian nobility of Russia, and the transferability of a mask, this law is frequently evaded—and at the theatre these *grisettes* always play a conspicuous part.

The Emperor, when a mask has pleased his fancy, never rests till he has discovered her real name, and sets his secret police upon the scent with as much zest as after a political offender. The mask whom we had observed at the theatre on such familiar terms with him was recognised a few days after to be a little *modeste* from the most fashionable milliner's in Petersburg, whose frequent errands to the Empress had furnished her with a few graphic touches of the imperial character.

But to return to the ladies of the highest society, who make use of this disguise for mere purposes of rallery and good-natured mischief. This is the best aspect under which the levity of a masked ball can be considered; and to enact this with success or impunity requires an intimate knowledge of society, a perfect mastery of the current languages, and, not least, a tolerable practice in the humours of a masquerade. Even without the first qualification, however, a mask may have some chance of success, for *l'esprit d'intrigue* inherent more or less in every woman, and *l'esprit de vanité* inherent more or less in every man, contrive to give both means and subject for that saucy banter which is the groundwork of a mask's popularity.

But this, I repeat, is the best aspect of these Russian masked balls. I leave it to the astuteness of others to conclude the uses and abuses which must ensue from this temporary and utter freedom in a sex whose chief charm consists in seeking and needing protection. More especially in a country where society is placed under the utmost external restraint—where even the common courtesies of good breeding are viewed with suspicious eyes—where a young man can hardly converse with a young woman without laying her open to censure, and a woman is not free to indulge her love of admiration, or a man to approach her with the same, till such time as both the one and the other ought to cease—namely, till she is married. I do not exaggerate when I say that two-thirds of the masks in this liberty hall were married women, whose husbands knew not or cared not whether they were there.

At the same time, in a country where, unfortunately, neither promotion, nor justice,

nor redress, generally speaking, are to be had without interest, this means of directly reaching the imperial ear, or that of the chief officers of the state—of presenting a living anonymous letter—of dropping information which they are bound, if not to favour, at all events, not to take amiss—is immensely resorted to. The emperor has been known to remonstrate loudly at being annoyed with business or complaint in these few hours of relaxation; but this is rather to be attributed to the awkwardness or embarrassment of the poor petitioner, who, feeling the welfare of a father or brother, or of a whole family, hanging upon the force of her slender words,—addressing for the first time the awful individual whose word makes and unmakes a law,—and ashamed perhaps of the disguise to which she has been compelled, can neither command the calmness nor adroitness necessary to smoothe the way for her blunter petition.

On the other hand, where the complainant, by a happy address or a well-timed flattery, has disposed the imperial palate for the reception of more sober truths, her case has been listened to with humanity, and met by redress. More than once the emperor was observed engaged with a mask in conversation which had evidently digressed from levity into a more serious strain, and was overheard to thank the mask for her information, and promise the subject his attention.

In consequence of the taste which his Majesty has of late years evinced for this species of amusement, the masked balls have greatly increased in number and resort. Previous to being incapacitated by bad health, the Empress also equally partook of them, and it is said greatly enjoyed being addressed with the same familiarity as any of her subjects. Her Majesty has even been the cause of severe terrors to many an unfortunate individual, who, new to the scene, or not recognising by filial instinct the maternal arm which pressed his, has either himself indulged in too much licence of speech, or given the imperial mask to understand that he found hers devoid of interest.

But let us quit these scenes—at best a masquerade is a bad place.—*A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic.*

SIR CHARLES BELL, K.H., F.R.S., LL & E.,
PROFESSOR OF SURGERY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

In the death of Sir Charles Bell the medical profession has sustained a loss of the severest description. He was a man of genius, and distinguished by the acuteness of his observation and his patience in conducting physiological researches. His works on the nervous system are sufficient in themselves

to give to him a niche in the Temple of Fame among the most distinguished men who have contributed to the improvement of medical science.

Sir C. Bell was the youngest son of the Rev. Wm. Bell, a clergyman of the episcopal church of Scotland, and born at Edinburgh in 1778. He received his education at the High School, and turned his attention at an early period to anatomy, which was at that time taught with distinguished success by his brother, the late John Bell. The remarkable progress made by him in anatomical science soon enabled him to give assistance to his brother in his lectures and demonstrations, and before he was admitted a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, in 1799, he had published the first part of his "*System of Dissections.*" He was soon afterwards made one of the surgeons of the Royal Infirmary, and acquired great celebrity by the skill and dexterity he evinced in the performance of surgical operations. Dissensions among the professional men of Edinburgh in relation to some regulations of the Royal Infirmary in the appointment of the surgeons, in which Mr. John Bell took a very active part, induced Mr. Charles Bell to quit Edinburgh for the metropolis in 1806. Here he commenced as a lecturer on anatomy and surgery. He associated himself with Mr. Wilson at the school founded by the celebrated Hunters in Great Windmill Street, and his lectures were well attended. His modes of demonstration, the facility with which he varied his descriptions, and the extent of information he had always at command in the elucidation of all points connected with physiological research, were highly estimated, and could not fail to make a lasting impression upon his auditors.

Anxious for improvement in every branch of his profession, Mr. Bell was induced, after the battle of Corunna, in 1809, to quit London to attend upon the numerous wounded of our army, and he published the results of his practice in an essay on gun-shot wounds, which formed an appendix to a system of operative surgery which he had published in 1807. He also went over to Brussels after the battle of Waterloo, where he was put in charge of an hospital, and for three successive days and nights he was engaged in dressing wounds and operating upon the wounded. He attended to no less than three hundred men, and made various drawings, which, perhaps, afford the finest specimens of water-colouring in the English anatomical school. Prior to 1812 he had not been admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, which was a necessary step to his obtaining the appointment of surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, for which, in this year, he was the successful candidate; and we learn from

Mr. Pettigrew's sketch of Sir Charles Bell and his works, inserted in his "Medical Portrait Gallery," that upon presenting himself to the examiners at the college he met with the most flattering reception. The well-known information he possessed rendered the examination a mere matter of form, and in compliance with the regulations of the college; and on this occasion one of the examiners, with suitable gravity, inquired of Mr. Bell his opinion as to the probable fate of Napoleon Buonaparte, and upon receiving his answer the board declared themselves quite satisfied with the candidate's proficiency. A few years afterwards, the college appointed him one of their professors of anatomy and surgery, and the benches of the theatre were crowded to listen to his discourses.

Sir Charles Bell published many works, but those on which his fame principally rests relate to the nervous system. His reputation in this respect is not confined to this country, but must be regarded as European; and upon the accession of William IV. to the throne, it was proposed by the Government, with the cordial sanction of the Sovereign, to confer the order of knighthood upon a limited number of men particularly distinguished in various branches of science. Mr. Bell received the Guelphic order along with Mr. König, Sir John Herschell, Sir David Brewster, Sir John Leslie, Sir J. Ivory, and a few others.

At the request of his friend Lord Brougham, Sir Charles Bell furnished to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge two papers on animal mechanics, and he assisted Lord Brougham in his edition of "Paley's Evidences of Natural Religion." He also published the third and fourth volumes of a "System of Anatomy," the former two volumes being the composition of his brother, John Bell. He also published a volume of "Engravings and Descriptions of the Arteries," in 1801, of which the third edition appeared in 1811; also "Engravings of the Brain," in 1802, and of the "Nerves," in 1803. In 1806, and again in 1824, "Essays on the Anatomy of Expression in Painting," a work of great importance to the artist. This, as well as all his other works, is illustrated from drawings made by himself, the fidelity and elegance of which have been universally admitted. In 1810 he published letters on the diseases of the urethra, and in 1811 he printed, for private distribution, a small essay entitled "Idea of a New Anatomy of the Brain." In 1813 he published a folio volume of engravings from specimens of morbid parts, contained in his collection in Great Windmill Street; and in 1816, a volume of surgical observations, consisting of five quarterly reports of cases of surgery treated in the

Middlesex Hospital. In 1819 he printed an essay on the forces which circulate the blood, being an examination of the difference of the motions of fluids in living and dead vessels. In 1820, a "Treatise on the Diseases of the Urethra." In 1821, a volume of "Illustrations of the Great Operations in Surgery." In 1824, "Observations on Injuries of the Spine and of the Thigh Bone." In 1826 he published an edition of his brother's work—"Principles of Surgery." In 1838 he put forth one of the "Bridge-water Treatises on the Hand," its mechanism and vital endowments, as evincing design.

In 1836 Sir Charles Bell was invited to accept the chair of surgery in the University of Edinburgh, an appointment of too distinguished a character to be rejected, and he accordingly left London, receiving from many of his professional brethren a splendid testimonial of their regard for his worth and talents. It is scarcely necessary to add, that his exertions have sustained the high reputation the university has always held as a medical school, and his labours have been continued to the close of his career. The publication of his researches on the nervous system may be said to commence with his papers inserted in the "Philosophical Transactions for 1821," to the present time. They have been collected together by him, and illustrated by their application to pathology. Three editions have been published. Sir Charles has also published "Institutes of Surgery," in which he has arranged the subjects in the order of the lectures he delivered in the university. He has also contributed various papers to the transactions of the Edinburgh Royal Society, and to the transactions of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, too numerous to be here specified. His life, in short, has been one of undeviating labour, and closed on Thursday, 28th April last, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, at Hatton Park, near Worcester, where he was upon a visit to a friend. He complained of pain of the stomach after dinner, to which he was subject, and which he treated lightly, but he was found dead in his bed on the following morning. In private life Sir Charles was exceedingly beloved. He was distinguished by the unpretending amenity and simplicity of his manners and deportment, and his loss will be equally deplored in his domestic circle as in that of all who are attached to science, literature, or whatever research can enlighten and improve mankind. There is an exceedingly good portrait of Sir Charles Bell, taken by B. Mantyne in 1839, and engraved by Thomson, in Mr. Pettigrew's third volume of the "Medical Portrait Gallery."—*Morning Herald*.

TRAIT OF MODERN GREEK CHARACTER.

I HAD frequently heard it said by intelligent foreigners settled in Greece, that its inhabitants, in spite of their obstinate struggle for independence, and amid a good deal of native spirit and ferocity, had not yet been able to shake off some of those defects which Homer, as if in prophetic anticipation of the future fate of his own countrymen, assures us slavery never fails to entail on the character of its victims; that the same abject cringing to anything in the shape of a superior, which during the Turkish despotism had been a matter of necessity, still continued to display itself towards rank, or constituted authority, as a matter of habit; and that to this day, consequently, the proper mode for a traveller to secure justice or respect in his dealings with the natives, was the employment of the cane or the horsewhip. As my information came chiefly from Bavarians, who for the most part return with interest the hatred and contempt which the Greeks so cordially entertain for them, I had some doubts how far their reports were to be relied on; nor was I likely to bring the question to an issue from personal trial. But this latter part of our journey, it must be admitted, offered several incidents tending greatly to confirm the correctness of their statements, the most remarkable of which occurred on the present occasion. Allusion has already been made to the dictatorial deportment of our military attendants towards the peasantry, and indeed towards all classes of their fellow-citizens whose status in society gave them no especial claim to personal respect. Nor did this overbearing spirit appear to depend on the genius of the individual *stratiote*, but was common to them all, as part and parcel of their just and proper dignity of office. If a ford was sought, the nearest countryman was not requested, but peremptorily summoned to conduct us to it; if the way was intricate, he was ordered to act as guide, or forthwith to find a substitute; and the least hesitation or delay seldom failed to bring down a volley of the most approved military anathemas on the head of the offender. To return, however, to the case immediately in point: on reaching the khan, I found our escort, who had quitted the convent gate a few minutes earlier, busy in inflicting the most humiliating species of corporal punishment on the person of the khanjee—a handsome, athletic, and rather respectable-looking young man—belabouring his back and shoulders with the flat of his sword, and at intervals bestowing virulent kicks on that part of the hinder quarter where a blow is supposed to convey the severest wound to personal honour. On

occasion of any momentary respite from the fury of the attack, the sufferer attempted, with mild voice, and gentle but earnest expostulation, to convince his enemy of the unreasonableness of his conduct; and then, as the assault recommenced with redoubled fury, he again turned his back till the shower of blows was overpast, when he once more faced about, and with the same calmness renewed the thread of his argument. I immediately interfered, and inquiring the cause of the dispute, was informed that the monks had for some time past been in the nightly habit of leaving the convent, which, as already said, was on the outskirts of the commune, for fear of the robbers, and taking up their abode till morning in a more central part of the village; that the Chorophylax had proposed to go in quest of them, and summon them to return and reopen their establishment for my accommodation; that he had ordered the khanjee to act as his guide to the place, but that the man had declined compliance, urging the lateness of the hour, and the necessity of attending on his other guests, of whom several besides our party were already assembled within the hut. Nor indeed was it reasonable to expect that the poor fellow would be the willing instrument of depriving himself of a customer, from whom he doubtlessly expected to realize the ordinary receipts of several days. I settled the dispute by declaring my intention of remaining at his khan, rather than subject the reverend gentlemen to any inconvenience, or myself to the delay and trouble of preparing new quarters. The matter being thus concluded, mine host, far from bearing any apparent ill-will to his castigator, seemed neither mortified nor disconcerted by what had passed, and ten minutes afterwards, the two were conversing together by the fireside, upon general topics, with as much ease and good-humour as if nothing had happened.—*Journal of a Tour in Greece, by W. Mure.*

THE INHABITANTS OF MODERN GREECE.

THE Greeks are a fine muscular race, well made, and full of vigour and activity both of mind and body, realizing the idea of perfection entertained by the ancient philosopher, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" They still retain a great deal of the antique form, which is alike perceptible in the structure of their bodies, the independence of their carriage, and the animated fire of their eyes, which gives deep expression to the countenance from childhood to old age. Each era of life has its peculiar beauty. The children appear, perhaps, rather too languishing, but this gives way to a vigorous

development of the body as they approach the age of manhood, though it is even then mixed with something rather too graceful and feminine, and more appropriate to the other sex. This beauty, which may be termed classical, is more particularly found in the mountains of continental Greece, and especially in the families of the Capitani and Primates. For the rest, the inhabitants of the different provinces vary greatly in appearance. This is more apparent in the Islands, where the natives, diverging from the general type of Hellenic origin, approach, in some instances, the Asiatic stamp, from the breadth of their countenances; whilst in others, the peculiar expression of the eye, the shape of the nose, and the narrowness of the face, combine to remind one forcibly of the Hebrew race.

Female beauty bears no proportion to that of the opposite sex, whether it be that women are more neglected in their youth, or that nature is more apt to lavish her favours on the men. The females of the Islands, and more especially those of Hydra, Spetsa, Tenos, and Naxos, bear away the palm of Grecian beauty; and some of them might well serve as models to the sculptor, and with justice be considered as antitypes of the Helens and Aspasia of ancient times.

Nature is so extremely precocious in Greece, that females attain the age of puberty at ten or eleven years, and men at fifteen or sixteen. Young lads of sixteen and seventeen are frequently met with in the villages already married and with families. I am acquainted with a lady of one of the first Athenian families, who, though only twenty-five years of age, has already had sixteen children (eight of them twins), of whom seven are still alive. It may scarcely appear credible in England, but there is now at Athens a venerable grandmother in the person of a lady not yet twenty-four years old! She was married when eleven years of age, and had a daughter in the course of a year. That daughter married also when scarcely eleven, and has just become a mother!

But female beauty, from its being so precocious, fades quickly, and the freshness and bloom of youth vanish almost as rapidly as they are developed.—*Statistical Description of Greece, by F. Strong, Esq.*

AN IRISH ENCORE.

We certainly are a very original people, and contrive to do everything after a way of our own! Not content with cementing our friendships by fighting, and making the death of a relative the occasion of a merry eyening, we even convert the habits we borrow from other lands into something essentially different from their original in-

tention, and infuse into them a spirit quite national.

The echo which, when asked "How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?" replied, "Mighty well, thank you," could only have been an Irish echo. Any other country would have sulily responded, "Blake—ake—ake—ake," in diminutive to the end of the chapter. But there is a courtesy, an attention, a native politeness, on our side of the channel it is in vain to seek elsewhere. A very strong instance in point occurs in a morning paper before me, and one so delightfully characteristic of our habits and customs, it would be unpardonable to pass it without commemoration. At an evening concert at the Rotundo, we are informed that Mr. Knight—I believe that is his name—enchanted his audience by the charming manner he sang "Molly Astore." Three distinct rounds of applause followed, and an encore that actually shook the building, and may—though we are not informed of the circumstance—have produced very remarkable effects in the adjacent Institution; upon which Mr. Knight, with his habitual courtesy, came forward, and sang—what think ye, good reader? Of course you will say, "Molly Astore," the song he was encored for. Alas! for your ignorance;—that might do very well in Liverpool, or Manchester, at Bath, Bristol, or Birmingham—the poor benighted Saxons there might like to get what they asked so eagerly for; but we are men of very different mould, and not accustomed to the jog-trot subserviency of such common-sense notions; and accordingly Mr. Knight sang "The Soldier Tired," a piece of politeness on his part that actually convulsed the house with acclamations; and so on to the end of the entertainment, "the gentleman when encored invariably sang a new song"—I quote the paper verbatim—"which testimony of his anxiety to meet the wishes of the audience afforded universal satisfaction."

Now, I ask—and I ask it in all the tranquillity of triumph—shew me the country on a map where such a studied piece of courteous civility could have been practised, or which, if attempted, could have been so thoroughly, so instantaneously appreciated. And what an insight does it give us into some of the most difficult features of our national character!

But to come back to ourselves. What bold and ample views of life do our free-and-easy habits disclose to us, not to speak of the very servant at table, who will often help you to soup when you ask for sherry, and give you preserves when you beg for pepper! What amiable cross-purposes are we always playing at—not bigotedly adhering to our own narrow notions, and following out our own petty views of life, but eagerly doing what we have no concern

in, and meritoriously performing for our friends what they'd be delighted we'd have let alone.

This amiable waywardness—this pleasing uncertainty of purpose—characterizes our very climate; and the day that breaks in sunshine becomes stormy at noon, calm towards evening, and blows a hurricane all night. So the Irishman that quits his home brimful of philanthropy is not unlikely to rob a church before his return. But so it is, there is nobody like us in any respect. We commemorate the advent of a sovereign by erecting a testimonial to the last spot he stood on at his departure; and we are enthusiastic in our gratitude when, having asked for one favour, we receive something as unlike it as possible.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.—*Sheridan.*

Pity and Scorn.—He that bath pity on another man's sorrow shall be free from it himself; and he that delighteth in and scorneth the misery of another shall one time or another fall into it himself.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

America.—I am not acquainted with any country in which there is so little true independence of mind, and so little freedom of discussion, as in America. The authority of a king is purely physical; it controls the actions of the subject without subduing his private will; but a majority in America is invested with a power which is physical and moral at the same time; it acts upon the will as well as upon the actions of men, and represses not only all contest, but all controversy.—*De Tocqueville.*

New York is a magnificent city, containing about 300,000 inhabitants; the streets spacious, particularly the footpaths, which appear to be double the width of those even in the more modern parts of London; the Broadway three miles in length, and many of the other streets one and two miles. All is activity and bustle; and here, with the English language in his ears, and a general English appearance in his view, one may easily fancy himself in London. The streets are quite as much crowded as those in London with foot-passengers, and the shops are large and elegant; but there is not the same crowd of carriages, wagons, carts, and other vehicles, and there are but few gentlemen's carriages to be seen.—*Captain Barclay's Tour in the United States.*

A person below the middle stature observed that he could boast of two negative qualifications—viz., that he never wore a great coat, nor ever lay long in bed.

Letting the Cat out of the Bag.—Convinced that patience moderates every grief, a gentleman conceived he could not speak better comfort to a young widow, who the day before had buried her husband, than by advising her to *take patience*. The widow having already within herself made choice of a second *caro sposa* whose name was *Patience*, vivaciously asked, "What! has he really mentioned it to you?"

Brickmaking.—An important discovery has been made by Mr. R. Prosser, of Birmingham, which bids fair to be attended with important results to the interests of architecture. The novelty of Mr. Prosser's process consists in the clay being dried, ground to powder, and submitted to pressure in metallic moulds, until the particles cohere together. As there is no water in combination with the clay, no drying process is necessary; consequently the articles made by this method are ready to be fired or burned as soon as they leave the machine. Owing to the great pressure required to cause the particles of clay to cohere together, the articles made by this press have greater density than those made in the ordinary way; they are also less porous, and not subject to decay in wet or frost. In addition to these advantages, any architectural device may be impressed upon the clay, which, when burnt, will retain all the sharpness of the original, however elaborately finished. By this process bricks may be made in all weathers, and with greater economy than by any other plan known at present. The brick-press is worked by hydraulic pumps, giving about 300 tons' pressure, thus producing the adhesion and cohesion. The machine delivers the bricks (four at a time in the present machine) ready at that instant for the kiln, requiring no exposure to the atmosphere to dry. The whole operation, from the time of putting the powdered clay into the machine to the delivery of the brick, occupies about half a minute. Machinery might readily be constructed to produce fifty bricks a minute.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Rhyming," "Income Tax," "Anacron," "H. Y. M.," "E. W. R.," "S. P.," "T. S.," "W. R.,"—declined, with thanks.
Received, "The Woodlands."

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 23.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



EAST ST. PANCRAS NATIONAL SCHOOL.

Original Communications.

EAST ST. PANCRAS NATIONAL SCHOOL

Is situated in Paradise-street, Britannia Street, Gray's Inn Road, and was erected for the purposes of educating the children of the neighbourhood, and affording Christian instruction to the parents and other inhabitants on the sabbath, the building being so arranged as to form a large free church.

The style of architecture employed, as seen by the engraving, is the later Tudor, of a domestic character, the interior assimilating to the halls of that period, but of a less decorative description than those devoted to state and festivity. The space occupied by the whole building, outside the walls, is 100 feet by 60; the length of the interior is 80 feet by 40; but at the ends, where there are two large bays at the sides, the breadth measures

57 feet. The internal height, from the floor to the cornice, at the sides, is 18 feet; but at the centre of the roof, 29 feet; and to the pinnacle of the belfry, 42 feet. The roof is enriched with arches and pendants, and has a panelled ceiling, painted to imitate oak ribs. The school is lighted by long windows, in pairs, placed in arched recesses at the sides, with larger ones at the east and west ends.

A free circulation of air is ensured by means similar to those employed by the Greeks and Romans in heating and cooling their baths, by a number of pipes, having valvular perforations, at regular intervals, all over the floor, passing vertically through the walls, communicating with the exter-

nal air by iron gratings, having a moveable valve to regulate the admission of the cold air. In addition to the specific gravities of the internal and external atmosphere, the circulation of air through these pipes is further secured by carrying the pipes up the walls, in close contact with the flues connected with the stoves, so that the rarefaction of the air in them may produce a draught, by which the heavier gases are carried off through the openings in the floor, the lighter gas escaping through the ventilator running along the highest part of the ceiling. The means used to keep the building cool and well ventilated in summer, with slight alterations, will circulate warm, but fresh air in winter. The floor is composed of Claridge's patent asphalte.

The school is intended to accommodate 600 children of both sexes; at present, however, not more than half that number attend the school—about 220 boys, and 120 girls. When used as a place of worship, the screen which separates the boys from the girls is removed; it then forms a large free church, having a handsome pulpit and convenient benches.

The master's house, which forms the front of the building, contains a committee-room, two bed-rooms, and a sitting-room, kitchen, coal-cellar, and lumber-room for stowage of desks and forms, when not used in the school: the entrance is in the centre, with two porches and waiting lobbies on the sides, having a passage way to the street, closed with sliding gates, on wheels. The building, as a whole, is finished in the most complete and substantial manner, and as much attention has been paid to decoration as the funds and the nature of the work would allow. The expense does not exceed 2650*l.*, including 650*l.* for the freehold; and the fittings, which are all of a very superior character, will not amount to 200*l.* more. The architects are Messrs. Gough and Romieu, who are employed throughout the metropolis in erecting similar buildings for the same objects.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

No. VI.

THE obscure cases of deafness mentioned in Paper IV. were, without the slightest symptom to warrant the operation, subjected to it, in thousands of instances, by servile incompetent imitators of Sir Astley, who often perforated the side of the auditory passage instead of the membrane, an example of which was presented to me recently, performed by a copyist of the German school, although there was no reason whatever to be discovered in any symptom for the attempt to be made.

The above cases of deafness were considered *nervous* by the late Mr. Saunders, who established an eye and ear dispensary,

and professed to have discovered by *accident* that mercury given in excess would cure all diminutions of the sense of hearing of this description. Mr. Saunders relieved *six* cases; but, from his own shewing, these all originated from *general disease*, which we have not yet found can be cured without the use of this mineral. In the cases of 1200 poor patients, independent of others of a wealthy order, he candidly and honestly confessed, in giving up the practice, that he had completely failed in his expectations; it is, however, matter of curiosity that Lazarus Rivière, an eminent French physician, who wrote about 160 years before Mr. Saunders, should have mentioned that the same *accidental* discovery was made many years before his time, for which he refers to the works of Fonseca and Petronus. In fact blisters, acoustic drops, catheterism of the Eustachian tube, scarification of the tonsils &c., and perforation of the drum of the ear, are, like the application of mercury, old methods newly revived, and dressed up in fresh guise to attract public attention, only to plunge deeper into disappointment the greater portion of patients who depend upon any of these modes of treatment for relief.

Having pointed out the errors that have become too common in the application of remedial means to these numerous and very distressing cases of deafness, I must refer again to the very necessary preliminary—the proper mode of examining the auditory passage. Independently of the ears, which are lined with a viscid kind of cerumen, most of those that appear totally dry, on close investigation shew a number of small filmy scales extending down to and resting on the drum of the ear; in some instances they are quite white, and in others of a yellow colour, and larger in size. The first thing to be done is to cleanse these all away by directing a lotion, with the same caution as before mentioned, in ascertaining whether there have or have not formerly existed any pain or inflammation in the ear; the auditory passage to be filled with the lotion, warm, as circumstances may dictate, from one hour to two, nights and mornings; the ear then to be syringed, wiped perfectly dry, and a small quantity of liniment, more or less stimulating, as the judgment of the operator may direct him, applied by means of cotton wool to the ceruminous glands, which extend only about half-way down the auditory passage. Hence it will be seen how unscientific, and worse than useless, are the acoustic drops often recommended; which, being dropped into the ear, descend down upon the drum, and by their glutinous properties impede the vibration of that fine membrane, upon which the sense of hearing in perfection so materially depends.

W. WRIGHT.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuilletton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER XXI.

LEGEND OF THE HANDSOME PECOPIN AND THE BEAUTIFUL BAULDOUR.

Bingen, Aug.

I PROMISED to relate one of the legends of Falkenburg, perhaps the best, which is that of the grave adventure of Guntram and Liba; but, after reflection, I think it would be useless to do so, as you will find it in almost any collection written in a spirit far more enlivening than I could tell it. However, since you absolutely wish a story for your children, I will write you one, which you will find nowhere else. You may thank the old French soldier for it. This follower of the republican army believes, at present, in gnomes and fairies, as much as he formerly credited the *puissance* of the emperor. Solitude has always this effect upon the mind; it develops the poetry which is inherent in man, and makes him a believer in the wonderful and supernatural.

The handsome Pecopin loved the beautiful Bauldour, and the lovely Bauldour was enamoured of the gay Pecopin. He possessed all the qualities of a lord and of a man; and she was a queen when at home, a holy virgin at church, a nymph in the woods, and a fairy at work.

Pecopin was an excellent hunter, and Bauldour was a good spinster. When he was absent, the distaff amused and consoled her; and when the sound of the horn, mingling with the noise of the hounds, would strike her ear, she fancied she could distinguish the words—"Think of thy lover." Besides, the wheel, which, caused the *belle reveuse* to stoop, was ever saying, in a soft and small voice—"Think of him."

When the husband and lover are united in one person, all goes well. Marry, then, the spinster to the hunter, and fear nothing.

However, I must say that Pecopin was too fond of hunting. When he was on horseback, the falcon resting on his hand, or when he was following the stag, he forgot everything. Whoever loves horses and dogs too much, displeases woman; and he who loves woman too much, displeases God. Govern, therefore, your tastes, and bridle your inclinations.

When Bauldour, that noble and lovely young girl, that star of love, of youth, and of beauty, saw Pecopin caressing his dog, a huge animal with large nostrils, long ears, and a black mouth, she was jealous of it.

She entered her room disconcerted and sad, and there wept. Then she scolded her servants, and after them her dwarf. Woman's anger is like rain in the forest—it falls twice. *Bis pluît.*

In the evening, Pecopin, blackened with powder and weary with fatigue, returned to Bauldour, who pouted and murmured, with a tear in the corner of her large blue eye. Pecopin pressed her little hand, and she ceased murmuring; then he kissed her rosy lips, and she smiled. She never suffered the chevalier to take her by the waist. One evening he slightly pressed her elbow, and her face coloured up with blushes and offended pride. She was betrothed, but not married. Modesty in woman is what bravery is in man.

The bird Phœnix and the planet Venus.

Pecopin had in his hall at Sonneck, a large gilt painting, which represented the nine heavens, each with its appropriate colour, and the name affixed to it:—Saturn, leaden colour; Jupiter, clear and brilliant; Venus, the east, on fire; Mercury, sparkling; the Moon, with its silvery appearance; the Sun, shining flames. Pecopin erased the word Venus, and substituted Bauldour.

The fair demoiselle had in her room large tapestries, on which was an immense bird, the size of an eagle, with a golden neck, and a blue tail. Above this marvellous animal was written the Greek word—"Phœnix." Bauldour effaced it, and embroidered the name—"Pecopin" in its place.

The day fixed for the nuptials drew near—Pecopin was full of joy, and Bauldour was happy.

A week before the appointed day of marriage, Bauldour was busily spinning at her window. Her dwarf came to tell her that Pecopin was coming up the stairs, at which intelligence she rose hurriedly, to run to her betrothed; but her foot got entangled with the thread, and she fell. Poor Bauldour rose; she was not hurt; but remembering that a similar accident happened at the castle to Liba, she felt sad at heart. Pecopin entered, beaming with joy, spoke of their marriage and of their happiness, and the cloud that hovered round her soul vanished.

The difference between the ear of a young man and that of an old one.

The next day Bauldour was spinning in her chamber, and Pecopin was hunting in the woods. He had no companion but his dog. In following the chase, he came to the forest of Sonn, where there are four large trees, an ash, an elm, a fir, and an oak, which were called by the people, "*The Evangelists.*" As Pecopin passed under their shade, four birds were perched

upon the trees—a daw upon the ash, a blackbird upon the elm, a magpie upon the fir, and a crow upon the oak. These feathered creatures made a strange confused noise, and seemed as if they were interrogating each other. A few steps further on an old man was seated on the stump of a tree; and as Pecopin passed, he turned round and said—

“Sire chevalier, do you know what the birds are saying?”

“My good fellow,” Pecopin replied, “what does it matter to me?”

“Sir,” said the peasant, “for the young the blackbird whistles, the magpie chatters, and the raven croaks; for the old, the birds speak.”

The chevalier burst out into a fit of laughter, saying “Pardieu, you’re raving.”

“You are wrong, Sir Pecopin,” the old man said, with gravity.

“You never saw me before; how is it that you know my name?”

“From the birds,” replied the peasant.

“You are an old fool, my worthy fellow,” Pecopin said, continuing his route.

About an hour afterwards Pecopin heard the sound of a horn, and then perceived the Count Palatine and his suite, who were out on a hunting excursion.

“Holla!” one of them cried out, on seeing Pecopin, “my brave hunter,—wont you accompany us?” Pecopin consented, and conducted himself so marvellously, by killing the different animals they pursued, that the count gave him a fief of Rhineck, enrolled him amongst his followers, and prevailed upon him to go to Stahleck, to take the oath of allegiance. Pecopin sent a message to Bauldour, announcing the intention of the pfalzgraf—“Be not uneasy, my beloved,” he added, “I will be with you next month.” The messenger set out, and Pecopin retired with the prince and his followers to the castle at Bacher-nach.

Pecopin was a nobleman by blood, by nature, and by outward appearance, and pleased the pfalzgraf so much, that this prince one day said to him, “My friend, I have an embassy for my cousin of Bourgogne, and your noble appearance and gallant behaviour have induced me to choose you for my ambassador.” Pecopin obeyed the wishes of his prince, and went to Dijon, where the duke received him kindly; and was soon after, on account of his rank, sent on an embassy to the King of France. One day the king said “Pecopin, I require a gentleman to go to Spain on urgent business; but finding none of my followers capable of undertaking such a task, I have fixed upon you, on account of your mien and mind. Pecopin again set out; and when the negotiation was

terminated, he went to the sultan to take his leave.

“I receive your adieus with pleasure, for you must set out immediately for Bagdad.”

“For Bagdad!” Pecopin cried in astonishment.

“Yes, chevalier,” replied the Moorish prince, “for I cannot sign the treaty with the King of Paris without the consent of the Caliph of Bagdad.”

Pecopin went to Bagdad, where a strange adventure happened to him. One day, while passing the walls of the seraglio, the sultan’s favourite perceived him, and as he was handsome, bold, and of a haughty air, she conceived a passion for Pecopin, and sent a black slave to speak to him:—

“This talisman,” she said, “is the gift of a princess who loves you, but who will never see you more. Take care of it; for as long as you wear it you will never be old; when you are in danger, touch it, and you will be saved.” Pecopin accepted the talisman, and attached it to his neck-chain. “Now,” the slave added, “do not lose it; for whilst you have it in your possession, you will always have the same youthful appearance, but when you lose it the infirmities of every year which has passed over your head will instantaneously attack you. Adieu, handsome gjaour.” Having said this, the negress left him.

The caliph had observed his favourite’s slave speaking with Pecopin, and was fired with jealousy. He invited the stranger to a feast, and at night conducted him to the summit of a high tower. Pecopin, without suspicion, advanced near the parapet, which was very low, when the caliph addressed him in these words:—

“Chevalier—the Count Palatine sent you to the Duke of Bourgogne on account of your renown; the Duke of Bourgogne sent you to the King of France because you were of a noble race; the King of France sent you to the Sovereign of Grenada, on account of your wit; and he sent you to the Caliph of Bagdad, because you were noble in appearance. As for me, on account of thy fame, thy rank, thy wit, and thy fine appearance, I send thee to the devil.”

On pronouncing the last word, the caliph pushed Pecopin over the parapet.

The good effects of a good thought.

When a man falls from a height, terrible ideas flash across his brain; life, which he is going to leave, and the regions of death, which he is about to enter. In that awful moment, Pecopin thought of Bauldour—put his hand to his heart, and, without knowing, touched the talisman. No sooner had his finger come in contact with the magic stone, than he felt as if he were supported with wings. He no longer

fell—he flew, and continued to do so all night. Just as day was breaking, the invisible hand that supported him placed him gently upon the sea-shore.

The Devil is wrong in being a gourmand.

At this time a singular and disagreeable adventure happened to the devil. It was customary for Asmodeus to go about picking up all the souls that belonged to him, putting them into a bag, and carrying them away upon his back. One day, being more fortunate than usual, he was filling his sack gaily, when turning round, he beheld an angel who was smiling at him. The devil shook up the bag, and continued filling for some time. At last he stopped, and seized hold of it to swing it over his shoulder; but the souls that he had crammed into it were so numerous, and the iniquities with which they were burthened weighed so heavily, that he could not move it. He took both his hands, and made a second attempt, which proved as futile as the first. "O souls of lead!" the devil exclaimed, and then he began swearing. Again he looked up, and he saw the angel laughing at him. "What are you doing there?" cried the demon.

"You see well enough: I was smiling a short time ago, now I am laughing."

"O celestial fowl! huge innocent! begone!" Asmodeus cried.

The angel looked at him with gravity and said—

"Hear me, dragon; you will not be able to carry away that load of souls till a saint from paradise or a Christian from heaven falls upon the earth, and helps thee to put it on thy shoulders." That said, the angel opened his wings, and flew away.

The devil was very much disconcerted. "What does that imbecile mean?" he muttered between his teeth. "A saint from paradise, or a Christian from heaven! I shall be forced to remain a long time if I wait the coming of such assistance. How, in the name of all the saints, did I so cram my sack?"

As the devil stood by the side of his heavy burden, heaping imprecations upon himself for his own stupidity, he cast his eyes upwards and perceived a black speck in the heavens, which every moment became larger and larger. The devil put his hands on his knees to take a better view of it, and discovered that it was a man—an armed Christian, bearing a cross upon his breast, falling from the clouds.

"What is it to me who sends him?" exclaimed the devil, jumping with joy—"I am saved! I could not get over four saints a short time ago, who laughed at the pitiful tale I told them; but it will be easy for me to manage this fellow."

Pecopin, on finding himself on *terra*

firma, looked round, and on perceiving the old man, who was like a slave resting by the side of his load, he accosted him thus:—"Who are you, friend? and pray where am I?"

The devil whined out piteously—

"You, sir, are on the borders of the Red Sea, and I am the most wretched of all miserable beings. I have a very cruel master, who has taken it into his head to build a mountain, and he obliges me, an old man, to carry loads of sand from the borders of the sea. I begin at the break of day, and never leave off before sunset. Yesterday I was returning with my sixth load, when fatigue overcame me; I thought I would rest myself, and afterwards found that I had not strength to lift the load on my shoulders, and therefore was obliged to remain here all night, looking at my burden, and cursing my master for his cruelty. My good sir, for pity's sake, help me up with this load, in order that I may return to my master, for I am sure he will kill me."

Pecopin shook his head, saying, "Good man, your story is an unlikely one."

"My dear sir," the devil replied, "what has happened to you, if told, would be as unlikely, yet it is true. Then," he continued, "what harm would it do to you to help an infirm old man to place his load on his back?"

This was a just demand. Pecopin stooped, seized the bag, and was placing it on the back of the old man who was leaning forward to receive the load. The devil is vicious—it was for vice that he fell; he is greedy, which passion causes often the loss of all. The idea struck him of adding the soul of Pecopin to the others, but first of all he must kill Pecopin.

The devil began to speak to some invisible spirit, in a kind of jargon, half Italian, half Spanish, which Pecopin fortunately understood—

"Bamos, non, cierra occhi, verbera, frappa, y echa la piedra."

Suspicion flashed like lightning across the mind of Pecopin: he raised his eyes, and saw above his head an enormous stone that some invisible hand held suspended in the air.

He stepped backwards, touched his talisman with his left hand, seized his poniard with his right, and plunged it with violence into the bag.

The devil cried hideously, and the souls, profiting by the hole which Pecopin had made, flew away, leaving behind them their dark deeds and crimes, which, by natural attraction to the demon, fixed upon his back: thus it is that the devil is always represented with a hump.

At the moment that Pecopin stepped backwards the invisible giant dropped the

stone, which fell upon the foot of the devil, and crushed it; and from that day Asmodeus has always been club-footed.

The devil, like Jove, has thunder at his command, but it is of a more frightful nature, coming from the earth and uprooting trees. Pecopin felt the ground tremble beneath him, a dense smoke rose around, and a frightful noise broke upon his ear; it appeared to him that he fell, and rolled along the ground like a withered leaf when blown by the wind; he fainted.

(To be continued.)

New Books.

Ainsworth's Magazine. No. V.

THE three additional chapters which the editor has contributed to his tale of the "Miser's Daughter," are fully as interesting as former ones, and they contain scenes more impassioned. The two accompanying illustrations by George Cruikshank are, as usual, excellent. The next article is rather an originally conceived ode on "Beauty and Time," by Miss Pardoe. Then follows the first part of a tale of Oxford, cleverly told, entitled "The Russian Prince." "The Landing of the Primrose" is a poetical subject, written in the genuine spirit of poetic feeling, by C.S. No. 3 of the "Legends of the Monts-Dores" is a tale of enchantment, the scenery of which is so graphically described, and the story so simply told, that an air of reality is imparted to the narrative, which strongly reminds us of some of the tales of Marmontel. Mr. Titmarsh's Exhibition Gossip, is a delightful article on some of our most distinguished painters; it conveys, in a homely style, sound and discriminating remarks, quite the opposite to technical jargon; good sense and kindly feeling, in fact, are the characteristics of the article; it has, withal, a dash of drollery now and then that provokes laughter. But it were tedious to proceed in giving a mere catalogue of contents; suffice it to say, that the articles in the present number, like its predecessors, are numerous, varied, and excellent. The number is wound up with some elaborate and liberal notices of Mr. James's *Morley Ernstein*, Mrs. Bray's *Henry de Pomeroy*, and Mr. W. F. Ainsworth's *Researches in Asia Minor*, &c.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

NO. VI.

LANDSCAPE, WITH JACQUES AND THE WOUNDED STAG.

THE subject of this painting, by Sir George Beaumont, is from Act ii. Scene 1, of the famed bard of Avon's "As you like it."

The philosophical Jacques is seated by the stream moralizing on the wounded stag—

To day, my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jacques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears!

The idea of this landscape is excellent, and the scene delineated, near Cole-Orton Hall, Leicestershire, is of great beauty and truth. To give poetic life to the prospect, Sir George has introduced the melancholy Jacques and the wounded deer, thus illustrating one of the finest passages of Shakspeare. The painting altogether sustains the reputation which this lover of the art acquired.

Sir George Beaumont was a descendant of Prince Bohemond of Antioch, who, in the battles of Durazzo and Larissa, shook the throne of the Emperor of Constantinople. He was born on the 6th of November, 1753, and was educated at Eton, where, besides becoming a classical scholar, he imbibed a taste for drawing, got acquainted with some of its worthiest professors, took nature for study, and the green fields for his study-room, and produced among the hills of Cole-Orton landscapes of great beauty. In his early years he became an admirer of Shakspeare, so much so that he committed whole plays to memory; and occasionally at private theatres evinced that he could understand and feel the wit and passion of his favourite. One evening, while he was acting in private, among the auditors was a young lady of great beauty, who, he observed, was much affected with the performance. He ascertained her name, obtained an introduction, and finding that her taste nearly resembled his own, that she was a lover of painting and of poetry, married her in the year 1784. The portraits of the bride and bridegroom were painted by their friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who has given Sir George the look of an accomplished gentleman, and his lady a degree of loveliness united to intellectuality.

Shortly after his marriage he made the tour of Italy, where landscapes, "sunny and soft," attracted his pencil, and where he studied from Claude and other masters of celebrity. After this excursion, it is observed, that he introduced into his pictures something both of England and Italy. It was his pleasure to sit in the groves of

Charnwood, and by the stream of Grace Dieu, making transcripts from nature; at one time adding a ruined temple, at another, a Gothic church, according to the bent of his inclination. As a painter, he has been both censured and commended; one thing, however, cannot be denied, that his conception was lofty, and that he felt the poetry of the scenes which he delineated. Nature had bestowed upon him the soul and the eye of a fine landscape painter, for he was rich in fancy, but his hand had not skill to embody. Poverty, that stern instructress, was what he required to force him into the ranks of the studious and the toiling. Nevertheless, he has left works behind him which will cause his name to be cherished for centuries by all lovers of

the poetic and the beautiful; and his munificent gift to the nation, of pictures, valued at 7500 guineas, will render his memory dear to every lover of art and well-wisher of his country. A friendly intimacy existed between him and the poet Wordsworth, and has been celebrated by the latter in many beautiful poetical compliments:

"One woo'd the silent art with studious pains,
These groves have heard the other's pensive strains;
Devoted thus, their spirits did unite,
By interchange of knowledge and delight."

This highly-esteemed and benevolent man was among the founders of the National Gallery. He died, at the age of seventy-four, on the 7th of February, 1827.



LANDSCAPE, WITH JACQUES AND THE WOUNDED STAG.

Miscellaneous.

DEATH OF SIR ROBERT KER PORTER, THE PAINTER AND TRAVELLER.

DR. PORTER, the physician at Bristol, has just received news from St. Petersburg of the untimely death, by apoplexy, of his brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter.

The father of Sir Robert Ker Porter was an officer of Dragoons, of an Irish family. He was, moreover, a younger brother, who, dying in the prime of life, left his widow with five almost infant children in very low and slender circumstances, and who from time to time were relieved by the Royal Family and other persons of distinction. Three of the orphans were sons; the two eldest early entered professions, which they filled in a manner honourable to their name; the third was Sir Robert Ker, who was born in the year 1780, at Durham, and who,

consequently, at the time of his death, was sixty-two years of age. The two daughters were Miss Jane and Miss Anna Maria Porter, both of them so well known as authoresses in the literary world, and whose productions, "The Hungarian Brothers," "The Scottish Chiefs," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," the "Village of Mariendorpt," and other works of a like nature, need only be mentioned to present copious proofs of their wide-spread fame and celebrity.

Sir Robert Ker Porter, as regards genealogy and family, sprung from a race of brave and talented ancestors. Amongst the foremost of these are to be numbered Sir William Porter, of the field of Agincourt; Endymion Porter, of classic and loyal memory; the Lord Chief Justice Sir Charles Porter, who transplanted his father's branch of the tree to Ireland; and another, who, adhering to the cause of James Stuart, followed that monarch's ruined fortunes to

the Continent, afterwards settled at Bruges, and ultimately became the founder of an opulent and highly influential house.

On his mother's side, Sir Robert counted the old Anglo-Saxon Barons of Blenkinsopp and Hilton, and the learned Adamsons, farther north, amongst his forefathers. As one of the modern offshoots derived from these venerable progenitors, the subject of our memoir was frequently delighted to mention the name of John Tweddell, the celebrated traveller of Greece, now entombed in the Temple of Theseus, at Athens—a shrine visited by every Englishman who goes to that classic land.

Mrs. Porter, the mother of Sir Robert, has long been known to the world, from cotemporary friends, as one of the most exemplary women of the day, dedicating herself entirely to the comfort and education of her children; indeed, from the slender circumstances in which the widows of military men are left, she, from prudence no less than from inclination, sought a retired life. Under her care and tuition all her children gave early proofs of mental superiority, which appeared more particularly after Anna Maria, the youngest, with her sister Jane, and their brother, Sir Robert, had been some time under the tutorship of Mr. George Fulton, who then kept a celebrated day-school in Edinburgh, and is well known as the compiler of an excellent dictionary.

On the removal of Mrs. Porter from Scotland to England, where she, with this her young family, resided for a few years in one of the northern counties, in the near neighbourhood of one of the late bishops of the church, young Sir Robert with his two sisters daily formed a group in the episcopal library, to which they had free access whenever they pleased—the boy, who was then but the embryo artist and traveller, drawing from missals and illuminated books; the girls as diligently reading some of the excellent works they found there, especially the old Chronicles, many of them in the black letter.

One of Mr. Northcote's choicest paintings was struck off in commemoration of this little group, and their early habits. He was a long-esteemed friend. The subject, as treated by him, forms a slight but beautiful sketch of three happy-looking children, in a Gothic sort of chamber. One of the brightest ornaments of the world of letters having beheld this scene, apostrophized it thus:—

"Lo he is there—within that Gothic chamber,
One of a cherub-group—the book unseal'd—
The well-spring opened;—they are drinking deep
Of knowledge and of beauty!—Old Romance
And fairy spells are round them. His young eye
Instinct with rapture, hails the witching vision,
And straight transmits its glories to his mind,
And precious seed-store for the future hour."

The residences of Sir Robert Ker Porter and his family were various on their coming to London. About 1823 they lived at a pretty ivy-mantled spot on the banks of the Thames, at Ditton, and shortly after at another little abode of a similar description, situated on a hill at Esher, where, in the June of 1831, his mother died. After this bereavement they sought change of place, and after residing different times at Hyde-park and Portland-place, took up their residence at a friend's house on Banner-down, near Bath; they then proceeded to Bristol, to visit their brother, Dr. Porter, who had been for some years settled in that town as a physician, and where, on the 6th of June, Anna Maria Porter died of typhus.

On referring to the Catalogues of the Royal Academy of past years, he appears to have been a constant and attractive exhibitor. In the exhibition for 1804 he exhibited two paintings, one of a Russian cuirassier, and another of a British light dragoon. 1805. A drawing from *The Avenger*, or the Wrongs of Lady Hermegeld. 1797. A horseman run down by a lion; portrait of a gentleman as Hamlet; and about half-a-dozen various other portraits. He was then living in Newport-street. 1795. A Saracen flying from the enemy; and portraits. Living at 66, St. Martin's-lane. 1793. The Defeat of King Stephen at the Battle of Lincoln, from Rapiu. He was then living at 38, Bedford-street, Covent-garden.

Sir Robert became a student at the Royal Academy, under the auspices of Mr. West, and two years after commencing his studies at the Academy, he was employed to paint his picture of Moses and Aaron for the communion-table of Shoreditch Church; in 1794 he presented an altar-piece to the Roman-catholic chapel at Portsea, representing Christ suppressing the storm; and in 1798 he gave to St. John's College, Cambridge, the altar-piece of St. John Preaching in the Wilderness. At only twenty-two years of age he began his large picture of the Storming of Seringapatam, which was succeeded by the Battle of Agincourt, and was presented to the City of London. The painting, however, which attracted most attention, and which was exhibited in the year 1801 at the Lyceum, was the fine historical subject of the "Siege of Acre," relative to the late contest which had then taken place in Syria under Sir Sidney Smith. This production was a piece of very excellent colouring, the groupings good, and the whole, from its truth and execution, drew large numbers to see it.

In 1803 he was appointed a captain in the Westminster Militia; in 1804 he was invited to Russia, and appointed historical painter to the Emperor. During his residence at St. Petersburg, he gained the affections of the Princess Mary, daughter of Prince

Theodore de Sherbatoff, of Russia, and was about to marry her, when ministerial differences compelled him to leave Russia; in the year 1811, however, this marriage was solemnized, and the Princess now survives him. Sir Robert accompanied Sir John Moore into Spain, and shared in the hardships and perils of the campaign which ended in the battle of Corunna. In 1807 he was created a Knight of St. Joachim of Wurtemberg; and on his return to England, in 1813, he received the honour of knighthood from the Prince Regent.

Sir Robert's fame as a traveller and literary man was first made known to the world by his "Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden during the years 1805-6-7-8," and which in the ensuing year were given to the public.

He sailed from England on this extensive tour in the August of 1805, and passing the Sound, visited first Elsinour, where he followed Hamlet everywhere, and "measured the shadows on the platform." From Zealand, he next struck across to Cronstadt, and thence to St. Petersburg. Here his lucubrations grow entertaining and full; the church dedicated to "the Mother of God at Razan," the architect of which was formerly a slave of Count Strogonoff, where, too, were hung up the keys of Johmael, Okzakow, Derbent, and the standards and trophies of Pultowa, Noir, and Alessandria, was not among the least noticeable of the things there seen by him. From Moscow he journeyed through Finland, and across the Gulf to Stockholm, where he visited the King Gustavus and his Queen, the latter of whom—then a most beautiful woman—he considered the "Fair Helen of the North." He visited the spot in Dalecarlia where Gustavus Vasa took refuge from the Danish usurper; and was next carried by his military ardour to Gottenburg, where he resolved to enter on immediate service with the English army, then assembled in that port, and ultimately came to England.

Sir Robert Ker Porter's second series of travel was begun in the year 1817, and he was engaged the three consecutive years in following them up. During this period he traversed Georgia, Persia, Armenia, and Ancient Babylon.

Having from childhood been an ardent lover and sedulous practiser of the arts, the study of antiquity during these travels shared no small part of his attention, and the plains of Babylon afforded him even ampler scope than those of Persepolis, while Kurdistan, a country of which little comparatively was known, of whom the people and country too were highly picturesque, was explored by him to a great extent, and he travelled over this latter portion of country with much careful geographical precision, which he rendered more particu-

larly interesting by tracing the march of Xenophon.

In 1818 he enjoyed the company of Mr. Rich, the late consul at Bagdad, and in concert with that gentleman made many excellent excursions and antiquarian researches among the old ruins of Babylon: his observations with his sextant were unceasing, and astronomy kept him constantly alive. His much-lamented friend Belino died at this period. Of the great quantity of relics which he collected at Mujelebe, El-Kasr, or the palace, Al Hymer, Persepolis, and Mackshi-Roustan, various allotments were presented by him to the British Museum, where every day visitors may inspect them, as also to the Edinburgh and Dublin Museums, in which are the smaller specimens, while others are deposited in the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburg.

In 1819 he was created a Knight of the Lion and Sun of Persia. In the diplomatic and in the military service of the State he had much distinguished himself, having served in both capacities in Russia, in the Peninsula, various parts of the Continent, in Persia, and in South America. In the year 1832 he was created a Knight-Commander of the Hanoverian Order by William IV. His most recent appointment was that of Consul at Venezuela, from which place he returned in 1841.—*The Sun*.

ESTONIAN PEASANTRY.

ONE day, to diversify the subject, a tall Estonian peasant was ushered in, bearing a note from a neighbouring family, wherein it appeared that, in consequence of some bantering questions and promises, they had sent the best-looking man the estate could boast to represent the physiognomy and costume of his class. And truly, as fine and good-looking a young man stood before us as needed to be seen. At first he returned our glance with rather more courage than a peasant here usually ventures to shew, but, on being told his errand, blushed like a girl, and proceeded to place himself into the required position with a *mauvaise honte* which, it must be owned, was at first not limited to himself. He wore the regular peasant's costume,—his long hair falling on his shoulders; a coat made of undyed black wool down to his heels, with metal buttons and red leather frogs; and his feet clad in the national *passeln*, or sandals, of untanned cow's hide. After the first novelty was over, he stood sensibly and respectfully enough; and being shewn his miniature fac-simile, and told that it would go to England, acknowledged it to be *vegga illos*—very beautiful. Half a rouble and a glass of brandy made him happy, and he took

his leave in perfect good humour with himself and us. But a few days after, a disastrous sequel to this adventure reached our ears. Under the conviction that he had been subject to the spells of a sorceress, his lady-love cast him off for another; his fellows taunted and avoided him; while, added to this, the innocent victim himself was in the utmost terror of mind lest this mysterious delineation of his person should prove the preamble to his being banished either to Siberia or—to England! It is to be hoped his personal charms soon repaired the first loss, but I could never hear anything further of my unfortunate sinner.

Wishing to see the Estonian peasant under every aspect, I requested my hostess—one whose heart feels interest in the most stupid, and love for the most contemned, of her adopted countrymen—to exhibit to me some peasant's dwelling which might fairly represent the comforts of this class. Accordingly we drove to the abode of a hard-working, respectable Estonian, about three wersts removed, and were helped out of our sledge by a gaunt host with streaming locks, who stroked us down in the national fashion, and begged us to enter. The house was a one-storied erection, built of roughly-squared logs, and occupying as much space as any of our large old-fashioned farm-houses, with a double wall on the entrance side, separated by a passage of about six feet wide, which greatly tends both to warmth in winter and coolness in summer. In this passage an extremely filthy sow and a whole litter of little pigs were grunting and tumbling about with some other little animals, seemingly of the same generic origin, but which, on nearer inspection, proved to be part of our host's youthful family. To pass through the inner wall we stepped over a high ledge, through an aperture wide enough for a Lambert, but hardly high enough for a child of twelve years old, more adapted apparently for quadrupeds than for men. Once housed, we were obliged to wait a few minutes before our eyes accustomed themselves to the darkness, or threw off the film of water with which the strong stinging atmosphere of wood-smoke obscured them, when the first object we discerned was a rosy peasant-girl weaving a piece of linen in the same gloom by which we could scarcely distinguish the loom. The room where we stood was at least twenty-five feet long, with a black earthen floor, strewn with fir-tips, and the chief object was the great stove. This was a huge mass of masonry towering among the dry rafters of the roof, with rough ledges of stones, up and down which a second litter of children were climbing in their shifts, while on the highest ledge lay a baby fast asleep. A projecting shelf of wood ran round two sides of the room, about two feet from the floor, which,

strewn with straw, serves as the family bed for the night, is converted by day to any household use, and was conveniently fitted up with hencoops underneath. There was no chimney in this apartment, and no light but from the low door. Further on were two other rooms, mere little dens, with a pane of dusky glass in each and a few articles of furniture, a couple of chairs, and chests for clothes. The same roof houses the little horse and other cattle. There was nothing in all this to disgust—hard fare and independent habits,—and when we took our leave we made the little dirty shock-headed children very happy with some rolls of white bread, a dainty they see much more rarely than our poor children do cake.

This peasant occupies about twenty-five acres of land upon the estate where I am sojourning. Every estate is thus parcelled out, the proprietor having a considerable portion under his own management, the rest being divided among the peasants, who, from time immemorial, have belonged to the land, and till within the last few years in the condition of serfs. The same fields, therefore, for which they formerly paid a rent, limited only by the will of the *herr*, or lord, they now hold upon a tenure fixed by law, which is as follows:—Each peasant householder, or *wirth*, occupies so much land, for which he pays rent in the shape of so many days' labour, man and horse, per week, upon the lord's fields; by certain contributions of corn; and of a calf, a goose, so many fowls or eggs, and so many bundles of flax—all of which last small tithes generally come within the lady's department, who has thus the products of a most extensive farm-yard to register and superintend. The smaller the occupation, the fewer the days of labour to perform, and the poorer the peasant. A so-called two days' *wirth* generally performs the requisite labour in his own person; but a six days' *wirth*, a rank which the peasant we had just quitted occupies, sends his labourers to supply his place, and, by sending two men three successive days, has the rest of his week undisturbed. Upon this estate no less than 360 days' work is contributed weekly, and yet the labour is not equal to the demand. This allotment per week is the only fair arrangement, for though many a week in winter occurs when no man can work, yet were the proprietor to claim all his permitted days only in the summer, the peasant would not have a day left to reap or sow for himself.

The act of enfranchisement in Estonia has not been accompanied by the advantages which those who abstractedly reckon the state of independence too high, and that of serfage too low, might expect. To this it may be urged that the blessing of freedom was bestowed on the Estonian peasant before

he was in a condition to understand its import, though truly such a privilege is better given to a people too early than wrested by them too late. It redounds to the credit of these provinces of Estonia, Livonia, and Courland, that they were the first in the empire to coalesce with the late Emperor Alexander by enfranchising their peasantry—an act which took place in 1828; and it is quite a pity that our admiration for so noble a deed should be in any way interrupted by the troublesome collateral circumstance of their being pecuniarily the gainers thereby. When the peasants were serfs, their owners were interested in preserving them from absolute want; and in bad harvests the peasantry became, what they are to this day in Russia Proper, a real burthen to their lord. Also, whenever the serf was not able to pay his own poll-tax, the seigneur had to make up the deficiency; but now that the Estonian peasant is a free man, all these responsibilities, which he as little desired as understood to undertake, fall upon his own shoulders; for though many a humane seigneur still supplies the same help as formerly, yet these are but worthy exceptions. Consequently, a failure in crops, added to the national improvidence, exposes the peasant to hardship and starvation which he never knew in his serf condition. Among the regulations intended as a substitute to these habits of dependence, a law has been instituted compelling each peasant, in good seasons, to contribute so much corn to the *Bauer Klete*, or peasant granary—thus realizing a fund of provision against the winters of famine. But as the Estonian has been placed in a state of freedom before he knew that forethought and prudence were its only safeguards, he seizes every occasion to evade this law, and if the herr he is not vigilant in enforcing it, the store-house is found empty when famine has finished every other resource. One characteristic consequence of this emancipation was the adoption of family names by the peasants, who hitherto, like the Russian serf, had been designated only by his own and his father's baptismal appellatives. This accession of dignity was conferred only a few years back, when it cost the lord and lady no little trouble and invention to hunt up the requisite number and variety of names for the tenants of their estates. The gentleman took the dictionary—the lady, Walter Scott, for reference—with us it would have been the Bible—and homely German words were given, or old Scottish names revived, which may one day perplex a genealogist. The worst of it was, these poor creatures were very difficult to please, and many a young man who went away happy with his new family distinction returned the next day with a sheepish look, owning that his lady had put him out of

conceit of it, and that he would trouble the *erra* (the Estonian corruption of *herr*) to provide him with another, not seldom ending by begging leave to adopt the aristocratic, unsullied, sixteen or thirty-two quartered name of the count or baron under whom he served. But, however liberal of his neighbours' names, the Estonian noble is in no hurry to bestow his own; far from running the risk of such vile identity, he does not even allow the peasant the same national appellation which countrymen of the same soil, whether high or low, generally wear alike. The aristocrat is an *esthländer*, the peasant an *esthe*; the noble's wife is a *fraw*, the peasant's a *weib*; and any transposition of these terms would be deemed highly insulting.—*Letters from the Baltic.*

THE LATE ANDREW DUCROW.

Ducrow, like most truly great men, was a small man; and like most, if not all men who have reached the highest point of human fame, he was exceedingly handsome in face and features, and a model in form. These two opinions may be controverted perhaps by those who possess only a superficial knowledge of the history of the human mind; or by those who on the other hand see further into the millstone than its actual thickness, and monster little men into great ones, and great ones into little. But, *meo periculo*, I reiterate the opinions, and am prepared to maintain them against all impugnors, time and place befitting. The present, however, is neither; and therefore I proceed.

Ducrow's face was highly intellectual in its character; it was capable of the most vivid and the most various expression of the passions and affections; it was instinct with all the fire and the fervour of high genius; and (what may seem extraordinary to many, though to me the most natural thing in the world,) it was *very like that of a horse*—or rather of *THE horse*—the ideal of all horses—the Phidian horse from the pediment of the Parthenon. There is in each face (alas, that we must say *was* of one of them!) the same flaring nostril indicating indomitable courage;—the same high, bare, and fleshless forehead, shewing an excess of all the loftier intellectual qualities of its owner respectively;—the same eager and severe eyes, indicating at once thought and imagination;—and the same rigidity and tension of all the facial muscles, proving the constant and almost involuntary action of all the above qualities!*

The form of Ducrow was a perfect model of Apollonian beauty—with this one difference only, that all its characteristics were slightly exaggerated, by reason of their

* This head is in the British Museum.

perpetual exercise in the operations of his high art. The prominent muscles were more developed in the living model than they are in the marble one; they wanted that soft roundness, and silken smoothness, which throw about the Apollo an air of voluptuous and almost effeminate beauty, very appropriate in the giver of sunshine and the god of music, but better away in an equestrian athlete. In fact, Ducrow's person was precisely that of the dying gladiator, which differs from the Apollo only in the particulars just noted.

There was another personal distinction possessed by Ducrow, in common with all the really great men who have gone before him. He had, under the ordinary circumstances of life, not the slightest (so-called) "dignity" of deportment, or "distinction" of appearance and manner; like the *natural* gentleman in one of Morton's comedies, he had "nothing of the gentleman about him." These things are, in themselves, mere pretences and mockeries, that are to be taught and imitated by art, and transmitted from one individual, and even one generation, to another; they are mere outward seemings, having no necessary reference whatever to that which they seek to set forth. They are like the "nobility" that is made by kings; and they are its appropriate symbol and accompaniment.

Ducrow had none of these. He might have been mistaken in the street for a master-tailor, or a minister of state,—by those, I mean, who see nothing in a face but its features, and nothing in a form but its size and height. In short, in the "circles" he would not have shone. But see him in "the circle!" He looked nothing less than a descended god—Phaeton in his wind-borne chariot, or Phœbus on his throne of light! He could not perhaps have personated Coriolanus at the tent of Aufidius quite so well as the late John Kemble did; but see him as Achilles, dragging the dead body of Patroclus round the Trojan walls! It were a sight for the gods! and (to the honour of us mere "human mortals") I speak it) it was no less to the "gods" of Astley's; for when we come to the real and ultimate truth of things, the "low vulgar" are more than a match for the "high vulgar" in the quick and vivid perception of that truth; their natural sympathies with it being merely held in abeyance; whereas those of their lofty despisers are melted and frittered away in vain and unmeaning assumptions. What do the unwashed frequenters of Astley's know about the gods of the Greek mythology, or the demigods of the heroic ages? And yet see the enthusiastic sympathy with which they hailed their effigies, as offered to them by the genius of Ducrow! while the half-dozen perfumed popinjays who, hot from their claret at the University

Club, sometimes strayed into the boxes for "a lark," laughed the exhibition to scorn!

"A low fellow like that, with his tinsel helmet, tin sword, and trumpery trappings, to stick himself up for one of Homer's heroes! How pre-eminently absurd!—On horseback, too! as if any such thing occurred in the original!! It is *too* ridiculous!"

In the meantime, this despised exhibition was, by the force and truth of its acted poetry, kindling in the hearts and spirits of those above and below them, feelings and aspirations which the written poetry that gave rise to it, noble and unequalled as it is, was never able to do, even in the boyish breasts of its most "classical" admirers.

Imagine a circular riding-house, of some fifty feet in diameter, boarded in to the height of about three feet, seats rising amphitheatrically all round, tawdry balconies, &c., rising above, and the whole space illuminated with a blaze of gas, till it rivals the noonday sunlight. Fill the seats with a chance-medley mass of eager spectators; let a band of somewhat sorry musicians evoke from their still more sorry instruments some of the popular street-melodies of the day; and you have before you the arena of Ducrow's triumphs—the scene of all his glory. Until *he* enters, it is but a better sort of booth at Bartholomew Fair.

Imagine, then, the circle above described empty of every thing but the eager anticipations of the ten thousand eyes that are directed towards it. A portion of its circumscribing limit opens outwards for a moment, like a pair of wings; when lo! a naked steed, beautiful as the morning, bursts through them, and seems to occupy the whole space at once, with its fiery restlessness, its wild gazes on all around, and its eager bounding from side to side of the magic circle—from which all escape seems closed!—A moment more, and a richly-caparisoned groom, followed by a poorly-attired pilgrim, "with cockled hat and clouted shoon," enter at the again opening doors, which close behind them, and leave the circle complete as before. The pilgrim leans on his staff, and seems awary; and the groom points to the gallant steed that might bear him on his distant way, but that pilgrims are supposed for their sins to belong necessarily to the pedestrian orders, and have no business to antedate the heaven of riding on horseback, until they have earned it by pacing half the circumference of the globe with peas in their shoes. *Our* pilgrim, however, (like him who *boiled* his peas) is less scrupulous than some. He accepts the proffered kindness, abandons his staff, and mounts the attendant steed.

He first walks cautiously—then canters easily—then gallops eagerly—on his pious

course. But see—his pilgrim's gear seems to encumber and oppress him, and he prepares to cast it off; and while doing so, he climbs awkwardly upon the back of his steed, and stands tottering on his feet, while he divests himself of his superfluous attire.

But lo! what strange farcing is this? Are we looking upon the circle of Astley's at Westminster Bridge, or on the square of St. Mark at Venice during the Carnival?

The pilgrim is no longer a pilgrim, but a Policinello, floundering and flinging about his limbs as if they were so many fly-flappers, and "aggravating his voice" into the sound of a penny trumpet—the steed still flying round the circle like a spirit, and Punch adhering to him awkwardly but pertinaciously, half on, half off, like the harness of an English hackney-coach horse.

Hark!—an extra squeak—a loftier leap than heretofore—a dislocating twist of the arms, and a supernatural kick of the lower limbs—and lo! the *ci-devant* Punch is changed into a young peasant of the Campagna, beaming with the mental sunshine of his country, and burning with love for the bright mistress whose beauties he conjures up before you by the pure force of his imagination acting upon yours. He gazes, and points to the empty space before him, as he careers round the circle; and you seem to see the object of his fierce passion as plainly as *he* does. He beckons—he entreats—he is half-angered—he prays—he kneels; and lo! as he rises in a rich ecstasy of delight, you see her rushing to his arms, and clasped there in a mutual pressure of passionate joy: so vivid—so forcible—so pure—so perfect, is the truth of action with which the whole imaginary scene is delineated!

Meanwhile, the steed still continues untired in his centrifugal career, and another "change comes o'er the spirit of his dream." While you are looking, or during an instant when you may have chanced to look off, the peasant has disappeared, and in his place—behold!—Harlequin!—Harlequin on horseback!! The mere abstract idea of it puts quicksilver in the feet and fingers of the fancy, and sends one's spirits careering among the stars. But we must call them home again to the scarcely less unearthly realities before us.

If there is one species of dancing that more than another requires for its due performance the solid ground as a place of footing, it is that species proper and peculiar to harlequins; yet every *pas* and attitude of it does Ducrow put forth, with a truth, a precision, and a force of *gusto*, not exhibited by any mere stage harlequin extant, and on a slippery stage a few inches square, that is all the while moving under his feet at the rate of twenty miles an hour! The wonders

of the Indian juggler are commonplace in comparison.

And now for the final and finest scene in this extraordinary exhibition. At a wave of his own wand, this seeming Harlequin, still moving round in his endless path, like the wind round the "earth globe," transforms himself into a symbol of that wind itself, and flies before us like a winged Zephyr pursuing, with the speed of light, the invisible Flora of whom he is enamoured.

This portion of the strange and beautiful equestrian ballet, that we have been witnessing in fancy, is by far the most strange and beautiful of the whole; for it was in these personations of the highest creations of ancient poetry that Ducrow peculiarly and especially excelled—outdoing *himself* in these parts as much as he outdid all other competitors in his ordinary performances. The mingled grace and *gusto* of his movements, as he flew after the flying object of his fairy love—the lightning speed to which he urged the motion of his steed, as the imaginary object of his pursuit fled before him—the miraculous skill with which he took advantage of the centrifugal and centripetal forces that were counteracting each other, to give his course the semblance of a flight through the air, by merely touching the horse with the tip of one foot—his whole frame literally hanging pendent in the supporting air; all this must have been seen to be duly admired and wondered at; and even then it was one of those cases (not few in number) in which "seeing is not believing."

Finally, in the very midst of his mad flight, as just described,—see! he suddenly drops from the air to the ground like a plummet; resumes in an instant his mortal guise, by making a proudly humble obeisance to his ecstatic audience; and then he and his steed disappear together, without even giving you time to satisfy yourself that either of them is a thing of mere mortal mould.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS OF THE CHINESE.

THE logic of the Chinese is chiefly confined to that part which we call method, or the art of arranging our thoughts for memory or instruction. The native, like a true lover of hypotheses, constrains every class of phenomena to come within the limits of his system. He is a despot, and makes laws for nature, instead of taking his laws from her: yet he acts under the shadow of what looks like authority. He has remarked, for example, that the number 5 often occurs in the works of creation, and has received from tradition and philosophy a regard for the number 8; he conceives, therefore, that

many of the features of the moral as well as the physical world may be grouped under one of these numbers. In every work of science a logical diagram or two meet the eye of the reader, and if he is an Englishman, remind him of what he sees in Moore's almanac, where certain mystic circles are drawn round each other to unravel the secrets of fate. The Chinaman describes several circles round a common centre, divides the circumference into five or eight different arcs, and designates them by the terms—*wood, water, metal, earth, fire*, or with the eight *kwa*, or symbols of the divining-board. Corresponding with these, upon the circumference of larger or lesser circles, are set the names of the different phenomena which belong to the department of science under consideration. These circles appear to be fantastical, puzzling, or useless things, till they are regarded in the light of attempts at logical arrangement; and then, however short they may fall of representing truth, they appear to have reason and design in them.

In the metaphysics of China, the soul is not contemplated apart from the body, and therefore no distinct attributes are assigned to it. It is supposed to be of a fine and subtil nature, and to ascend to heaven at death; but in what capacity, or with what endowments, is not stated. This science, as understood by the Chinese, has nothing of the sublime character bestowed upon it by the Platonic school; neither has it anything akin to the modern system of materialism, as the head or the brain bears no part in the general economy of thought and feeling. According to the views of that philosophy which I call modern materialism, the brain is considered as the seat of all the intellectual functions, as well as of the passions, or those feelings which constitute the will of man. Among the natives of China, the whole economy of thinking and feeling is comprised within the trunk;—the head, as I have remarked, does not act, in any principal part at least. It seems to be a fundamental principle, that each of the different members within the body performs an office in the intellectual sphere precisely analogous to what it does in the animal system. The heart is the fountain of life, as being the grand reservoir of the blood, and the chief agent in its circulation; it is therefore the seat of the soul, or that fine and subtil principle which illumines the whole body with intelligence. Supplied from this source of light, the whole body is pervaded with light.

That the heart is the tabernacle wherein the soul resides, seems to be a notion as old as philosophy itself. It pervades the teachings of Holy Writ, where "the thoughts" and "intents of the heart" indicate that it was regarded as the seat of the understand-

ing. The phrase, "Or ever the silver cord be loosed," is best explained by comparing the heart to a tent in which the spirit lodges—a tent, which is struck at death, when the silver cord, or precious strings of life are parted.

The heart is compared to the court of the monarch, whence the light of instruction issues, while the other important organs within the trunk have their several courts. The lungs are regarded as the office for receiving reports and deciding upon them. The function they fulfil in diffusing air over the whole body seems to suggest, that in the business of willing they should issue their regulations intellectually to every part. We shall not be far out in likening the lungs to the court of chancery. The liver is the war-office, whence are issued orders in reference to discipline, military tactics, stratagems, and so on. The liability of the liver to sympathize with the mind, when intently occupied in arranging its thoughts, or in devising measures for the accomplishment of any object, may have suggested the idea of giving it a place where contrivance and courage are officially required. The gall, from its relation to the liver, and its importance in the economy, is the seat or office whence are issued peremptory decisions. The bile is prepared by the liver,—so decisive measures are matured by councils of war, plots, and so on. The horse has no decision, no constancy, because, say the Chinese, he lacks this important organ, the gall-bladder. The breast defends the heart, and seems to hold the air which is inspired by the lungs. It is the seat of joy, since at joyous news it heaves and flutters. It resembles, therefore, the court, whither messengers bring their reports and ministers are sent forth. The palpitations of the heart, *corda pulsantia*, resemble the lively din of an office, where all is interest and all is anxiety. The stomach is the steward, and lays up what is brought into the storehouse of the state. Government officers and princes in the olden time used to lay up large quantities of provisions as a staff in time of dearth, when a hungry people grew troublesome, and could only be appeased by a supply of food. The Japanese officers or feudal lords pursue this course, and often allay a raging tumult by a well-timed bounty. This would not be a bad plan for soothing the repeal-agitators in Ireland. The spleen presides over the "essence of water," because it is the office of the five tastes, and there can be no savour without moisture. It is not only the court where judgment upon things savoury is held, or their merits tried, but extends its jurisdiction to matters of an intellectual kind—it is the seat of that faculty which enables us to feel and discriminate the beauties of poetry, as well as to distinguish between the diffe-

rent condiments which season our food. It corresponds, then, to that region of the brain which craniologists call gustativeness. The large intestine is the office which receives and delivers the ordinances of nature, or the *taou*, inasmuch as the nutriment undergoes such changes as the laws of the universe have prescribed for it. Its companion, the lesser intestine, is an accessory in this work. In Scripture, the heart thinks and the bowels feel; they are the seat of yearning and compassion: with the Chinese, they seem not to occupy any such station in reference to our sentiments. The kidneys, or reins, are the court of authority or power, for wisdom, "which findeth out knowledge of witty inventions," is power. The reins are the court, then, from whence issue all manner of curious arts; they answer to the organ of constructiveness. The Old Testament seems to make these organs the theatre, or rather the secret chamber of consciousness: "My reins chasten me in the night season." There are four other offices mentioned to make up the twelve, but three of these are of a very equivocal character, since Chinese authors give vague and inconsistent hints in reference to their form and situation; but we may pass them over without loss, as they have no share in the intellectual economy, and are said to be mainly concerned in the business of secretion. In the philosophy of modern investigators, the brain is laid out in parcels, like a farm, and each field is expected to yield a particular kind of grain, according to the nature of the soil. In Chinese speculations, the parts which are meritoriously occupied in the maintenance of health are complimented with honourable posts in the commonwealth of thought and passion. I call it a commonwealth, and not a monarchy, because all serve as well as command: the balance of power is held with an even hand while health lasts, and is destroyed only by disease. The brain is regarded as the centre of reflection and feeling among us, and rightly, because we see that the mental capacities are proportioned to the development of the brain in the lower animals. But the different organs which the Chinese philosophy or metaphysics have invited to take an essential part in this business, sympathize through the medium of the nervous system so intimately with the head, that the health of the mind and the health of the body are in a great measure inseparable.—*The Chinese as they Are.*

EVENING ON THE GANGES.

'Tis eve! by Ganges' palm-clad shore
Now lightly sounds the dripping oar,
As slow it breaks, with sparkling gleam,
The molten silver of the stream.
And list! a song, in fitful notes,
Soft o'er the tranquil current floats,

Mingling its cadence, as it dies,
With the lone humzas'* mournful cries;
Sad cries, which, wafted on the gale,
Seem like some pensive spirit's wail:
The mullah's song, ere, toil-oppress'd,
He seeks his nook and evening rest.
Afar Junghera's rocky isle,
Crown'd by the tapering temple's pile.
On rolls the sacred tide its course
Majestic from its mountain-source,
'Midst ice-bound realms, where, cold and lone,
Himaleh rears his snowy throne,
High over realms chaotic hurl'd,
The monarch of the mountain-world;
And, far away, a sheeted throng
Of glittering peaks his state prolong;
Cold, deathlike, mute, on high they stand,
Eternal nature's pageant band.
Receiving homage as it goes,
Onward the mighty current flows,
Dispensing, as with regal hand,
Its bounteous blessings o'er the land.
But ah! too oft its noble tide
By horrid sacrifices dyed,
Whilst bright self-immolating pyres
Shed o'er the stream their flickering fires.
Now from cool groves, whose mellow shades
No prying ray of light invades,
The low, fond cooings of the dove
Tell 'tis the hour of peace and love;
Whilst light-wing'd zephyrs gently play
O'er the Mimosa's quivering spray.
The setting sun its parting gleam
Sheds over Gunga's sacred stream,
Which seems to blush as waning light
Consigns her to the arms of night;
And many a mosque and idol-fane
Reflect the crimson hue of shame,
Which slowly seems to ebb away
The vital tide of dying day.
By yon blue mountain's brow afar
Now twinkles bright the evening star;
Translucent ray! the brightest gem
That decks its glittering diadem.
Now deeper shades invest the shore,
The weary boatman rests his oar,
Glides slowly, that his eye may seek
The shelter of some friendly creek.
Abroad the night winds freely rove,
And countless fire-flies deck the grove.
Swift-wing'd brilliants! gems of light!
Bright jewels of the tropic night,
Than which the diamond of the mine
In richer lustre ne'er could shine!
Now sparkling forth from nook and bay,
Long-scattered fires succeed the day,
And round them, gathering to their meal,
The dusky forms of boatmen steal,
Like wizard demons of the wold,
Who round a pile their orgies hold,
Framing on Scandinavian fell,
Some direful charm or potent spell.
The simple meal dispatch'd, the song
And merry drum the joy prolong;
Or some light jocund tale gives birth
To honest bursts of simple mirth.
At length, the song and story past,
Silence profound succeeds at last,
By every sound unbroken, save
The turtle's splash or rippling wave.
Thus by life's woes and cares oppress'd,
The weary spirit sinks to rest,
And ebon pall and marble tomb
Invest the closing scene with gloom.

Asiatic Journal.

* The humza, or bramin duck. They fly in couples, have a plaintive cry, and are considered emblems of constancy by the natives. They are the Mujnoon and Leila of the stream. The humza is the ensign of the Burman, as was the eagle of the Roman empire.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. MACREADY.*

THE splendid testimonial, raised by the subscriptions of the lovers of the drama and admirers of Mr. Macready, in commemoration of the services rendered by that gentleman, during his management of Covent Garden and Drury-lane theatres, in endeavouring to restore the national drama and to revive the original text of Shakspeare, has just been completed. The testimonial, which is composed of silver, stands about thirteen inches in height, and forms an elaborate and splendid group of figures, and represents Shakspeare on a pedestal, at the base of which is seated a figure of Macready, dressed in the costume of the ancient drama: he is represented as engaged in the restoration of the original text of Shakspeare's plays. He is attended by Thalia and Melpomene. The muse Clio is introduced as recording that restoration. At the back part of the group is Apollo, with numerous attendants, celebrating the praise of Shakspeare. Upon the sides of the base are represented the senate scene in *Othello*; the prologue scene in *Henry the Fifth*; and the senate scene in *Coriolanus*. On the angles are introduced three boys with tablets, in which are represented the storm scene in *Lea*; the meeting of the witches in *Macbeth*; and a scene from the *Tempest*. An inscription plate will also be added, which eulogizes the talents and energy of Mr. Macready, and the services his devotedness to the Shaksperian drama has effected in representing those plays in a pure and classic form.

The Gatherer.

THE Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held on the 23rd of May. Of the two gold medals to which her Majesty's annual donation of fifty guineas is appropriated, the patron's medal was awarded to Dr. E. Robinson, of New York, for his valuable work on Palestine, &c.; and the founder's medal to Captain Jones Ross, R.N., for his researches in the Antarctic regions, in which he had approached the South Pole to within twelve degrees. The accessions to the library since the last year were 360 volumes, and 542 maps and charts, of which latter there were 392 sheets of the great survey of Bavaria, presented by the King of Bavaria. The total receipts of the past year, including the sale of stock to meet the extraordinary demands, were 2590*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.*, and there was a balance in hand of 241*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.*

* It was our intention to have furnished our readers with an engraving of the above, but when permission was asked to take a drawing of it, the request was refused.

Sums realized by the Sale of Sir Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill Effects.—The sale of the Strawberry Hill effects produced, as nearly as we are enabled to draw up from rough results of each day's realization, the subjoined amounts, which probably, on a more accurate calculation, will be found to have drawn a much larger sum of money:

May 4 and 5. The Walpole Cabinet of coins and medals, was sold on these two days, and brought in, together, the sum of . . .	£1004
May 6. Enamels, miniatures, Sevres china, and plate, about	1080
May 7. China and crockery of various orders	700
May 9. Miniatures, gems, snuff-box, relics, &c.	1300
May 10. Portraits of distinguished persons	900
May 11. Antiquities of the Middleton Collection, consisting of gems, missals, and Benvenuto Cellini's silver bell	2160
May 12. This day's sale comprised the decorative furniture, with the rare old Raphael or Faenza ware, and other relics.	1167
May 13. Chiefly the contents of Sir Horace Walpole's china closet, the round waiting-room, Lady Diana Beauclerc's closet; bronzes, and furniture of the library; also of the Holbein chamber, Star-chamber, waiting-room, staircase, and entrance-hall	1182
May 14. This day's sale consisted of the effects of the china-room, with the pictures, drawings, and models of the green closet—there were few articles of note . . .	85
May 16. The valuables in the round tower, the refectory, the entrance, and the armory. . .	1272
May 17. The Portraits of the library, the Holbein chamber, and the great north bedchamber. .	2452
May 18. Sale of Paintings continued	4927
May 19. Sale of Paintings continued	673
May 20. The antique furniture of Horace Walpole's dressing-room, circular drawing-room, the long gallery, &c	2930
May 21. Saturday, last day's sale	850

Total £22,683

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 24.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



SCOTTISH CHURCH, CROWN COURT, LITTLE RUSSELL STREET

Original Communications.

SCOTTISH CHURCH, CROWN COURT, LITTLE RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

THE precise date of the earliest existence of this church is not known; its records extend into the seventeenth century. It is probably the oldest of the Scottish churches in London. In Queen Anne's days, the Rev. George Gordon and the Rev. Patrick Russel were the incumbents. Its present minister is the Rev. John Cumming. Chiefly by his exertions it has been almost rebuilt, according to designs by R. M. Wallace, Esq., on whom it reflects the greatest credit. It is admitted to be a

church, externally and internally, of great beauty. There are only nine hundred seats; but the church is so well attended, that not less than twelve hundred are in it every Sunday. Many of the nobility and gentry, chiefly Scottish, attend Mr. Cumming's ministrations. The music, which is vocal, is peculiarly fine, the choir being admirably organized, and each part scientifically executed. The opening out of the court in which the church is situated will, we understand, soon take place.

THE WOODLANDS.

Come to the woodlands! Summer hath unfurled
His broad green banner to the breathing wind.
Come to the woodlands! leave the ungentle world,
Where foes are numerous—friends are seldom
kind:

Where care's dim arrows ever round are hurled,
Till unto death the wounded heart hath pined.
Come, where wild blossoms shun the sultry heat,
And twining bowers in graceful arches meet:
Where twilight streams o'er nature's shady face,
We'll smile and hearken on thro' many a sylvan
place.

Pleasant a woodland ramble, thro' dim alleys
Winding most strangely to some secret glade,
Where the clear brook, with murmuring music,
sallies

From shade to sunlight, and again to shade,
Luring our footsteps to sweet quiet valleys,
Down slopes of fern, with starry blooms inlaid;
Reaching at times the wood-verge, where the light
Shews, far receding, many a rural height,
Forest, and wold, and flowery pasture ground,
Silver'd with winding streams—with grey hills
belted round.

Here the wild honey-suckles climb, and fold
The gnarled boughs with spires and leafy knots,
And cluster'd blossoms, striped with red and gold,
Bowering the sunshine from the loveliest spots—
Sweet trysting places for young Love—which hold,
Three seasons through, their rich and dewy plots
Of wild wood-flowers, wooing the loitering air
To steal amongst the mossy roots, and bear
Th' upbreathing incense, as it sails away
Between the rustling trees to golden-lighted day.

Unwares we come to some delightful nook
In the close by-paths, where the trees thrust
down

Their knotted roots into the humming brook,
And with their leafy helms and branches brown,
Darken from daylight and night's starry look.
(Till rugged winds crush Autumn's golden
crown.)

The waters rippling thro' the swaling weeds,
Tall bladed sedge, and clumps of dark-plumed
reeds—

Swaying the white-bell'd lilies to and fro,
Like fair-shallops moor'd from noontide's burning
glow.

The sylvan dwellers here lead gentle lives—
Hark! the merle's voice, in a melodious breeze,
Blends with the woodspite's clamour, as he rives
The withering bark; and golden armoured bees,
With murmuring trumpets, sail from woody hives
To the blue arch of heaven, thro' yielding trees;
The lonely pigeon, cooling from her nest,
On the dark pine, upbows her trembling breast
And broadening throat, emblazed with rich-dyed
rings—
Bending her head the while between her fluttering
wings.

The spotted deer, fray'd at approaching sound,
Ceasing to browse the dewy vert, upturn
Their antler'd foreheads suddenly around—
Leap the wild thorns, and 'mongst the towering
fern

Dash from the sight. Along the nut-strewn ground
Sports the brown squirrel, or you now discern
The shrill-voiced vagrant leap from bough to
bough.

And in near meadows, hark! the lowing cow;
The sheep's hoarse bleating, its sharp jangling bell,
And children's joyous whoops ringing o'er hill and
dell.

Soon might the woods seem haunted as of old
With half-veild nymphs and mystic deities—
Such spots of awful beauty we behold,
Where light and shadow battle in the trees,

Whose skyward openings shape noon's streaming
gold

To wondrous semblance (as the eye may please)
Of wreathed staff, and cup, and broad mouthed
horn;

In ancient pageants, by wild Sylvens borne,
When goat-limbed Pan and all his lusty band,
Trampled with horned heels the echoing forest
land.

A sleight of Fancy!—in a moment, lo!

The back-kneed fawns their wildering dances
trace—

Sound the shrill pipe—the trumpet loudening blow,
Starting the brown deer with a sound of chase.
Down the dark aisles the noisy revellers go,
By whispering founts, whence peeps the Naiad's
face

Thro' the rich silver's fall. Green Dryads shed
Leaves and bright blooms to crown the wood-god's
head,

And Grecian girls sing blithely—till the eye
Loses the wild wood-dream—the lessening echoes
die.

Or when the shadows deepen with the night,
And dædal fires on heaven's gray altar blaze;
When the mild South uplifts the crescent's light,
May we descry the moonlight-wakened fays
Trooping from flowery halls—their kirtles bright
Streaming along a hundred forest-ways;
And hear their neighing palfreys sharply dash
The clinking pebbles, and from thickets splash
The steaming dews. When met on mossy lawns,
Treading the dark green rings, till rosy daylight
dawns.

Beautiful woodland! childhood's sweetest hours,
Morning and noon, to evening's starry time,
Have I beguiled amongst its shadowy bowers,
Humming my dreamy thoughts in careless
rhyme,

Blythe as a wild bee booming round the flowers.
Silence and twilight haunting its green clime,
Shed their soft influence on my boyish heart,
Till care grew weary of his blunted dart!
Hope shew'd me Life—a golden Summer's day!
And Joy sung Time to sleep—then stole his scythe
away. JOHN GIBSON.

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LEGEND OF PECOPIN—(concluded.)

Amiable propositions, of an old sage.

WHEN Pecopin recovered, he heard a soft
voice saying, "*Phi sma*," which is Arabian,
and signifies "He is in heaven." Another
person placed his hand on his chest, and
replied, "*Lo, lo, machi mouth*," which means,
"No, no, he is not dead." Pecopin opened
his eyes, and saw an old man and a young
girl kneeling by his side; the countenance
of the former was as dark as night; he had
a long white beard, and was enveloped in a
scarf of green silk. The young girl was of
a copper colour, had large hazel eyes,
lips of coral, and gold rings hanging from
her nose and ears. She was exceedingly
handsome.

Pecopin was no longer by the sea-side.

The blast of hell had blown him into a valley filled with rocks and trees of a strange form. He rose. The old man and the handsome female looked at him affectionately. He approached one of the trees, the leaves contracted, the branches receded, and the flowers, which were pale white, became red. Pecopin recognised the "tree of shame," and concluded that he had left India, and was now in the famed country of Pudiferan.

The old man beckoned to Pecopin, to follow, and in a few minutes all three were seated upon a mat in a cabin built of palm-leaves, the interior of which was filled with precious stones, that shone like a heated furnace. The old man looked at Pecopin, and said in German:—

"My son, I am the man who knows everything, the great Ethiopian lapidary, the *taieb* of the Arabs. I am the first that ever penetrated this desert, thou art the second. I have passed my life in gleaning from nature the science of things, and filling them with the science of the soul. Thanks to me and to my lessons; thanks to the rays which, in this valley of animate stone, of thinking plants, and of wise animals, have fallen for a hundred years from my eyeballs. It was I who pointed out to beasts their true medicine, of which man stands so much in need. Till now I have only had beasts for disciples, but have been long wishing for a man. Thou art come; then be my son. I am old. I will leave thee my cabin, my precious stones, my valley, and my science. Thou shalt marry my daughter, who is called Aissab, and who is good and beautiful. We shall pass our days happily, in picking up diamonds and eating the roots of plants. Be my son."

"Thanks, my venerable seignior," Pecopin said; "I accept with joy your kind offer."

When night came, he made his escape.

The wandering Christian.

To tell all the adventures of Pecopin would be to relate the voyage of the world. At one time he was walking with naked feet on the sea-shore; at another, in sandals, climbing the mountain; now riding upon an ass—afterwards seated on a zebra or an elephant. He lost in the desert, like Jerome Costilla, four of his toes; and, like Mendez Pinto, was sold twenty times. He climbed mountains whose summits were hidden in the clouds, and on approaching their tops vomited blood and phlegm. He came to that island which no one when seeking can find, and which chance only can bring you to it. In Scythia he killed a griffin which the people had long been endeavouring to destroy, in order to possess themselves of the gold of that animal; for

which act they wished to make him their king, but he declined their offer. Amidst all his adventures, all his daring deeds, his miseries and troubles, the brave and faithful Pecopin had only one end in view—to find Germany—to enter Falkenburg with the hope of seeing Bauldour.

He counted with a sad heart the days as they passed, and, on reaching the north of France, found that five years had elapsed since he saw Bauldour. He sat down upon a stone by the road-side; his thoughts wandered to his beloved; something fell upon his hand—he started—it was a tear that had dropped from his cheek.

"Five years," he thought, "is a long time; but I will soon see her now." Then, though his feet were lacerated with the stones and his clothes torn, he proceeded with a light heart on his journey.

After travelling all day among rocks, trying to discover a passage which descended to the Rhine, he arrived at a wood, which, without hesitation, he entered; and after walking for upwards of an hour, found that it led into a ditch. Tired, and dying of hunger and thirst, he sank down upon the grass, lifted his eyes upwards, and perceived a large horn-owl soaring above him. He, in agony of soul, was asking himself where he was, when the sound of some one singing in the distance floated over the evening breeze. Pecopin raised himself on his elbow, listened attentively, and distinguished these words:—

Mon petit lac engendre, en l'ombre qui l'abrite
La riante Amphitrite et le noir Neptune;
Mon humble étang nourrit, sur des monts inconus,
L'empereur Neptune et la reine Amphitrite.
Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants;
Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Pecopin could no longer doubt the sad conviction that crossed his mind. Poor, hungry, and fatigued traveller, he was in the fatal Wood of the Lost Path, which is full of labyrinths, and where the dwarf Roulon is ever seen deceiving the traveller, who, if once within the wood, is never known to leave it.

The voice was that of Roulon; the song was that of the wicked dwarf of the Bois des Pas Perdus.

Pecopin, in despair, threw himself on the ground, crying—"Alas! all is over. I shall never more behold Bauldour."

"You are wrong if you serve me," said some one from behind.

Pecopin looked up, and beheld an old gentleman equipped for the chase. It was not the dwarf Roulon, which circumstance made his heart leap with joy.

"What do you want with me," Pecopin demanded.

"To take thee to Bauldour," replied the old man, smiling.

"When?"

"After you have spent a night in the chase."

"But I am dying with hunger," Pecopin replied. "I am not able to get on horseback."

The old gentleman took a bottle from his pocket, and presented it to Pecopin, who had no sooner swallowed two or three mouthfuls than he felt invigorated, and cried—

"To the chase, with all my heart. But shall I really see Bauldour to-morrow?"

"Before the sun rises you shall be at the gates of Falkenburg."

"Hollo, gentlemen! hollo!" the old man cried. "To the chase!"

On turning round, Pecopin perceived that his companion was humpbacked; and when he walked, he discovered that he was club-footed.

At the call of the old man a host of gentlemen, clothed like princes and mounted like kings, came from a thicket, and ranged themselves round the old gentleman, who seemed to be their master. All were armed with knives or spears; the old man alone having a horn. The night was dark; but suddenly two hundred servants appeared carrying torches.

"*Ebbene*," said the master, "*ubi sunt los perros?*"

This mixture of Italian, Latin, and Spanish was not at all agreeable to Pecopin.

The old man then said with impatience, "The dogs! the dogs!" and in less than a minute a pack came howling and barking to the spot.

Pecopin thought there was something extraordinary in all that he saw, and was beginning to consider whether he should follow in the chase, when the old man addressed him—

"Well, chevalier, what do you think of our dogs?"

"My good sir," Pecopin replied, "to follow such animals we must have wonderful horses."

The old man, without replying, raised the horn to his mouth, and blew it; a noise was heard among the trees, and two magnificent horses, black as jet, appeared.

"Well, seigneur," said the old man, smiling, "which of the two do you prefer?"

Pecopin did not reply, but leaped upon one of them. The old man asked him if he was well saddled, and on being answered in the affirmative, he burst into a fit of laughter, jumped like a tiger upon the other, which trembled fearfully, then began to blow the horn so violently, that Pecopin, deafened with the noise, believed that this singular individual had thunder in his chest.

The danger to which we expose ourselves by getting on a horse that we do not know.

At the sound of the horn a thousand strange lights started up in the forest—strange shadows were seen everywhere, and the words "To the chase," were heard mingling with the barking of the dogs, the neighing of horses, and the shaking of the trees. Pecopin's horse, accompanied by that of the old man, started off at a violent gallop, making every step resound in the rider's brain, as if the horse's hoofs had come in contact with his skull—it was a gallop, rapid, supernatural, which almost deprived him of reason, for he was only sensible to the frightful noise around—the whistling of the wind—the rustling of leaves—the barking and howling of dogs—and the neighing of horses.

Suddenly all was silent; and the sound of the old man's horn was heard in the distance. Pecopin knew not where he was. He looked round, and perceived his reflection in what he thought was the White Lake, then in the Black one; but he saw it as the swallows see theirs when gliding over the surface of a pond. In the midst of this strange course he raised his hand to his talisman, when suddenly he was enveloped in darkness, and his horse began to gallop with renewed fury. At this terrible moment Pecopin commended his soul to God, and his heart to his mistress. He continued for some time thus, flying, as it were, through the air, when the thought struck him that death was preferable to such torment. He tried to throw himself from his horse, but discovered that some iron band held him by the feet.

The distant cries, the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, mingling with the blasts of the old man's horn again resounded frightfully in his ears. The poor chevalier closed his eyes, and resigned himself to his fate. When he opened them, the heat of a tropical night struck his countenance; the roarings of tigers and lions reached his ear; and he saw huge ruins and strange trees. Pecopin was in an Indian forest—he again shut his eyes.

Suddenly his horse stopped, the noise ceased, and all was quiet.

Pecopin, who had remained for some time with his eyes shut, opened them, and found himself before the façade of a sombre and colossal edifice.

The old man's horn resounded through the building, at which the doors of the castle opened violently, as if by a blast of wind, and Pecopin, on his horse, entered a magnificent room, splendidly lighted. He cast his eyes towards the extremity of the hall, and saw a number of guests of strange appearance, seated at table. No one spoke; no one ate; nor did any of them look at

him. There was an empty seat at the head of the table, which indicated that they were waiting their superior's arrival.

Pecopin discovered among this motley group the giant Nimrod, King Mithrobuzane, the tyrant Machanidas, the Roman Consul Æmilius Barbula the Second, Rollo, king of the sea; Zuentibold, the unworthy son of the great Arnolphe, King of Lorraine; Athelstan, King of England; Aigrold, King of Denmark. By the side of Nimrod, Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire was seated, leaning on his elbow.

The old man's horn was again heard, a large door opposite the one by which Pecopin had entered, opened, and innumerable valets appeared, carrying an immense golden plate, in the middle of which was a stag with sixteen horns, roasted and smoking. The old man entered, took his seat; and after observing the grave looks of his guests, burst into a fit of laughter, saying—

"Hombres y mugeres, or ça, vosotros belle signore domini et domine, amigos mios, comént va la besogne."

"You come very late," said one of the guests.

"That is because I had a friend who is fond of hunting; I wished to shew him one of our excursions."

"Yes; but look," Nimrod said, pointing to a little crevice which exposed the break of day.

"Well, we must make haste," the old man said, making a sign to the valets to approach and deposit their load upon the table. Pecopin at this moment drew his sword, sunk his spurs into the sides of his horse, which moved forward, and said with a loud voice—

"Pardieu! whoever ye may be, spectres, demons, or emperors, I forbid you to move, or, by all that is holy, ye shall feel, as well as that old man, the weight of a living cavalier's sword upon the heads of phantoms. I am in the cave of shadows; but I shall do things real and terrible. Thou hast lied, miserable old man. Defend thyself, or by the mass I will cleave thy head, wert thou King Pluto in person."

"What's the matter, my dear sir?" the old man replied, smiling, "you are going to sup with us."

The grimace which accompanied this gracious invitation, exasperated Pecopin, who cried—

"Defend yourself, old villain!—you made me a promise, and you shall pay dearly for breaking it."

"Ho, ho, my worthy friend, I have not done so; you must wait a little."

"Thou promised to take me to Bauldour; thou knowest that she is my betrothed."

"Well, since you will have it—be it so. Bad examples are shewn by males and

females above to those below. The sun and moon are wedded, but they are a disconsolate couple, for they are never together."

"A truce to railery!" Pecopin cried bursting with rage, "or I will exterminate thee and thy demons, and purge thy cavern."

The old man replied, in laughter, "Purge, my friend. Here is the prescription—senna, rhubarb, and Epsom salts."

Pecopin, in fury, levelled a blow at the old man's head, but his horse drew back, trembling. At this moment a gleam of light stole through a crevice, the cock crowed, and all disappeared. Pecopin, on his horse gliding from beneath him, found himself standing, sword in hand, in a ravine near an old castle. Day broke, he lifted his eyes, and leaped with joy. It was the castle of Falkenburg. He sheathed his sword, and was beginning to walk cheerfully towards the manor, when he heard some one say,—

"Well, Chevalier de Sonneck, have I kept my word?"

Pecopin turned round, and saw the little hunchback that he had met in the wood, who in irony asked him if he knew him. Pecopin said that he did, and thanked him for thus bringing him to his Bauldour.

"Wait a little," the old man said. "You were in too great a hurry in accusing me; you are in too great a hurry in returning me thanks. Listen. Thou art my creditor; I owe thee two things—the hump on my back and my club-foot; but I am a good debtor. I found out thy inclinations, and I thought it would be a pity to debar such a good hunter as thou art from partaking in the night chase."

Pecopin involuntarily shuddered, and the devil added,—

"If thou hadst not had thy talisman, I would have taken charge of thee; but I am as well pleased that things have turned out so."

"Tell me, demon," Pecopin said, "is Bauldour dead, or married, or has she taken the veil?"

"No," the demon replied, with a sinister grin.

"She is at Falkenburg, and still loves me?"

"Yes, always."

"In that case," Pecopin said, respiring as if a load had been taken from his chest, "whoever thou art, and whatever may happen, I thank thee."

"Dost thou?" the devil replied. "Then if thou art satisfied, so am I." On saying these words, he disappeared.

Pecopin shrugged his shoulders, and said to himself, smiling,—

"Bauldour lives; she is free, and still loves me. What have I to fear? When I met the demon yesterday evening five years

had expired since I left her, and it is now only a day more."

He approached the castle, recognised with joy each projection of the bridge, and felt happy. The threshold of the house in which our boyish days are spent, like the countenance of an affectionate mother, smiles upon us when returning after a few years' absence, with all the vigour of manhood.

As he was crossing the bridge, he observed a beautiful oak, whose top overlooked the parapet. "That is strange," he said to himself; "there was no tree there." Then he remembered that, two or three weeks before he left, Bauldour and he had amused themselves by throwing acorns at each other, and that at this spot one had fallen into the ditch.

"The devil!" he exclaimed, "an acorn become a tall oak in five years! this is certainly a fertile soil!"

Four birds were perched upon this tree, trying which could make the most noise. Pecopin looked up, and saw a daw, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow; he hurried on—his thoughts were on Bauldour.

He arrived at the staircase, was ascending quickly, when he heard some one laughing behind him, but on turning round could see nothing. He reached the door, in which was the key; his heart beat violently; he listened, and the sound of a wheel struck his ear. Was it that of Bauldour? Pecopin, trembling, turned the key, the door opened, he entered, and beheld an old woman, decrepit and worn down by age, her face covered with a thousand wrinkles, long grey hair, escaping here and there from her cap, her eye-brows white, and gums toothless. This venerable yet frightful object was seated near the window, her eyes fixed upon the wheel at which she was spinning, with the thread betwixt her long thin fingers.

The old lady was apparently very deaf, for notwithstanding the noise that Pecopin made in entering, she did not move. Nevertheless, the chevalier took off his hat, as it becomes a man before a person of advanced age, and, going near her, said—

"Madame, where is Bauldour?"

The old dame lifted her eyes, fixed them on Pecopin; the thread dropped from her trembling hand, she screamed and said with a feeble voice—

"Oh heaven!—Pecopin! What would you? Masses for your troubled soul? or why is it that, being so long dead, your shadow still walks abroad?"

"Pardieu, my good lady," Pecopin replied, in laughter, and speaking very loud, so that if Bauldour was in the next room she might hear him;—"Pardieu, I am not dead! It is not my ghost which stands before you. I am of good solid flesh and bone, and have come back, not to have

masses said for my soul, but for a kiss from my betrothed, whom I love more than ever."

As he finished the last word, the old lady threw herself into his arms. It was Bauldour! The night-chase with the devil had lasted a hundred years.

Pecopin, distracted, left the apartment, ran down stairs, crossed the court, flew to the mountain, and took refuge in the forest of Sonneck. Like a madman, he wandered about the woods all day, and when evening came, seeing that he was approaching the turrets of his own castle, he tore off the rich clothes which the devil had given him and threw them into the torrent of Sonneck. Suddenly, his knees trembled, his hands shook, and to prevent himself from falling, leant against a tree. In Pecopin's excess of grief, he had unconsciously seized the talisman, and threw it, with his clothes, into the torrent. The words of the Sultana's slave proved true. In one minute Pecopin had all the infirmities attendant upon extreme old age. At that moment, he heard a burst of laughter; he looked round, but could see no one.

Pecopin, in pain and dejection, supporting himself on a stick, was returning to his castle, when he perceived a jackdaw, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow, seated on the roof of the out-house. He remembered the words of the old man—"For the young, the blackbird whistles, the magpie chatters, and the crow croaks, the hens cackle, and the doves coo; for the old man, the birds speak." He listened attentively, and the following is the dialogue he heard:—

BLACKBIRD.—Enfin mon beau chasseur, te voilà de retour.

JACKDAW.—Tel qui part pour un an croit partir pour un jour.

CROW.—Tu fis la chasse à l'aigle, au milan, au Vautour.

MAGPIE.—Mieux eût valu la faire au doux oiseau d'amour!

HEN.—Pecopin! Pecopin!

DOVE.—Bauldour! Bauldour! Bauldour!

(To be continued.)

New Books.

The Polytechnic Journal. June, 1842.

THIS number opens with a carefully written article on *Irrigation and Draining*. The writer, in the prosecution of his subject, discovers an intimate acquaintance with those agricultural arts, as practised in different countries; and occasionally he throws out very useful hints to the English landowner. He mentions an improved method of model mapping by Mr. Denton, surveyor, by means of which all kinds of agricultural improvements will be facilitated to a very considerable extent. It shews not only the

undulations of the ground, but all houses, buildings, woods, hedge-rows, mounds, hollows, and water, as well in relief and cavity as in area; distinguishing the state of husbandry of each piece of land, and shewing the direction of the current of all streams and watercourses. With a map of this description, the most extensive operations may be concocted within doors. Next follows a review of the different plans which have been invented for the purpose of consuming smoke. "*The Poniatowsky Gems*:" the intention of this article is to shew the probability of those *gems* being genuine works of antiquity. The critique on the paintings in the British Institution is concluded from the first part, of which we made copious selections. "*Illustrations of Modern History*," by Professor Ferlini, from which we shall quote, we cannot say for the gratification of our readers, but rather that they may know in what state of more than brutal cruelty and debasement some of the human species still live.

DAHRFUR.

"In these deserts there are tribes called Bagarih, which means herdsmen. They are a wandering people, and only remain with their droves of cattle where they find stagnant water or ponds, which they call full. When the waters are exhausted, the tribes wander on in search of withered grass, of which there is always a supply about these deserts, in consequence of the great rains. The people of these tribes never eat the flesh of cattle, but drink the milk, and make butter, which they exchange for corn. They likewise use the butter to rub over their bodies, or, in fact, any other greasy matter, mixed with perfume. This custom is common only to the richer people. The Bagarih who pay tribute to the viceroy, are not liable to be captured; but those who refuse to pay their imposts lose the protection of the government, and have their cattle hunted. Spies, paid by the government, give information of the pasturages where the droves are collected; 300 regular soldiers and 100 magrabins (officers) march in pursuit of the shepherds, whom they reach in about a month. The soldiers endeavour to effect a surprise, generally at day break. The light cavalry break down the strong fences raised by the herdsmen to protect their beasts from the lions at night. An attack is made, and those oxen which do not get clear of the fences become the prey of the soldiers. The whole tribe, dispersed by the firing of guns, find safety in flight, not daring to offer the least resistance, so great is their fear of fire-arms. This hunt brings the Egyptian government at least 4,000 oxen every year, which are distributed through the different villages under the power of the Turks, and then sent in small droves to Cairo; but as there is no water in the desert of Débbé and king-

dom of Dongolah, more than half of these animals perish of thirst. The detachment of soldiers who conduct these droves, pass eight months in the country. Being one day at the house of the Colonel (Rustam Bey, who, after his death, was replaced by Mustapha Bey), where a chief of a free tribe of Bagarih was staying, I asked how it happened that the tribe possessed so large a number of horned cattle, and so small a population. Rustam Bey assured me that the chief then present did not possess fewer than 100,000 head. Persons acquainted with the Turkish government, and the despotism with which it seizes, not only the goods, but the persons of its subjects, will not consider this declaration exaggerated. To this may be added, that many tribes not eating the flesh of their cattle, their market value is not more than two crowns each. It is remarkable that these tribes do not consider this kind of beast an absolute necessity; since they only employ them in husbandry; they are often used as saddle-horses. The government of Cairo sell these oxen to the peasantry of Upper and Lower Egypt, and hence draw considerable sums. The war carried on against unfortunate Africans is accompanied with circumstances of such barbarity and cruelty, that the blacks will not permit any white person to penetrate into the interior of their country, for fear of being taken as slaves. This mistrust is a reason why any imprudent traveller passing through would infallibly meet with a cruel death. The mountains of this solitude are far divided. The blacks have chosen the tops of them to build their villages on, in consequence of the great springs of pure water, which are as abundant there as on the declivity of the hills and high interior plains. The inhabitants of these countries are always naked; they are idolators, and are constantly at war with one another. Each mountain has a different language. They also choose the heights as their abodes, in order the better to defend themselves from the arms of their powerful white neighbours, the Tékétihs, the Dahrfurs, the Solucks, and the Tinkahs. In the caves there exist an anthropophagous tribe, who lead a wandering life in search of captives who then become the prey of these cannibals. . . . In their language slaves are called *bandah-gnam-gnam*. At Curdophan I met with some of these barbarians, who had been made prisoners. I wished to learn from them in what manner they existed on human flesh, and was answered that it was their custom to cut their prisoners little by little, to suck the blood which issued from the wounds, and that they finished their meal by devouring the still palpitating limbs. One of these monsters expressed deep regret at seeing dead bodies buried. He told me that in their country it was not customary to kill one another.

but that their dead were used as food for the living. The Egyptian government hunt these ferocious people thrice every year, in the following manner:—A body of 2,000 soldiers, of the artillery, cavalry, and infantry, is collected and followed by 7,000 camels, laden with water, provisions, and ammunition. Arrived at the foot of the mountains, the first operation is to seize and surround the springs. The old men preferring death to slavery, there are only the children, who, at the end of two or three days, have courage to come and ask for water, without which they can exist no longer. They are taken and placed in the centre of the troop. This expedient always succeeds; for if they attempted, in the first place, to drag them from their caverns, it would be more easy to massacre them than

to carry them away; while, driven by thirst, they deliver themselves to their enemies. Two thousand slaves, out of a population of between seven and eight thousand, are annually obtained by this means. The prisoners are then marked on the left arm with a heated iron brand, bearing the cipher of the viceroy of Egypt; this is to distinguish them from other slaves which do not belong to the government. When dealers buy these captives to take them to Cairo or Mecca, they are marked afresh. The young men fitted for the military service are drafted into it."

Besides various other articles on science and art, there are, as usual, (and what is a valuable part of the journal,) accounts of the proceedings of the different learned societies of London.



CHRIST APPEARING TO SAINT PETER IN THE GARDEN.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

No. VII.

CHRIST APPEARING TO SAINT PETER,
BY ANNIBALE CARACCI.

SAINT PETER is making his escape from Rome to avoid martyrdom, and is met on the Appian way by a vision of Christ. The astonished saint exclaimed, "Lord, where goest thou?" and received the answer, "To Rome, to be crucified a second time, since my disciples fear to attest the truth of my mission with their blood." This made such an impression upon the apostle, that he returned to Rome, where shortly after he suffered martyrdom.

This little picture is admirably executed,

and is decidedly the most finished performance of Annibale. The skill displayed in the figure of Christ—the outstretched arm, the right leg, which seems to have no connection with the canvas—the harmonious tones of the flesh, the aerial perspective, has been long considered pre-eminent. The heads are not equal to the rest; nor is the figure of St. Peter to be compared with that of Christ; but still, throughout there is a general principle of beauty about them, as well as about the landscape in the back-ground.

Annibale Caracci was the son of a tailor, and born at Bologna in the year 1560. His cousin, the well-known Ludovico, instilled into his mind not only the best principles

of the art of painting, but an ambition to reach the utmost perfection in every branch. He studied the works of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paulo Veronese at Venice, and those of Correggio at Parma; and in his early performances displayed proofs of his genius, astonished the ablest artists of his time, and gave rise to the expectation of that excellence which he afterwards attained. The fame of the Caracci family having reached Rome, Cardinal Farnese gave him an invitation to that city, and afterwards employed him to paint the famous gallery that goes by his name, and which immortalized the artist. It had long been Annibale's desire to visit Rome, that he might see the antique statues, the basso-relievos and compositions of Raffael, therefore this invitation was highly acceptable. His visit tended much to change his Bolognese style of design and colouring. There is a similarity of design in all the works of the Caracci family, but Annibale excelled the others in point of boldness and singularity of thought; and there is more profoundness in his designs, his expression more lovely, and his execution firmer. The Farnesian Gallery affords ample proof of his beauty of design, so much so that it often pleases those whose critical judgment prevents them from approving of it. His genius for landscape is observable in all his works; there is not a tree of his which does not breathe something of life. He died, leaving behind him works of intrinsic value and general admiration, in the year 1609.

Miscellaneous.

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF SOVEREIGNS.

WE trust that this is the last time her Majesty's life will be assailed; and whilst we put our trust in the prayers of a whole nation devoted to its Sovereign, and in that Providence which encircles the vicarious power of God upon earth, we should not be wanting in those precautions which a thorough knowledge of the subject immediately suggests.* The ruling propensity of the human mind, when it becomes morbid, is unquestionably (paradoxical as it may appear) an irresistible *entrainment* to that of which we have the greatest horror. The more the human mind gets diseased, the more mankind is subject to yield to the

temptation of crime of corresponding magnitude; thus it happens that even women whose minds are most excitable are seen, after parturition, conjuring their attendants to remove from their reach children they dearly love, that they should not be tempted to kill them; and it very often happens that when this request has not been attended to, infanticide has ensued. If to this feeling be added the temptation of vanity, that stimulus which has caused the thirsting after a posthumous fame, however infamous, which has been the destruction of so many treasures of knowledge, of edifices, palaces, and temples, it forms a combination of attraction a diseased intellect cannot be always expected to resist. To prove that there are always wretched members of society pre-occupied with the commission of this crime we have only to report what was told us by a nobleman of unimpeachable veracity, and whose office made him the inseparable companion, for ten years, of her Majesty, on all occasions of great ceremony. "Never did her Majesty," said our noble informant, "proceed to open or to prorogue Parliament without my receiving, in the morning, two or three letters, warning me that an attempt would be made on our dear Sovereign's life!" What do we conclude? This: that the assassins of sovereigns are, in most cases, mad; that with respect to the Queen, beloved as she is by every party in the State, however violent, they will always be mad, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand. Now, as to precautions, the history of royal assassinations proves irrefragably that the aim of the assassin almost always fails, unless he is determined to sacrifice his life irretrievably to effect his deadly purpose, and unless he is placed in close contact with his royal victim. It is for the same reason that a dagger in the hands of an assassin is more dangerous than any other weapon. Louis Philippe, in spite of innumerable attempts, has been saved through the providential interposition of these circumstances; whilst, a few years since, Louvel felled the Duke de Berri with one blow, armed with a sharp-pointed dagger. Thus did Felton kill the great Duke of Buckingham. Ravallac, jumping on the step of Henry the Fourth's lumbering carriage, in a narrow street, in the same manner murdered Henri le Grand. In a like manner, the fanatic monk killed his bad predecessor, Henry III., and Damien nearly succeeded in his attempt on Louis XV. Poltrot shot the Duke de Guise *à brûle pourpoint*, as Ankerstroom did the lion-hearted Gustavus of Sweden.

Louis Philippe—surrounded by men inured to blood, excited by political passions, of which we are sorry to say, men of no loose morality, both legitimists and republicans, are the abettors—Louis Philippe, we repeat,

* It has been found that the more exemplary and excruciating the punishment, the more numerous the appearance of assassins of kings; ridicule, silence, or the charge of lunacy, being more effective than the severest retribution. It is thus with all species of crime. Capital punishment fails of effect in deterring criminals. The execrable murderer, Good, was far more affected by the idea of being dissected than by the thoughts of execution. But of this more anon.

offers us, in the innumerable attempts upon his life, illustrations by which to guide us. Of all the attempts upon his royal person, barring that of Fieschi—the result of the conspiracy and combined efforts of many persons—a combination which will not be found in this country against our Queen—no attempt had even approximate success but the last made in the Rue de Rivoli at the narrow exit from the Tuilleries. It is in narrow thoroughfares, and at halting places, that these attempts of the murderer's hand can alone succeed. Therefore the first and simplest resource is, on the approach of the Queen, the clearing of such narrow thoroughfares as that of Constitution Hill, and the drawing out of a guard of honour, keeping back the crowd on first starting. There is another etiquette more rigorously observed in all monarchies on the Continent, which is, to have an equerry or a captain of the guards riding on each side of the *portiere* of the royal carriage; keeping pace exactly with the progress of the carriage, whilst, whatever the zeal of her Majesty's attendants, their horses' pace never appears to us timed so as to cover her sacred person.—*Court Journal*.

AN EXHIBITION GOSSIP.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

In a Letter to Monsieur Guillaume, Peintre, a son
Atelier, Rue de Monsieur, Faubourg
St. Germain, Paris.

DEAR GUILLAUME,—Some of the dullest chapters that ever were written in this world—viz., those on the History of Modern Europe, by Russell, begin with an address to some imaginary young friend, to whom the Doctor is supposed to communicate his knowledge. "Dear John," begins he, quite affectionately, "I take up my pen to state that the last of the Carolingians"—or, "Dear John, I am happy to inform you, that the aspect of Europe on the accession of Henry VIII. was so and so." In the same manner, and in your famous "*Lettres à Sophie*," the history of the heathen gods and goddesses is communicated to some possible young lady; and this simple plan has, no doubt, been adopted because the authors wished to convey their information with the utmost simplicity possible, and in a free, easy, honest, confidential sort of a way.

This, (as usual), dear Guillaume, has nothing to do with the subject in hand; but I have ventured to place a little gossip concerning the Exhibition, under an envelop inscribed with your respectable name, because I have no right to adopt the editorial *we*, and so implicate a host of illustrious authors, who give their names and aid to Mr. Ainsworth's Magazine, in opinions that are very likely not worth sixpence; and

because that simple upright I, which often seems egotistical and presuming, is, I fancy, less affected and pert than "we" often is. "I" is merely an individual; whereas, "we," is clearly somebody else. "I," merely expresses an opinion; whereas, "we," at once lays down the law.

Pardon, then, the continued use of the personal pronoun, as I am sure, my dear friend, you will; because as you do not understand a word of English, how possibly can you quarrel with my style?

We have often had great battles together on the subject of our respective schools of art; and having seen the two Exhibitions, I am glad to be able to say that ours is the best *this* year, at least, though, perhaps, for many years past you have had the superiority. We have more good pictures in our 1400, than you in your 3000; among the good, we have more *very* good, than you have this year, (none nobler and better than the drawings of M. Decamps); and though there are no such large canvases and ambitious subjects as cover the walls of your salon, I think our painters have more first-class pictures in their humble way.

They wisely, I think, avoid those great historical "parades" which cover so much space in the Louvre. A young man has sometimes a fit of what is called "historical painting;" comes out with a great canvas, disposed in the regular six-feet heroical order; and having probably half ruined himself in the painting of his piece, which nobody (let us be thankful for it!) buys, curses the decayed state of taste in the country, and falls to portrait-painting, or takes small natural subjects, in which the world can sympathize, and with which he is best able to grapple. We have no government museums like yours to furnish;—no galleries in chief towns of departments to adorn;—no painted chapels, requiring fresh supplies of saints and martyrs, which your artists do to order. Art is a matter of private enterprise here, like everything else: and our painters must suit the small rooms of their customers, and supply them with such subjects as are likely to please them. If you were to make me a present of half a cartoon, or a prophet by Michael Angelo, or a Spanish martyrdom, I would turn the picture against the wall. Such great things are only good for great edifices, and to be seen occasionally;—we want pleasant pictures, that we can live with—something that shall be lively, pleasing or tender, or sublime, if you will, but only of a moderate-sized sublimity. Confess, if you had to live in a huge room with the Last Judgment at one end of it, and the Death of Ananias at the other, would not you be afraid to remain alone—or, at any rate, long for a comfortable bare wall? The world produces, now and then, one of the great daring geniuses

who make those tremendous works of art; but they come only seldom—and Heaven be thanked for it! We have had one in our country—John Milton by name. Honestly confess now, was there not a fervour in your youth when you had a plan of an epic, or at least, of an heroic Michael-Angelesque picture? The sublime rage fades as one grows older and cooler; and so the good, sensible, honest English painters, for the most part, content themselves with doing no more than they can.

But though we have no heroical canvases, it is not to be inferred that we do not cultivate a humbler sort of high art; and you painters of religious subjects know, from the very subjects which you are called upon to draw, that humility may be even more sublime than greatness. For instance, there is in almost everything Mr. Eastlake does (in spite of a little feebleness of hand and primeness of mannerism), a purity which is to us quite angelical, so that we can't look at one of his pictures without being touched and purified by it. Mr. Mulready has an art, too, which is not inferior, and though he commonly takes, like the before-mentioned gentleman, some very simple, homely subject to illustrate, manages to affect and delight one, as much as painter can. Mr. Mulready calls his picture, "The Ford;" Mr. Eastlake styles his, "Sisters." The "Sisters" are two young ladies looking over a balcony; "The Ford" is a stream, through which some boys are carrying a girl: and how is a critic to describe the beauty in such subjects as these? It would be easy to say these pictures are exquisitely drawn, beautifully coloured, and so forth; but that is not the reason of their beauty: on the contrary, any man who has a mind may find fault with the drawing and colouring of both. Well, there is a charm about them seemingly independent of drawing and colouring; and what is it? There's no foot rule that I know of to measure it; and the very wisest lecturer on art might define and define, and be not a whit nearer the truth. I can't tell you why I like to hear a blackbird sing; it is certainly not so clever as a piping bullfinch.

I always begin with the works of these gentlemen, and look at them ofttest and longest; but that is only a simple expression of individual taste, and by no means an attempt at laying down the law, upon a subject which is quite out of the limits of all legislation. A better critic might possibly, (I say "possibly," not as regards the correctness of my own opinion, but the unquestionable merit of the two admirable artists above named;) another critic will possibly have other objects for admiration, and if such a person were to say, Pause—before you award pre-eminence to this artist or that, pause—for instance, look at those

two Leslies, can anything in point of *esprit* and feeling surpass them?—indeed the other critic would give very sound advice. Nothing can be finer than the comedy of the Scene from Twelfth Night, more joyous, frank, manly, laughter-moving;—or more tender, and grave, and naïf, than the picture of Queen Catherine and her attendant. The great beauty of these pieces is the total absence of affectation. The figures are in perfectly quiet, simple positions, looking as if they were not the least aware of the spectator's presence, (a rare quality in pictures, as I think, of which little dramas, the actors like those upon the living stage, have a great love of "striking an attitude," and are always on the look-out for the applause of the lookers-on,) whereas Mr. Leslie's excellent little troop of comedians know their art so perfectly, that it becomes the very image of nature, and the best nature, too. Some painters (skilled in the depicting of such knickknacks) overpower their pieces with "properties"—guitars, old armours, flower-jugs, curtains, and what not. The very chairs and tables in the picture of Queen Catherine have a noble, simple arrangement about them; they look sad and stately, and cast great dreary shadows—they will lighten up a little, doubtless, when the girl begins to sing.

You and I have been in the habit of accusing one of the cleverest painters of the country of want of poetry: no other than Mr. Edwin Landseer, who, with his marvellous power of hand, a sort of aristocrat among painters, has seemed to say—I care for my dog and my gun; I'm an English country gentleman, and poetry is beneath me. He has made us laugh sometimes, when he is in the mood, with his admirable humour, but has held off as it were from poetic subjects, as a man would do who was addressing himself in a fine ball-room to a party of fine people, who would stare if any such subjects were broached. I don't care to own that in former years those dogs, those birds, deer, wild-ducks, and so forth, were painted to such a pitch of desperate perfection, as to make me quite angry—elegant, beautiful, well-appointed, perfect models for grace and manner; they were like some of our English dandies that one sees, and who never can be brought to pass the limits of a certain polite smile, and decorous, sensible insipidity. The more one sees them, the more vexed one grows, for, be hanged to them, there is no earthly fault to find with them. This, to be sure, is begging the question, and you may not be disposed to allow either the correctness of the simile, or that dandies are insipid, or that field-sports, or pictures thereof, can possibly be tedious; but, at any rate, it is a comfort to see that a man of genius who

is a poet *will* be one sometimes, and here are a couple of noble poetical pieces from Mr. Landseer's pencil. The "Otter and Trout" has something awful about it; the hunted stag, panting through the water and startling up the wild-fowl, is a beautiful and touching poem. Oh, that these two pictures, and a few more of different English artists, could be carried across the Channel—say when Mr. Partridge's portrait of the Queen goes, to act as a counterpoise to that work!

A few Etties might likewise be put into the same box, and a few delightful golden landscapes of Callcott. To these I would add Mr. MacIise's "Hamlet," about whose faults and merits there have been some loud controversies; but in every Exhibition for the last five years, if you saw a crowd before a picture, it was sure to be before his; and with all the faults people found, no one could go away without a sort of wonder at the prodigious talent of this gentleman. Sometimes it was mere wonder; in the present Exhibition it is wonder and pleasure too; and his picture of Hamlet is by far the best, to my thinking, that the artist has ever produced. If, for the credit of Old England, (and I hereby humbly beg Mr. MacIise to listen to the suggestion,) it could be transported to the walls of your salon, it would shew French artists, who are accustomed to sneer at the drawing of the English school, that we have a man whose power of drawing is greater than that of any artist among you,—of any artist that ever lived, I should like to venture to say. An artist, possessing this vast power of hand, often wastes it—as Paganini did, for instance—in capricious, and extravagances, and brilliant feats of skill, as if defying the world to come and cope with him. The picture of the play in "Hamlet" is a great deal more, and is a noble poetic delineation of the awful story. Here I am obliged to repeat, for the tenth time in this letter, how vain it is to attempt to describe such works by means of pen and ink. Fancy Hamlet, ungartered, lying on the ground, looking into the very soul of King Claudius, who writhes under the play of Gonzago. Fancy the Queen, perplexed and sad, (she does not know of the murder,) and poor Ophelia, and Polonius, with his staff, pottering over the tragedy; and Horatio, and all sorts of knights and ladies, looking wondering on. Fancy, in the little theatre, the king asleep; a lamp in front casts a huge forked fantastic shadow over the scene—a shadow that looks like a horrible devil in the background that is grinning and aping the murder. Fancy ghastly flickering tapestries of Cain and Abel on the walls, and all this painted with the utmost force, truth, and dexterity—fancy all this, and then you will have not the least idea of one of the most startling,

wonderful pictures that the English school has ever produced.

Mr. MacIise may be said to be at the head of the young men; and though you and I, my dear Guillaume, are both old, and while others are perpetually deploring the past, I think it is a consolation to see that the present is better, and to argue that the future will be better still. You did not give up David without a pang, and still think Baron Gérard a very wonderful fellow. I can remember once, when Westall seemed really worth looking at, when a huge black exaggeration of Northcote or Opie struck me as mighty fine, and Mr. West seemed a most worthy President of our Academy. Confess now that the race who succeeded them did better than they; and indeed the young men, if I may be permitted to hint such a thing, do better still—not better than individuals—for Eastlake, Mulready, Etty, Leslie, are exhibitors of twenty years' standing, and the young men may live a thousand years and never surpass them; but a finer taste is more general among them than existed some thirty years back, and a purer, humbler, truer love of nature. Have you seen the "Deserted Village" of the "Etching Club?" What charming feeling and purity is there among most of the designs of these young painters, and what a credit are they to the English school!

The designers of the "Etching Club" seem to form a little knot or circle among themselves; and though the names of Cope, Redgrave, Herbert, Stone, have hardly reached you as yet in France, they will be heard of some day even there, where your clever people, who can appreciate all sorts of art, will not fail to admire the quiet, thoughtful, pious, delicate feeling which characterizes the works of this charming little school. All Mr. Cope's pictures, though somewhat feeble in hand, are beautifully tender and graceful. "The Hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade, for talking age and whispering lovers made," is a beautiful picture for colour, sentiment, and composition. The old people, properly garrulous, talking of old times, or the crops, or the Doctor's sermon; the lovers—a charming pair—loving with all their souls, kind, hearty, and tender. The Schoolmaster of one of his other pictures is an excellent awful portrait of Goldsmith's pedagogue. Mr. Redgrave's "Cinderella" is very pleasant, his landscape beautiful. Mr. Stone's "Advice" is full of tender sentiment, and contains some frank, excellent painting; but how rapid all such comments appear, and how can you, on the banks of the Seine, understand from these sort of vague, unsatisfactory praises, what are the merits or demerits of the pieces spoken about!

We have here a delightful, *naïf* artist,

Mr. Webster by name, who has taken little boys under his protection, and paints them in the most charming comic way—in that best sort of comedy, which makes one doubt whether to laugh or to cry. His largest picture this year represents two boys bound for school. Breakfast is hurried over,) a horrid early breakfast;) the trunk is packed; papa is pulling on his boots; there is the coach coming down the hill, and the guard blowing his pitiless horn. All the little girls are gathered round their brothers: the elder is munching a biscuit, and determined to be a man; but the younger, whom the little sister of all has got hold of by the hand, can't bear the parting, and is crying his eyes out.

I quarrel with Mr. Webster for making one laugh at the boy, and giving him a comic face. I say no man who has experienced it, has a right to laugh at such a sorrow. Did you ever, in France, look out for the diligence that was to take you to school, and hear a fatal conducteur blowing his horn as you waited by the hill side—as you waited with the poor mother, turning her eyes away—and slowly got off the old pony, which you were not to see for six months—for a century—for a thousand miserable years again? Oh, that first night at school! those bitter, bitter tears at night, as you lay awake in the silence, poor little lonely boy, yearning after love and home. Life has sorrows enough, God knows, but, I swear, none like that! I was thinking about all this as I looked at Mr. Webster's picture, and behold! it turned itself into an avenue of lime-trees, and a certain old stile that led to a stubble-field; and it was evening, about the 14th of September, and after dinner, (how that *last* glass of wine used to choke and burn in the throat!) and presently, a mile off, you heard, horribly distinct, the whirring of the well-known Defiance coach wheels. It was up in a moment—the trunk on the roof; and—bah! from that day I can't bear to see mothers and children parting.

This, to be sure, is beside the subject; but pray let Mr. Webster change the face of his boy.

Letters (except from young ladies to one another) are not allowed to go beyond a certain decent length; hence, though I may have a fancy to speak to you of many score of other good pictures, out of the fourteen hundred here exhibited, there are numbers which we must pass over without any notice whatever. It is hard to pass by Mr. Richmond's beautiful water-colour figures, without a word concerning them; or Mr. Charles Landseer's capital picture of "Ladies and Cavaliers;" or not to have at least half a page to spare, in order to make an onslaught upon

Mr. Chalon and his ogling beauties: he has a portrait of Mdlle. Rachel, quite curious for its cleverness and unlikeliness, and one of the most chaste and refined of our actresses, Mrs. Charles Kean, who is represented as a killing coquette; and so Mr. Kean may be thankful that the portrait does not in the least resemble his lady.

There is scarce any need to say that the oil portrait-painters maintain their usual reputation and excellence: Mr. Briggs, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. Grant, shew some excellent canvases: the latter's ladies are beautiful, and his "Lord Cardigan" a fine painting and portrait; Mr. Briggs' "Archbishop" is a noble head and picture; Mr. Pickersgill has, among others, a full-length of a Navy Captain, very fine; Mr. Linnell's portraits are very fine; and Mr. S. Lawrence has one (the Attorney General), excellently drawn, and fine in character. This year's picture of her Majesty is intended for *your* Majesty, Louis Philippe—perhaps the French court might have had a more favourable representation of the Queen. There is only one "Duke of Wellington" that I have remarked—(indeed it must be a weary task to the good-natured and simple old nobleman to give up to artists the use of his brave face, as he is so often called upon to do)—at present he appears in a group of red-coated brethren in arms, called the "Heroes of Waterloo." The picture, from the quantity of requisite vermilion, was most difficult to treat, but is cleverly managed, and the likeness very good. All the warriors assembled are smiling, to a man; and in the back-ground is a picture of Napoleon, who is smiling too—and this is surely too great a stretch of good nature.

What can I say of the Napoleon of Mr. Turner? called (with frightful satire) the "Exile and the *Rock-limpet*." He stands in the midst of a scarlet tornado, looking at least forty feet high.

Ah! says the mysterious poet, from whom Mr. Turner loves to quote,—

"Ah! thy tent-formed shell is like
The soldier's nightly bivouac, alone
Amidst a sea of blood —
— but you can join your comrades."
FALLACIES OF HOPE.

These remarkable lines entirely explain the meaning of the picture; another piece is described by lines from the same poem, in a metre more regular:—

"The midnight-torch gleam'd o'er the steamer's
side
And merit's corse was yielded to the tide."

When the pictures are re-hung, as sometimes I believe is the case, it might perhaps be as well to turn these upside down, and see how they would look *then*; the Campo Santo of Venice, when examined closely, is scarcely less mysterious; at a little distance,

however, it is a most brilliant, airy, and beautiful picture. O for the old days, before Mr. Turner had lighted on "The Fallacies," and could see like other people!

Other landscape-painters, not so romantic, are, as usual, excellent. You know Mr. Stanfield and Mr. Roberts, in France, as well as we do: I wish one day you could see the hearty, fresh English landscapes of Lee and Creswick, where you can almost see the dew on the fresh grass, and trace the ripple of the water, and the whispering in the foliage of the cool, wholesome wind.

* * * * *

There is not an inch more room in the paper; and a great deal that was to be said about the Water-colour Societies and Suffolk-street must remain unsaid for ever and ever. But I wish you could see a drawing by Miss Setchel, in the Junior Water-colour Society, and a dozen by Mr. Absolon, which are delightful in grace and expression, and in tender, pathetic humour.

M. A. T.
Ainsworth's Magazine.

AUSTRALIA.

ACCOUNTS from Sydney to the 29th of January mention, in glowing terms, the celebration there of the fifty-fourth anniversary of the foundation of that colony. "Never (observes the 'Australian' newspaper) did a brighter, a more splendid morning usher in the celebration of national festivities, even in this 'land of bright sunshine and of cloudless sky.'

"The shops were, for the most part, closed, and the gay appearance of the inhabitants who thronged the streets in their holiday attire, and with bright holiday faces, gave full assurance that, for the day at least, enjoyment and pleasure were to supersede the ordinary concerns and business of life.

"From the tops of the public offices and of many private establishments, banners gaily illustrative of various orders and devices flaunted gaudily in the breeze; whilst on going down to the water-side, the view was truly exhilarating and picturesque in the extreme,—the magnificent harbour, with its countless bays and islands, its verdant shores and glittering waters, where the flags of 'all the nations' were gathered in proud array; the graceful ships, with their spars and rigging in trim order, and gaily dressed out in their colours, forming, in many instances, varied coronals from the bowsprit to the taffarel.

"Gliding about in all directions might be seen thousands of boats, from the silent course of the tiny skiff to the noisy rush and smoky track of the restless steamer. The little white sails, as they filled before

the breeze, glittering in the sun, like the wings of the sea-bird, whilst the white foam of the waters broke over their bows, as they dashed forward in the trials of speed with which they beguiled their anticipations of the coming contests of the regatta.

"Rising in its splendour, the new government house looked majestically over the scene, and waving from its towers, the royal banner, 'the meteor flag of England,' streamed proudly, to the homage of which all this glorious 'pomp and circumstance' was but a sign and token. The scene, the throng of boats, the sunny sky, and their bright associations, carried us back to those glorious records of Venetian splendour, when the city of the 'hundred isles' was—

" 'The pleasant place of all festivity;
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy,'

and truly never did Italian sky beam more gloriously in its cloudless blue, on eyes 'that only shamed its beaming,' than did the heaven of Australia shine on the fair array of loveliness which was gathered together yesterday."

In a previous number, the "Australian" bids the colonists to be of good cheer, and to recollect that the elements of wealth are as abundant amongst them as at any former time, "that new territories in the interior have been opened up to the energies of the settlers, that, under the Divine blessing, far more than an average harvest has been ensured, and above all, that twenty thousand additional free people have landed upon our shores, whose productive industry cannot but soon make itself felt in the creation of additional wealth, and therefore, in promoting a return of legitimate confidence; that these twenty thousand souls have been instrumental in pouring into the colony much actual capital, and will be beneficial, inasmuch as they create as many new, though private, ties of interest between us and the mother country.

"It should also be favourably borne in mind that many internal improvements can be pointed out as having been effected since the last anniversary. Many churches and chapels have sprung up in the desert, and there is reason to believe that the voice of religion has not been uplifted in vain. In Sydney, buildings are advancing rapidly. The community has benefited by the praiseworthy perseverance of the Gas Company, and their indefatigable secretary, and since the last anniversary, we have gas-lit streets in our metropolis. A steam ferry is also on the eve of completion, which will closely connect the capital with the populous suburb of Balmain and the north shore. Our streets are crowded with drays, bringing down the largest clip of wool which has ever been grown, and our banks will be compelled to lower their rates of interest."

ESTONIAN PEASANTRY AT CHURCH.

HAVING thus seen the Estonian peasant in his home state, our next view of him was in a congregated mass; this occurred upon occasion of our first visit to the village church, about five miles from our superb dwelling, and of which, with rare exception, they are the exclusive monopolizers. Here we found the peasants' sledges standing in double rows as thick along the road as the carriages before the Opera-house at a morning concert; and entering through a dense crowd, smelling strongly of their sheep-skin habiliments and the smoky atmosphere in which they live, we mounted a gallery to a pew reserved for the family, whence we looked down upon a platform of human heads of every variety of rich blondes and browns—blacks there were but few, and greys none at all; though of wrinkles, failing limbs, and other signs of age, there was a premature profusion. The service, which was in Estonian, had commenced, and after the first careless wonder with which you listen to a new language subsided, my eyes busied themselves with what was around them.

The men were all on one side, their long hair, untouched by scissors since their birth, divided down the centre of the head and flowing on their shoulders; the women on the other, with high helmet-shaped caps of every variety of bright colour—their gay ribbons and bright locks streaming promiscuously from beneath; or sometimes all this lowly vanity covered with a white handkerchief, which, disposed in a band across the forehead, and falling in ample folds down the cheeks, ennobled many a homely set of features. Beauty there was but little: here and there a young rosy cheek and bright eye shot through the crowd, but the generality were plain rather than ugly. The first impression on the mind of this dense crowd of attentive poor was almost painful. Our Saviour's audiences were only the poor; and amongst the silent, listening throng who stood, each leaning with clasped hands upon his foremost neighbour's shoulder—here and there a child held aloft above the crush of limbs, while a row of sick and decrepit beings, ugly, abject, yet venerable, lying on mattresses in every picturesque form, occupied the centre, and Hebrew-draped heads and apostolic countenances crowded around—you missed only the divine aspect from this ready-made and most touching picture. The women were chiefly in sheepskins or wolfskins, with gay bands round their waists,—the men in the same, or in a coarse brown cloth with rows of silver buttons down the breast. The scene was enlivened by the presence of a bride—in other words a *fiancée*—who, at the publication of her

bans, has the enviable privilege of appearing before the public in every rag and ribbon which it ever entered the head of any Estonian Madge Wildfire to desire, being literally loaded with all the ribbons, handkerchiefs, and petticoats which herself or her neighbours can muster; only the outer edge of each, in the insolence of her wealth, being visible, till the bride looks like the walking pattern-book of the *kirch spiel*, or parish, and the admiring swain views at one glance both his companion and her wardrobe for life. But the head is more particularly the centre of attraction;—the helmet-shaped cap on these occasions being stuck full of flowers, ribbons, scraps of tailor's cabbage, peacock's feathers, and, in short, all the sweepings of the baron's mansion, like an over-garnished shape of blancmange; while the young lady, oppressed alike by her feelings and her finery, keeps every tag in a perpetual quiver, and hardly dares to lift up her heated countenance from her panoply of garments.

The service, to our ideas, was by no means impressive, being little more than a succession of monotonous psalm-singing in a minor key sustained by the congregation; after which the clergyman, a spare-looking gentleman with a very long nose, and, I should be inclined to think, a very cold one,—for the churches are not heated, and the thermometer kept its average of ten degrees of Fahrenheit,—delivered a sermon, leaning with Knox-like energy over the edge of the pulpit, and at the full stretch of his voice; for the congregation, who otherwise were devotion itself, and would not have disturbed him by a whisper, took no account of coughs, sneezes, blowing noses without the aid of pocket-handkerchiefs, and other little noises, including now and then a stout squall from a baby, and as loud a hush from the mother, till the preacher's voice was sometimes drowned. The church itself was a heavy ancient building, with simply groined roof, gay bedizened altar, and whitewashed walls behung with tin urns and armorial bearings. Before the conclusion of the sermon a contribution was levied with long pole and bag at end, as elsewhere, into which kopecks of all weights and sizes tumbled; upon which the clergyman retreated to the altar, and, facing the audience, chanted a few sentences in a high key. This was the signal for dismissal: the solid mass stirred, and broke up into hundreds of fragments—the reeking church was abandoned—each recognised his own little sledge and horse among multitudes which seemed cast in the same mould—poles stuck—rope-reins entangled—bells jingled—and voices scolded and laughed alternately; and in five minutes the whole congregation were scouring away across the country.—*Letters from the Baltic.*

The Gatherer.

A Secret for a Farmer's Wife.—While the milking of your cows is going on, let your pans be placed in a kettle of boiling water. Strain the milk into one of the pans taken hot from the kettle, and cover the same with another of the hot pans, and proceed in like manner with the whole mess of milk, and you will find that you will have double the quantity of good rich cream, and get double the quantity of sweet and delicious butter.—Try it.

What's in a Name?—A gentleman, whose notions of politeness and refinement were carried to such excess that he could scarcely ever be induced to address another person without having been previously introduced, *pro forma*, or at least informed the name of the party he addressed, was sitting one evening last month in the commercial room of an hotel in Kendal, silently reading the news, when a traveller, enveloped in sundry comfortables and great coats, entered the same apartment; and, as is the wont of many travellers and others, just off a journey, established himself at once as fire-screen before the mantel-piece. The original inmate of the room, after enduring for some time the deprivation of heat with evident impatience—seeing how frequently he tried to catch a peep at the grate from behind the ample folds of the stranger's wrappers,—at length ventured to accost the intruder. "Will you tell me your name, sir?" "What's that to you, sir?" replied the fire-screen, with the grace and somewhat of the growl of a bear. The uneasy sitter bit his lips, and resumed reading. A few minutes only had elapsed, however, ere he again inquired, "Will you oblige me with your name, sir?" The answer on this occasion was more brief than the first, and just as courteous—"I shall not." The reader was a perfect stoic. He was incapable of deeming anything an insult from a man to whom he had not been introduced, and whose very name he did not know. He quietly continued his reading, therefore, for another two or three minutes; when rising, he exclaimed, with marked solemnity, and a dash of desperate determination in his manner—"So you positively refuse to give me your name, however important to yourself the information I wish to impart to you?" Screen, upon this, thinking his tormentor might really wish to make some communication to him, muttered, "I think you exceedingly impertinent, sir; but my name, if a knowledge of it will gratify you, is Brown, sir." "Then, Mr. Brown," said Placid, "your coat has been on fire these five minutes!—that's all."—*Kendal Mercury.*

The Moon Uninhabited.—An old lady, who had been reading the famous moon story very attentively, remarked with emphasis, that the idea of the moon's being inhabited was too incredible to believe; "for," said she, "what becomes of the people in the new moon when there is nothing left of it but a little streak?"

Comparative Duration of Life.—Mr. Farr, the registrar-general, has ascertained from the census returns, that the mean duration of life in the two districts—towns and rural places—differs by nearly 17 years, the average of life being 55 years in the country and only 38 in the towns. The density of the population in the country districts referred to, compared to that in the towns, is as 10 to 242: the mortality as 100 to 144.

Sculptured Marbles.—Her Majesty's ship the "Monarch," has sailed from the Piræus of Athens to the mouth of the river Xanthus, to remove from the valley of the same name the sculptured marbles, which she will convey to Malta, *en route* for England, when they will be deposited in the British Museum.

Singular Will.—Mr. William Falkous, late of Gateshead, draper, who died in July last, by his will, proved at Durham on the 21st ult., bequeaths 7410*l.* in legacies, varying from 10*l.* to 300*l.*, to "industrious and upright professional men, tradesmen, and others," in all 101; some of whom, he remarks, he had observed contending with difficulties, and yet preserving their integrity. To one legatee he bequeaths 50*l.* as a token of his esteem for him in closing his shop on the Sabbath, which shop had been kept open by the previous occupier.—*Durham Advertiser.*

A new mode of setting up Types for Printing.—The invention of arranging and setting up of types for printing consists in a novel construction of machine, in which printing types, being placed in a certain order, may be severally selected and brought together for the formation of words and sentences, by striking keys with the finger, in a similar manner to playing upon an organ.

When one man says that another man thinks properly, it will generally be found that the two think alike.

Man was never intended to be idle. Inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation; whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue, and the greatest preservative of health.—*Buchan.*

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 167, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

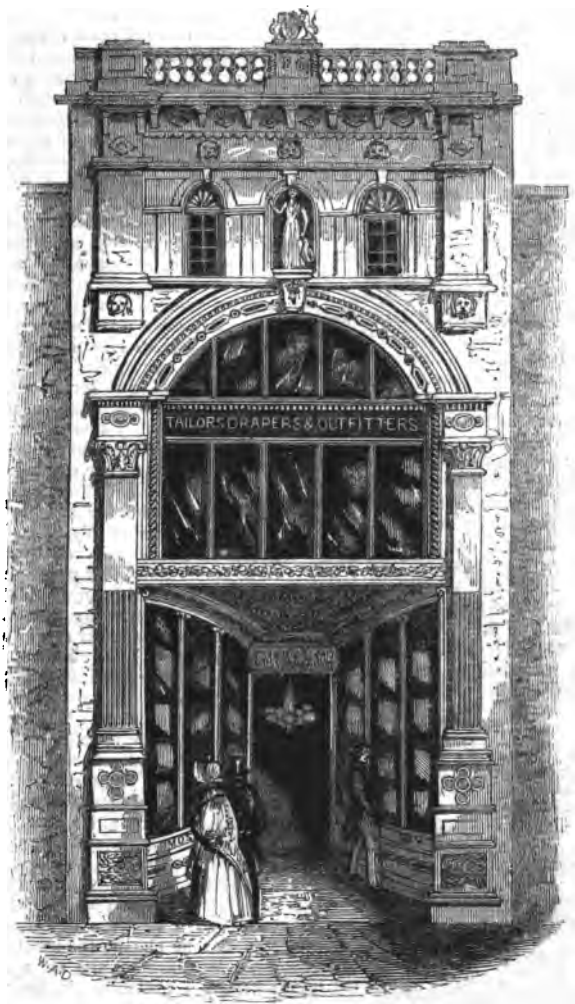
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 25.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.]



VOL. XXXIX.

B B

[No. 1116.]

Original Communications.

SHOPS OF LONDON.

PHILOSOPHERS affirm that man is ever on the change, that there is not a day that passes over his head which does not bring its mutation. If so, another thing is certain, that we, the humble gleaner of facts, the "dipper in every stream," as a worthy contemporary styles us, have, in our *recherche* to give our country readers a knowledge of what is going on here, discovered that the metropolis is somewhat like man, constantly changing, for scarcely a day elapses without some alteration in its general feature. Old houses, like man, disappear, and new ones take their places.

These improvements are chiefly confined to the shops of the haberdasher, woollen-draper, and wine, or rather *gin* merchant; and from east to west, from north to south, they are rapidly assuming a new form, so much so, indeed, that in the course of a few years there will not be one that has not undergone a thorough metamorphosis.

The engraving prefixed to this article will give our readers an idea of the improvement that has taken place in the premises of Moses and Son, 154, Minorities, and 86, Aldgate, and which has excited the curiosity of the people of the west as well as those of the east, for we observed a number of both gazing at the superb façade. The height of the shop front, from the floor to the top of the glass in the large arch, is thirty-one feet; to the top of the arch, thirty-four; and to that of the parapet, fifty-one. It is purposed to place the royal arms on the latter. The interior partakes of the same style of architecture, which is Italian, and presents a very imposing appearance. The first floor is magnificently fitted up with numerous mirrors, and rich bold fittings of mahogany, and serves as a show-room.

Mr. Hopkins, of 2, Percy-street, Bedford-square, was the architect, for whose kindness in forwarding the intelligence required respecting the building we return thanks.

JUNE.

THE tender fruits unfolding to the sun,
To drink its beams, and hve their vital power,
Delightful May, her Spring-time mission done,
Marries with June, and seeks their Summer
bower.

Now, the laburnums flaunt their golden chains,
Plants, shrubs, and trees, in varying hues are
bright;

The cuckoo's note re-echoes through the plains;

The nightingale keeps musical the night;

The bee is roving, humming as he goes

O'er full-blown peonies in crimson pride,

Where waves, in fragrant pomp, the garden rose,

White as her robes, or blushing as the bride!

THE grasses are in flower; and now, the heats
Urge to the bubbling rills, and spread the new-
mown sweets.

J. JONES.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

No. VII.

(Continued from p. 354.)

THE use of the liniment, varied according to the symptoms produced, must be persevered in for some time: a little operation, the patient can soon learn how to perform for himself.

The throat should be examined; and it should be ascertained whether the patient be occasionally, or has been, affected with disease in that part, the nature of which should be taken into consideration in prescribing a gargle, to be used while lying in a horizontal posture; for it often occurs that although there be no obstruction in the Eustachian tubes occasioned by mucus or pus, yet the guttural orifices are tumefied, and their calibre contracted, through the extension to them of disease of the throat; and the due quantity of air to the cavity beneath the drum not being supplied, the diminution of the sense of hearing is increased through that cause, independent of the state of the auditory passage. Yet, without paying any attention to, or regarding, the inflammatory state of these parts, the catheterism of the Eustachian tube is often proceeded with by some of these experimentalists; and not only intense pain, but more serious results, are produced. An unfortunate example of this occurred in the person of a sister of Mr. Wodehouse, M.P., who died, in consequence of erysipelas in her throat, so very speedily after the above operation as to leave no doubt on the minds of her relatives of her death being attributable to that cause alone. My impression is, from what I have been informed by a member of the family, that her deafness might have been relieved by *safe* methods of treatment, and that passing a catheter in her case was highly injudicious.

If patients labouring under this class of obscure deafness suffer from vertigo, gentle medicine must be advised, and persevered in for some time; and if the case be extreme, the loss of blood by leeches or cupping must be resorted to. Noises in the head and ears are symptoms that indicate habitual constipation, and other dyspeptic derangement, for the relief of which the above treatment, aided by strict attention to diet and exercise, can alone prove available.

The late Sir Astley Cooper told me that about 1798 or 99 he sent a paper to the Royal Society, relative to his method of forming an opinion whether the Eustachian tubes were or were not obstructed; and this was by closing the mouth, holding the nose, and forcing the air up those tubes, whereby a motion would be experienced in the drum of the ear, if the tubes were not obstructed.

Persons who hear better in a coach, or during the continuance of any loud sound, find also a temporary increase of the sense of hearing by the action above described; but a frequent repetition of it permanently injures the sense, as also does the taking of snuff, which causes the party to blow the nose violently, sending thereby the whole force of the lungs against the internal side of the membrana tympani, and causing incurable relaxation of it. A strong reason is afforded from this fact in condemnation of the method of allowing a large volume of condensed air to be propelled up the Eustachian tubes, as is now the practice of the French and Germans, and their imitators; fortunately, however, for patients, in nine cases out of ten it does not enter those passages at all, but is expended more harmlessly in the throat, though even there it has occasioned serious injury.

Count Orloff in 1813 advised Mr. Grosvenor, of Oxford, who was very deaf, to fill his mouth with tobacco-smoke, and, closing the nose and mouth, endeavour to force the smoke into these guttural conduits leading to the middle ear. Mr. Grosvenor at first thought he derived benefit, but died totally deaf, as it was reasonable to suppose he must do, from the relaxation thus occasioned of the drum.

The same method was used by Mr. Lacam, who formerly constructed a harbour at Calcutta; and he died by too forcibly making the attempt, thereby rupturing a blood-vessel in the head.

Sir Astley Cooper suggested that if a watch be placed against the upper teeth and it be heard, the case was to be considered favourable, and still more so if heard when applied to the lower teeth; the difference between the two is that the first is continuous solid bone, while the latter is intersected by a joint, although the anastomosis of the nerves going to both upper and under teeth is similar. W. WRIGHT.

(To be continued.)

AUTHORESSES VERSUS AUTHORS.

BY A LADY.

THOUGH not about to put lance in rest, and join the combat à l'outrance of woman against her master, still there is one point on which we would claim the sex's superiority; it is this—that women succeed better than men in portraying the female character in novels and romances. In abler hands than ours, the point for which we would contend would doubtless give rise to much discussion, but, at present, we will but string together a few thoughts which have suggested themselves after the perusal of most of the popular fictions of the day.

Education in the first place, and action afterwards, most indubitably give men greater scope for the development, and greater opportunity for the display, of mental power. Classical descriptions and allusions, the struggles and the turbulence of life, in short, the world and its actors, appear in bolder outlines and more truthful colouring when sketched by a master's hand; but since novels treat more of the world within than of that without, above all of that world, imaginary or otherwise, "created and denized by love," in which women are all powerful, and intuitively all-wise, it is here that we venture to assert, and shall endeavour to prove, the superiority of authoresses over their male competitors. Most authors fail in giving a consistent description of the sentiments and actions of their heroines; they either make them tragedy queens, or, when they mean to depict innocence, lo! an ignorant, an almost idiotic being appears. It was reserved for Shakspeare alone to make his good women pass through life—

"From spot, from blemish ever free,
With purity's white mantle o'er them."

Purity of sentiment and of principle is surely a more ennobling and effectual safeguard than the imbecile rapidity purposely bestowed upon the Camillas, the Violas, and the Fannys. Perhaps, of all Bulwer's delineations of female character, his most successful has been "Nina," in *Rienzi*; the longings of her lofty mind, in search of a master-spirit on which to repose, and the respect and love, nay, almost worship, which she lavishes on her idol, when discovered, are most true to nature; still the conception is faulty. Nina di Raselli should not have indulged in frivolous discussions about her rival's dress with a mere waiting-maid, nor exulted so pointedly over the humiliation of her husband's fallen adversaries; the very excess of such a woman's pride would have prevented this. Dickens, inimitable as he is in most things, has, as yet, totally failed in the description of his heroines; in spite of their usual concomitants of youth and beauty, the Kate Nicklebys of his tales excite less interest in the reader's mind than many of his subordinate dramatic personæ, grotesque and (save where there is a touch here and there of the nobility of nature) vulgar as they seem. Sir Walter Scott, with the candour of a great mind, conscious that it can afford to be humble, acknowledged his failure, and the difficulty he found in creating "a spirit, yet a woman too."

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Most readers turn with indifference from Rose Bradwardine, Julia Manwaring, and a dozen others. Diana Vernon is an uncommon, but not an unnatural character, acting in an uncommon situation. Rebecca is exalted by the very force of circumstances into a heroine; her stage for display was large, her audience numerous, her admirers many—there was a kind of excitement to sustain her through her trials and sorrows; but Jeannie Deans is decidedly the female *chef d'œuvre* of Scott. What but the pen of genius could have arrested so much attention for one gifted neither with beauty, rank, talent, nor youth? What did "Jeannie Deans do?" was once asked of us. "She merely walked to London." And "what did Columbus do?" was our retort; "he merely crossed the Atlantic." It is the power of moral rectitude that Scott has in this instance so successfully portrayed. With this and a few other exceptions we are, on the whole, dissatisfied with the portraits of female characters by authors, and venture to suggest that authoresses generally succeed better in the delineation of their heroines. This superiority arises from the very inferiority of their powers of mind. They are weaker, more flexible, and can more easily throw aside their own nature, and be, for the time, all they would describe. They have more fully experienced, and can therefore better depict, that strength in weakness, that virtue in wickedness, in the description of which men so constantly fail; in short, from the silent but deep study of one or two hearts, with Love, and Grief, and Hope, for her preceptors, a woman frequently becomes more competent to pronounce on character, and lay bare the secret springs of action, than men in education and experience vastly her superiors.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

"THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

LETTER XXI.

BINGEN.

Sept. 15.

THIS is an exceedingly pretty place, having at once the sombre look of an ancient town, and the cheering aspect of a new one. From the days of Consul Drusus to those of the emperor Charlemagne, from Charlemagne to Archbishop Willigis, from Willigis to the merchant Montemagno, and

from Montemagno to the visionary Holyhausen, the town gradually increased in the number of its houses, as the dew gathers drop by drop in the cup of a lily. Excuse this comparison; for though flowery, it has truth to back it, and faithfully illustrates the mode in which a town near the conflux of two rivers is constructed. The irregularity of the houses, in fact everything, tends to make Bingen a kind of antithesis, both with respect to buildings and the scenery which surrounds them. The town, bounded on the left by the Nahue, and by the Rhine on the right, develops itself in a triangular form near a gothic church, which is backed by a Roman citadel. In this citadel, which bears the date of the first century, and has long been the haunt of bandits, there is a garden; and in the church, which is of the fifteenth century, is the tomb of Barthelemy de Holzhausen. In the direction of Mayence, the famed Paradise Plain opens upon the Ringau; and in that of Coblenz, the dark mountains of Leyen seem to frown on the surrounding scenery. Here nature smiles, like a lovely woman extended unadorned on the green sward; there, like a slumbering giant, it excites a feeling of awe.

The more we examine this beautiful place, the more the antithesis is multiplied under our looks and thoughts. It assumes a thousand different forms; and as the Nahue flows through the arches of the stone bridge, upon the parapet of which the lion of Hesse turns its back to the eagle of Prussia, the green arm of the Rhine seizes suddenly the fair and indolent stream, and plunges it into the Bingerloch.

To sit down towards the evening on the summit of the Klopp, to see the town at its base, with an immense horizon on all sides; to see the mountains overshadow all, the slated roofs smoking, the shadows lengthening, and the scenery breathing to life the verses of Virgil; to respire at once the wind which rustles the leaves, the breeze of the flood, and the gale of the mountain, is an exquisite and inexpressible pleasure, full of secret enjoyment, which is veiled by the grandeur of the spectacle, by the intensity of contemplation. At the windows of the huts, young women, their eyes fixed upon their work, are gaily singing among the weeds that grow round the ruins; the birds whistle and pair; barks are crossing the river, and the sound of the oars splashing in the water, and the unfurling of sails, reach our ears. The washerwomen of the Rhine spread their clothes on the bushes; and those of Nahue, their feet and legs naked, beat their linen upon floating rafts, and laugh at some poor artist as he sketches Ehrenfels.

The sun sets, night comes on, the slated roofs of the houses appear as one, the

mountains seem to congregate, and take the aspect of an immense dark body; and the washerwomen, bundles on their heads, return cheerfully to their cabins: the noise subsides, the voices are hushed; a faint light, resembling the reflection of the other world upon the wan countenance of a dying man, is for a short time observable on the Ehrenfels, then all is dark, except the tower of Hatto, which, though scarcely seen in day, makes its appearance at night, amidst a light smoke, and the reverberations of the forge.

A few days ago I was seated on the platform of Klopp, and in a reverie, had allowed my thoughts to wander at freedom. Suddenly, a small sky-light window under my feet was opened, and I perceived a young girl at the window, then heard, in a clear rich voice, the following stanza, sung to a slow and plaintive air:—

"Plas mi cavalier frances
E la dona catalana
E l'onraz del ginooes
E la court de castelana
Lou cantatz provencales
E la danza trevisana
E lou corps aragones
La mans a kara d'angles,
E lou donzel de Toscana."

I immediately recognised the joyful verses of Frederick Barberousse. It would be impossible for me to describe the effect they had upon me when heard in this ancient ruin, in the midst of obscurity; that song of the emperor, sung by a young girl; these Roman verses, accented by a German tongue; that gaiety of by-gone times changed into melancholy; that ray of the Crusades piercing the shadow of the present, and throwing its light upon me,—poor bewildered dreamer.

Since I have spoken of the music which I heard upon the Rhine, why not mention that which I heard when at Bachernach. Several students, seated upon the trunk of a tree, sang to German words that admirable air in "Quasimode," which is the most beautiful and most original in Made-moiselle Bertin's opera. The future, doubt it not; my friend, will render justice to that remarkable opera, which on its appearance was unfairly attacked and unjustly dealt with. The public, too often duped by ungenerous criticisms, by the malice of rivalry, with respect to works of genius, will think for itself, and will one day admire that soft and profound music, so pathetic and powerful, at moments melancholy yet pleasing—music, so to speak, where, in each note, is mixed that which is most tender and most grave—the heart of a lady and the mind of a sage. Germany has already rendered her justice, France will soon follow her example.

As I care little about what are termed local curiosities, I must admit that I did not

see the miraculous horn, nor the nuptial bed, nor the iron chair of old Broemser. To make amends, I visited the square dungeon of Rudesheim, the manor, Roman caves, and saw lanterns of the thirteenth century, and numerous sepulchral urns.

In the room where I was accustomed to dine at Bingen, I saw two individuals seated at opposite tables. There was such a contrast, both in their appearance and in their repast, that it could not fail to excite attention. The one was a huge Bavarian major, who spoke a little French, and who allowed dish after dish to be taken away without scarcely touching any of them; the other was a poor looking devil, seated before a plate of choucroûte, who, after having eaten this meagre pittance, finished his dinner by devouring with his eyes the respective loaded plates of his neighbour. The words of Albancourt struck me forcibly when looking at that living parable:—

"*La Providence met volontiers l'argent d'un côté et l'appétit de l'autre.*"

The poor fellow was a young *savant*, pale, grave, and melancholy. It was said that he was in love with one of the servants of the auberge, which is rather strange, for to me a *savant* in love is a problem. How is it possible that the studies, the dull experiments, and minute observations which compose the life of a sage, can agree with the hope, disappointment, jealousy, rage, and loss of time which attend the tender passion. Imagine how Doctor Huxham could have loved, who in his excellent treaty "*De ære et morbis Epidemicis*," has told, month after month, the quantity of rain that fell at Plymouth during the period of twenty-two years. Imagine Romeo looking through a microscope, and counting the seventeen thousand *facettes* of the eye of a fly, Don Juan, with an apron on, analyzing the *paratar trovinate* of potash, and Othello, in a stooping posture, looking for *gaillonelles* in the fossils of China.

However, in spite of all laws, this poor devil was in love. At times he spoke French, which was far superior to the major's, and his address was more gentlemanly, yet he had not a stiver. Sometimes my young *savant* drank, during the hours at table d'hôte, a bottle of small beer, while his eye surveyed in envy the opening and shutting mouths of the inmates of the hotel Victoria. The society here was rather mixed, and not at all harmonious. At the end of the table was an old English dame, and by her side three pretty children; she was apparently a governess or an aunt, whose consequential airs raised in my heart a feeling of sympathy for the pretty little ones. The major was seated near her, to whom, for *politesse*, he addressed his conversation, at one time describing an en-

gement, at another telling that he was going to Baden, because "everybody went there." On his right hand was an advocate, and next to the advocate was an old man, whose thin grey hair and reverential mien had that mild appearance which a near approach to the grave gives, and which cites in every look the beautiful verses of Homer. In front of the old gentleman was my young sage, who, in French, spoke pompously of the "*harrangues*" that were brought from the sea. To me "*harens*" (herrings) would be more likely to come from such a quarter.

One day I invited him to dine with me, which invitation was cordially accepted, the more so, perhaps, because the poor fellow had not breakfasted. We chatted a little, took a walk, and afterwards visited the Island of Rats, which pleased my companion very much; for a good dinner, a gratuitous sail, and a chit-chat with the worthy blacksmiths, were things which were not of an everyday occurrence with him. Such were my adventures at Bingen.

LETTER XXIII.

MAYENCE.

September.

MAYENCE and Frankfort, like Versailles and Paris, may, at the present time, be called one town. In the middle age, there was a distance of eight leagues between them, which was then considered a long journey; now, an hour and a quarter will suffice to transport you from one to the other. The buildings of Frankfort and Mayence, like those of Liege, have been devastated by modern good taste, and old and venerable edifices are rapidly disappearing, giving place to frightful groups of white houses; I expected to see at Mayence, Martinsburgh, which, up to the seventeenth century, was the feudal residence of the ecclesiastical electors, but the French made an hospital of it, which was afterwards razed to the ground to make room for the *Porte Franc*: the merchants' hotel, built in 1317 by the famed league, and which was splendidly decorated with the statues of seven electors, and surmounted by two colossal figures, bearing the crown of the empire, also shared the same fate. Mayence, however, though plunged into the *renaissance*, possesses that which marks its antiquity—a venerable cathedral, which was commenced in 978, and finished in 1009. Part of this superb structure was burnt in 1190, and since that period has, from century to century, undergone some change.

I explored its interior, and was struck with awe on beholding innumerable tombs, bearing dates as far back as the eighth century. Under the galleries of the cloister, I observed an obscure monument, a bas relief

of the fourteenth century, and tried, in vain, to guess the enigma. On one side are two men in chains, wildness in their looks, and despair in their attitudes; on the other, an emperor, accompanied by a bishop, and surrounded by a crowd of people, triumphing. Is it Barberousse? Is it Louis of Bavaria? Does it speak of the revolt of 1160, or of the war between Mayence and Frankfort, in 1332? I could not tell, and therefore passed by.

As I was leaving the galleries I discovered, in the shade, a sculptured head half-protruding from the wall, surmounted by a crown of flower-work, similar to that worn by the kings of the eleventh century. I looked—it was a mild countenance; yet it possessed something of severity in it—one of those faces imprinted with that august beauty which the workings of a great mind give to the countenance of man. The hand of some peasant had chalked the name *Frauenlob* above it, and I instantly remembered the Tasso of Mayence, so calumniated during his life, so venerated after his death. When Henry Frauenlob died, which was in the year 1318, the females who had insulted him in life carried his coffin to the tomb, which procession is chiselled on the tomb-stone beneath. I again looked at that noble head. The sculptor had left the eyes open; and thus, in that church of sepulchres—in that resting-place of kings and of bishops—in that cloister of the dead, the poet alone sees; he only is represented standing, and observing all.

The market-place, which is by the side of the cathedral, has rather an amusing and pleasing aspect. In the middle is a pretty triangular fountain of the German *renaissance*, which, besides bearing sceptres, nymphs, cornucopias, angels, dauphins, and mermaids, serves as a pedestal to the Virgin Mary. Upon one of the faces is the following pentametre:—

"Albertus princeps civibus ipse suis."

This fountain was erected by Albert de Brandebourg, who reigned in 1540, in honour of Charles the Fifth capturing Francis the First.

Mayence, white though it be, retains its ancient aspect of a mercantile city. The



river here is not less crowded with sails, the town not less enumbered with bales, nor less free from bustle, than formerly. People walk, speak, push, sell, buy, sing, and cry; in fact, in all quarters of the town, in every house, life seems to predominate. At night the buzz and noise cease, and nothing is heard at Mayence but the murmurings of the Rhine and the everlasting noise of seventeen water-mills, which are fixed to the piles of the bridge of Charlemagne.

LETTER XXIV.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE.

Mayence, September.

I ARRIVED at Frankfort on a Saturday, and after walking for some time in search of the beauties of my old favourite town, I came to a singular street, with two long ranges of high, sombre, and sinister-looking houses, clinging to each other as it were with terror. Not a door was open, not a window that was not secured with iron gratings. There was no singing, no merry voices; no—a dismal silence reigned over all. One or two men passed who looked at me with an air of suspicion and discontent, and through the bars of iron of the third floor windows I observed several females, whose countenances were of a brown colour, and who looked, as with stealth, to see who was passing. I was in the street of the Jews; it was their Sabbath.

At Frankfort there are still Jews and Christians—true Christians who despise the Jews, and Jews who hate the Christians.

Perhaps in no town in the world are there so many statues and figures about the streets as there are at Frankfort. Whichever way we turn, statues of all epochs, of all styles, and of all sexes, are sure to meet the eye; horned satyrs, nymphs, dwarfs, giants, sphinx, dragons, devils—in fact, an unfortunate world of supernatural beings are to be seen there.

One of the curiosities of Frankfort is the slaughterhouse. It is impossible to see older and blacker houses decorated with more splendid legs of mutton and loins of beef. Gluttonous and jovial-looking figures are curiously sculptured upon the façades, and the openings of the ground-floors seem like huge mouths ready to devour innumerable cattle, either living or dead. The blood-bedaubed butcher chats freely with the rosy-cheeked *bouchères* under garlands of gigots, and before a red stream, on which two fountains are playing, that runs smoking through the middle of the street. When I was there, frightful cries were heard in all directions: it was a massacre of sucking-pigs that was taking place. Servants, with baskets on their arms, were laughing amidst the general uproar, and casting amorous looks towards some stal-

worth youth with knife in hand ready to obey the demands of his customers: here, some bargaining; there, others quarrelling. A butcher passed, carrying a sucking-pig by the hind legs, which I would have purchased had I known what to do with it. The poor little creature squeaked not; it was ignorant of its pending fate, and knew not what was about to take place. A pretty little girl, about four years of age, was looking at it with compassion; and seemed to beseech me with her soft eyes to purchase the little thing, and save it from immediate death. I did not do what that charming eye told me; I disobeyed her demand, so sweetly expressed: but I reproached myself afterwards for not gratifying the wishes of that innocent child.

(To be continued.)

New Books.

Pen and Pencil Sketches in Poitiers and Angoulême, with some Remarks on Early Architecture. By George Godwin, jun., F.R.S., &c.

THIS pamphlet of twenty pages, which is a reprint from "The Civil Engineer and Architects' Journal," proves its author to be a man of talent. His knowledge of architectural antiquities and general history is both extensive and accurate, and his thoughts and impressions he communicates in a lucid style; he is, moreover, a graphic and pleasing describer of external scenery. With these qualifications, and as he is not ashamed of publishing in a cheap form, Mr. Godwin is just the person we should like to see engaged in an architectural tour throughout France, the more interesting parts of Germany, the North of Italy, and the Southern departments of Spain. But we would recommend paper of larger dimensions than that of the book before us, in order that more space could be given to his pencil sketches.

Poems: by the Rev. Adam Nelson, M.A.

THIS little work is divided into three parts:—first, the Lot of Mortality, Death; in which are delineated the character and death of the Roué, the Miser, the Unfortunate (Female), the Christian, in well-managed blank verse. Second, the Pilgrim's Rest, the Grave; under which general head the grave of the Widow, of the Beggar, and of the Murderer, form separate tales, written also in blank verse. The remaining portion, Early Flowers, are miscellaneous poems, in a variety of measure.

The author has acquired the power of versifying harmoniously, in the most difficult of all measure, blank verse; and an apparent facility, at least, in the expression

of his ideas; he has, therefore, no excuse for allowing such a line as the following to remain uncanceled, which has more of negligence in it than bad taste:—

"And wasting sorrow puts on extra mourning."

The author has chosen subjects that are too trite either to interest his reader or to raise himself into anything like originality, or even individuality of conception. When his mind has become more expanded by study and observation, and, we may add, more humanized,—for he has dealt too much on the darker side of the question, to suit the taste of any but the more dismal of religionists,—we expect some good will come out of him, for his present work is a very creditable first attempt at authorship. We quote the following lines as a sample of Mr. Nelson's powers; they conclude the first part. The words in italics are for the author's attention.

"My muse must cease her song; the circling sun
Hath quenched his blazing orbit in the main—
Sweet, gentle sleep! I court thy soothing aid;
Deny not slumber to my wearied soul;
Darkness has spread her heavy dragon wings
O'er half the slumbering world—yon mystic orbs,
If such they be, that sway with potent arm
Fate's iron rod, majestically stern,
Tread the vast circuit of the vaulted sky,
Fixing the destinies of states, and kings—
How swift they roll; their harmony how sweet;
Angels, and mighty cherubim alone
Can hear the godlike sounds, which, sweeter far
Than well-tuned melodies, in ceaseless song
Is hymn'd, in adoration, to their King—
But who is she, that comes out of the east,
With silent steps, and majesty of mien,
Arrayed in garments of a fairer hue
Than wears the bride upon her bridal day,
A thousand brilliants glittering in her train?
'Tis Luna, fairest daughter of the skies,
Sent on her mission by the god of day,
To cheer us in night's lone and lingering hours,
When gloomy shades stalk silently abroad—
See, how she mounts the very heights of heaven,
Claiming a right to be sole empress there;
How pale, how beautiful, how passing grand;
With boundless hand she clothes the darken'd
world
In a pure garment of her silvery rays;
She gives a lustre to the snow-clad mount;
Lights up the valley, dark with hanging woods,
Smiles on the wave by zephyrs gently driven,
And lures the wandering soul of man to heaven."

We may as well say a word or two on what we have set in italics. Sleep, being only a condition of the body, we cannot ask its aid; it ought to have been personified. *Their harmony &c.*; we should not speak positively of what is immediately afterwards asserted that we can know nothing of; the thought ought to have been expressed hypothetically—what is last marked in italics is too prosaic.

A Tabular View of the Classification of Organized Bodies, after Cuvier and Decandolle, by W. B. Tegetmeier. Darton and Clark.

THIS work consists of a large sheet, shewing the division of the animal kingdom into

sub-kingdoms, classes, and orders, as arranged by Cuvier; and the division of the vegetable into classes according to the natural system of Decandolle. A woodcut of some characteristic example in each class and order is given, and a number of notes explaining the distinguishing characters of each division are appended. To students of natural history, and in schools, this sheet will prove exceedingly useful. As a specimen of the work, we subjoin the illustrations and notes to the class of birds.

BIRDS.—Six Orders.

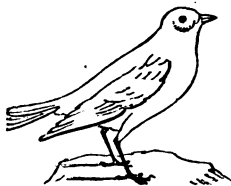
BIRDS, the second class of vertebrate animals are hatched from eggs—they breathe air by means of lungs; this air is not confined to the chest, but passes into various cavities throughout the body, even to the interior of the bones, thus rendering the whole animal exceedingly light. They are covered with feathers, and are warm-blooded, even to a greater degree than Mammals. Their anterior limbs are formed for flight, and are never used for grasping objects; the jaws are destitute of teeth, and are covered with a horny substance which forms the beak. They are arranged in six orders:—

I. *Raptores*, Birds of Prey.



RAPTORES, or *Accipitres*, Birds of Prey. They possess a very muscular body, a strong curved and sharp-pointed beak, and armed with strong crooked talons. They all feed on the flesh of animals, and have a powerful and rapid flight. They are either diurnal, seeking their prey in the day-time, as Eagles, Hawks, and Vultures; or nocturnal, as the Owls.

II. *Passerina*, Sparrow-like.



INSESSORES, or *Perchers*, also named *Passerina*, or Sparrow-like birds. This order includes a vast number of birds that

do not possess the characters of any other ; it includes almost all the smaller birds and the song birds. The birds composing it have the legs slender and short, and the feet formed for perching. They are arranged in several tribes. Some have a strong conical beak, as the Finches, Crows, and others ; these feed on both insects and vegetables. Others have a beak slightly notched near the point ; these live almost entirely on insects ; such are the Shrikes, the Thrushes, and the Warblers. A third group of Perchers have a short broad beak, remarkable for the wideness of its gape ; these chiefly live on insects, which they capture on the wing ; the Swallows, Martins, Swifts, and Goat-suckers are common examples. The last group of Perchers are distinguished by their long and slender beaks and tongues, with which they extract honey from flowers ; such are the Humming-birds, the Honey-suckers, &c.

III. *Scansores*, Climbers.



SCANSORES, or Climbing birds, have feet with two toes behind and two before. This structure gives them great facility in climbing the branches of trees. From the peculiar structure of the feet they are also called Yoke-footed birds, *Zogodactyli*. Includes the Parrots, Woodpeckers, Cuckoos, and others.

IV. *Gallinæ*, Poultry.



GALLINÆ. This order includes all birds resembling poultry. They are distinguished by the arched shape of the upper bill, by their bulky bodies, with short wings, by their strong legs, and feet with stout blunt claws, formed for scratching. Their food consists of grains and seeds, and they are furnished with an extremely powerful gizzard to grind down their food. The order, which is also termed *Rasores*, or the Scratchers, includes our common poultry, Partridges, Peacocks, Quails, Grouse, and Pigeons.

V. *Gralle*, Stilt-birds.



GRALLE, Stilt-birds, or Waders, are readily known by their long and naked legs. They generally frequent shallow waters, and live on fish, insects, worms, &c. ; such are the Herons, the Snipes, the Plovers, &c. The Ostrich, and a few other birds resembling it, were placed by Cuvier in this order, but they differ so much, that many naturalists place them apart as a distinct order, termed *Cursores*, or the Coursers ; distinguished by their wings being in a rudimentary condition, and not adapted for flight, and by their strong robust legs.

VI. *Palmipedes*, Web-footed.



PALMIPEDES, or Web-footed birds, also called *Natatores*, or Swimmers, are readily distinguished by their toes being united by a membrane or web ; their legs are short and placed far behind, hence their gait on land is awkward ; their plumage is dense and oily, so as to resist the water, and they are coated with warm down next the skin. The order includes the Ducks, Geese, and Swans, the various diving-birds, Auks, Pelicans, Gulls, &c.

Miscellaneous.

THE EMPIRE OF WOMEN.

THAT the female character may have its just influence, it is necessary that the female character should be respected. When woman is valued only as subservient to the animal pleasures of man, or to the multiplication of his race, there may be as much fondness as is involved in sensual profligacy ; there might be a dreadful mixture of momentary tenderness with habitual tyranny and servility ; but this is not love, and therefore not the moral influence of love—not that equal and reciprocal communication of sentiments and wishes,

"When thought meets thought, ere from the lips
it start,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the
heart."

"The empire of women," says an eloquent foreigner, "is not theirs because men have willed it, but because it is the will of nature. Miserable must be the age in which this empire is lost, and in which the judgments of women are counted as nothing by man. Every people in the ancient world that can be said to have had morals, has respected the sex,—Sparta, Germany, Rome. At Rome, the exploits of the victorious generals were honoured by the grateful voices of the *women*; on every public calamity, *their* tears were a public offering to the gods. In either case, their vows and their sorrows were thus consecrated as the most solemn judgments of the state. It is to them that all the great revolutions of the republic are to be traced. By a woman, Rome acquired liberty,—by a woman, the plebeians acquired the consulate,—by a woman, finished the decemviral tyranny,—by *women*, when the city was trembling with a vindictive exile at its gates, it was saved from that destruction which no other influence could avert. To *our* eyes, indeed, accustomed to find in everything some cause or pretence for mockery, a procession of this sort might seem to present only a subject of derision; and, in the altered state of manners of our capitals, some cause of such a feeling might perhaps truly be found in the different aspect of the procession itself. But compose it of Roman women, and you will have the eyes of every Volscian, and the heart of Coriolanus."

In the whole progress of life, in its permanent connexions, and even in the casual intercourse of society, so much of conduct must have relation to the other sex, and be regulated, in a great measure, by the views which we have been led to form with respect to them, that there is scarcely a subject on which just views seem to me of so much importance to a young and ingenuous mind. In such a mind, a respect for the excellences of woman is, in its practical consequences, almost another form of respect for virtue itself.

In estimating the character of the other sex, we are too apt to measure ourselves with them only in those respects in which we arrogate an indisputable superiority, and to forget the circumstances from which chiefly that superiority is derived, if even there be as great a superiority as we suppose, in the respects in which we may, perhaps falsely, lay claim to it. We think, in such an estimate, not so much of the peculiar merits which they possess, as of peculiar merits which we flatter ourselves with the belief of possessing. We forget those

tender virtues, which are so lovely in themselves, and to which we owe half the virtues of which we boast. We forget the *compassion*, which is so ready to soothe our sorrows, and without which, perhaps, to awaken and direct our pity to others, we should scarcely have known that the relief of misery was one of our duties, or rather one of the noblest privileges of our nature. We forget the *patience*, which bears so well every grief but those which ourselves occasion, and which feels these deepest sorrows with intenser suffering, only from that value above all other possessions which is attached to our regard. We forget those intellectual graces which are the chief embellishment of our life, and which, shedding over it at once a gaiety and a tenderness which nothing else could diffuse, soften down the asperities of our harsher intellect. But, forgetting all these excellences which are the excellences of others, we are far from forgetting the scholastic acquisitions of languages or science, which seem to us doubly important, because they are our own—acquisitions that, in some distinguished instances, indeed, may confer glory on the nature that is capable of them, but they, in many cases, leave no other effect on the mind than a *pride of sex*, which the inadequacy of these supposed means of paramount distinction should rather have converted into respect for those who, almost without study, or, at least, with far humbler opportunities, have learned from their *own hearts* what is virtuous, and from their *own genius* whatever is most important to be known.

Even with respect to those studies which we have reserved almost as an exclusive privilege of our sex, we should remember that the privation, on the part of woman, is a sacrifice that is made to a system of general manners, which, whether truly essential or not, we have at least chosen to regard as essential to our happiness. We impose on them duties, that are, perhaps, incompatible with severe study—we require of them the highest excellence in many elegant arts, to excel in which, if we too were to attempt it, would be the labour of half our life—we require of them even the charm of a sort of delicate ignorance, as if ignorance itself were a grace; and then, with most inconsistent severity, we affect to regard them with contempt, because they have fulfilled the very duties imposed on them, and have charmed us with all the excellences, and perhaps, too, with some of the defects, which we required. If they err, in being as ignorant of the choral prosody of the Greeks, and of the fluxionary calculus of the moderns, as the greater number even of the well-educated of our own sex, let us at least allow them the privilege of speaking of *anapests* and *infinitesimals* without forfeiting our regard,—

before we smile at ignorance which ourselves have produced, and which, if we could remove with a wish, there are few, perhaps, even of those who affect to despise it, who would not tremble at the comparative light in which they would themselves have to appear.

In the course of your life you must often mingle with the frivolous of our own sex, who, knowing little more, know at least, and can repeat, as their only literature, some of the trite traditional sarcasms which have been tediously repeated against women; though they have had no difficulty in forgetting the far more numerous sarcasms which even men have pointed against the vices of men. But though minds which women would despise and blush to resemble, may speak contemptuously of excellence which they cannot hope to equal, it is only from the contemptible, in such a case, that you will hear the expression of contempt; and the real or affected disdain of such minds is, perhaps, not less glorious to the character of the sex which they deride, than the respect which that character never fails to obtain from those who alone are qualified to appreciate it, and whose admiration alone is honour.

To the dissolute, indeed, who are fond of associating with the lowest of the sex, and who, in their conception of female excellence, can form no brighter pictures in their mind than of the *inmates* of a brothel, or of those whom a brothel might admit as its inmates,—woman may seem a being like themselves, and be a subject of insulting mockery in the coarse laughter and drunkenness of the feast; but the mockery, in such a case, is descriptive of the life and habits of the *deriders*, more than of the *derided*. It is not so much the expression of contempt, as the confession of vice.

The respect which he feels for the virtues of woman may thus be considered almost as a test of the virtues of man. He is, and must be, in a great measure, what he wishes the companions of his domestic hours to be—noble, if he wish them to be dignified—frivolous, if he wish them to be triflers—and far more object than the victims of his capricious favour, if, with the power of enjoying their free and lasting affection, he would yet sacrifice whatever love has most delightful, and condemn them to a slavery of the dismal and dreary influence of which he is himself to be the slave.—*Dr. Brown.*

GEORGE SAND.

GEORGE SAND is not only the most remarkable woman, but the most remarkable writer of the present century. Wild rumours flit across Europe of the appearance, actions, passions, and peculiarities of the terrible *Lélia*—now dazzling the head and heart of

some young poet—now “shocking” the respectability of some immaculate English-woman, by appearing in an androgynous costume—and (O horror!) a cigar in her mouth!—now gravely sounding the depths of philosophy with Lamennais or Leroux—now grandly revealing the mysteries and beauty of Art to Franz Liszt—now interesting herself in all the doings of the *prolétaires*—now relieving in silence and secrecy the wants and miseries of the poor—now gladdened by the tear of gratitude and the passionate expression of admiration excited by her genius—now saddened by the scorn, hatred, and misrepresentation to which that genius subjects her!

It is difficult to attempt a real appreciation of her works. The ground is worse than slippery—it is like treading on what is called *cat's ice*; if you stumble you must fall into the water; there is no help.

We are about to be serious: we are to attempt a just and impartial consideration of one whose name is in some quarters synonymous with vice—whose works (unread) make all “well regulated people shudder.” If the reader be one of these—if he have on hearsay (and that the vaguest and falsest we can prove) formed an ill opinion of George Sand, how shall we convince him? Has he any respect for our truth and honesty? Have our foregoing lucubrations guaranteed our intentions to be “strictly honourable”? We hope so; because it is on this ground, chiefly, that we feel any confidence.

Frankly, then, we will confess the truth of many of the charges brought against her. There is no escaping the fact that she has appeared at various times in man's clothes—an eccentricity not unshared by even “respectable” females.

There is no escaping the fact, also, that she smokes cigars. Figaro, with all his stolid assurance, could not deny it;—cigars—cigars of unquestionable Havanna leaf, and of “mild flavour,”—a taste, the enormity of which we are far from defending, but still a taste not altogether immoral, nor capable, under ordinary circumstances, of being labelled, “This leads to Atheism!” An addiction to the “sooty Bacchus” may not be “ladylike”—but Spanish women are thus addicted—and Spanish women are perfect ideals to all who—don't know them. English women have also been known to indulge that way, without being summoned before the Lord Mayor; and a popular actress, much sighed for, is known to “smoke like a trooper.”

Is it only Genius, then, that cannot be permitted its eccentricities of costume and tobacco? or is it, as Mazzini well says, that, “tolerant enough towards ourselves and the mediocrity about us, we become puritans in virtue as to all that is elevated

above the common level"? These be questions!

To turn to more serious objections: we also admit the fact (and deplore the necessity which caused it) that she is separated from her husband, and admit that she has written sometimes with vehemence against the abuses of the present marriage system. We shall be more explicit on these points presently.

In presenting the reader with a few biographical particulars, we shall not include therein any of the rumours floating about, nor shall we judge her conduct. It is impossible rightly to understand her works without some preliminary information—for her works are not the mere product of a talent, not the ingenuity of a head, but a grand poetic confession of a life. Each novel marks a new stage in her history, a new era of development. But inasmuch as we are too ignorant of her past history rightly to judge the intention and scope of her actions, so must we content ourselves with the narration of a few simple facts.

Aurore Dupin, now Marquise Dudevant, was born at Berry, in the *département des Indres*, in the year 1804. She has royal blood in her veins. Her grandfather was no less a person than the *Maréchal de Saxe*, a natural son of Augustus II. of Poland and the Countess of Königsmark. The *Maréchal*, like his progenitor, had his "follies"—and one of them produced in 1750 Marie Aurore, afterwards Countess de Horn, who married, *en seconde nocces*, M. Dupin de Francueil. An only son, Maurice Dupin, was the fruit of this union; he became colonel under the emperor, and, what is more, became the parent of our beautiful Aurore—afterwards to be so celebrated as George Sand.

So much for her parentage. Her education, though extremely favourable to the poet, was very pernicious to the woman. She was left to the care of a doting grandmother, who, firmly impressed with Rousseau's educational chimeras, brought up Aurore quite à la Jean-Jacques, so that she became far more proficient in horsemanship than devotion, and knew more of the country, with its scenery and solitude, than she did of her *paternosters*.

It was a fortunate occurrence that put a stop to this wild reckless life, and sent her at the age of fourteen to the convent *des Anglaises* for her education. Though ignorant of all religious instruction when she entered, yet the sublimity of Christianity and the peculiar nature of the convent life so worked upon her imagination, that she became more devout than was agreeable to the easy consciences of her abbess and sister noviciates. The whole of this may be read in "Spiridon."

At the age of eighteen, in 1822, she was

married to the *marquis Dudevant*, an officer in the French army; and as this was a *mariage de convenance*, any compatibility of disposition, sweet sympathy, or gleams of the "purple light of love," were, as in all such cases, left to the care of—accident! It would be curious, if it were not such a commonplace, to interrogate the claims of this deity of accident, which is thus made to preside over so awful an event as that of binding two human beings with indissoluble ties! Yet this deity is reverently worshipped in unblushing France, where *convenance* is an admitted system, and in no less unblushing England, where it is rhetorically decried, but scientifically practised.

Convenance did not agree with our unhappy Aurore, but turned out a great *inconvenance*, which it was difficult to support. Two children (Maurice and Solange) sweetened her lot—and the poor of Nohant occupied her charity. Here she was the guardian angel of the poor and afflicted; relieving them with food, money, necessities, and dearly prized counsel, kindness, and instruction. But her husband! he was a "positive country gentleman, prone to sum up life by figures, and to regulate it by his watch. Cold, unimpassioned, unsympathizing—some say brutal—how could such a woman live with him? She could not—another might!

In 1828, goaded by domestic misery on the one hand, and love for Jules Sandeau, the novelist, on the other, she left her husband's roof for ever—a fatal step, even to avoid the misery she was subject to. His loss, however, may be estimated, when we find him bargaining with her either to return, or give up the fortune of 500,000 francs which she brought him. She chose the latter for the sake of keeping her children, reserving a small sum out of it for their education!

The question here opened, if treated with due respect, would lead us too far, we therefore adhere to our principle of not passing judgment. That she was "more sinned against than sinning" we firmly believe—that she made a great mistake we are equally convinced, but, as George Herbert so finely says—

"Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty?
In love I should; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither."

Behold her in Paris, with no means of subsistence but her pen. Writing for the "Figaro" and other papers, she could gain but a scanty living. Her lover had no other profession, and had no very enviable eminence in that profession. We have heard that some editor, to whom she had submitted a manuscript, was so struck with the beauty of the language and the commonplace nature

of the ideas, that he called on her and advised her to *write out her experience* in whatever shape she thought fit, and suggested the novel as the most convenient.

George Sand had intellect enough to comprehend this advice. She resolved to adopt it, and first trying her hand in company with Jules Sandeau, at *Rose et Blanche*, the mere stammering of her muse, she then wrote "*Indiana*," (published in September, 1832.)

This remarkable book is every way a comment on the advice she had followed—in its excellences we see the genuine experience of life shadowed out with a masterly hand—in its defects we see the irregularities of an imagination working on materials of which it is ignorant, instead of moulding its own materials into shape. And see how the great and generous spirit of the poet betrays itself in the portrait of Delmare! She has selected the problem of ill assorted marriage, with her own heart still bleeding from its consequences, her own life blasted in its errors—she has taken this problem, and the reader may fitly compare her treatment of it, with that of De Balzac in his "*Gloire et Malheur*," and he will at once see the difference between genius and talent. It might have been expected, that after the step she had taken, and in writing on the subject, she would have made her novel an implied excuse for her own conduct, and, to this end, have drawn the husband as a monster. No such thing; she has nobly and skilfully avoided such a clap-trap—she has taken a true, living, unmistakable type of a selfish husband—such as every street would furnish. Delmare is domineering, violent, prosaic, and selfish;—an ordinary writer would have stopped here, but Sand continues her delineation—she makes him also just, severe, "respectable," and not without much kindness, sometimes tenderness, for her. Delmare himself is not the object of reprobation—it is the *system*—it is the public opinion which tolerates the union of such a man with so opposite a woman as Indiana, by substituting calculation for affection. "*Coker's Arithmetic*," though an unexceptionable book, is a sorry formula of life! The character of Raymon, the seducer, is drawn with the same unerring power. Weak, vacillating, and impulsive—with a sort of drawing-room cleverness, and a drawing-room vanity—not without generous sentiments and virtuous compunctions, but destitute of any fundamental principle, of any *copula* whereby all that is good in him may cohere—such is Raymon. A terrible portraiture! Indiana herself is no less a type of those passionate women who are ever ready to sacrifice duty to hope. She is, as M. Mazzina well says, *illusion*. "She believes in goodness beyond the line

of duty; she trusts blindly to the realization of ideal love that she bears in her bosom, to the sincerity of the passion expressed, to the man's constancy, to a few glowing words, whose source she has never studied."* It is by the corpse of poor Noun, killed by his villainy—it is in her own heart, broken by his inconstancy, that she at length reads the terrible sacrifice she has made—the awful wreck of her life on that illusion!

Yet *Indiana* has been selected as an immoral book! Why, we are at a loss to imagine, unless it be immoral to expose seduction in all its frightful consequences, or ill assorted marriages in all their terrible hideousness. It has been falsely said to be directed against marriage—a charge indeed frequently preferred against *all* her books;—we answer, that this is *never* the case! She sometimes stigmatizes the mad, inveterate folly of endeavouring to make interest (of a mercantile, mercenary kind) the link of marriage—a cry of resistance is sometimes crushed from her sorrowing heart—but never does she write against marriage itself. Listen to these pathetic words of hers in reply to such a calumny:—"Oh God! how sweet had been indissoluble ties if a heart like my own had accepted them! Oh no! I was not made to be a poet—I was made to love! It is the unhappiness of my destiny—it is the hatred of others that has made me a traveller and an artist. I wished to live the human life; I had a heart—it has been torn with violence from my breast. They have left me only a head—a head full of noise and grief, of horrible recollections, of images of mourning, of scenes of outrage. And because in writing tales to gain the bread they refused me, the recollection of my sufferings has crossed me—because I have dared to say that there are things miserable in the marriage state by reason of the weakness ordained for the wife, by reason of the brutality permitted to the husband, by reason of the infamies that society covers with a veil, and protects with the mantle of abuse—they have declared me immoral—they have treated me as if I were the enemy of the human race."

She is eminently progressive, as the age she represents. She is not a creature of a few ideas easily exhausted—but a vast intellect continually absorbing materials from an extended experience, and a progressive philosophy, and reproducing them under the forms of Art. And what is delightful to trace in her works is the gradual progression of her own nature. Every year seems to bring fresh balm to her wounded spirit, which, eagle-like, struggling with the winds, still finds its rocky home at last, and calm

* "Monthly Chronicle," vol. iv. p. 30.

wisdom and heroic endurance succeed the stormy wail and passionate resistance. This is the history of all great minds.

Style, the great point in a French author, was never before carried to such perfection as in George Sand. It requires some long intimacy with the best writers, and some acquaintance with the delicacies of the language, fully to appreciate the witchery of her style; but its music must strike every well organized ear. A French writer once declared to us that George Sand united all the elegance of Racine, the majesty of Bossuet, the grace of Fénelon, and the *trait* of Voltaire. We candidly confess that in our opinion this praise, extravagant as it may seem, falls short of her excellence, and we support it by this test; when reading her works you are *not conscious of reading French*. When reading a foreign language the greatest of all charms is to be unconscious of *any* language—this Göthe in his lyrics, and George Sand in her prose, alone accomplish. Laménais writes a fine style—but it is too obviously style—it smells of the lamp. George Sand's is poetry, it runs as naturally into music as the spring bubbling underneath the grass. Its unconsciousness is half its charm.

George Sand is, in our opinion, the type of genius. Her faults are the extravagances or eccentricities of genius—her excellences are those of genius in its strength and beauty. She is full of faith, of enthusiasm, of noble aspirations. If her opinions be wrong, they are at least sincere.

We also recognise in her passionate reception of every great idea the characteristic of genius. Leroux himself must be astonished at the facility with which she comprehended his philosophy, and the ardour with which she preaches it. It is curious to trace how very soon an idea runs through every portion of her mind, impregnating it with fruitful seed.

Her mode of working is the exact opposite to that of De Balzac. Instead of giving you every minute detail, she presents you with a vivid *coup d'œil*. Her method is synthetical, not analytical. She works *ab intra*, as he works *ab extra*. In describing a scene, Balzac tells you the disposition of the various parts; Sand affects you with the same emotions you would have felt on beholding it. Her descriptions have the force of things upon the mind. The one gives the *inventory*, the other the *poetry* of a landscape.

George Sand's greatness springs from her originality. To be *original*, that is the only foundation of greatness. To copy the thoughts and feelings of others—to reproduce their experience instead of your own, what is that? An echo—loud, but bodiless, soulless, dying in its very birth. Yet is

not this the character of all present literature, with the rarest exceptions? Is it not an eternal echo leaping from rock to rock, and filling the valley with sound—the real thunder being miles and miles afar? Does not the original writer realize the fable of Cadmus? Might not most “popular writers” exclaim, “That’s my thunder,” at each book that appears, forgetful that they themselves are but echoes?

But if modern literature be mostly imitation, what can we say of the modern literature of women—the echo of an already enfeebled echo! How many women “write out their hearts”? How many have original thoughts to write? Few indeed, and those few never shake off the yoke of imitation. They aspire to write like men. They think and feel (in their books) as pupils of the Royal Academy learn to draw—with models picked up from the streets! What good can come of it?

We beg the reader not to misunderstand us. We have a great admiration for women; we read their productions with pleasure. But when the question comes—Are they great? are they original? we are forced to shake a dubious head. Sappho, De Stael, George Sand—these are three original women, of whom Sand is, the greatest. Sappho felt, and De Stael thought; but Sand both thinks and feels—there have been other women great, but we select these three as types of originality in literature.

And now farewell, George Sand! Singular—thy singularities have alone mostly been seized on; great—thy greatness has been more felt than recognised. Woman—thy sex has been assumed as an argument against thee. Poet—thy mission has been ill understood. It has been ever so, it will be ever so! How can genius be recognised before time has hallowed it? How can the mass distinguish the eternal greatness of the star which holds its silent pathway in the heavens from the flickering farthing rushlight which assists them in their workshops? Must not a Shakspeare be judged by the same minds as a Fitzball? must not a Molière *amuse* no less than a Scribe? And can the mass of men distinguish between the amusement they receive from the one and the amusement combined with the most fruitful ideas and sentiments from the other? No genius was ever recognised by the many; George Sand may comfort herself with the appreciation of the few.—*Monthly Magazine*.

THE SIBERIAN EXILES.

THE following interesting details respecting the treatment of offenders against the criminal laws of Russia, who are sent to Siberia, are given by the *Gazette des Tri-*

banaux, on the authority of a correspondent at St. Petersburg :—" Although the Government banishes to Siberia criminals condemned by the Tribunals, it provides for them in that part of the empire means of employment which are often preferable to what they could obtain in their native places. Each exile receives on setting out two shirts, a long surtout called a zipoun, and a pair of boots. These objects are for his use during the six summer months. For those of winter, he is provided in addition with two other shirts, a long cloth great-coat made of sheepskin, a cap of the same material, woollen gloves and stockings, a pair of common boots, and another pair lined with fur. All these objects are new, solid, and of good quality. Whenever a caravan with convicts passes through a principal town, these articles are examined in presence of the governor and his superior officers, and if any of them are in bad condition, it is immediately repaired or exchanged for others entirely new. A physician, specially appointed, examines into the health of each person in the caravan. If any of the prisoners are found to be too enfeebled to proceed on foot, they are placed in cars, or remain in the hospitals of the town. During the journey, each exile receives daily the small sum of money necessary for his food. Such exiles as are destined to the colonization of Siberia journey by night and rest during the day. They march by stations, placed at certain distances. The station-houses are solid buildings, surrounded by strong palisades, and are generally erected at the extremity of a village. Their distance from each other is about twenty-five verstres (about five French leagues); but that this journey may not be too great, particularly in winter, resting-places have been established half-way. The station-house is a clean and commodious building, almost comfortable, composed of four large rooms, and a fifth for women who may have followed their husbands, brothers, or near relations. These women are permitted to travel in the cars which accompany the caravan. Attached to each station-house are kitchens and storehouses; and at every 100 or 125 verstres, that is, every fourth or fifth station, is an establishment of steam-baths. When the exiles have arrived in Siberia, each receives an order to proceed to the colony for which he is intended. Near the high roads in the governments of Tobolsk, Yeniseysk, and Irkousk, some fine colonies of this nature may be seen, distant from each other about five or six verstres, which present a picturesque appearance. They are usually established in valleys, on the banks of rivers where fish is abundant, and in the midst of forests, which colonists find of great service. In elegance and solidity of

construction, regularity of plan, and cleanliness, these colonies may be compared to the finest villages of western Europe. Each house is inhabited by four exiles, or families of exiles; of whom some person, on account of his good conduct, is looked on as the master of the house, and has under his orders his companions. The houses are of wood, ornamented with a handsome façade, well enclosed, each containing four large chambers, a spacious court, two stables, and two storehouses. In the centre of each village is placed a large square, with buildings on all sides. Amongst them are the church, the public offices, and the habitations belonging to the overseers and employés. Storehouses are also erected, in which are placed agricultural instruments, stores of seeds and corn, as well as an apparatus for extinguishing fires. The whole colony is surrounded by an extremely high palisade, having but one outlet, at which is placed the sentry-box. Each exile receives on his arrival in the colony an axe, a plough, agricultural instruments, and household articles necessary for his use, a cow, a horse, and a sheep. He also gets for two years seed for sowing, and vegetables for his garden; and it is not until the third year that he begins to pay a small return to the public treasury. The instructions given to the heads of districts and governments enjoin them to encourage continually in every possible way the colonists, and give them assistance, and do all they can to bring them back to sentiments of propriety and good feeling. Banishment in the place where it is undergone ceases to be considered a disgrace, and he who is not deeply depraved can only see in it a step to social happiness. The ties of relationship, or even friendship, are religiously respected. The wife is not separated from her husband, the children from the father, nor the female from her betrothed. Everything is, in fact, encouraged which can inculcate social sentiments in the mind of the exile. But though this remarkable improvement on the penitentiary system is steadily pursued by the Russian government as regards criminals, no diminution of severity has yet been permitted towards political offenders. The rigour which has hitherto afflicted them is still continued."

Mode of Increasing Potato Crops.—M. Zeller, director of the Agricultural Society of Darmstadt, in 1839, planted two plots of ground of the same size with potatoes: when the plants had flowered, the blossoms were removed from those in one field, while those in the other field were left untouched. The former produced 476lbs., the latter only 37lbs.

The Gatherer.

The Beautiful.—There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of the beautiful. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts, as tragedy purifies the passions. Their accidental effects are not worth consideration—there are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.—*Schlegel.*

The famous oriental philosopher Lockman, while a slave, being presented by his master with a bitter melon, immediately ate it all. "How was it possible," said his master, "for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?" Lockman replied, "I have received so many favours from you that it is no wonder I should once in my life eat a bitter melon from your hand." This generous answer of the slave struck the master to such a degree, that he immediately gave him his liberty. With such sentiments should man receive his portion of sufferings at the hand of God.—*Bishop Horne.*

Origin of the Halo over Saints' Heads.—The Pagan fashion of protecting the heads of deities—often, even in Temples, exposed to the outer air—from the insults of birds, each by a metal discus, had by degrees so associated with that head-piece an idea of dignity, that the Christians adopted the form in order to mark, even in painting, the character of saintship. Thence the pimbus, introduced over saints in the more ancient paintings and mosaics, so far from being intended to represent a mere aureole or glory of intangible rays emanating from the wearer himself, is only the representation of a solid platter of silver or gold, often adorned with scrolls, foliage, gems, &c., fitting the skull.—*Hope's Hist. of Archit.*

Whole villages, including the rich as well as the poor, are emigrating (says a letter from Mentz) from Germany to North America. Three of those in Upper Hesse have, within these few months, been entirely abandoned, and several in Rhenish Prussia are preparing to follow the example.

The daily papers announce, by advertisement, the establishment of a stage-coach communication between Cairo and Suez! But a few years since it was supposed that camels or dromedaries, from their power of enduring thirst, could alone traverse these arid plains and penetrate the solitude of deserts. Now we have hotels established at regular intervals, with relays of horses, and a coach running, which performs the journey regularly in about eighteen hours. The announcement at the close of the advertisement is amusing:—"Refreshment and provision supplied in the Desert at very moderate charge."

The Size of London.—The British metropolis covers an area of 18 miles square: it measures from east to west, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles; from north to south, 9 miles; and, allowing for inequalities, in circumference, 30 miles.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather *how to think* than what to think—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—*Beattie.*

Female Fortitude.—With the exception of naval and military men, there is no class of the community who witness more examples of fortitude and courage than the practitioners of surgery. What greater proof can be given of confidence and courage than that with which a person surrenders himself blindfold, and bound hand and foot, to the knife of the operator? Every day in the week, this great metropolis produces, in silence and secrecy, acts of heroism, of strength of mind, and firmness of purpose, that would do honour to the ancient Roman. I have witnessed many in both sexes; and although the first amputation I ever saw had nothing of the "sublime or beautiful" to recommend it, yet it affords an illustration of the observation, from low life, of how much the mind may be under control, even under great bodily pain, and the bitter anguish of the sudden loss of a limb.—"How do you find yourself, Mrs. Judy?" said a St. Bartholomew's surgeon, after taking off the arm of an Irish basket woman. "How do I find myself? why, without my arm—how the devil else should I find myself?" was Mrs. Judy's reply. In another operation, shortly afterwards, of much more importance, the force of female character was evinced in a different manner. A lady of some consequence, of the highest intellectual endowments, had occasion to submit to one of the most serious, painful, and protracted operations that the sex can be subject to. Her case was a source of great interest to all her friends, and of the most bitter anguish to her relatives. When the necessity of an operation became decided, she determined on the speedy and secret execution of it, and arrangements were made, on her own planning, by which her physician, three surgeons, and myself, then a surgical aide-de-camp, were introduced into the house, and the operation successfully performed, without the knowledge of any one of her own family, or the cognizance of a large establishment, excepting her own maid.—*London Medical Gazette.*

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 26.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1842.

[Vol. I. 1842.

Original Communications.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—No. VIII.

TREES FROM NATURE. BY CLAUDE LE LORRAINE.

THIS little picture, which, from its general outline and living aspect, leaves not a doubt of its being painted from nature, represents a group of trees, through the openings of which some rocky ground, and a rivulet, which breaks in one place into a small cascade, is observable. In the foreground

a goatherd is seated with his back to the beholder, playing upon his pipe, while some of his goats are feeding and others descending to the bank, in the direction of the channel of the brook. The sky, like the generality of those of Claude, is warm and full of lustre; and the fine light floating



TREES FROM NATURE.

clouds which he has introduced add much to the general effect. The figure of the goatherd is fairly designed, and the painter has happily thrown into the face an expression of that rural happiness and simplicity which characterize the shepherd.

“He sits, contentment in his looks; bliss in the song he breathes;
While nature and all of life participate in his joy.”

On the right is to be seen a view of the distant country.

Claude Lorraine was born at Lorraine, in 1600, and, owing to his dulness of parts, was sent to serve an apprenticeship to a pastry-cook. Afterwards, while travelling to Rome, he was hired by Tassi, the painter, to pound his colours and wait upon him; which circumstance turned the bent of Claude's mind, and it was not long before

he evinced symptoms of that wonderful genius which afterwards rivetted the admiration of the world. He might be said to have been self-taught, for he had no master; but was occasionally aided by Agostino Tassi, the scholar of Paul Bril. Nature became his study, and from it he searched for true principles. At sunrise Claude was to be seen in the fields, sketching whatever he thought beautiful or striking; and at sunset, he was to be seen gazing, by the light of the crepuscule, at his day's performance. He marked in his sketches the different hues of light which every object assumed by a similar colour, and by this means he ultimately converted life to the canvas, and gave his landscapes the aspect of nature herself. Staudrart relates, "that Claude, when walking through the fields, used to tell him, with the precision of a philosopher, the causes of the different appearances of the same prospect at different hours of the day, from the reflections or refractions of light, or from dews or vapours in the evening or morning. He was scrupulously attentive to the finishing of his pieces; and if the performance did not answer his idea, he would alter, deface, and repaint it several times, till it corresponded with the image pictured in his mind. One thing is remarkable in this painter; when in the fields, if perchance anything forced itself upon his imagination, he impressed it so strongly on his memory, that on returning home he never failed to execute it. His skies are admirable; his distances artistically carried out; his invention chaste and pleasing; his colouring delicate; and his tints have been imitated by all subsequent painters, but never surpassed. His figures, however, are rather indifferent, of which the painter was conscious, for he often engaged other artists to paint them for him. His pictures are scarce and of great value, no less a sum than two thousand guineas having been given for two of them a few years ago. Claude etched twenty-eight landscapes from his own compositions, which are spiritedly executed, and abundantly testify the hand of the master. This painter, whose works have earned for him an immortal name, died in the year 1682.

DISEASES OF THE EAR.

No. VIII.

(Continued from p. 386.)

THE authors, or rather compilers, of elementary works, who recommend blisters, issues, or setons, and acoustic drops, afford no guide to the young practitioner as to the symptoms which might direct him in advising any or either of these applications,

and the reason is that they are incompetent to give any information on the subject; therefore, there are practitioners wholly unable from any knowledge of their own to supply the deficiency, and consequently prescribe blisters and acoustic drops indiscriminately to all who have the misfortune to consult them, the blisters to be repeated or kept open for three, four, or even six weeks, in almost every instance without affording the slightest relief to the unfortunate sufferer.

I have observed, that if a watch placed at the lower point of the mastoid process (the protuberant bone at the back of the ear) be distinctly heard, it affords a tolerable fair presumption that the cavernulæ within are not gorged with any mucous or pus-like secretion; consequently, that no application to that part is or was at all likely to afford relief.

Deleau, of Paris, in some instances, has employed small cones of prepared cotton wool, which being placed on the mastoid process with some adhesive substance, fired at the apex, allowed to burn down and cauterize the flesh, was a new method, according to his statement, of relieving deafness; but this is an old practice, to be found in ancient books on operative surgery, very similar to the moxa of the Chinese. Mr. Guthrie tried it in some diseases of the eye very much modified, and by means of a small tripod and blow-pipe, under complete control; and he allowed his instrument-maker to prepare one for me, but I am not certain that the operation was more beneficial than various embrocations which I have prescribed when the case appeared to warrant their use.

Persons in advanced life sometimes have deafness and noise in the ears from mere mechanical causes; this occurs when there is a collection of dry filmy substances, which irregularly fill one half or one third of the auditory passage from the drum upward. The deafness arises in these cases from the substance partially obstructing the entrance of sound, and the noises through the vibration occasioned by the air upon the fine filaments so in contact with the drum of the ear. The cure of these cases is very simple, requiring only a complete examination of the ear, the application of a proper lotion, and in due time the judicious use of the syringe. It is not always in old people alone that these filmy substances form, they are found in persons occasionally of all ages. I have one specimen which was coiled up in a young lady's ear, which I extracted in one piece and unrolled; it measures two inches and a half long, and is in places three eighths of an inch broad.

The cases of deafness commonly, but too often improperly, termed *nervous*, when occurring to female or male children up to

the age of about sixteen years, if treated in the manner I have described, carefully varied as may be requisite to suit existing circumstances, are very *generally* and permanently successful; from sixteen to twenty-two the proportion of females cured or relieved is less than that of males; from thence to sixty, I think, the proportions are equal: much depends upon habits of life, occupation of time, modes of living, constitution, diet, exercise, &c., &c.

These safe and reasonable modes of treatment, which I advocate and recommend, have elicited the approbation of many of the most eminent medical and surgical practitioners, during nearly thirty years past, who have placed their patients, friends, and nearest relatives, under my care, with perfect confidence that a reason could be given for every plan of relief suggested, and that there was no danger of their becoming the victims of any experimentalizing theories which are totally unauthorized by practical experience.

Kramer accuses Deleau of gross deception in receiving a considerable sum annually from the French institute for the instruction of four deaf-mutes; for which, Kramer states, Deleau has never performed any service whatsoever. Kramer then goes on to assert that there never was even one person who had been born deaf and dumb cured by *any practitioner whatsoever*.

Like most of Kramer's assertions, this is easily shewn to be erroneous. In 1830 I presented petitions, through his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, and Thomas Whitmore, Esq., M.P., in which I prayed to be allowed to prove, at the bar of both houses, that I was the *first* and *only* person in this country, or on the Continent, who had ever succeeded in giving the sense of hearing, and consequent faculty of speech, to children born deaf and dumb, all *pretended* successful cases advertised by other persons having failed of substantiation.

W. WRIGHT.

(To be continued.)

THE LUMBER-ROOM:

A TALE OF AN OLD ENGLISH HALL.

THEY say this room is haunted, and the keys Of this old harpsichord are wander'd o'er By once familiar fingers; melodies Of mournfulness linger, as heretofore, 'Mid these corroding strings; and ah! yet more, Sweep o'er them orisons and voluntaries Of old church music, some delicate of lore. An ancient horologe stands there in vain: Its long lean finger has grown still and dead; Its fair enamel face is dark with stain Of mildew spots, that slowly have o'erspread And blotted out time's records; and its chain Hangs where of old it snapp'd; while well has sped The spider's darksome craft, thick woven with many a thread.

They say it seems to strike with dully tone, As though a spirit came at times to mock The lifeless relic—or, as thou hast known, The sullen clank of rusty old church clock, Far o'er the water flung with shiv'ring shock Upon the ear of one benighted lone; Or as the chink of chisel on the block—Sculpturing hour-glass, scythe, and morthead grim,— Falls on the mourner's heart like passing-bell; Or as the wayfarer, with trembling limb, Lists how the canker'd gibbet-irons knell The murderer's requiem for a churchyard hymn. Such the old tales that of this room they tell— Such the vague shadowy sounds of superstition's spell.

Long gathered, here are thrown confusedly, Decaying, faded, and forgotten things:— Old-fashion'd mirrors framed in ebony, But marr'd and run in streaks, where scant'ly clings

The silv'ry plating; strange imaginings Gleam o'er them, conjured up by fantasy, That shuddering shrinks. The marks are here of rings,

Tall, old, and heavy, that were deeply shrin'd In these quaint caskets, wreathen fine and fair, With silver flagree, and velvet lined; Now, like sarcophagus long rifled, there Unhallow'd hands have been, and left behind But one long lock of damp'd and mildew'd hair— O'er this tears sure were shed—o'er this sigh'd many a prayer!

Dark damask, tapestry, and stiff brocade, Lie mouldering where, with hilt, and ring and chain,

Enchased, and brilliant cut in stars, is laid An old court sword; they say a ruddy stain Is ever there, and armour in vain Should seek to refurbish o'er its ancient blade Long rusted in its sheath, that, wrench'd amain, Quits not its hold. A mouse her nest, I ween, In that huge wig, once powder'd full and curl'd, Dishevelled now, has made. Yond, yawns a screen, That liveried serving-men of old unfurl'd With toil at eve; with oriental mien, There mandarins, with fan and hookah twirl'd, Muse yet 'mid groves of gold, grown in far Eastern world.

Settee, 'scrutoire, and heavy high-back'd chair, With relics heterogeneous littered o'er, Stand shrouded thick with dust; how it came there,

Where not a foot has cross'd the oaken floor, So dense and dusky gathering evermore, Time knows—he slowly strews the dim grey layer On cabinets with old worm-eaten door— On massive volumes closed with lock and bar; Moth-fretted are they all that once were bound In velvet, stamp'd and wrought with shield and star

Of silvery gleam, long set on this old ground— On China's tiniest cups, and toppling jar— On spur and horn, and collar of the hound— "A household wreck" is here—in fragments strew'd around.

Walls ruthless bared, and portraiture thrown by, A mournful tale might tell of scenes that they A mournful tale might tell of scenes that they Have looked upon. The echo of a sigh Lingers among them. Some are gaunt and grey, Like massive ruins frowning 'mid decay; Some passing beautiful, though brow, and eye, Lip, cheek, and hair, are fading day by day; Where jewels lurk the while, with glowworm gleam, On tarnish'd satin, and on velvet fold, Mocking the wearers—like some olden dream Of chivalry, glare others through the mould, Slow creeping over plate and mail, that seem To glimmer with a radiance calm and cold, Like moonlight waning white on a wide wintry wold.

The lightest touch would crumble it to dust—
This spectral skeleton was once a flower,
Embalmed with sighs, and treasured up in trust,
Through many a dark and desolated hour,
By one—this room was once a lady's bower—
A fair frail thing—alas! that blight and rust
Should settle on her name, whose richest dower
Was innocence—what bootied rank's array
Or semblance of a crown on that young brow,
Whence honour's chaplet all had dropp'd away?
And she, 'reft from the parent-stem, must bow,
An unresisting victim, to decay,
Full soon to die; but few knew where or how;—
If then a penitent, maybe an angel now!

She vanish'd from this long-accustom'd room—
She that once seem'd like sunlight where she came—

She vanish'd; and the stillness of the tomb
Settled upon this mansion, where her name
They spake no more; in silence and in shame,
That like a canker ate through bud and bloom,
Her lady mother droop'd; a smouldering flame
Fed on her father's heart; on this tall staff
He feebly lean'd, while ever at his side
Her shadow glided, and her merry laugh,
Mocking his misery, echo'd o'er the wide
Old terrace, where, as pleading in behalf
Of its loved mistress lost, a spaniel cried,
Till answering tears were wrung from that stern
heart of pride.

He thought he could forgive,—could he forget
The blot upon his genealogy,
Unblemish'd till she fell? But ah! they met,
He and that one of sinful sophistry,—
A murderer then, that father's sword was wet
When he unlink'd its chain of foreign fret,
And flung it from him, gazing sullenly,
Then turn'd and fled, an outlaw,—whither none
Might ever know; till a grey beggar-man
Came sauntering where lay basking in the sun
An aged spaniel cking out his span,
While a fair boy that watch'd it bent to shun
The stranger's startling gaze, then eager ran
To seek for him an alms ere yet his tale began.

That child was *here*! Against the terrace wall
The beggar trembling lean'd, and seem'd to stand
Waiting a dole beneath that haughty hall;
Anon he stoop'd to stroke with palsied hand
The old blind spaniel. Utterly unmann'd
Was that poor wanderer. At his feeble call
The dog crept on, though sightless, for it scan'd
By scent and voice him unforgetten, come,
Driven as it were a shatter'd wreck ashore,
Where that fond creature, eloquent though dumb,
Tender'd its mournful welcome o'er and o'er;
Albeit its limbs were rigid grown, and numb,
It raised its head to lick his hand once more,
Unknowing that he lay dead at his own home door!

Then blight and bane fell fast upon the place.
An heir-at-law with legal writs came there;
And he that bore *her* maiden name and face,
Alas! unsanction'd all by rite and prayer,
Was shelter'd in a cot, thenceforth to wear
A peasant's raiment; and he grew apace,
Fed by an aged nurse that toil'd to share
Her pittance with him—and that meekly led
The boy, unknowing of the brand of birth,
To bless his hand that gave their daily bread—
His only Father or in heaven or earth—
And taught him texts and hymns—and weeping
said
Her heart was all too heavy yet for mirth—
Her Bible's promises, scarce yet she *felt* their
worth.

No friend had he but her; and if she died,
No home beyond her little humble cot.
A parish-boy!—she shudder'd, and she sigh'd.
Alas! oh! who could say how hard his lot
In desperation driven from the spot:
Maybe to sin;—but ah! God would provide

For him and her. Although she mark'd it not,
"A worm was in the bud;" and that bright bloom,
So beautiful on her foster-child's fair cheek,
Was but the *ignis fatuus* of the tomb.
Too proud to beg, too sorrowful to seek
For parish aid, she kneel'd in death's lone room,
And closed his eyes and lips that seem'd to speak,
Though dead, of *CHRIST* and Heaven,—why had
her faith been weak?

REINHELM.

AUTHORESSES VERSUS AUTHORS.

BY A LADY.

(Concluded from p. 388.)

WE will now proceed to name some authoresses who, in our opinion, as far as their female characters are concerned, have triumphed over their male competitors. As we have passed over Richardson in silence, so shall Miss Burney be dismissed unheard; and we will at once select two characters from Miss Edgeworth's last novel, *Helen*, as very much to the purpose, in illustrating that strength in weakness—that virtue in wickedness, which we have before mentioned as forming so remarkable a feature of a woman's mind. Helen Stanley, and Lady Cecilia Clarendon, are our two examples. The one—well-educated, well-principled, and endowed with a full share of that substantial common-sense which Miss Edgeworth is so fond of bestowing upon her favourites,—is, after all, anything but a "faultless monster," or the cold, calculating, experienced, "*demoiselle bien élevée*" into which such a conception would have been worked by most male novelists. We perceive—despite her claims to our respect—the weakness of an inferior nature peeping out, at first in trifles, and subsequently, in matters of a graver cast, and which is only overcome by sorrows and struggles. She indulged beyond her means in the fripperies of dress, and the resignation of her trinkets was a sacrifice, the mention of which by man, according to his ideal of woman, would, doubtless, have been either exalted into a deed of heroism, deserving some extravagant encomium, or passed over in silence, as a trifle unworthy of attention; whereas our authoress contents herself with a concise and simple commendation. Helen's devotion to her friend, great in the deed, was unworthy in the principle; she assisted her, though unwittingly, in deceiving her husband; she confined her mind in a prison of cobwebs, from which, with feeble effort, it might have escaped, and bitterly was she visited by anxieties, illness, and the defalcation of her lover, for this error. Hers was the weakness in strength.

Turn we now to Lady Cecilia;—with the best intentions in the world, she committed a hundred follies, two or three serious faults. Everything, with her, was a sentiment—no-

thing a principle; with discernment, clearly shewing her what was her duty—with good feeling prompting her to follow it—she yet wavered, hesitated, equivocated, and, at last, lied; she sacrificed the happiness of an innocent person, her dearest friend, abhorring herself all the time for the deed, which, when done, was an ample atonement—an act of virtue which bordered upon wickedness. Many other examples might be adduced, from the pens of Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Norton, and Mrs. Gore; the "Female Domination" of the latter is admirably adapted to display the almost masculine resolution and firmness of an otherwise weak and frivolous girl, when roused by feelings of love. We have often observed a similarity between the writings of Bulwer and those of L. E. L.; there are the same brilliant aphorisms, the same vaguely expressed hints at disappointment and misery, the same flights into the region of transcendentalism—of course shorter and more feeble on the lady's side, but in which both rashly approaching too near the sun of Truth, are blinded and scorched by its rays, and share a similar fate with Icarus, tumbling headlong into a sea of difficulties. Let us institute a comparison between Constance, the heroine in Bulwer's *Godolphin*, and Lady Marchmont, the leading character in the novel of L. E. L., called *Ethel Churchill*. Both these heroines are fearful warnings that—

"Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter, without love."

Both endeavoured—the one in compliance with a father's dying command, the other with an uncle's instructions—to crush the natural yearnings after affection implanted in the female bosom, and to devote themselves, as willing victims, on the altar of ambition; both were beautiful and intellectual, and both married for rank and wealth, despising their husbands, and loving other men at the same time. With the moral of this we will not interfere, but merely follow our two novelists in their conceptions of what a woman's conduct would be under such circumstances. First, we would observe, that such a being as Constance, in real life, with her excessive pride and coldness,—the latter not a gift of nature, but the result of her pride,—however much she might have longed to turn the condescension of the great into homage, would never have sought to retaliate the insults which she fancied she had received. This is a mistake similar to that we have already observed as existing in the conception of Nina di Raselli. The remark of Bacon, that "wisdom for a man's self is in many branches thereof a depraved thing," is yet truer if it be said of a woman; Constance, after weeping and doubting and

wondering during Godolphin's passionate declaration, at its conclusion, nevertheless, rejects him; her hesitation in his favour was but for a moment, and we sorrow that her firm mind refuses to admit the sophistical reasoning that, in consenting to be his she might yet comply with her father's adjuration of humbling the aristocracy, by raising him, already on its threshold, to a yet higher grade, herself at once his inspiration and reward. But no, she destroys the happiness of both, and marries the Earl of Erpingham. This done, she is described as pursuing the even tenor of her way, calm and unmoved; plunging into state intrigues, she devotes herself to revenge and ambition, and yet she is all the while represented as preserving the memory of her first and only disinterested attachment to Godolphin. Such a woman, in real life, would indeed be a *lusus nature*. Having once surmounted her love for Godolphin, she would not have preserved even its remembrance with interest; but even granting her capability to have done this, how different would have been the results; to ascertain what these would have been, we must have recourse to the pages of L. E. L. That writer would have described disappointment in the midst of completed hopes—anxiety and fear in the midst of success—sorrow in the hours of joy, and a frightful, exciting, and delusive joy, even in moments of distress; there would have been a broken heart, or despair and madness, as a final catastrophe. The intellectual powers of Constance would but have served to augment the misery of her situation, and expose the hollowness of her motives. Like Lady Marchmont, she was irreligious; it was an excess of pride, and not principle, that preserved Constance from immorality, in that only sense of the word in which the world condemns a woman as immoral; it was an excess of disappointed vanity, and not love, that caused Lady Marchmont to fall. In fine, terrific and revolting as is the catastrophe, in the case of Lady Marchmont, we are of opinion that it is more true to nature, more likely to have occurred, than any of the latter part of Lady Erpingham's career.

Bulwer with justice observes—"What luxury so dear to a woman as the sense of dependence;" but to Constance that luxury would have been dearer than to Lucilla. Look round society; is it not the weak, or the vain, or the frivolous, who are most exacting, tyrannical, and capricious, to their lovers? a sceptre being to them so novel a plaything, that in their delight at obtaining one, they wield it untiringly. In conclusion, we venture to express a hope that these remarks may be received in the same good-humoured spirit in which they have been penned, conscious as we are that

any failure on the side of the *authors* is to be attributed to ignorance and not to inclination—we do not call their gallantry in question; but of the powerful writer of whose works we have made most frequent mention, we would ask, will he not forgive us for having an opinion? “the want of which” he somewhere declares to be the “most general want in the world.”

F. A. H.

Le Feuilletton of French Literature.

“THE RHINE.”

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF “SKETCHES IN FRANCE,” ETC.

LETTER XXIV.—(Concluded.)

AFTER leaving the slaughter-house, we enter a large square, worthy of Flanders, and which excites the curiosity of all travellers. It comprises all the styles of architecture of the Renaissance, and is ornamented according to the taste of the epoch. Near the middle of the square are two fountains—the one of the Renaissance, and the other of the eighteenth century, upon the tops of which are the statues of Minerva and Judith, the Homeric *virago* and the biblical one; the former bearing the head of Medusa, the latter that of Holofernes.

Opposite this fountain is the Roemer, where emperors were proclaimed. I entered, and wandered along a large hall, with a long staircase, then amongst innumerable corridors. After visiting the elector's hall, I came to the collegiate church of Frankfurt, which is dedicated to St. Bartholémy. In the nave are various marble statues, and in the choir several very fine paintings.

Wishing to ascend the steeple, I clambered up a narrow staircase, which led me to the platform of Pfarrthurm. The view here was charming. Over my head was a lovely sun; at my feet, the town of Frankfurt; to my left, the Roemer; and to my right,

the black and narrow street of the Jews. Whilst buried in a profound reverie, the clouds gathered above me, and, chased by the wind, rolled about the heavens, covering and uncovering at each instant shreds of azure, while heavy drops of rain began to fall upon the earth, and lightning to flash from the heavens. I thought I was alone upon the tower, and would have remained there all day, but suddenly a rustling noise startled me, and on looking round, I perceived a young girl, about fourteen years of age, looking at me from a small window. I advanced a few steps, and after passing the angle of the Pfarrthurm, I found myself amongst the inhabitants of the steeple—a little world, smiling and happy. A young girl was knitting; an old woman, probably her mother, spinning; doves were cooing on the top of the steeple; and an hospitable monkey, on perceiving me, extended its little hand from the bottom of its cage. Add to this the peace of elevated places, where nothing is heard but the murmuring of the winds, and from whence we see the beauty of the surrounding country. In a part of the tower the old woman had made a fire, on which she was cooking a humble repast. How this little family came there, and for what end, I do not know; but they interested me much. This proud city, once engaged in so many wars; this city, which dethroned so many Cæsars; this city, whose walls were like an armour, is at present crowned by the hearth of a poor old woman.

LETTER XXV.

THE RHINE.

Mayence, October 1.

THE Rhine assumes all aspects—at one time broad, then narrow. It is transparent, tranquil, and rapid; it is a torrent at Schaffouse, a gulf at Laufen, a river at Sickingen, a flood at Mayence, a lake at St. Goar, and a marsh at Leyde.

The Rhine is calm—at least, so it said towards evening, and appears as if sleeping—a phenomenon more apparent than real, and which is visible upon all great rivers. The part of the Rhine the most celebrated and admired, the most curious for the historian, and the loveliest for the poet, is that which traverses, from Bingen to Koenigswinter, that dark chaos of volcanic mounts which the Romans termed the *Alpes des Cattes*.

From Mayence to Bingen, as from Koenigswinter to Cologne, there are seven leagues of rich smiling plains, with handsome villages, on the river's brink; but the great *encaissement* of the Rhine begins at Bingen by the Rupertsberg and Niederwald, and terminates at Koenigswinter at the feet of the Seven Mountains.

At each turning of the river, a group of



houses—a town or borough—developes itself, with a huge tower in ruins peering over it. These hamlets present an imposing aspect: young women are seen busily washing and singing, with children playing round them; the basketmaker at work on the door-step of his hut; the fisherman mending his net in his boat; and, above their heads, the sun ripening the vine upon the hill;—all perform what God has ordered, man as well as the orb of day.

At the time of the Romans and of the barbarians the Rhine was termed the “street” of soldiers. In the middle ages, when the river was bordered with ecclesiastical states, and, from its source to its mouth, was under the control of the abbot of Saint Gall, the bishops of Constance, Bale, Spire, Worms, the archbishop electors of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne, the Rhine was called the “street of the priests;” at present it is that of the merchants.

The traveller who ascends the river sees it, so to speak, coming to him, and then the sight is full of charms. At each instant he meets something which passes him; at one time, a vessel crowded with peasants, especially if it be Sunday; at another, a steam-boat; then a long, two-masted vessel, laden with merchandise, its pilot attentive and serious, its sailors busy, with women seated near the door of the cabin; here, a heavy-looking boat, dragging two or three after it; there, a little horse drawing a huge bark, as an ant drags a dead beetle. Suddenly there is a winding in the river; and formerly, on turning, an immense raft, a floating-house, presented itself, the oars splashing on both sides. On the ponderous machine were cattle of all kinds, some bleating and others bellowing, when they perceived the heifers peaceably grazing on the banks. The master came and went, looked at this, then at that, while the sailors busily performed their respective duties. A whole village seemed to live on this float, on this prodigious construction of fir.

It is, perhaps, difficult to imagine such an island of wood coming and going from Nymy to Dordrecht, along the windings and turnings, the falls and serpentine meanderings of the Rhine. Wrecks, it is true, frequently took place, which gave rise to the saying, “that a float-merchant ought to have three capitals—the first upon the Rhine, the second on land, and the third in his pocket.” The conducting of each of these enormous constructions was left entirely in the charge of one man. At the end of the last century, the great *maitre flotteur* of Rudesheim was called “Old Jung.” He died: since that time these great floats have disappeared.

At present, twenty-five steamers are now engaged on the Rhine, nineteen of which

belong to the Cologne Steam Company, and are constantly plying from Strasburg to Dusseldorf; they are known by their white and black funnels. The remaining six belong to the Dusseldorf Company, which have tri-coloured funnels, and ply from Mayence to Rotterdam. The ancient mode of navigating the Rhine, which was by vessels with sails, contrasts strangely with the present. The steam-boats, with life in their appearance, rapid, comfortable, and painted with the colours of all nations, have for invocation the names of princes and of cities; Ludwig II., Gross, Herzog von Hessen, Königin Victoria, Herzog von Nassau, Prinzessin Mariann, Gross Herzog von Baden, Stadt Mannheim, Stadt Coblenz. The sailing-vessels glide slowly along, and have at their prows grave and reverential names, such as Pius, Columbus, Amor, Sancta Maria, Gratia Dei; the steam-boat is varnished and gold-lettered; the sailing-boat is bedaubed with pitch. The one pursues its way from place to place, beseeching of men; the other continues its course in prayer. The one depends upon man; the other has placed its reliance on God—food, and that which is the gift of Heaven, being its cargo.

From Cologne to Mayence there are forty-nine islands, covered with thick verdure, which hide the smoking roofs, and shade the barks in their charming havens, each bearing some secret *souvenir*. Graupenwerth, where the Hollanders constructed a fort and called it “The Priest’s Bonnet; Pfaffenmüth, a fort that the Spaniards took, and gave it the name of “Isabella;” Graswerth, the island of grass, where Jean Philippe de Reichenberg wrote his “Antiquitates Saynenses;” Niederwerth, formerly so rich with the gifts of the Margrave Archbishop, Jean II.; Urmitzer Insel, which was well-known to Cæsar; and Nonnenswerth, the frequented spot of Roland.

The souvenirs of the banks of the Rhine seem to have responded to those of the islands, and whatever took place on one side was sure to have given rise to something else on the opposite one. Permit me to run over a few of them. The coffin of Saint Nizza, granddaughter of Louis-le-Debonnaire, is at Cologne; the tomb of Saint Ida, cousin of Charles Martel, is at Cologne. St Genevieve lived in the woods at Fraunkirch, near a mineral fountain, which is still seen, adjoining a chapel that was built to her memory. It was Schinderhannes, who, with a pistol in his hand, forced a band of Jews to take off their shoes; then, after mixing them, ordered each person to take the first pair he could find and be off, for he would put the last to instant death. The terrified Jews did so, and fled precipitately, some

stumbling, others limping and hobbling, making a strange clattering noise, which excited the laughter of Jean l'Ecorcheur.

When the traveller has passed Coblenz, and left behind him the graceful island of Oberwerth; the mouth of the Lahn strikes his attention. The sight here is admirable. The two crumbling towers of Johanniskirch, which vaguely resemble Jumièges, rise, as it were, from the water's brink. To the right, above the borough of Capellen, the magnificent fortress of Stolzenfels stands upon the brow of a huge rock; and to the left, at the bottom of the horizon, the clouds and the setting sun mingle with the sombre ruins of Lahneck, which abound with enigmas for the historian, and *tenebres* for the antiquary. On each side of the Lahn is a pretty town, Niederlahnstein and Oberlahnstein, which seem smiling at each other. A few stone-throws from the oriental gate of Oberlahnstein, the trees of an orchard disclose, and at the same time hide, a small chapel of the fourteenth century, which is surmounted by a mean-looking steeple. The deposition of Wencesles took place here.

In front of this chapel, upon the opposite bank, is ancient Königsstuhl, which, not more than half a century ago, was the seat of royalty, and where the emperors were elected by the seven electors of Germany. At present, four stones mark the place where it formerly stood. After leaving this place, the traveller proceeds towards Braubach, passes Boppard, Weimich, Saint Goar, Oberweesell, and suddenly comes to an immense rock, surmounted by an enormous tower on the right bank of the river. At the base of the rock is a pretty little town with a Roman church in the centre; and opposite, in the middle of the Rhine, is a strange, oblong edifice, whose back and front resemble the prow and poop of a vessel; and whose large and low windows are like hatches and port-holes.

This tower is the Gutenfels; this town is Caub; this stonemanship, eternally on the Rhine, and always at anchor, is the Palace or Pfalz. To enter this symbolic residence, which is built upon a bank of marble, called "the rock of the Palatine counts," we must ascend a ladder that rests upon a drawbridge, and which is still to be seen.

From Taunus to the Seven Mountains there are fourteen castles on the right bank of the river, and fifteen upon the left, making in all twenty-nine, which bear the *souvenirs* of volcanoes, the traces of war, and the devastations of time. Four of these castles were built in the eleventh century — Ehrenfels, by the archbishop of Siegfried; Stahleck, by the counts Palatine; Sayn, by Frederick, first count of Sayn, and van-

quisher of the Moors of Spain; and the others at a later period.

This long and double row of venerable edifices, at once poetic and military, which bear upon their front all the epochs of the Rhine, every one having its sieges and its legends, begins at Bingen, by the Ehrenfels on the right, and by the Rat Tower on the left, and finishes at Königswinter, by the Rolandseck on the left and the Drachenfels on the right.

The number which I have given only includes those castles which are on the banks of the Rhine, and which every traveller will see in passing; but should he explore the valleys and ascend the mountains, he will meet a ruin at every step; and if he ascend the Seven Mountains, he will find an abbey, Schomberg, and six castles, — the Drachenfels, Wolkenburg, Lowenberg, Nonnestromberg, and the Elberg, the last of which was built by Valentinian, in the year 368.

In the plain near Mayence is Frauenstein, which was built in the 12th century, Scharfenstein and Greifenklau; and on the Cologne side is the admirable castle of Godesberg.

These ancient castles which border the Rhine, these colossal bounds, built by *Feodalité* upon its banks, fill the country with reveries and pleasant associations. They have been mute witnesses of bygone ages; have been prominent features in great actions; and their walls have echoed with the cries of war and the murmurings of peace. They stand there like eternal monuments of the dark dramas which, since the tenth century, have been playing on the Rhine. They have witnessed, so to speak, monks of all orders, men of all ranks, and there is not an historical fact in the lives of those men who played a prominent part on the Rhine that is not designed on their venerable walls. They have listened to the voice of Petrarch; they saw, in 1415, the eastern bishops, proud and haughty, going to the assembly of divines of Constance, to try Jean Huss; in 1431, going to the council of Bale, to depose Eugene IV.; and, in 1519, to the diet of Worms, to interrogate Luther; they witnessed, floating on the Rhine, the body of Saint Werner, who fell a martyr to the Jews in 1287. In fact, all great events, from the ninth to the nineteenth century, that transpired on the banks of this flood have, as it were, come under their notice. They are mute recorders of the things that were — of Pepin, of Charlemagne, of Charles the Fifth, and of Napoleon. All the great events which time after time shook and frightened Europe, have, like the lightning's flash, lightened up these old walls. At present, it is the moon and the sun which shed their light upon these

ancient edifices, famed in story, and gnawed by time, whose walls are falling stone by stone into the Rhine, and whose dates are fast dwindling into oblivion.

O noble towers! O poor, paralyzed giants! A steam-boat filled with merchants and with peasants, when passing, hurls its smoke in your faces!

End of the Rhine.

New Books.

The House Decorator and Plumbers' Guide.
By H. W. and A. Arrowsmith.

THE authors of the above work are decorators, of some name, by profession, and these designs for decorating apartments will assuredly add to their reputation. No gentleman, ambitious of exhibiting good taste in fitting up the interior of his mansion, should be without this "Guide;" for how often do we see the most preposterous violation of style and chronology in the furniture or fittings-up of an elegant house in consequence of some monitor like this not being at hand to suggest attention to those matters of detail not unlikely to be lost sight of amidst apparently more important matters.

Miscellaneous.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY POLITICALLY AND COMMERCIALY ADVANTAGEOUS TO GREAT BRITAIN.

(By a late Resident in the West Indies, and Traveller in the United States.)

I WITNESSED the astonishment of the coloured people of Philadelphia, when they heard of the participation of equal rights and privileges afforded all classes and complexions of inhabitants under the British Government: and well might they be astonished in a land where dark and fair skins are not even allowed equal privileges of approaching their common Creator; and the house of the white man's prayer would be held contaminated and defiled by the black man's worship. My communications with them, slender as they were, and the earnest inquiries they made relative to the distinctions of colour in the English colonies, were enough to suggest the important and proud position in which the abolition of slavery and its attendant measures have placed Great Britain. In fact, England has opened an asylum for the suffering sons of Africa in every quarter of the globe—for the negro rescued from the slave-shop, and the victim of prejudice in civilized communities. By putting down the aristocracy of colour, by establishing equal

rights without reference to the tint of the skin, by the utter extinction of slavery with its train of debasing associations, she invites the many outcasts of prejudice and slaves of lawless power to the protection of her just laws and impartial government, there to unite their energies with the vigour of a free people,—to improve their intellectual and moral condition in the world,—to participate in the equal ministration of the offices, and equal distribution of the instruction of our holy religion,—and to cultivate the happiness temporal and eternal, which it is the natural right of every man to pursue. And such a position may not be held of small account. It has been the foundation of great results in all ages of history. Almost in our own time the United States themselves, whose hard measure tramples on the freedom of the man of colour in the land of liberty, have wrested themselves from the grasp of a powerful kingdom, and grown from a dependency of 900,000 inhabitants to a mighty nation of 16,000,000 of people, by professing principles which they abjure in the case of the negro.

But Great Britain challenges this glorious distinction, that she offers real liberty, the true asylum of equal rights, without either the robberies of ancient Rome, or the blood of contest inseparable from the independence of the United States. In unalloyed benevolence she renews the lesson so hard to be understood, that what is best is also most wise, and that to vindicate the rights of suffering humanity is the most successful as well as the most generous policy, however degraded and prostrate may be the sufferer, however debased in the eyes of the world be the object of generous interference.

The success of this policy is as sure as its generosity; not, indeed, in the condition of property in the West India Colonies—its temporary depression is, perhaps, the price of other advantages—but in the clog that is felt about the neck of every nation that owns a slave, if she assumes an attitude of enmity or menace against one who will not recognise the name. When a French minister recently threatened to invade our peace, the first obstacle he felt the necessity of removing was French slavery; and commissioners were deputed to the French colonies to prepare its abolition. And now every bluster of transatlantic enmity carries on its wings the disaffected cries of millions, who invite our aid to break their shackles and redress their wrongs. This neutralizes the violence of every storm. This bids the tempest rage impotently in their native wilds.

Although Great Britain suffers in the losses of the few who are proprietors, she

gains immense advantages in the happiness of the many, who thus become the most loyal subjects of her crown. Who can call to mind the military establishments necessary to coerce the slaves, the rebellion, in spite of those establishments, so recently as in 1831 and 1832, the horrors alike of its outbreak and its suppression, and not congratulate himself that military coercion is no longer necessary, that rebellion is no longer apprehended, that the insurgents against constituted authority are rendered the most loyal upholders of the sovereign power? Property is gradually passing from the hands of absent proprietors to those of residents; and changing its features in the subdivision of the large estates, that absorbed all care and industry under the former system. Small pieces of land are now sold to a new class of agriculturists, that has been called into recent existence. Attention has been directed to new resources of the soil. New branches of industry have arrested consideration. New villages have sprung up in districts before untenanted. And though the losses of former proprietors cannot be denied, it may be questioned whether the depression of property at large will prove to have been more than temporary, and such as is incidental to its transition from a weak and failing to a more healthy state. The increase of the internal trade of the colonies, and of the consumption of imports, must be another source of congratulation to the nation at large. The retailer, that formerly confined his enterprise to the chief towns, has now spread out his arms, and planted his magazines throughout the fertile valleys and mountains, in which a population is establishing itself. The improved condition, and new wants, and consequent consumption of the labouring classes, is producing a trade that of itself affords a stimulus to mercantile enterprise, and a provision to hundreds of manufacturers, retailers, and workmen. Every new village, every cross-road, and many a mountain path has its recently erected shop, where the negro is supplied in a sort of barter for the provision he raises from the soil. In the towns, too, are found some evidences of the energy and vigour of freedom, however the cultivation of sugar and coffee partially fails. However palmy the days of slavery, they produced neither public buildings, public institutions, nor private enterprise, equal to the present in other departments than those of the old staples of the colonies. Other mills than those for extracting the juice of the sugarcane, and steam-engines, and butcheries, and bakeries have sprung up that were unknown before. Amusement has not been forgotten; new theatres have been built, and Italian operas performed. Prisons and

prison discipline, streets and court-houses, have been rebuilt or improved. New judges have been appointed, the administration of justice and of police amended. The code of laws has been revised. The spirit of inquiry and reformation has been directed to the old inefficient institutions. Churches and schools have been erected: popular education has made rapid strides, and an increased respect for religious ordinances has been evinced by the multitudes who have learned to flock to the temple of God.

In the present state of the Western World, war with the United States would open to us the gates of an empire only less valuable than our possessions in the East—an empire founded on opinion in its best and greatest sense—the opinion of our equity as well as of our power. An empire, too, founded on what they would esteem their ruin; though, probably, it might prove no loss, but their greatest gain. It has been proposed to land upon their coasts, to supply their slaves with arms, to bid them rise upon their masters, and give birth to a war of extermination revolting to humanity. This would but unnecessarily disgrace a just cause. The slaves would make but poor soldiers, and perhaps fly at the sound only of the whips of new Amazons. It would but inflict misery without a prospect of good. It would be shedding blood, and letting loose fire and carnage upon a distant land, only to provoke a just retaliation in our own. But there are other means of conducting a war of justice against oppression, that would be more effective in subduing the oppressors, in relieving the oppressed, and conferring advantage on those who relieve them. Our colonies in the West are not peopled. Jamaica could sustain a million of inhabitants, if a million were there to cultivate her rich mountains and woods. Jamaica in cultivation, with a million of inhabitants, would be of three times the value to Great Britain that she is half in cultivation with 350,000. Transport from the Carolina and Louisiana the willing emigrants who there are slaves; and bid them be loyal subjects of the British Crown. The slave would be freed; and he would not find the recollections of his former slavery so sweet as to rebel against the government that sets him free, and the power that protects him from being again reduced by his former masters. The slaveholder, too, would be deprived of a strong inducement to the unilateral application of his theories, and would see with other eyes as he became divested of his slaves. His interests would become those of the emancipators; and he would recognise the folly and injustice of a war against the rights even of negro men. Nor is it Jamaica alone that might derive advantage from

such migrations in event of war. On the main land are wide and fertile tracts, the great difficulty in reaping the wealth of which consists in the impracticability of cultivating them by European labour. The negro will provide for his own sustenance, if he does not like to make sugar for an employer. England has strength enough to check rapine and disorder. And, to say the least, a dense population would afford the better prospect of supplying labour equal to the demand of large proprietors. Colonies of millions must be more valuable than colonies of thousands. And if the title of possession in the Bay of Honduras should raise scruples in tenanting the regions adjacent to Belize, there yet remain in Demerara lands to occupy the free industry of a large portion of the two millions and a half of slaves ready to migrate from the misalled land of liberty.

There can be no question of the efficacy of such a scheme, if fully carried out; there can be no question of its humanity, and little, probably, to an Englishman, of the benefit it would bestow on the three parties mainly concerned. It would greatly benefit the slave owner of the United States (whatever he might urge to the contrary) to put him in a position of less moral temptation and blindness, so that he might more easily discover what is due to other men as well as to himself: it would abolish slavery in that country, to which of all others it is the deepest disgrace: it would confer freedom on the slave: it would bestow on Great Britain a grateful and loyal population in the tropics—regions to which her unemployed artisans cannot migrate but at the imminent risk of life, but regions which can supply them so many comforts, and consume so much of what their labour will produce in return.

To a great extent it would not be difficult. On the sea-coast, at least, and throughout the shores of those bays, and creeks, and rivers, that form so marked a feature in the landscape of America, cargo after cargo of negroes might be collected, glad to exchange the fetters of the stars and stripes for the freedom of the good old union-jack. On every frontier hundreds would flock to the standard of liberty, that could afford protection also. A frontier so wide cannot be defended on every point on which there is property; especially when that property is slaves—slaves able to think, to will, to move, to plan, to be free.

Let it not be supposed that war—a new scourge to inflict new miseries on mankind—is desired. These observations are intended but to prove the advantage of the position, in which the abolition of slavery and pursuit of an equitable policy have placed Great Britain. For the rest,

Let us no more contend . . . but strive,
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe.

Peace is, indeed, a blessing that cannot be valued too highly; but it must not be bought at the expense of principle and honour; and the pride of the position of Great Britain now is, that, from having taken the lead in a course of equity, a war of principle would also be to her a war of advantage. At least, if those were advantages for which Mr. Pitt waged war—if England gained in the result of that fearful struggle in which she then engaged—there is every prospect of her gaining in similar results by a war with the United States in defence of the rights of the enslaved African. She needs not to invade American territory: she has but to defend her own, and people it with the liberated slaves of her adversary. To humiliate a foe is not the object, but to vindicate humanity; and in vindicating the rights of the oppressed, she would morally and physically, in opinion and in fact, best increase her own power, and best relieve the necessities of her own people. What new mines of wealth would spring up in her West Indian colonies, if slavery were extinguished throughout the Western World! What people would then rival the energies of British industry in the fair field of negro freedom and civilization which she has preoccupied? Who knows what the weight of moral position might effect in those large and fertile islands girding the Caribbean Sea, Cuba, and St. Domingo, and Porto Rico? As large as England, rich in soil, and mines, and variety of productions, they are already trembling at the proximity of more equitable government; and the republic of Hayti, to communicate with which we were afraid as slave-owners, is now afraid of open intercourse with us because our fellow subjects are free. Let each rise into its just importance with a population of African descent looking up to England as the protector of the interests of Africans. The possession of these islands has been an object of ambition. Now, it may not need to invade territory or usurp sovereignty. Let property be secure to encourage enterprise, and profitable markets be opened for the produce of industry, and Great Britain will reap the harvest of the justice of which she first sowed the seeds, and of the humanity she planted and spread abroad over the world.—*United Service Magazine*.

LEIPSIC FAIR.

THE town in itself (or personal liking has prejudiced me) has a quaint, cheerful, and friendly appearance. Within the walls, high richly-decorated houses and old churches

seem almost toppling over each other, so thickly are they set. Without, where the ramparts were, is an irregular pleasure-ground, spreading out in some places to such a respectable amplitude, as to secure privacy for the walker. Beyond this belt is another ring, made up of houses, some of them set in gardens, richly dressed and full of flowers; the prettiest, most inviting residences which kind hearts and distinguished musicians could find. The town is rich in both. There I found that cheerful, simple, unselfish, and intelligent artistic life which many have been used to imagine as universally German. Leipzig has no court to stiffen its social circles into formality, or to hinder its presiding spirits from taking free way: on the other hand, it possesses a university to stir its intelligences, a press busy and enterprising, and a recurrence of those gatherings which bring a representative of every class of society in Europe together. These last can hardly pass over—be they for mere money-getting, be they for mere merry-making—without disturbing the settlement of that stagnant and pedantic egotism into which the strongest of minds are apt to sink when the wheel of life moves too slowly, or the circle of cares is too narrow.

To be sure, the first moments of my arrival at Leipsic in 1839 were unpropitious enough. I had come from Berlin without stopping. It was a lowering, showery afternoon; and, finding it impossible to gain any hotel accommodation, I was transferred by the most indefatigable of all landlords—him, I mean, of the *Hôtel de Bavière*—to a lodging, four stories high, close in his neighbourhood. The common staircase which led to my nest was dark and ruinous, and of course an inch thick with dirt, since every room in every story of the house was occupied by its own trader or traders. The floor of my chamber, too, when I reached it, was under water; and an old skinny bare-legged Sycorax was paddling about in slippers, on pretence of making every thing clean, as she paddled about whooping to an old man as miserable-looking as herself, and, moreover, imbued thoroughly with tobacco. There was no remaining to witness the issue of these operations; so, having deposited my baggage high and dry above the reach of the flood, taking it for granted that somehow or other the place would be made habitable before bed-time (*box-time* one ought to call it in Germany), I strolled out to search for a dinner, and to study the humours of the fair.

I do not remember to have been ever more thoroughly amused than during that walk. Sympathizing, to a childish degree, in Charles Lamb's passion for shop-window prospects and the human countenance, I

was arrested at every step by the high buildings, with wares of every conceivable quality streaming out of every window, from garret to cellar:—food for the mind in books, pleasure for the eye in prints, Nuremberg toys, and that many-coloured Bohemian glass which makes the booths where it is exhibited, glitter like Aladdin's palace;—clothing for the body, in the shape of furs, woollen goods, knitted garments of form and use totally unintelligible to English eyes, and magnificent lengths of glaring calico which "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" may accept, if he be willing, for pageant banners when day begins to close in. Then the vendors! Here were peasantesses, presiding over their homely wares, in enormous winged caps, with long streamers, or tight forehead-bands of black lace, and every variety of tunic, joesph, petticoat, polonaise, and Hessian boot. There was a man—Heaven knows whence!—from head to heel of the colour of mud, with a huge hat, like an over-ripe mushroom in shape, not half covering his long unkempt hair,—who stopped and pressed every one to buy his mousetraps, in a deep melancholy voice that at once put to flight all the notions of *brigandage* and black-guardism which a first glance excited. Close behind, a couple of Jews, in their glossy camlet gaberlines and high-furred caps, made excellent painters' figures: one of the pair with a long yellow beard, so glossy and crisp and curling as to form a wonderful feature in a picture, however ill it assorted with the keen small eyes and the hooked physiognomy belonging to "the tribes;" while the chin of his companion, who was pale as a ghost and spectrally thin, was garnished—it might have been for contrast's sake—with a luxury of black hair. The next trader, perhaps, was a grave and stately Oriental, in his flowing robes and white turban, sitting patiently behind his stall of pipe *waaren*, or gliding up—the most courteous of merchants—with essenced amulets and necklaces of black clay, hanging in cataracts over the edge of his pedlar's box. Among the people I most liked to meet in the fair, were the Tyrolese. One establishment or brotherhood of four great brawny audacious men stands before me as I write, with their steeple hats pranked out with nosegays, and their round jackets, their leather girdles, and their velvetreen breeches, displaying clean white stockings and calves to set up a score of Irish chairmen;—the most impudent, merriest, best-natured disciples of Autolychus that ever went forth to bamboozle or amuse the world of Dorcas and Mopsas. One of them—some six feet high—had a particular propensity to creep into the hotels at high dinner-tide, and to worm himself into the

thickest of the crowd, where the prettiest women were to be found; tempting them, like his archetype, to buy "a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves," with impudent flatteries there was no resisting. All the world knows, ever since the days of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, how relishing even a dustman's compliment may be! And my friend admired the small wrists and the white hands to such good purpose, that brisk was the trade he drove, and many the pair of rotten gloves and trumpery bracelets he would get rid of, ere discovery of his presence overtook him, and the eager perspiring crowd of *hellners*, enraged at being interrupted in their service, began to abuse him and to order him out. Not a step would he budge, having taken up a good position. More than once, an absolute chase ensued to clear the room, when the varlet, suddenly diving under one of the tables, presented his waggish face and his box at the other side, in some corner so inaccessible, with such a pertinacious determination to make good his ground, that resistance was in vain, and he was permitted to finish his traffic in triumph. I ought to be rather ashamed to own the acquaintance; but, after one of these *escapades*, whether he had seen encouragement and diversion in my face I know not, my friend the Tyroler never after met me in the street without choosing to stride along by my side for a considerable distance, laughing and chattering like a magpie, and offering to carry for me whatever I might happen to have in my hand.

Nor are such groups as these the only ones which make the Leipsic fair so amusing to all who love to study character. The strangers and guests are as miscellaneous as the traders. He must indeed be a lonely man, or have lived all his life in the tarry-at-home circle of his county, who can escape from picking up there some old acquaintance or some new friend. The number of known and unexpected faces the pilgrim will meet, swept away by the next wave of arrivals, is not the least of the attractions of the place and the time, which make him feel, ere he has been four and twenty hours in Leipsic, as if he had been familiar with it all his life! One day it will be his lot, perhaps, at table to face a pair of the cold, thoroughly-dressed figures whom he has left doing their part in crowding the London season without animating it; another, his acquaintance, who sixteen years ago came to England to learn its language and mercantile business, will turn up; another, the discoverer, who, when they parted last, was bound for the Andes or the North Pole; another, the artist or *artiste*, whom he has at home admired at a distance in concert-room or theatre. If, indeed, he be a musician, he is sure of in-

teresting encounters at the fair of Leipsic; and no wonder, since in that town, as I knew it, resides the heart of Northern Germany's musical vitality.—*H. F. Chorley.*

INNSBRUCK.

INNSBRUCK, the little capital of the northern Tyrol, may be called a handsome town, although there is but one broad principal street, which runs directly through it. The situation is peculiar, occupying the centre of a plain, perhaps not more than two, certainly less than three miles across, and bounded by mountains on each side, which, just at this place, would seem to have receded from the valley of the inn, to make room for the site of the town. This fine river washes one of its sides, and separates it from a suburb of considerable extent. The buildings, particularly those which flank the long broad street, are more substantial and in better taste than one would be led to expect in this secluded valley.

The immediate environs of the town are rich and beautiful, interspersed with small villas in the midst of gardens smiling with cultivation, and producing all the fruits and vegetables common to the country, for the supply of the market of Innsbruck.

The mountains and the hills which bound the vale, are rich and picturesque; the former rising into rocky and jagged summits, and those on the right bank of the river increasing in height till they fall in with the Brenner Alps; many of the latter crowned with old castles, which give a combined picture of the sublime and the beautiful; others again with their rounded dome-shaped summits, covered with grass of the most brilliant green, afford a pleasing foreground to the grand and more distant features of the landscape. To crown the whole, the stranger, in walking up the grand street, sees over the roofs of the houses, and, as if overhanging the town, one enormous mountain whose summit is capped with snow, which, from its remaining there in the month of August, must be, at least, from six to seven thousand feet in height.

THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH.

With the exception of the churches, and perhaps the palace, there are not many public buildings of a character to attract one's attention, nor indeed is there much to admire in the architecture of the principal churches. Of these, the most interesting is the Franciscan church, which I suppose may be called the cathedral. Externally it has not much to recommend it except its magnitude, which is far beyond what one would expect to find in so small a place—though not, I believe, strictly speaking, a dome church or cathedral: it is a composi-

tion of Grecian and Gothic architecture, and of no particular order in either. Within there is more than enough to gratify curiosity. In the middle of the central aisle, which is capacious, the stranger's eye is instantly caught by two rows of gigantic bronze statues, mostly in armour, much larger than life, not less and some of them more than seven feet; and between the rows there appears a large marble sarcophagus, bearing on its surface a kneeling bronze figure with the face towards the altar.

BRONZE STATUES AND BAS-RELIEFS.

The number of these bronze statues is twenty-eight, fourteen on each side of the tomb. They are said to have been cast by a native Tyrolese artist, of the name of Löffler, in the early part of the sixteenth century, which, if so, must give to them an interest that otherwise their merit (considerable as it is) might not perhaps have conveyed. They consist of twenty males and eight females. They are all, or nearly so, connected somehow or other with the Maximilian family, either directly or by marriage, beginning with Rudolph of Habsburgh, the founder of the dynasty.

The first, on the right-hand row, is old Clovis of France, but how he comes there I know not. On the same side, a little lower down, is Arthur, called here King of England, which, though a misnomer, I was not disposed to doubt: he was worthy to be a true Briton, being by far the best set up and the most symmetrical figure in the whole group; but how they got hold of the name of Arthur, the last king of the Silures, would not be easy to discover; or, indeed, of him of the Round Table—for Owen, in his "Cambrian Biography," says there were two—the real King of Britain, and the fabulous one of the ancient poets; the latter of whom Geoffrey of Monmouth contributed chiefly to bring into notice, though he had been celebrated long before his time, and said to be "more known in Asia than in Britain—the east and the west talk of him—Egypt and the Bosphorus are not silent—Rome, the mistress of cities, sings his actions—Antioch, Armenia, Palestine, celebrate his deeds." Hume is doubtful of his existence, and Gibbon seems to think we must at least give up his valiant knights and his Round Table.

After all, might it not be as Addison suggests (if the manly *age* of the figure was not against it), that the effigy named the King of England was meant for Arthur, Prince of Wales, son of Henry the Seventh, and elder brother of Henry the Eighth, who had espoused the Infanta Catherine of Arragon, fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella—not "sister of Maximilian," as Addison says, though by her marriage

connected with the Maximilian family? And if this Arthur was not "every inch a king," he was within an inch of becoming King of England.

The tomb above-mentioned is not, as I have called it, a *sarcophagus*, but rather a *cenotaph*, the remains of him it commemorates being interred elsewhere. It was erected to the memory of the Emperor Maximilian the First, by his grandson Ferdinand I. The tomb is of white Carrara marble, twelve or thirteen feet long, and about six feet high. On the sides and ends are twenty-four compartments, in each of which is a bas-relief of well-designed subjects and very superior workmanship, at least twenty of them are so in the opinion of artists who have examined them carefully. They are, in fact, pictures possessing all the qualities of a painting with the exception of colour, being carved out of the most clear and beautiful white marble. They are all historical subjects, and represent not only the great public events of the life of Maximilian—his battles, sieges, treaties, and alliances with other powers;—but also his private and domestic events, marriages, fêtes, &c.

The skill exhibited in the composition of these medallions is admirable; the figures of men and horses are exquisitely beautiful; the latter absolutely in motion, and all their equipments minutely detailed and brought out. I was particularly struck with that which represents the procession of the Princess Margaret on her return from the court of France to the palace of Maximilian. In this group the horses, the trappings, their riders, and their dresses, had the appearance of a picture taken from the life, and all as if in motion.

Another is equally fine: the marriage of Philip le Bel, son of Maximilian, with Joan of Castile and Arragon; and the dresses are said to be not far different from those worn at the time, which the artist must have obtained from some museum, or graphical description. These bas-reliefs are all of the same size, apparently about fifteen by ten inches. The kneeling statue on the tomb, in the attitude of prayer, is, of course, that of the emperor.

All these beautiful bas-reliefs, with the exception of four, which are easily distinguishable as inferior to the rest, are the work of Alexander Colin, a native of Malines, whose name, notwithstanding these and other sublime productions of his labour, is scarcely to be found in any of the historical or biographical accounts of painters or sculptors—productions so ingeniously conceived, so exquisitely grouped, so elaborately and beautifully executed, that no pencil, however minute and delicate, with all the advantage of colouring, could convey a more correct conception of what was

intended. They may be compared with the Napoleon medals on a large scale.

LEGEND OF MAXIMILIAN.

The mountain spoken of as overhanging Innsbruck is called Sollstein-berg, a part of which is named Martinswand, or Martin's-wall, a steep precipice of not less than a thousand feet, and has given rise to a legendary tale, which, having seemingly the sanction of the Capuchin monks as a miraculous interference, it would not, I suppose, be safe to disbelieve. But as all legends have some foundation, however slight, in fact, so had this:—The Emperor Maximilian, when archduke, was exercising his favourite pursuit after the chamois on this mountain; in his anxiety to follow the animals he got himself entangled amongst the narrow paths and ledges of this precipice, so as to be unable either to proceed or retrace his steps, and was missing for some time from the Capuchin convent, where, it is said, he was frequently accustomed to take up his abode. Maximilian, after he became emperor, is supposed to have encouraged his secretaries to write accounts of his numerous adventures, escapes, and feats of chivalry. Many of these have been published, and in them "he is exhibited," says Coxe, "as being endowed with supernatural faculties, and moving in a superior sphere, like the heroes who figure in eastern fable and the annals of chivalry: thus, he is said to have assaulted lions in their cages, and forced them to repress their native ferocity; he fell from towers unhurt; he escaped from shipwreck and from fire; and when lost amid the rocks and precipices of Tyrol, whither he had penetrated in his favourite occupation of hunting the chamois, and on the point of perishing with hunger and fatigue, he is extricated by an angel in the shape of a peasant boy."

This peasant boy of the name of Zyps, was a sufficient foundation for the legendary tale promulgated, it may be supposed, by the Capuchins, one of whose fraternity produced the miracle of releasing the unfortunate archduke, suspended by the heels from a ledge, with his head downwards, by administering to him the sacramental cake and the whole paraphernalia of the Viaticum, from the bottom of the precipice, in consequence of which this Ariel or angel flew down with him in his arms. The name of Zyps is said to be still extant on the pension list of Maximilian.

CAPUCHIN CONVENT.

We were curious to look at the Capuchin convent, connected as it had been with two German emperors—Maximilian and Francis. It stands in the main street, towards the upper end, its front occupying a

considerable extent. We were admitted without difficulty, and were immediately struck with the general neat and comfortable appearance of the building. The walls were carefully whitewashed, pure as snow. The corridors, into which the several cells or apartments of the monks open, being of great length, and kept purely and perfectly white, have a cheerful and pleasing effect. The apartments in which the monks sleep and pass their time, when they wish to be alone, were all locked but one, which had the key in it, but we were prevented from looking in, by being told that its owner was unwell, and most likely in his room. The rest of the fraternity were at supper, and we were told that from the *cuisine*—an excellent one, fit for any of our clubs—we might see them seated at table, unknown to them and unobserved.

Accordingly we went thither, and looking through a small hole in a sort of revolving dumb-waiter in the wall, by which the dishes are passed into the dining-room smoking hot from the kitchen, we could see what was passing. This luxury, I was going to say, had not reached the refinement of modern days, in our own country, but I recollect breakfasting with the late Sir William Curtis on board his yacht, in Plymouth Sound, and had mutton chops sent into the cabin from the kitchen by a similar kind of roundabout, one at a time, hot and hot; Sir William observing, that a mutton chop was not eatable unless served up broiling hot from the gridiron.

At the upper end of the hall, which was one of considerable size, and panelled with oak, we observed, sitting at a cross-table, a venerable looking monk with a bald head and flowing bushy beard, grey with the lapse of years, whom we rightly supposed to be the superior of the convent. On his left sat two others, somewhat less venerable in appearance than himself. A few others sat below them, at the cross-table, and from thirty to forty occupied seats in one long line down the side of the room, with their backs to the wall. The whole assembly wore their long hooded cloaks, and all had bushy beards. Some few were yet young, and one we noticed was without either cloak or beard; probably a guest or a novice. They all seemed to be very happy and comfortable at their meal, laughing and chatting to one another, but quietly and without noise.

Our friends in the kitchen were clothed in hooded cloaks precisely similar, of the usual snuff-brown colour, and wore sandals, but did not apparently cultivate the growth of their beards, nor yet trouble themselves much in passing a razor over them, for their chins, though certainly not "new reap'd," nevertheless

"Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home."

We were told that each of the Capuchin monks is allowed two bottles of wine a-day—a very fair share; but it must be borne in mind that the wines of the country are of a thin quality.

Attached to the convent is a neat little garden for the monks to take exercise; and in one part, under a shaded alcove, is a small skittle-ground, where they amuse themselves during their hours of recreation. One old gentleman was here walking about—possibly the one whom we thought to be in his cell; he was full of years in appearance, much bent in body, and showed every sign of having attained an unusual advanced age. Whilst in the garden, and before we found our way into the kitchen, we had passed the windows of the dining-room, and observed the monks at supper. Our laquais-de-place (for we were not above employing one, to save time and trouble) asked the sage old friar if we might go and peep in at the windows?—not a very proper request, it must be admitted; but his reply was, that “there could be nothing to see, as there was but one way of eating.”—*Barrow's Tyrol*.

The Gatherrr.

Prosperity too often has the same effect on the Christian that the calm at sea hath on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder and goes to sleep.—*Bishop Horne*.

It is not known generally, that the Affghanistan territory is mentioned in Scripture. It occurs in that chapter of Kings which relates the life of King Solomon, chap. 9, v. 13:—“And Hiram came out from Tyre to see the cities which Solomon had given him, and they pleased him not. And he said, What cities are these thou hast given me, my brother? And he called them the land of Caubul unto this day.”

The Paymaster of the 71st Regiment, stationed at St. John's, Upper Canada, has transmitted to Paisley 80*l.*, being the amount of a subscription made by the officers and men for the relief of the poor of that town. The subscriptions of the non-commissioned officers and privates exceeded 62*l.*

The following are the most celebrated promesades of the chief nations of Europe and Asia:—The Bois de Boulogne in France; the Garden of the Dead at Constantinople; the Gardens at Kensington; the Prater in the suburbs of Vienna, situated on one of the islands of the Danube; the Wood of the Falcons at Moscow; and the Prado in Spain.

An establishment for trying the cold-water system of cure is about to be formed at Cheltenham.

Novel Freight.—The Great Western took out for New York no less than a ton of quack pills, on which the sum of seven guineas freight was paid.

Peruvian Mummy.—A Peruvian mummy has been brought to Liverpool for investigation. It is unlike the mummies of Egypt, a perfect embalmed body, without wrappers, and was discovered at Pisco in a chalk tomb, together with a wooden idol, a comb of porcupine quills, and a distaff, on which was a quantity of very fine thread or cotton, which crumbled into dust.—*Literary Gazette*.

New Order of Merit.—The King of Prussia has founded a special class of the order *Pour le Mérite*, to be conferred on persons who have distinguished themselves in the sciences and arts. The number of the members of the German nation is fixed at thirty. To enhance the splendour of the order, it will also be conferred on eminent foreigners, the number of whom is not fixed, but is never to exceed that of the German members. On the death of a German member, the vacancy must be filled up; on the death of a foreigner this is not necessary. Among the foreign members on the class of sciences (including, it seems, the *belles lettres*) are R. B. Faraday, Sir J. Herschell, members of the Royal Society of London, and Mr. Thomas Moore. Baron Alexander Von Humboldt is appointed chancellor, and Mr. Cornelius, the eminent painter, vice-chancellor, of this, which is to be called “The Peace Class of the order *Pour le Mérite*.” The order, as originally constituted, was exclusively for the army; but his majesty, by the present extension of the statutes, is manifestly conforming to the views of the august founder, Frederick the Great, who was a great patron and promoter of the arts and sciences; and this new class is accordingly founded in honour of the tenth anniversary of that monarch's accession to the throne.—*Prussian State Gazette*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much pleased with the spirit of “J. C.'s” lines, but in poetical merit they fall rather short of our standard.

The verses signed “Maria R—,” though not eligible, contain some good lines, and the thought is very poetic.

“J. J.,” “W. H. M.,” “C. A.,” “P. T.,” “G. N. N.,” “R. M.,” “Q—Z.,” declined, with thanks.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

GENERAL INDEX.

ABBEY Church, St. Albans, 161
Abolition of Slavery politically and commercially advantageous to Great Britain, 409

Alliance Insurance Office, 130

Amoy, 78

Angel, the, and Child, 54

Arts, the, in Paris, 15

Assassinations of Sovereigns, Anecdotes illustrative of the, 377

Australia, 382

Authoresses versus Authors, 387, 404

Baronial Castles of the Eighth and Ninth Centuries, 43

BIOGRAPHY:

Ainsworth, W. Harrison, v.

Ascham, Roger, 301

Balzac, H. de, 316

Banks, Thomas, 306

Bell, Sir Charles, 348

Danneker, the Sculptor, 62

Ducrow, Andrew, 363

Garrick, David, 258

Handel, George Frederick, 209

Porter, Sir Robert Ker, 359

Roubiliac, M., 210

Sand, George, 395

Watts, Dr. Isaac, 305

Watts, Walter Henry, 61

West, Benjamin, P.R.A., 8

Blackbird's Grave, the, 255

BOOKS, NEW:

Ainsworth's Magazine, No. I. 105—

No. II. 169—No. III. 233—No.

IV. 296—No. V. 358

Italy; Classical, Historical, Pictorial, 11

Many Coloured Life, 264

New Monthly Magazine, 274

Old Saint Paul's, 11

Organized Bodies, a Tabular View of the Classification of, after Cuvier and Decandolle; by W. B. Tegetmeier, 392

Pen and Pencil Sketches in Poitiers and Angoulême, with some Remarks on Early Architecture; by Geo. Godwin, jun., 391

Pictures of Popular People, 199

Poems; by the Rev. Adam Nelson, M.A., 391

Polytechnic Journal, No. V., 245—No. VI., 374

Popularity and the Destinies of Woman; by Mrs. C. Baron Wilson, 219

The House Decorator and Plumbers' Guide; by H. W. and A. Arrow-smith, 409

Westminster Review, 22

Bread and Vegetable Food, 220

British Museum, a Familiar Description of the, and its contents, 3, 18, 34, 55

British Museum, the, 163

Bude Light, the, in Waterloo-Place, 95

Buffalo Herds in America, 173

Byron, 199

Canning's, Mr., Life-Raft, 118, 135

Celtic Philology, 146

Charles the First, Burial of, in the Chapel Royal at Windsor, 68

Chinese, Logic and Metaphysics of the, 365

Coloured Ladies, 287

Copenhagen, Fine Approach to, 152

Courage, a Fortunate Display of, 318

Danes, the Partiality of for the Liberal Party in England, 143

Danish Ladies, 222

Death-Waltz of Germany, the, 308

Desert, the, 111

Dissolving Views, 47, 97, 113

Ear, Diseases of the, 242, 279, 291, 309, 340, 354, 386, 402

Ejected Family, an, 330

Emperor and the Abbot, 212, 228

Estonian Peasantry, 361

Estonian Peasantry at Church, 383

Euphrates, a Day and a Night on the Banks of the, 183

Exchange, the New Royal, 82

Exhibition Gossip, an, 378

FEUILLETON, LE, OF FRENCH LITERATURE:

Le Lion Amoureux; or, the Physiology of a General Lover. From the French of Frederic Soulie, 5, 20, 36, 55, 59, 71

The Rhine. From the French of Victor Hugo :

- Letter I. From Paris to Ferte-Sous-Jouarre, 85
 Letter II. Montmirail, Montmort, Epervay, 103
 Letter III. Chalons, Sainte Meneshould, Varennes, 115
 Letter IV. From Villers Cotterets to La Frontiere, 132
 Letter V. Givet, 150
 Letter VI. The Banks of the Meuse, Dinant, Namur, 151
 Letter VII. Hay, Liege, 167
 Letter VIII. The Banks of the Vesdre, Verviers, 180
 Letter IX. Aix La Chapelle, the Tomb of Charlemagne, 181
 Letter X. Cologne, the Banks of the Rhine, Andernach, 216
 Letter XI. Apropos of the House "Ibach," 231
 Letter XII. A few words respecting the Waldruf Museum, 243
 Letter XIII. Andernach, 244
 Letter XIV. The Rhine, 262
 Letter XV. The Mouse, 282
 Letter XVI. St. Goar, 284
 Letter XVII. St. Goar, 291
 Letter XVIII. Bacharach, 293
 Letter XIX. Lorch, 294
 Letter XX. Lorch to Bingen, 311
 Letter XXI. Legend of the Handsome Pecopin and the Beautiful Bauldour, 355
 Letter XXII. Bingen, 388
 Letter XXIII. Mayence, 390
 Letter XXIV. Frankfort on the Maine, 391
 Letter XXV. The Rhine, 406

Finlanders, Mode of Life, Dress, and Comforts of the, 148

- First Lesson of Life, the Boy's, 261
 First-Rate, on the Launch of a, 256
 Ganges, Evening on the, 367
 Genealogical Vanity of Lawyers, 91
 Gentlemen, English and German, 92
 Ghost, the, 51
 Glaciers, the, 193
 Greek Brigands, 327
 Greek Character, a Trait of Modern, 350
 Greatallittlea, 103
 Hamburgh, 338
 Holbein, Hans, 176
 Horse Charming, 286
 Hydropathy, 157
 Innsbruck, 413
 Irish Encore, an, 351
 Irish Language, its Beauty and Antiquity, 286
 Jews' Quarter at Frankfort, the, 223
 Joan of Arc and the Sculptor Pradier, 52
 June, 386
 Learning and Refinement, Advantages of Intercourse with Men of, 191

- Leipsic Fair, 411
 Levy, Mr., at Prayers, 314
 Lhotsky, Dr., Reply to, 318
 Linlithgow Palace, 274
 Literary Men, Families of, 77
 Love Story, an Affecting, 93
 Lowell, the Manchester of the United States, 191
 Lumber Room, the, a Tale of an Old English Hall, 403
 Mæcenas, the Ruins of the Villa of, at Tivoli, 289
 Macready, Mr., Testimonial to, 368
 M'Arthur, Duncan, 107, 125, 139
 Madrid, Sketches of the Population of, 2
 Magnetic Disturbances, 78
 Maple-Tree at Matibo, 66
 Mary's Story, 252
 Masked Balls in Russia, 334
 Massoolah-Boat, 269
 Menageries, 267, 284
 Mendicants, 201
 Merton Abbey in the days of Henry III., 165, 179
 Mesmerism, the Mystery of, Explained, 15
 Monuments, the Two, 50
 Monuments to the Departed, 28

NATIONAL GALLERY :

- No. I. Dido and Æneas in the Storm, 195
 No. II. Rembrandt, 215
 No. III. Vandyck, 229
 No. IV. Domenichino, 242
 No. V. Pietro Francesco Mola, 280
 No. VI. Landscape, with Jacques and the wounded Stag, 358
 No. VII. Christ appearing to Saint Peter; by Annibale Caracci, 376
 No. VIII. Trees from Nature; by Claude Lorraine, 401

- New Houses of Parliament, the Decoration of, with Painting and Sculpture, 44
 New Year's Day, 29
 New Year's Eve in a Pauper Asylum, 75
 Ney, Alison's Character of, 270
 North-West Passage, the, 187
 Novelty, the, 322
 One in Heaven, to, 142
 Oriental and an English Mob, a Contrast between an, 325
 Pampas, the Saladeros, Corrals, and Gaucho, of the, 130
 Peru, Ruins in, 15
 Piper, the Silent, 334
 Pope's House at Binfield, 49
 Poussin, Nicholas, 24
 Prince's Lodge, Halifax, Nova Scotia, 177
 Prince of Wales, the Christening of the, 88
 Proud Ladye, the, 205, 221
 Prussia, the King of, Mrs. Fry, and the Convicts, in Newgate, 186
 Prussians and Cossacks, Entry of the, into Dusseldorf, 236
 Raphael's Country-House, 40

- Reading and Writing, what are the advantages likely to accrue from a knowledge thereof? 202
 Rhyme, Origin of, 254
 Roman Villa, Discovery of a, 188
 Rogers, 199
 Runjeet Sing's Troops, the discipline of, 300
 Rosicrucians, the, 329
 Saint George's, London, 34
 Saint Michael's, St. Alban's, 162
 Saint Pancras National School, East, 354
 Scott, Sir Walter, 199
 Scottish Church, Covent Garden, 371
 Shops of London, Moses and Son, 386
 Siberian Exiles, 398
 Soldier Students, and Military Review of, 142
 Superstitious Observances, the Similarity of, between the Israelites and the Savages of Australia, 30
 Sleeping Boy, the, 207
 Temperature, the Influence of, on the Vegetation of Seeds, 111
 Tirheta Bayar, of Calcutta, 93.
 Titian, 2
 Trees from Nature, 401
 Tristram Shandy, Additional Remarks on, 66
 Useful Insects and their Products, 69, 83, 101, 128, 147, 164, 178, 194, 213, 227, 260, 295, 307
 Utopia of Sir Thomas More, 333
 Veteran, the, and the Artist, 47
 Water Spout, the, 145
 Welsh Poetry, the Concatenation of Letters in, 211
 Wolves, Bison Hunting, 127
 Woman, the Empire of, 393
 Woodlands, the, 370
 Wordsworth, 199
 Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott, 93

FIFTY-EIGHT ENGRAVINGS.

STEEL-PLATE PORTRAIT OF

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.—*Frontispiece.*

- Abbey Church, St. Albans, 161
 Adoration of the Shepherds, by Rembrandt, 216
 Alliance Insurance Office, 129
 Andernach, on the Banks of the Rhine, 244
 Blasting the solid Granite, 181
 Canning, Mr., upon his Life-Raft, driven towards the dangerous Rocks off La Colbette, 121
 Charlemagne, Arm-chair of, 193
 ——— Tomb of, 197
 Christ appearing to St. Peter in the Garden, 376
 Christ Healing the Sick in the Temple, 9
 Dido and Æneas in the Storm, 196
 Dissolving Views: Water Girls of India, 97
 ——— Dissolving View, 99
 ——— Shrine of San Rosalia, 113
 Exchange, the New Royal, laying the First Stone of, 81
 Finlander, a, lulling her Infant, 149
 Folly, the, on the Thames, 250
 Frankfort, 406
 Glaciers, the, 193
 Garrick's Monument, in Westminster Abbey, 257
 Hamburg, the City of, 337
 Handel's Monument, in Westminster Abbey, 209
 Iffley Lock, Oxford, 17
 John the Baptist Preaching, 281
 Landscape, with Jacques and the Wounded Stag, 359
 Linlithgow Palace, 273
 Lorch, 294
 ———, a House on Fire at, 310
 Mæcenat, the Ruins of the Valley of, by Richard Wilson, 289
 Maple-Tree at Matibo, 65
 Market Place at Mayence, 389
 Model of Mr. Canning's Life-Raft, and Illustrative Diagrams, 137
 Moses and Sons, the Premises of, 385
 Newton, Sir Isaac; his Monument in Westminster Abbey, 225
 Novelty, the, new Patent Steam-ship, 321
 Palace, the, of the Ecclesiastical Princes of Liege, 180
 Pope's House at Binfield, 49
 ——— Beech-Tree, 57
 Poussin, the Death of, 25
 Prince's Lodge, Halifax, Nova Scotia, 177
 Raphael's Country House, near the Village of Borghese, at Rome, 41

- Rhine, the, View of, 262
 Roman-catholic Church in St. George's
 Fields, 33
 Rosamond's Pond, 106
 St. Ambrosius refusing to admit the Em-
 peror Theodosius into the Church at
 Milan, by Vandyck, 230
 St. Michael's Church, St. Albans, 163
 St. Pancras National School, 353
 Scottish Church, Covent Garden, 369
 Strawberry Hill, 297
- Titian, Funeral Procession of, by M. A.
 Hesse, 1
 Tobias and the Angel, by Domenichino, 241
 Tomb of the Three Wise Men of the East,
 in the Cathedral at Cologne, 218
 Trees from Nature, by Claude le Lorraine,
 401
 Velmich, the Ruins of, 282
 Watts, Dr. Isaac; his Monument in West-
 minster Abbey, 205
 Water Spout, the, 145

177

